# CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE ... AND NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LLD

HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHI-CAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECI-MENS OF THEIR WRITINGS 20 20 20

VOLUME III.

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### ENVOY

The New Edition of the Cyclopædia of English Literature is completed by the issue of a third volume little over two years after the appearance of the first. The first volume carried the history down to near, the close of the seventeenth century, the second was mainly devoted to the men and women of the eighteenth. The third volume commences with the group of great writers who had begun their work in the eighteenth century, but were destined to be the glory of early nineteenth century, letters, and, refusing to attempt a hard and fast line between nineteenth and twentieth, essays to bring down the story to the present time and include—under obvious limitations and conditions—the writers of the day

In a work of this kind—which is essentially a history—it would be out of place, even if it were possible, to attempt to deal with contemporaries as has been done with the men of the past, and the limits of the volume debar it from allotting to the incalculably more numerous writers of the present day—whose best work, it may be, is not yet given to the world—the same amount of illustrative quotation as has been conceded to the older writers By favour of a few of the most eminent living authors. we are permitted to illustrate the brief articles on them with quotations from their choicest work. But in the case of the great majority of quite recent and living authors, it has been inevitable that the Cyclopædia should limit its scope to giving the essential biographical and bibliographical facts demanded in a work of reference, and for the rest to refer to their books, which are even now passing from hand to hand, and are to be found in And of even the ablest of the younger writers of the day, by far the larger number are, along with some older authors not fully in the main currents of national literature, commemorated only by a brief paragraph in a complementary list of British authors—an earnest surely that erelong an additional or supplementary volume may be required to give more adequate treatment than is here possible to those with whom lies the nearer future of British letters. In such a volume some account of the several Celtic literatures of the British Isles, and their chief ornaments, might well find a place.

The limitations of space and detail in regard to recent writers must obviously press more closely on the younger branches—on the literature of the United States and of the British dominions beyond the seas. And it may be anticipated that in any future supplement to this work the contributions of Greater Britain in the wider sense will occupy a space proportionately much larger than in the century which saw the daughter literatures arise—for the story of American national literature may fairly be said to begin with the century so recently closed. And therefore it has been found advantageous to give here, and not in an earlier volume, a brief history of the origins of American literature, yet of the authors separately treated there are only three who did not at least live into the nineteenth century. As in the corresponding British one, the complementary list of American authors is selective, suggesting rather than 'expressing multitude,' and does not pretend to be in any sense complete or exhaustive

The Editor and Publishers have again to thank the distinguished men—whose names will be found appended to their articles—who have contributed the large body of critical work to which this volume owes its main interest and value.

They have further to thank Lord Tennyson for revising the article on his father, and for choosing the selections to be here presented in illustration of it. Mr Barrett Browning for his co-operation with the writer of the article on his father and mother, Mr Watts-Dunton for invaluable advice

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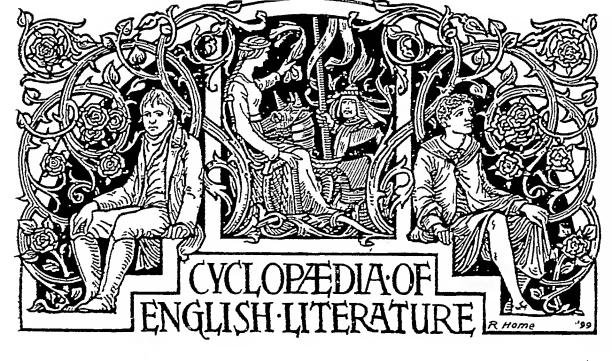
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# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry.

AD the great change in the poetry of the end of the eight-eenth century and the begin in the poetry of the nineteenth been a revolution of artistic methods merely, it would still have been the most important change in

the history of English literature. But it affected the very soul of poetry. It had two sides one side concerned that of poetic methods, and one that of poetic energy. It was partly realistic as seen in Wordsworth's portion of the Lyrical Ballads, and partly imaginative as seen in Coleridge's portion of that incongruous but epochmaking book. As the movement substituted for the didactic materialism of the eighteenth century a new temper-or, rather, the revival of an old temper which to all appearance was dead-it has been called the Romantic Revival. The French Revolution is generally credited, by French writers at least, with having been the prime factor in this change. Now, beyond doubt, the French Revolution, the mightiest social convulsion recorded in the history of the world, was accompanied in France by such romantic poetry as that of André Chénier, and was followed, many years afterwards, by the work of writers like

Dumas, Victor Hugo, and others, until at last the bastard classicism of the age of Louis XIV was entirely overthrown In Germany, too, the French Revolution stimulated the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, and the prose of Novalis, Tieck, and F Schlegel. And in England it stimulated, though it did not originate, the romanticism of Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and But in this as in so many matters, while other countries have had the credit of taking the lead in the great human march, the English race has really been in the van. Just as Cromwell and Washington preceded and were perhaps the main cause of Mirabeau and Danton, so Chatterton, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron preceded and were the cause of the romantic furore in France which, later on, was decided by the great battle of Hernam As the storm-wind is the cause and not the effect of the mighty billows at sea, so the movement in question was the cause and not the effect of the French, Revolution. It was nothing less than a great revived movement of the soul of man, after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things, including literature and art. To this revival the present writer, in the introduction to an imaginative work dealing with this movement, has already

is the incongruity of some departure from the laws of convention, in the case of absolute humour it is the incongruity of some departure from the normal as fixed by Nature herself In other words, while relative humour laughs at the breach of the conventional laws of man and the symmetry of the social pyramid of the country and the timewhich laws and which symmetry it accepts as final -absolute humour sees the incongruity of these conventional laws and this pyramid with the absolute sanction of Nature's own harmony follows that in trying to estimate the value of any age's humour, the first thing to consider is how it stands in regard to absolute humour and how it stands in regard to relative humour. Was there more absolute humour in the age of wonder than in the age of acceptance?

On the vhole, the answer must be, we think, in the affirmative. Chaucer's humour was more closel, related to absolute humour than any kind of humour in English poetry which followed it until we get to the greatest absolute humourist in English poetry, Burns

The period of wonder in English poetry may perhaps be said to have ended with Milton. For Milton, although born only twenty three years before the first of the great poets of acceptance, Dryden, belongs properly to the period of romantic He has no relation whatever to the poetry of Augustanism which followed Dryden, and which Dryden received partly from France and partly from certain contemporaries of the great romantic dramatists themselves, headed by Ben Jonson From the moment when Augustanism really began -in the latter decades of the seventeenth century -the periwig poetry of Dryden and Pope crushed out all the natural singing of the true poets the periving poets became too 'polite' to be natural As acceptance is, of course, the parent of Augustanism or gentility, the most genteel character in the world is a Chinese mandarin, to whom everything is vulgar that contradicts the symmetry of the pyramid of Cathav. It was, notwithstanding certain parts of Virgil's work, the temper of Rome in the time of Horace as much as it was the temper of England in the time of Pope, Congreve, and Addison, and of France at that period when the blight of gentility did as much as it could to poison the splendid genius of Corneille and of Moliere. In Greek literature the genteel finds no place, and it is quite proper that its birth should have been among a people so comparatively vulgar as the Romans of the Empire. A Greek Horace would have been as much an impossibility as a Greek Racine or a Greek Pope. When English writers in the eighteenth century tried to touch that old chord of wonder whose vibrations, as we have above suggested, were the first movement in the development of man, it was not in poetry but in prose.

Yet there was no more interesting period of English history than that in which Milton and Dryden lived—the period when the social pyramid of England was assaulted but not overturned, nor even seriously damaged, by the great Rebellion This Augustan pyramid of ours had all the symmetry which Blackstone so much admired in the English constitution and its laws, and when, afterwards, the American colonies came to revolt and set up a pyramid of their own, it was on the Blackstonian model. At the basepatient as the tortoise beneath the elephant in the Indian cosmogony—was the people, born to be the base and born for nothing else ing on this foundation were the middle classes in their various strata, each stratum sharply marked off from the others. Then above these was the strictly genteel class, the patriciate, picturesque and elegant in dress if in nothing else, whose privileges were theirs as a matter of right. Above the patriciate was the earthly source of gentility, the monarch, who would, no doubt, have been the very apex of the sacred structure save that a little - 1 very little-above him sat God, the suzerain to whom the prayers even of the monarch himself were addressed. The leaders of the Rebellion had certainly done a daring thing, and an original thing, by striking off the apex of this pyramid, and it might reasonably have been expected that the building itself would collapse and crumble away. But it did nothing of the kind. It was simply a pyramid with the apex cut off-a structure to serve afterwards as a model of the American and French pyramids, both of which, though aspiring to be original structures, are really built on exactly the same scheme of hereditary honour and dishonour as that upon which the pyramids of Nineveh and Babylon were no doubt built. Then came the Restoration the apex was restored the structure was again complete, it was, indeed, more solid than ever-stronger than ever Subject to the exception of certain great and glorious prose writers of that period, the incongruity which struck the humourist as laughable was incongruity not with the order of nature and the elemental laws of man's mind, but with the order of the Augustan It required the genius of a Swift in England, as it required in France the genius of a Molière, to produce absolute humour In Fielding, to be sure (notably in Joseph Andrews), and sometimes in Addison, as in the famous scene of Sir Roger at church, and in the less-known but equally fine description of the Tory squire in The Freeholder, we do sometimes get it, but in poetry very rarely

As to the old romantic temper which had in spired Spenser's Faeric Queene, Marlowe's Faustus, Shalespeare's Hamlet, that was dead and gone—seemed dead and gone for ever. In order to realise how the instinct of wonder had been wiped out of English poetry we have only to turn to Dryden's modernisation of Chaucer, his translations from Virgil, Boccaccio, and others,

of so complex an epoch as those of the twentieth century

Poetic art had come to consist in clever manipulations of the stock conventional language common to all writers alike-the language of poetry had become so utterly artificial, so entirely removed from the language in which the soul of man would naturally express its emotions, that poetry must die out altogether unless some kind of reaction should set in Roughly speaking, from the appearance of the last of Milton's poetry to the publication of Parnell's Night-piece, the business of the poet was not to represent Nature, but to decorate her and then work himself up into as much rapture as gentility would allow over the decorations Not that Parnell got free from the Augustan vices, but partially free he did get at last. Among much that is tawdry and false in his earlier poems, the lines describing the osier-banded graves, given in the notice of Parnell in Volume II of this work, might have been written at the same time as Wordsworth's Excursion so far as truthful representation of Nature is concerned. Then came Thomson's Seasons and showed that the worst was over If we consider that his Winter appeared as early as 1726, and Summer and Spring in 1727 and 1728, and if we consider the intimate and first-hand knowledge Thomson shows of Nature in so many of her moods in the British Islands, it is not difficult to find his place in English poetry No doubt his love of Nature was restricted to Nature in her gentle and even her homely moods He could describe as 'horrid' that same Penmaenmawr which to the lover of Wales is so fascinating Still, from this time a new life was breathed into English poetry the new growth was slow Take the case of Gray, for instance. Not even the Chinese mandarin above described was more genteel than Gray him we get the very quintessence of the Augustan Yet no one who reads his letters can doubt that Nature had endowed him with a true eye for local colour And although Gray was not strong enough to throw off the conventional diction of his time, he was yet strong enough to speak to us sometimes through the muffler of that diction with a voice that thrills the ears of those who have listened to the song of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley As the present writer has said on the occasion above mentioned, his chief poem, the famous elegy, furnishes a striking proof of the poet's slavery to Augustanism While reading about 'the solemn yew-tree's shade,' 'the ivymantled tower,' and the rest of the conventional accessories of such a situation, the reader yearns for such concrete pictures as we get in plenty not only in Wordsworth and those who succeeded him, but even in Parnell and Thomson. Noble as this poem is, it has a fundamental fault-a fault which is great—it lacks individual humanity Who is the 'me' of the poem—this 'me' to whom, in company with 'Darkness,' the home-

ward-plodding ploughman 'leaves the world'? The thoughts are fine, but is the thinker a moralising ghost among the tombstones, or is he a flesh-trammelled philosopher sitting upon the churchyard wall? The poem rolls on sonorously, and the reader's imagination yearns for a stanza full of picture and pathetic suggestion of individual life—full of those bewitching qualities, in short, which are the characteristics of all English poetry save that of the era of acceptance, the era of gentility-the Augustan era. At last, however, the poet does strike out a stanza of this kind, and immediately it sheds a warmth and a glow upon all that has gone before-vitalises the whole, in short. Describing the tomb of the hitherto shadowy moraliser, Gray says

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground

Now at last we see that the moraliser is not a spectre-whose bones are marrowless and whose blood is cold, but a man, the homely creature that Homer and Shakespeare loved to paint, a man with friends to scatter violets over his grave and little children to come and mourn by it, a man so tender, genial, and good that the very redbreasts loved him And having written this beautiful stanza, full of the true romantic temper, having printed it in two editions, Gray cancelled it, and no doubt the age of acceptance and gentility approved the omission. For what are children and violets and robins warbling round a grave compared with 'the muse's flame' and 'the ecstasy' of the 'living lyre,' and such elegant things?

And again, who had a finer imagination than Collins? Who possessed more fully than he the imaginative power of seeing a man asleep on a loose hanging rock, and of actualising in a dramatic way the peril of the situation? But there is something very ungenteel about a mere man, as Augustanism had discovered. A man is a very homely and common creature, and the worker in 'polite letters' must avoid the homely and the common, whereas a personification of Danger is literary, Augustan, and 'polite.' Hence Collins, having first imagined with excessive vividness a man hanging on a loose rock asleep, set to work immediately to turn the man into an abstraction

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould What mortal eye can fixed behold? Who stalks his round, a hideous form, Howling amidst the midnight storm, Or throws him on the ridgy steep Of some loose hanging rock to sleep

But if Gray and Collins were giants imprisoned in the jar of eighteenth century convention, they were followed by a 'marvellous boy' who refused to be so imprisoned. It may be said of Chatterton that he was the Renascence of Wonder mearmate Io him St Mary Redcliffe Church was is much alive as were the men about whom Pope wrote with such astonishing prosaic brilliance. This is one of the reasons why he bulks so largely unong the poets of the Renascence of Wonder For this renascence was shown not merely in the way in which Man's mysterious destiny was conceived, but also in the way in which the theatre of the human drama was confronted This theitre became as fresh, as replete with wonder, as the actors themselves A new seeing was lent to man's eyes And of this young poet it may almost be said that he saw what science is now affirming-the kinship between man and the lower animal, nay, even the sentience of the vegetable further still, he felt that what is cilled dead matter is-as the very latest science is telling us-in a certain sense ilive, shedding its influence around it

Then came Cowper, whose later poetry, when it is contrasted with the jargon of Hayley, seems to belong to another world. But it is possible, perhaps, to credit Cowper with too much in this matter.

He was followed by a poet who did more for the romantic movement than even the 'marvel lous boy' himself could do Although Burns, like so many other fine poets, has left behind him some poor stuff, it would be as difficult to exaggerate his intellectual strength as to overestimate his For not one of his predecessors—not even Chatterton-had been able to get away from the growth of poetic diction which had at last become so rank that originality of production was in the old forms no longer possible The dialect of the Scottish peasantry had already been admirably worked in by certain of his predecessors, but it was left to Burns to bring it into high poetry mere style he is, when writing in Scots, to be ranked with the great masters No one realised more fully than he the power of verbal parsimony in poetry As a quarter of an ounce of bullet in its power of striking home is to an ounce of duck shot, so is a line of Burns to a line of any other poet save two, both of whom are extremely unlike him in other respects and extremely unlike each other To conciseness he made everything yield as com pletely as did Villon in the 'Ballade des Danies du Temps Jadis' and in 'Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière,' and as completely as did Dante in the most concise of his lines As surely as Dante's condensation is born of an intensity of imaginative vision, so surely is Burns's condensation born of an intensity of passion Since Drayton wrote his sonnet beginning-

Since ther's no helpe, come let us kiss and part!

there had been nothing in the shape of passionate poetry in rhyme that could come near Burns's lines—

Had we never loved sac kindly, Had we never loved the blindly, Never met or never parted, We had ne er been broken he arted

But, splendid as is his passionate poetry, it is specially is in absolute lumourist that he towers above all the poets of the eighteenth century. Un doubtedly, to get away on all occusions from the shadow of the great social pyramid was not to be expected of a poet at the time and in the conditions in which Burns was born. Yet it is a tonishing how this Scottish yeom in did get iway from it it times, as in 'A Man's a Man for a' that.' It is astonishing to realise how he was able to show a feeling for absolute humour such is in the eighteenth century had only been shown by prose writers-prose writers of the first rink-like 5 vit and Sterne. Indeed, if we did not remember that he followed the creator of Uncle Foly, he would take, if that were possible, a still higher place than he now does as an absolute humourist. Not even Uncle Toby's apostrophe to the fly is finer than Burns's lines to a mouse on turning her up with a But his lines to a mount in daisy which he had turned down with the plough are full of a deeper humour still-+1 humorous sympathy with the vegetable no less than with the animal kingdom. There is nothing in all poetry which touches it. Much admiration has been given, and couldtly given, to Dorothi Wordsworth's beautiful plose words in her diary about the danodil, is showing how a nature lover without the 'accomplishment of verse' can make us conscious of the consciousness of a wild flower. But they were written after Burns, and though they have some of Burns's play fulness, they cannot be said to show his humour It is in poems of another class, however—in such poems as the Address to the De'il'-that we get his greatest triumph as an absolute humourist, for there we get what the present writer has eilled 'cosmic humour'-the very crown and flower of absolute humour And take 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' where, biting as is the satire, the poet's humorous enjoyment of it carries it into the rirest poem In 'Tam o' Shanter' we get the finest nuxture of humour and wisdom, the finest instance of Teutonic grotesque, to be found in all English poetry In 'The Jolly Beggars' Burns now and again shows that he could pass into the mood of true Puntagruelisin-a mood which is of all moods the rarest and the finest-a mood which requires in the humourist such a blessed mixture of the juices as nature cannot often in a climate like ours achieve.

A true child of the Renascence of Wonder who followed Burns, William Blake, though he was entirely without humour, and showed not much power of giving realistic pictures of nature, had a finer sense of the supernatural than any of his predecessors.

And now, after this wide circuit, we are able to turn, better equipped for understanding them, to

those writers of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth who are the accredited fathers of the Renascence of Wonder It is not the purpose of the present essay to discuss the poetry of any one of the poets of this great epoch except in regard to this Renascence. Their work will be found fully presented and analysed by eminent specialists in this volume. In 1765 Percy had published his famous collection of old ballads, and this directed general attention to our ballad literature. The first poet among the great group who fell under the influence of the old ballads was probably Scott, who in 1802 brought out the first two volumes of his priceless Border Minstrelsy The old ballads were, of course, very unequal in quality, but among them were 'Clerk Saunders,' 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' 'The Young Tamlane,' the ballad which Scott afterwards named 'The Demon Lover,' and certain others which compel us to set the 'Border Ballads,' as they are called, at the very top of the pure poetry of the modern world. Coleridge, as we are going to see, could give us the weird and the beautiful combined, but he could not blend with these qualities such dramatic humanity and intense pathos as are expressed in such a stanza as this from 'Clerk Saunders,' where Saunders's mistress, after he has been assassinated by ber brothers, throws herself upon his grave and exclaims

> Is there ony roome at your head, Saunders? Is there ony roome at your feet? Or ony roome at your side, Saunders, Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?

Scott, we say, is entitled to be placed at the bead of those who are generally accredited with originating the Renascence of Wonder in the nineteenth century. But great as was the influence of Scott in this matter, it is hard to see how the effect of his romantic work would have been so potent as it now is without the influence of Coleridge. For, as has been pointed out in the notice of Byron in this volume, Scott's friend Stoddart, having heard Coleridge recite the first part of Christabel while still in manuscript, and having a memory that retained everything, repeated the poem to Scott, and Scott at once sat down and produced The Lay of the Last Minstrel There is no need to say with Leigh Hunt that Scott's vigorous poem is a coarse travesty of Christabel in order to admit that, full as it is of splendid poetical qualities, it is defective in technic and often cheap in diction Some of Scott's romantic lyrics, however, scattered through his novels show that it was a languid artistic conscience alone that prevented him from taking a much higher place as a poet than he now takes. If he never learnt, as Coleridge did, the truth so admirably expressed in Joubert's saying that 'it is better to be exquisite than to be ample,' it really seems to have been because he did not care to learn it For the distinctive quality of Scott is 1 to feel the most tremendous and awe inspiring

that he seems to be greater than his work-as much greater, indeed, as a towering oak seems greater than the leaves it sheds. Coleridge's Christabel, The Ancient Mariner, and Kubla Khan are, as regards the romantic spirit, above—and far above—any work of any other English poet. Instances innumerable might be adduced showing how his very nature was steeped in the fountain from which the old balladists themselves drew, but in this brief and rapid survey there is room to give only one. In the 'Conclusion' of the first part of Christabel he recapitulates and summarises, in lines that are at once matchless as poetry and matchless in succinctness of statement, the entire stor, of the bewitched maiden and her terrible foe which had gone before

> A star hath set, a star hath risen, O Geraldine ' since arms of thine Have been the lovely lady's prison O Geraldine ! one hour was thine-Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill, The night-birds all that hour were still But now they are jubilant anew, From cliff and tower, tu whoo! tu whoo! Tu whoo! tu whoo! from wood and fell!

Here we get that feeling of the inextricable web in which the human drama and external nature are woven which is the very soul of poetic wonder So great is the maleficent power of the beautiful witch that a spell is thrown over all Nature. For an hour the very woods and fells remain in a shuddering state of sympathetic consciousness of her-

The night birds all that hour were still.

When the spell is passed Nature awakes as from a hideous nightmare, and 'the night-birds' are jubilant anew. This is the very highest reach of poetic wonder—finer, if that be possible, than the night storm during the murder of Duncan And note the artistic method by which Coleridge gives us this amazing and overwhelming picture of the oneness of all Nature. However the rhymes may follow each other, it is always easy for the critic, by studying the intellectual and emotional movement of the sequence, to see which rhyme-word first came to the poet's mind and suggested the rbymewords to follow or precede it. It is the witch's maleficent will-power which here dominates the poet's mind as he writes. Therefore we know that he first wrote-

#### Thou'st had thy will

In finding a rhyme-word for 'will' and 'rill,' the word 'still' would of course present itself, among others, to any poet's mind, but it required a poet steeped in the true poetic wonder of pre-Augustanism—it required Coleridge, whose genius was that very

Lady of the Lake, Sole sitting by the shores of Old Romance-

picture, perhaps, in all poetry called up to his imagination—

The night birds all that hour were still

The nearer in temper any other line approaches this, the nearer does it approach the ide il of poetic wonder It is, however, owing to the very rarity of Coleridge's genius that not he but Scott popularised the romantic movement such purely poetical work as the first part of Christabel, which was entirely unlocalised, realistic medieval pictures were not requisite as they were in the Lay of the Last Minstrel such work as Coleridge's all that the romantic revival needed was a poet who would supply it with feet in addition to wings Scott sup plied those feet. However, in the second part of Christabel, written later-in which the poem is localised after Scott's manner-Coleridge showed so much of Scott's influence that it may not lic too fanciful to call these two immortal poets the binary star of romanticism revolving around one common poetic centre. Scott's poetry became so immensely popular that it soon set every poet and every versifier, from Byron downwards, writ ing romantic stories in octosyllabic couplets, with the old mapæstic lilt of romantic poetry

As regards Wordsworth's share in this movement, though it was, no doubt, confined largely to poetic methods, the following superb lines from 'Yew Trees' can be set beside even Coleridge's masterpieces as regards the romantic side of the Renascence of Wonder

Beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoieing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'cr
With alters undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship, or in mute repose
To be, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaraniara's inmost caves.

Whether the reaction would have died out (as did the revival of natural language by Theocritus after such comparatively feeble followers as Bion and Moschus) had not Wordsworth's indomitable will and masterful simplicity of character stood up and saved it, or whether, on the contrary, the movement was injured and delayed by this obstinacy and simplicity of character-which led him into exaggerated theories, exposing it to ridicule-is perhaps a debatable question ever, it ended by the 'poetic diction' of the eighteenth century being swept away. But as to real knowledge of the mere physiognomy of mediævalism, Coleridge and Scott were perhaps on a par Indeed, imperfect knowledge of this physiognomy was a weak point in the entire group of poets who set to work to revive it. Coleridge showed a certain knowledge of it, which, like Scott's, was

no doubt above that of Horace Walpote and Mrs Radcliffe But since the great recumulation of learning upon this subject which came afterwards for the use of Linglish poets it seems slight enough Abbotsford done is enough to show that Scott did not fully escape the let tard nieth evalism of the eighteenth century. If he in Ivanhoe vanquished every dimentity and wrote in immortal medias il romance with not many touches of true medica alism, that is only another proof of his vit thang margin ition and genia. Fortun itely, however, Scott was something more than a man like his successor Membold, who had every median d derul at his command. Had the unifor of Laurese been as truly medicial as the author of Sidema, he would have appealed to a lest red few by whom the past is more beloved than the pre ent, but he would not have given the English speaking race those superb works of his which me

A large a univer al like the ain

Though the Ettrick Shepherd, in  $T \in \Omega$  across Wake, shows plenty of the trice feeling for the supernatural side of the movement, he had not sufficient governance over his vial imagination to express himself with that concentrated energy which is one of the first requisite

Is to Wordsworth is an iture poet, there are, of course, three attitudes of the poet to saids Nature There is Wordsworth's att tude-that which recomses her as Natura Benigia, there is the ittiti de which recognises her as Natura Mai na, that of the poet who by temperament exclums with the Syrian Gnostics, 'Matter is darlage a-matter is evil, and of matter is this body, and to become incarnate is to inherit sorrow and priceous pain," and there is the attitude which recognises her is being neither benigh nor in il guant but the cold, passionless, unloving mother to whom the sortous, fears, and aspirations of man are indifferent because unknown—the attitude, in a vord, of Matthe v Arnold and other recent poets who have written after the general acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis

Wordsworth's influence in regard to the painting of Nature was no doubt great upon all the poets of his time, and upon none was it greater than upon Byron, who scoffed at him In order to see Wordsworth's influence upon Byron we have only to compare the third and fourth cantos of Civille Harold with the first and second. But besides this, Byron was evidently in the later decade of his life a student of Wordsworth's theories as to the use of natural language instead of poetic diction. In Julia's letter in Don Juan, notwithstanding occasional echoes like that of Barton Booth's complet given on page 290, Vol. II of this work—

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole, As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul,

is an admirable illustration of Wordsworth's aphorism, 'What comes from the heart goes to

the heart.' The same may be said concerning the pathetic naturalness of the Haidée episode. Would this ever have been written as we now have it had it not been for Wordsworth's Preface? What makes Byron an important figure in the romantic revival is that, while his own draughts of romanticism were drawn from the well-springs of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, it was from his own' reservoir that the French romantiques drank. Indeed, it may almost be said that to his influence was largely due that revival which, according to Banville, 'made French poetry leap from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth' As regards, however, the French romantiques of the thirties to whom Banville alludes-those whose revolt against French classicism culminated, perhaps, in that great battle of Hernam before mentioned-their revolt was even more imperfectly equipped with knowledge of the physiognomy of mediævalism than that of Scott.

With regard to Victor Hugo, however, it may be said that, modern as he was in temper, he was able by aid of his splendid imagination in La Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean, and indeed in many other poems, to feel and express the true renascence of wonder But in poetry the mere physiognomy of life is only suggested in prose it has to be secured. Hugo never secured it.

Shelley's place in the Renascence of Wonder is peculiar His vigorous imagination was partially strangled by his humanitarianism and ethical impulse, inherited largely from Rousseau. Of all the poets of this group he was by far the most influenced by the social upheaval of the French Revolution, and, of course, apart from his splendid work in so many kinds of poetry, he is a very important figure in the revival of romanticism broadly considered. But those poems of his dealing with subjects akin to those represented by the purely romantic work of the old ballads and Christabel show that in the Renascence of Wonder his place is not among the first. Queen Mab is not the least in touch with the spiritual world. And there is more of the pure romantic glamour in Keats's two lınes--

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

than in the whole of The Witch of Atlas

Southey's voluminous and industrious work upon romantic lines is receiving at this moment less attention than it deserves. There is really a fine atmosphere of romance thrown over *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*. But the atmosphere is cold.

With regard to Keats in relation to it, the present writer has elsewhere dwelt upon the fact that, brief as was his life, he who had already passed through so many halls of the poetic palace was at one time passing into yet another—the magic hall of Coleridge and the old ballads. As expressions of the highest romantic temper there are not many

things in our literature to be set above The Eve of St Mark and La Belle Dami sans Merci.

Our object being merely to trace to its sources that stream of Romanticism upon which the poetry of the nineteenth century has been nourished, this essay should properly close with Keats And if a word or two is here said upon the poets who immediately followed the great group, it must not be supposed that any general criticism of these latter poets is attempted.

Tennyson, in virtue of the large mass of perfect work actually done, would perhaps be the greatest poet of the nineteenth century if Coleridge had not left us among his own large mass of inferior work half-a-dozen poems which will be the wonder and the despair of English poets in all time to come. In the blending of music and colour so that each seems born of each, it is hard to think that even the poet of The Eve of St Agnes and The Ode to a Nightingale was the superior of him who gave us The Lady of Shalott and The Lotos-Eaters But when it comes to the true romantic glamour it cannot be said that he was instinctively in touch with the old spirit. The magnificent Idylls of the King, in temper as well as in style one of the most modern poems of its time, does occasionally, as in the picture of the finding of Arthur, give us the old glamour very But the stately rhetorical movement of hisblank verse is generally out of harmony with it. That romantic suggestion which Shakespeare's blank verse catches in such writing as we get in the fifth act of the Merchant of Venice, and in hundreds of other passages, shows, however, that blank verse, though not so 'right' in romantic poetry as rhyme, can yet be made sufficiently flexible. It is only in the poetic methods of his rhymed poems that Tennyson successfully worked on romantic lines, though of course the naïvelé, the fairy-like, unconscious grace of Coleridge at his best, were never caught by any of his suc-And yet above all nineteenth-century poets Tennyson is steeped in the absolute humour of romanticism. In Shakespeare himself there is no finer example of absolute humour than he givesus in those lines where the 'Northern Farmer' expresses his views on the immorality of Bessy Marris

Bessy Marris's barne' tha knaws she laaid it to mea. Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, shea. 'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond,

I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond

As to Browning, in order to discuss adequately his place as regards the Renascence of Wonder a long treatise would be required. On the realistic side of the Romantic movement he is, of course, very strong. His sympathies, however, are as modern as Matthew Arnold's own, except, of course, on the theological side, where he is a century behind his great poetic contemporaries. His

desire is to express not wonder but knowing ness, the opposite of wonder In a study of his works made by the present writer many years ago, the humour of Browning was named feutonic grotesque. The name is convenient, and nearly, though not quite, satisfactory But subsequent writers on Browning seem to have caught it up Perhaps Teutonic grotesque, which, in architecture at least, lies in the expression of deep ideas through fantastic forms, is the only absolute grotesque In Italian and French grotesque the incongruity throughout all art lies in a simple departure from the recognised line of beauty, spiritual or physical, but in the Teutonic mind the instinctive quest is really not-save in music-beauty it all, but the wonderful, the profound, the mysterious, and the incongruity of Teutonic grotesque lies in expressing the emotions aroused by these qualities in forms that are unexpected and bizarra. It is easy, however, to give too much heed to Browning's grotesquery in considering his relation to Romin ticism Ruskin has affirmed that such poems is The Bishop Orders his Tomb is the best rendering to be found in literature of the old temper, and on this point Ruskin speaks with authority

With regard to Matthew Arnold, in The Scholar Gypsy he undoubtedly shows, reflected from Words worth, a good deal of the realistic side of Romanticism. But there is no surer sign that his temper was really Augustan than the fact that in his selections from Gray in Ward's Luglish Poets, he actually omits the one stanza in Gray's Elegy which shows him to have been a true poet—the stanza about the robin, above quoted in the re marks upon Gray The Forsaken Merman, whose very name suggests the Renascence of Wonder, beautiful as it is, is quite without the glamour and magic of such second-rate poets as the author of the Queen's Wake, and has no kinship with Cole ridge or the old ballads As to his attitude towards Nature, it is in such poems as Morality and In Harmony with Nature that Arnold shows that he comes under the third category of nature poets above mentioned With regard to his humour, Arnold was essentially a man of the world-of the very modern world-and his humour, though peculiarly delicate and delightful, must r maps be called relative and not absolute.

As regards the Romantic temper, two English imaginative writers only have combined a true sympathy with a true knowledge of it, and these were of more recent date—F Letti and William Moris. They had, of course immense advantages owing to such predecessors in literature as Meinhold, and also to the attention that had been given to the subject in Pugin's Gothic Architecture and in the works of other architects, English and foreign.

The poet of *Christabel* himself was scarcely more steeped in the true magic of the romantic

temper than was the writer of The Blessed Themosel and Sister Helen, while in I nowledge of romance he was fir behind the Liter poet. With regard to humour, he and Morris hold in their poetry no place either with the absolute or relative humourists, but those who knew them intunately can affirm that personally they were both humourists of a very fine order. The truth is that Rosecti consciously, and Morris unconsciously, worked upon the entirely mistal on theory that in romantic poetry humour has properly no place.

It is wint of spice alone that preents our bringing prose fiction into this east, otherwise Mr Meredith would receive more attention in these remarks than almost any other writer, but to discuss so vist a subject is that of the Renacence of Wonder as seen in prose fiction would require the space of a large book, or rather of a library

It is hard to think that even the singer of the Ode to the West Wind is in lyric power greater than he who wrote the choruses of Atalants and the still more superb measures of Songs lafore Sunrise and Erechtheus Indeed, we have only to recall the fact that before Shelley wrote it a sin axioni imong poets and critics that few, if ins, more metres could ever be invented in order to give his proper place to a poet who has invented more metres than all the poets combined from the author of Piers Plown in down to the present day Mr Swinburne too seems, consciously or encon sciously, to act upon the theory that humour is out of place in romantic poetry. For in his prose writings he shows a great deal of with and humour With regard to form and artistic quality shererally, a new kind of poetic diction now grew up-a diction composed mainly of that of " D'er and of Keats, of Tennyson, of Rossett, i Mr Symburne, vet mixed with Elizabeth in Jacore archaic formsa diction, to be sur-To e poetic in its clements than that which ζε, Scott, and Wordsworth did so much 1 'i-li, but rone the less arti ficial when me, rated by a purely artistic iiii pul e for the pulluction of purely artistic ver-It is, we say, true enough that the gorgeous and beautful word spinning of writers like Arthur OSI aughnessy, Philip Bourke Marston, and those e ded the Pre Raphaelite poets is far more like genuine poetry than was the worn out, tawdry texture of eighteenth century platitudes in which Hayley and Samuel Jackson Pratt bedecked their puny limbs Rossetti, the great master of this kind of poetic diction, san this, and during the last few years of his life endeavoured to get away from it when writing his superb poems, .1 King's Tragedy and The White Ship His relative, Mr Ford Madox Hueffer, in his monograph on Rossetti tells us that it should be pointed out that the White Ship was one of Rossetti's last works, and that in it he was aiming at simplicity of narrative under the advice of the present writer

#### William Wordsworth.

The story of Wordsworth's earlier life is told in *The Prelude*, 'the long poem on my own education,' finished in 1805, but not published till after the author's death in 1850. This poem was addressed to Coleridge, who described it in the verses written in acknowledgment

An Orphic song indeed, A song divine of high and passionate thoughts. To their own music chanted.

It had to be kept back, because the great work to which it was an introduction—The Recluse, of which The Excursion is only a fragment-was never completed. If Wordsworth had published the Prelude immediately, it might have saved his literary reputation from some tedious controversies; it would certainly have given pleasure to Shelley and Keats, both of whom were fascinated by Wordsworth and anxious to discover his mean-It is an authentic story, the course of his life and the growth of his faculties are described sincerely It is one of the happiest of lives, blest from the outset with natural gifts of the most fortunate kind, a pilgrim's progress, in which the ordeals are indeed severe, but saved from the worst afflictions, and especially from low spirits By keeping back the *Prelude* Wordsworth made he Excursion his most authoritative work regarding his own temper and ideas. His contemporaries generally judged him from the Excursion, and the Excursion, taken by itself, gives a false impression of Wordsworth. It makes him too much of a philosopher, too sedate, too tame The Prelude is a story of life and will, not mainly of meditations or theories, these have their place in it, but the purport of the whole book is to show that his reflections spring from what is alive. Wordsworth's life, which to many of his readers has appeared a monotonous affair, comes out in the Prelude as a life of pure-energy from the beginning, wakeful, Also by accident (or 'divine alert, self-willed. chance') he was carried into the middle of great He stood nearer to the reality of the things French Revolution than any of his contemporaries in England, and he discovered the secret of the Alps. The slow mooning person which Wordsworth seemed to be in later life is hardly to be found in the Prelude 'The story of his childhood and boyhood is an enthusiastic description of all kinds of adventure. The pride of life kindled and lit up his world for him, Nature for him was full throughout of 'danger and desire.'

He was born at Cockermouth, on 7th-April 1770, the son of John Wordsworth, law-agent to Sir James Lowther His mother, who died when he was eight years old, was anxious about him, owing to the faults of his disposition, more than about any of her other children. He says himself that he was 'of a stiff, moody, and violent temper,' but his wilfulness had nothing unsound

in it. His account of his school life (at Hawkshead) would be interesting simply as a story of a boy's adventures. The early revelations of sublimathings came to him not in moments of a wise passiveness, but in the crisis of heroic action

When I have hung
Above the raven's nest by knots of grass
And half inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! The sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

The first book of the *Prelude* is a commentary on the lines in *Tintern Abbey* 

The coarser pleasures of my boyish days And their glad animal movements all gone by

It explains how different Wordsworth's love of Nature was from mere critical observation of the 'beauties' of Nature or what is called 'scenery' It is through life that Nature is revealed to him, in rowing, riding, and skating, and the old panic terror found him, about his tenth year, in night raids on the fells

I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod

In October 1787 Wordsworth went up to St John's College, Cambridge. The change of scene was a trial for him, but he was not depressed. He found that his mistress, Nature, was lady of the fens also, and in the flat country he surrendered himself to the elemental beauty of light and air, and the broad general aspect of the earth

As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained, I looked for universal things, perused The common countenance of earth and sky

There was at the same time a certain lowering of temperature in his life, as was perhaps natural and right. The touch of worldliness m his conversation at Cambridge gave him tolerance, and saved his enthusiasm from wasting itself. In his third long vacation (1790) Wordsworth went for a walking tour in France and Switzerland with his friend Jones, of the same college, and found himself in the middle of the Revolution

—Europe at that time was thrilled with joy, France standing on the top of golden hours, And human nature seeming born again.

There is no one who has borne better witness than Wordsworth to the unselfish happiness, the overpowering hope, that seemed to attend the first movement of the Revolution.

The two Cambridge men, however, saw one

he required, but motives He verified the saying of Burke, that the world would be ruined 'if the practice of all moral duties and the foundations of society rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual' His progress led him through the valley of Abstract Thought, where he was not happy

Viewing all objects unremittingly In disconnexion dead and spirilless,

as it is expressed in the Excursion, or as in the Prelude

Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds Like culprits to the bar, calling the mind Suspiciously to establish in plain day Her titles and her honours.

His deliverance from futile analysis was in great part due, he says, to his sister Dorothy

She in the midst of all preserved me still A Poet, made me seek beneath that name, And that alone, my office upon earth

In 1795 they settled at Racedown, a house near Crevkerne in Dorset. There in June 1797 they were visited by Coleridge, who had read Wordsworth's Descriptive Sketches (published in 1793), the next month the Wordsworths moved to Alforden, a house in the Quantocks not far from Coleridge's home at Nether Stowey Coleridge and Wordsworth, walking about the hills, found occasion for all sorts of imaginative projects, Lyrical Ballads, their common venture, came out in 1798, beginning with the 'Ancient Mariner' and ending with 'Tintern Abbey' Coleridge explained their partnership later 'It was agreed that my efforts should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us, an mexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand?

Wordsworth and his sister did not stay long in Somerset. In the autumn of 1798 they went to Germany, travelling with Coleridge in the earlier part of their journey. German literature did not affect Wordsworth strongly, he imitated Burger's verse in two of his worst poems, and disapproved of it in one of his critical essays. But his German winter was productive, the poems of that year are among the finest in the second volume of Lyrical Ballads, published in 1800. He came back to England in 1799, and settled at Grasmere. The

Prelude was already begun, part of the great ambition of Wordsworth's life-'a philosophical poem containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled The Recluse, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement' The Prelude was finished in 1805, but it was not the only work of these years. In 1807 appeared two volumes, about the same size as the Lyrical Ballads of 1800, containing poems in some respects considerably different from anything of Wordsworth's hitherto published the 'Sonnets on Liberty,' the 'Happy Warrior,' the 'Ode to Duty,' and at the end, with a motto of its own, paullo majora cananius, the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality' There were also the poems of the tour in Scotland in 1803 recorded in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal-Yarrow Unvisited, Stepping Westward, The Solitary Reaper The most obvious difference between 1800 and 1807 in Wordsworth's poetry was the result of his studies among the older English poets -Chaucer, Drayton, Daniel, Sidney-of whom he had known little or nothing before. Milton and Spenser he had long known and praised now their influence returned to him along with the others, and gave a new character to his poctical language.

In 1813 he went to Rydal Mount, his home for the rest of his life. About the same time he obtained the office of Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland In 1814 he made his second tour in Scotland (Yarrow Visited), and published the Excursion, being a portion of The Recluse, a Poem.' A collected edition of his Poems was published in the following year, and also in 1815, separately, The White Doe of Rylstone Peter Bell, a tale in verse, begun long before among the Quantocks but not included in Lyrical Ballads, was published in 1819, preceded by the mischievous work of the same name, 'the ante-natal Peter,' a parody of Wordsworth by Keats's friend Reynolds, and followed by Shelley's Peter Bell the Third Other publications are The Waggoner (1819), The River Duddon (1820), Memorials of a Tour on the Continent (1820), Ecclesiastical Sketches (1822) There were few adventures in Wordsworth's later life He travelled in Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Wales, Ireland, in 1831, with his daughter, he went to see Scott at Abbotsford, just before his departure for Naples. Scott refusing Wordsworth's commendation of the Italian landscape, and quoting 'although 'tis fair, 'twill be another Yarrov' Yarrow Revis led and other poems appeared in 1835, and at the end of the year, in the Atnenwam, the 'Extempore Effusion on the Death of James Hogg'-Wordsworth's lament for the poets. Coleridge and Lamb had died the year before

> Like clouds that rake the mountain summits, Or waves that own no curb ng hand, How fast has brother followed brother From sunshine to the sunless land

1800 he became more magnificent, he went back to the Elizabethans and used more elaborate forms of verse and a richer language, 'armoury of the invincible knights of old' But this implicit withdrawal of his thesis did not affect his main position except to strengthen it the conviction, namely, that the poetical idea or view, or whatever it may be called—the poetical comprehension of the theme—must determine the expression of it to the minutest point of detail. When the eye is single, the body of poetry is full of light. Further, the poetic vision is not mere vision poetical insight (which he called imagination) is one with its passionate motive, the demonstration of this is the whole scope and upshot of the *Prelude*.

He meant to write a great philosophical poem, and he failed to complete his design Nothing would have contented him in it unless it had included all the poetical meaning of all his works, when finished, it was to be like 'a Gothic church' in regard to which his shorter poems were to be chapels and oratories. With all his sense of the value of his work, he underrated these shorter poems, not to speak of the Prelude, which was, as he says, his 'portico' He did not know that in some of these poems and in some passages of the Prelude he had gone to the very verge of what is permissible in the use of poetry dealing with the mystery of the world. The tension of mind in the Tintern poem, in part of the Ode on Immortality, in the verses on the Simplon, is near the limits of speech a little more, and speech and thought would vanish, above these heights of speculation there is no footing for mere humanity Beyond them poetry can hardly go without turning into something else than poetry. And it is not certain what it may be come, it is certain there is danger. If a loftier mode of vision is denied, then what remains is apt to be mere talk about the Universe, no more inspiring than the talk about education noted by Mr Arnold in his essay on Wordsworth

Not even the philosophical poem which he imagined, and hoped for, could take the place of Wordsworth's actual accomplished work in the smaller chapels and oratories. The variety of his style is not shown in the Recluse as it is, for example, in the poems of 1807, and luckily there is no need to restrict one's self to these two glorious volumes. He had command of many different instruments, and was more sensitive to poetical influences, more humble as a student of old masters, than is commonly supposed. The Yarrow poems are on the beautiful old model

Sing Erceldoune and Condenknowes Where Homes had once commanding

Resolution and Independence is in Milton's stanza—a Spenserian variety—used in the proem of the Nativity ode. The verse of The Green Linnet is borrowed from Drayton's Nymphidia, the form of the Ode to Duty from Gray—His poetry is full of

reminiscences, sometimes acknowledged Michael and The Brothers, poems that work out his principle of plain language, also justify it by the commanding dignity and pathos of their thought transforming the simple words into sublimity But the author of Michael could also use, in spite of all his prefaces, the language of the courtly schools -'invested with purputeal gleams' And no one since Dryden has used the heroic couplet like Wordsworth-with an onward rush, sometimes louder, as in the Expected Invasion, sometimes more varied and musical, as in the Happy Warrior His poetry of the 'trump and timbrel' is irresistible, no fighting poet, not even Byron, ever struck harder at the enemy than Wordsworth no political satire ever went home more cleanly and effectively than Wordsworth's conclusion against a certain possible type of Ministry

> A servile hand Who have to judge of danger which they fear And honour which they do not understand

This, it is true, is borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, but the edge is given to it by Wordsworth. The moral of Yarrow Revisited, its pure and reverend grace, gives a new meaning to the old poetic praise of rightcousness, 'more beautiful than the morning or the evening star,' the friendship of Wordsworth and Scott is recorded in words that seem to have the whole soul of human goodness and nobility in them

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on In formy agriction,
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation,
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours
Our happy days recalling

Into a single plirase—'breaking the silence of the seas'—he can put the spirit of all the myths about the powers of Winter and Spring—the voice of the Spring triumphing in the very heart of the vast desolation—He has a new mythology of his own, not displayed in large works like Hyperion or Prometheus Unbound, but expressing itself in apparently casual ways—The Ode to Duty is his largest mythological poem, and there the personi fying imagination really does its work in one sentence. With his poetical magic he scatters phrases that fill the mind as if they were complete works, like

flaunting Summer when he throws His soul into the briar rose

The simplicity of Wordsworth's style is more varied than most poets' opulence, just as the tranquillity of his life, the contemplative quiet of much of his writings, is consistent with a rebellious energy law and impulse in him were reconciled, but impulse was not degraded or diluted in this harmony of opposite powers. The things that give him most delight are lawless—his heart leaps

up at the humour of the two Thieves His zest for happiness is unfailing, and he finds it out and blesses it with the same sincerity as wisdom or In two different ways he has praised the River-once in the morning at Westminster Bridge, and again because he saw a miller and two women dancing at sunset on one of the floating mills. 'Charles Lamb was with me at the time, and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to him, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform' Nature has more meanings for him even than those of Tintern Abbey, and his poetical mind has regard to many things that are neither solemn nor contemplative. It has not been found necessary here to consider the less interesting parts of his work, it may be observed, however, that the later poems, which are seldom read, include many things like those of 1800 and 1807 one of them, that may be called his last word, written in his seventy-fifth year, has already been quoted.

Wordsworth's prose is not all of one kind, but it is all good. It has given some phrases to literature that have the currency of Milton's, like 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,' and there are others less known, especially in the blazing tract on the Convention of Cintra (1809), as vehoment as Burke. He had not lost his pover in 1844 when he wrote against the proposed Kendal and Windermere Railway. The Guide to the Lakes is in a different style.

#### Expostulation and Reply

'Why, William, on that old grey stone, Thus for the length of half a day, Why, William, sit you thus alone, And dream your time away?

Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed To Beings else forlorn and blind 'Up! up' and drink the spirit breathed From dead men to their kind

You look round on your Mother Earth, As if she for no purpose bore you, As if you were her first born birth, And none had lived before you!

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake, When life was sweet, I knew not why, To me my good friend Matthew spake, And thus I made reply

'The eye—it cannot choose but see We cannot bid the ear be still, Our bodies feel, where'er they be, Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers Which of themselves our minds impress, That we can feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum Of things for ever speaking, 'That nothing of itself will come, But we must still be seeking' 106 —Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away'

(From Lyrical Ballads, 1793)

The Tables Turned.

Up' up' my Friend, and quit your books, Or surely you'll grow donble Up' up' my Friend, and clear your looks, Why all this toil and tronble?

The sun, above the mountain's head, A freshening lastre mellow Through all the long green fields has spread, His first sweet evening vellow

Books 1 'tis a dull and endless strife Come, hear the woodland linnet, How sweet his music ' on my life, There's more of wisdom in it

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher Come forth into the light of things, Let Nature be your teacher

She has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless— Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings,
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beanteous forms of things —
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art, Close up those barren leaves, Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour July 13 1798

(179°)

Five years have past, five summers, with the length Of five long winters ' and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain springs With a soft inland murmur -Once again Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, That on a wild secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect The landscape with the quiet of the sky The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts, Which at this season, with their unripe fruits, Are clad in one green hie, and lose themselves 'Mid groves and copses Once again I see These hedge rows, hardly hedge rows, little lines Of sportive wood run wild these pastoral farms, Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke Sent up, in silence, from among the trees ! With some nucertain notice, as might seem Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms, Through a long absence, have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eye But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart, And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration -feelings too Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps, As have no slight or trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life, His little, nanicless, unremembered, acts Of lindness and of love Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world, Is lightened -that serene and blessed mood, In which the affections gently lead us on,-Until, the breath of this corporeal frame And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things

If this
Be hut a vain belief, yet, oh' how oft—
In darkness and aimd the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye' thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought, With many recognitions dim and faint, And somewhat of a sad perplexity, The picture of the mind revives again While here I stand, not only with the sense Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts That in this moment there is life and food Tor future years And so I dare to hope, Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills, when like a roc I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sid Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led more like a man I'lying from something that he dreads, that one Who sought the thing he loved. For na'ure then (The coarser pleasures of my boytsh days, And their glad animal movements all gone by) To me was all in all -I cannot paint What then I was The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion, the tall rock, The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Mier colours and their forms, were then to me An appetite, a feeling and a love, That had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye -That time is past, And all its aching joys are now no more, And all its dizzy raptures Not for this Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would believe, Abundant recompense I or I have learned To look on nature, not as in the hour Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating though of ample power To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime Of something for more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things Therefore am I still A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains, and of all that we behold From this green earth, of all the mighty world Of eye, and ear, -both what they half create, And what perceive, well pleased to recognise In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being

Nor perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay For thou art with me here upon the banks Of this fair river, thou my dearest Friend, My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes Oh I yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear Sister 1 and this prayer I make Knowing that Nature never dio betray The heart that leved her, 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful futh that all which we behold Is full of blessings Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk. And let the misty mountain winds be free To blow against thee and, in after years, When these wild ecstasies shall be matured Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling place For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh! then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations 1 Nor, perchance-If I should be where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams Of past existence-wilt thou then forget That on the banks of this delightful stream We stood together, and that I, so long

A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service rather-say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

1798.

I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode but it was written with a hope that in the transitions, and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition. (Note, 1800.)

#### The Simplon Pass

---Brook and road Were fellow travellers in this gloomy Pass, And with them did we journey several hours The immeasurable height At a slow step Of woods decaying, never to be decayed, The stationary blasts of waterfalls, And in the narrow rent, at every turn, Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn, The torreuts shooting from the clear blue sky, The rocks that muttered close upon our ears, Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside As if a voice were in them, the sick sight And giddy prospect of the raving stream, The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens, Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light-Were all like workings of one mind, the features

The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end
(From The Prelude)

Strange fits of passion have I known And I will dare to tell, But in the Lover's ear alone, What once to me befel.

Of the same face, blossoms upon oue tree,

Characters of the great Apocalypse,

When she I loved looked every day Fresh as a rose in Jnne, I to her cottage bent my way, Beneath an evening moon

Upon the moon I fixed my eye, All over the wide lea, With quickening pace my horse drew nigh Those paths so dear to me

And now we reached the orchard plot, And, as we climbed the hill, The sinking moon to Lucy's cot Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept, Kind Nature's gentlest boon ' And all the while my eyes I kept On the descending moon.

My horse moved on, hoof after hoof He raised, and never stopped When down behind the cottage roof, At once, the bright moon dropped

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide Into a Lover's head! 'O mercy!' to myself I cried, 'If Lucy should be dead!'

(From Lyrical Ballads, vol. 11., 1800)

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love

A violet by a mossy stone '
Half Indden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only oue
Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know When Liney ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

(From Lyrical Ballads, vol 11., 1800.)

Three years she grew in sun and shower, Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower On earth was never sown, This Child I to myself will take, She shall be mine, and I will make A Lady of my own

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel au overseeing power
To kindle or restrain

She shall be sportive as the fawn That wild with glee across the lawn Or up the mountain springs, And hers shall be the breathing balm, And hers the silence and the calm Of mute insensate things

The floating clouds their state shall lend To her, for her the willow bend, Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the Storm Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form By silent sympathy

The stars of midnight shall be dear To her, and she shall lean her ear In many a secret place Where rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight Shall rear her form to stately height, Her virgin bosom swell, Such thoughts to Lucy I will give While she and I together live Here in this happy dell'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

(From Lyrical Ballads, vol 11, 1800.)

A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears,
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears not sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees
(From Lyrical Ballads, vol. 11., 1800)

I travelled among unknown men, In lands beyond the sea, Nor, England! did I know till then What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melaneholy dream '
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire,
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played,
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed

(From Peents, 1807)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never ending line Along the margin of a bay Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them dauced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocuid company I gazed—and gazed—but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

(From Poents, 1807)

#### Resolution and Independence

There was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods,
But now the sun is rising calm and bright,
The birds are singing in the distant woods,
Over his own sweet voice the Stock dove broods,
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters,
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun ure out of doors, The sky rejoices in the morning's birth. The grass is bright with rain-drops,—on the moors. The hare is running races in her mirth, And with her feet she from the plashy earth. Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun, Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy,
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy
The pleasant season did my heart employ
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low,
To me that morning did it happen so
And fears and fancies thick upon me came [name.
Dim saduess—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky, And I bethought me of the playful hare Even such a happy Child of earth am I. Even as these blissful creatures do I fare, Far from the world I walk, and from all care, But there may come another day to me—Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought, As if life's business were a summer mood, As if all needful things would come unsought To genial faith, still rich in genial good, But how can He expect that others should Build for him, sow for him, and at his call Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellons Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain side
By our own spirits are we defied
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondence and madness

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befel that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie Couched on the bald top of an eminence, Wonder to all who do the same espy, By what means it could thither come, and whence, So that it seems a thing endued with sense Like a sea beast erawled forth, that on a shelf Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself,

Such seemed this Mun, not all alive nor dead, Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age. His body was bent double, feet and head. Coning together in life's pilgrimage, As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage. Of sickness felt by him in times long past, A more than human weight upon his frame had east.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face, Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood And, still as I drew near with gentle pace, Upon the margin of that moorish flood Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood, That heareth not the loud winds when they call And moveth all together, if it move at all

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look Upon the muddy water, which he conned, As if he had been reading in a book. And now a stranger's privilege I took, And, drawing to his side, to him did say, 'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day '

A gentle answer did the old Man make, In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew And him with further words I thus bespake, 'What occupation do you there pursue? This is a lonesome place for one like you? Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,

But each in solemn order followed each, With something of a lofty utterance drest-Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach Of ordinary men, a stately speech, Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use, Religious men, who give to God and man their dues

He told, that to these waters he had come To gather leeches, being old and poor Employment hazardous and wearisome ! And he had many hardships to endure From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor, Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance, And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old Man still stood talking by my side, But now his voice to me was like a stream Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide, And the whole body of the Man did seem Like one whom I had met with in a dream, Or like a man from some far region sent, To give me human strength, by apt admonishment My former thoughts returned the fear that kills, And hope that is unwilling to be fed. Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills, And mighty Poets in their misery dead -Perplexed, and longing to be comforted, My question eagerly did I renew,

He with a smile did then his words repeat, And said, that, gathering leeches, for and wide He travelled; stirring thus about his feet The waters of the pools where they abide. 'Once I could meet with them on every side, But they have dwindled long by slow decay, Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may '

'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'

While he was talking thus, the lonely place, The old Man's shape, and speech-all troubled me In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace About the weary moors continually, Wandering about alone and silently While I these thoughts within myself pursued, He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed

And soon with this he other matter blended, Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind But stately in the main, and when he ended, I could have laughed myself to scorn to find In that decrepit Man so firm a mind "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure I'll tlink of the I eech gatherer on the lonely moor 1" (From Parms, 1807) The Green Linnet

Beneath these fruit tree boughs that shed Their snow-white blossoms on my head With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather, In this sequestered nook how sweet To sit upon my orchard seat ! And birds and flowers once more to greet, My last year's friends together

One have I marked, the happiest guest In all this covert of the blest Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pinion! Thou, Linnet 1 in thy green array, Presiding Spirit here to-day, Dost lead the revels of the May,

And this is thy dominion

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers Make all one band of paramours, Thou, ranging up and down the bovers.

Art sole in thy employment A Life, a Presence like the Air, Scattering thy gladness without care Too blest with any one to palr, Thyself thy own enjoyment

Amid von tuft of liazel trees, That twinkle to the gusty breeze, Behold him perched in eestasies,

Yet seeming still to hover, There ' where the flutter of his wings Upon his back and body flings Shadows and sunny glimmerings, That cover him all over

My dazzled sight he oft deceives, A Brother of the dancing leaves, Then flits, and from the cottage eaves

Pours forth his song in guslies. As if by that exulting strain He mocked and treated with disdain The voiceless Form he chose to feign,

While fluttering in the hushes (From Poems, 1807)

#### The Solitary Reaper

Behold lier, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself, Stop here, or gently pass I Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen ' for the Vale profound Is overflowing with the sound No Nightingale did ever chaunt So sweetly to reposing bands Of travellers in some shady haunt. Among Arabian sands A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard In spring time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hehndes.

Wall no one tell me what she sing 2-Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago

Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to day? Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang As if her song could have no ending, I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending — I listened, motionless and still, And, as I mounted up the hill, The music in my heart I bore, Long after it was heard no more.

(From Poeins, 1807)

#### Yarrow Unvisited.

(See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow, in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow! --)

From Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled,
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled,
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow'

'Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town, Who have been buying, selling, Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own, Each maiden to her dwelling! On Yarrow's banks let herons feed, Hares couch, and rabbits burrow! But we will downward with the Tweed, Nor turn aside to Yarrow

There s Galla Water, Leader Haughs, Both lying right before us, And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed The lintwhites sing in chorus, There's pleasant Tiviot dale, a land Made blithe with plough and harrow Why throw away a needful day To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder'
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn,
My True love sighed for sorrow
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

'Oh! green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough,
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow

Let beeves and home bred Line partake The sweets of Burn mill meadow The swan on still St Mary's Lake Float double, swan and shadow! We will not see them, will not go, To day nor yet to morrow, Enough if in our hearts we know There's such a place as Yarrow

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it
We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill sootlie us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow'

(From Poems, 1807)

#### Yarrow Visited-September 1814.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream Of which my fancy cherished, So faithfully, a waking dream? An image that hith perished! O that some Minstrel's harp were near, To utter notes of gladness, And chase this silence from the ur, That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings,
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted,
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale. Save where that pearly whiteness Is round the rising sun diffused, A tender hazy brightness, Mild dawn of promise that excludes All profitless dejection, Though not unwilling here to admit A pensive recollection

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning

Delicious is the Lay that sings. The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers.
And Pity sanctifies the Verse.
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love,
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination, Dost rival in the light of day Her delicate creation Meek loveliness is round thee spread, A softness still and holy, The grace of forest charms decayed, And pastoral melancholy

That region left, the vale unfolds Rich groves of lofty stature, With Yarrow winding through the pomp Of cultivated nature, And, rising from those lofty groves, Behold a Rnin hoary The shattered front of Newark's Towers, Renowned in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, For sportive youth to stray in, For manhood to enjoy his strength, And age to wear away in ' You cottage seems a bower of bliss, A covert for protection Of tender thoughts, that nestle there-The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this antumnal day, The wild wood fruits to gather, And on my True love's forehead plant A crest of blooming heather ! And what if I enwreathed my own! 'Twere no offence to reason, The sober Hills thus deck their brows To meet the wintry season.

I see-but not by sight alone, Loved Yarrow, have I won thee, A ray of fancy still survives-Her sunshine plays upon thee ! Thy ever youthful waters keep A course of lively pleasure And gladsome notes my lips can breathe, Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights, They melt, and soon must vanish, One honr is theirs, nor more is mine-Sad thought, which I would banish, But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow ! Will dwell with me-to heighten joy, And cheer my mind in sorrow

#### Yarrow Revisited.

(The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbots ford, for Naples. The title Varrow Remaited will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.)

> The gallant Yonth, who may have gained, Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,' Was but an Infant in the lap When first I looked on Yarrow Once more, by Newark's Castle gate Long left without a warder, I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee, Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day, Their dignity installing In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves Were on the bow, or falling, But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed-The forest to enibolden, Reddened the fiery hues, and shot Transparence through the golden. For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on In foamy agitation, And slept in many a crystal pool For quiet contemplation No public and no private care

The freeborn mind enthralling, We made a day of happy hours, Our happy days recalling

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth, With freaks of graceful folly,-Life's temperate Noon, her sober Lve, Her Night not melancholy, Past, present, future, all appeared In harmony united, Like guests that meet, and some from far, By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods And down the meadow ranging, Did meet us with unaltered face. Though we were changed and changing, If, then, some natural shadows spread Our inward prospect over, The sonl's deep valley was not slow Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse, And her divine employment I The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons For hope and calm enjoyment, Albeit sickness, lingering yet, Has o'er their pillow brooded, And Care wavlays their steps-a Sprite Not easily eluded

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change Green Eildon hill and Cheviot For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes, And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot For mild Sorrento's breezy waves, May classic Fancy, linking With native Fancy her fresh aid, Preserve thy heart from sinking '

O' while they minister to thee, Each vying with the other, May Health return to mellow Age With Strength her venturous brother ! And Tiber, and each brook and rill Renowned in song and story, With unimagined beauty shine, Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams By tales of love and sorrow, Of faithful love, undaunted truth, Hast shed the power of Yarrow, And streams unknown, hills yet unseen, Wherever they invite Thee, At parent Nature's grateful call, With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine, Such looks of love and honour As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her, Beheld what I had feared to see, Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days, The holy and the tender

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance
Plays false with our affections,
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections
Oh, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeful Life
With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yafrow's groves were centred,
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark enter d,
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last ')
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!

Fulfil thy pensive duty,

Well pleased that future Bards should chant

For simple hearts thy beauty,

To dream light dear while yet unseen,

Dear to the common sunshine,

And dearer still, as now I feel,

To memory's shadowy moonshine!

(1831, published 1835.)

#### Gipsies

Yet are they here the same unbroken knot Of human Beings, in the self same spot ' Men, women, children, yea the frame Of the whole spectacle the same ! Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light, Now deep and red, the colouring of night, That on their Gipsy faces falls, Their bed of straw and blanket walls. -Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I Have been a traveller under open sky, Much witnessing of change and cheer. Yet as I left I find them here ! The weary Sun betook hunself to rest,-Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west, Outshiming like a visible God The glorious path in which he trod And now, ascending, after one dark hour And one night's diminution of her power,

Behold the mighty Moon! this way

She looks as if at them-but they

Regard not her —oh better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life,

Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!

Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
In scorn I speak not,—they are what their birth
And breeding suffer them to be,

Wild outcasts of society!

(From Paens, 1807)

#### Ode to Duty

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eb perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.'

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove,
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them, who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every rindom gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly liave reposed my trust
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray,
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought
Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile npon thy face
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power l
I call thee I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour,
Oh, let my weakness have an end '
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self sacrifice,
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

(From Poems, 1807)

Character of the Happy Warrior Who is the happy Warrior? Who is lie That every man in arms should wish to be? -It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought Whose high endeavours are an inward light That makes the path before him always bright Who, with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn, Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care, Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train Turns his necessity to glorious gain, In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower, Controls them and subdues, transmntes, bereaves Of their bad influence, and their good receives By objects, which might force the soul to abate Her feeling, rendered more compassionate, Is placable—because occasions rise So often that demand such sacrifice, More skilful in self knowledge, even more pure, As tempted more, more able to endure As more exposed to suffering and distress, Thence, also, more alive to tenderness -Tis he whose law is reason, who depends Upon that law as on the best of friends, Whence, in a state where men are tempted still To evil for a guard against worse ill, And what in quality or act is best Doth seldom on a right foundation rest, He labours good on good to fix, and owes To virtue every triumph that he knows -Who if he rise to station of command, Rises by open means, and there will stand On hononrable terms, or else retire, And in himself possess his own desire, Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim, And therefore does not stoop, nor he in wait For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall, Like showers of manna, if they come at all Whose powers shed round him in the common strife, Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant infinence, a peculiar grace, But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined Great issnes, good or bad for human kind, Is happy as a Lover, and attired With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired, And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw, Or if an inexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need

-He who, though thus endued as with a sense And faculty for storm and turbulence, Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans To home felt pleasures and to gentle scenes, Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be, Are at his heart, and such fidelity It is his darling passion to approve, More brave for this, that he hath much to love -'Tis, finally, the Man who, lifted high, Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye, Or left unthought of in obscurity,-Who, with a toward or untoward lot, Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not-Plays, in the many games of life, that one Where what he most doth value must be won Whom neither shape of danger can dismay, Nor thought of tender happiness betray, Who, not content that former worth stand fast, Looks forward, persevering to the last From well to better, daily self surpast Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth For ever, and to noble deeds give birth, Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame, And leave a dead unprofitable name-Finds comfort in himself and in his cause, And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause This is the happy Warrior, this is He That every Man in arms should wish to be. (From Poemis, 1807)

## Ode —Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

The Child is father of the Man, And I could wish my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem Apparelled in celestial light, The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or by day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,
The snnshine is a glorious birth,
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyons song, And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief
A timely ntterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong,
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay,

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every Beast keep holiday,

Thou Child of Joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd boy '

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call Ye to each other make, I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee, My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel at all,

Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May morning, And the Children are culling On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide, Tresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm — I hear, I hear, with joy I hear'

-But there's a Tree, of many, one,

A single Field which I have looked upon, Both of them speak of something that is gone The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere its setting,

> And cometh from afar Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home Here en hes about us in our infiner! Shades of the prison house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy,

But He beholds the light, and whence it flows He sees it in his joy,

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splended
Is on his way attended,

At length the Man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own, Yeurnings she hath in her own natural kind, And even with something of a Mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can

To make her Foster child, her Inmate Man, Forget the glories he hath known, And that imperial palace whence he came

Behold the Child among his new born blisses, A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies, Freited by sallies of his mother's kisses, With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shaped by himself with newly learned art

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife,

But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,

As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity,
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet I Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,

On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by,
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom he upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live, That nature yet remembers What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed Perpetual benediction—not indeed For that which is most worthy to be blest, Delight and liberty, the simple creed Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest, With new fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised, High instincts before which our mortal Nature Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may, Are yet the fountain light of all our day, Are yet a master light of all our seeing,

Uphold us, eherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,

To pensh never, Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour, Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May! What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death

In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves, Forebode not any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might, I only have relinquished one delight. To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the Brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they, The innocent brightness of a new born Day.

Is lovely yet,
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath lept watch o'er man's mortality,
Another race hath been, and other palms are won
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often he too deep for tears

(From Poems, 1807)

If this great world of joy and pain Revolve in one sure track, If freedom, set, will rise again, And virtue, flown, come back, Woe to the purblind crew who fill The heart with each day's care, Nor gain, from past or future, skill To bear, and to forbear!

(1833, published 1835)

# Composed upon Westminster Bridge September 3 1802.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky, All bright and glittering in the smokeless air Never did sin more beautifully steep. In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill, Ne er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep. The river glideth at his own sweet will Dear God, the very houses seem asleep, And all that mighty heart is lying still.

### On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee, And was the safeguard of the west—the worth Of Venice did not fall below her birth, Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty
She was a maiden City, bright and free, And guile seduced, no force could violate, And, when she took unto herself a Mate, She must espoise the everlasting Sen.
And what if she had seen those glories fade, Those titles vanish, and that strength decay, Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid When her long life hath reached its final day Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade Of that which once was great is passed away

#### To Toussaint L'Ouverture

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men 1
Whether the whistling Rustie tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den,—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort—Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee, air, earth, and skies,
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee, thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind

# September 1802

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood,
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters, yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood Of British freedom, which, to the open sea Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,' Roused though it be full often to a mood Which spurns the check of salutary bands, That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands Should perish, and to evil and to good Be lost for ever In our halls is hung Armoury of the invincible Knights of old We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold Which Milton held -In every thing we are sprung Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold

The world is too much with us late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers Little we see in Nature that is ours, We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon i This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers, For this, for every thing, we are out of tune, It moves us not -Great God! I'd rather be A Pagun suckled in a creed outworn, So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn, Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

Where hes the Land to which you Ship must go? Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day, Festively she puts forth in trim array, Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow? What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe She cares for, let her travel where she may She finds familiar names, a beaten way Ever before her, and a wind to blow Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark? And, almost as it was when ships were rare, (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there Crossing the waters) doubt and something dark, Of the old Sea some reverential fear, Is with me at thy forewell, joyous Bark ! (From Poems 1807)

Burns

In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found-in the walks of nature, and in the business of men -The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxurates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love though immoderate-from convival pleasure though intemperate-nor from the presence of war though savage, and recognised as the hand maid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature, both with reference to himself and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce or narrow minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exalta tion of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter? poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset that his hero was a desperate and sortish drunkard, whose exces es were frequent as his opportunities. This repro late sits down to his cubs, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion, -the night is

driven on by song and tumultuous noise-laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palateconjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence-selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality-and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoy ment within -I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect

> 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, O'er a' the ells of life victorious'

> > (From 'A letter to a friend of Robert Burns, 1816.)

### A Delusion Confuted

But it is a belief propagated in books, and which passes currently among talking men as part of their familiar wisdom, that the hearts of the many are constitutionally weak, that they do languish, and are slow to answer to the requisitions of things I entreat those who are in this delusion to look behind them and about them for the evidence of experience Now this, rightly understood, not only gives no support to any such belief, but proves that the truth is in direct opposition to it. The history of all ages, tumults after tumults, wars, foreign or civil, with short or with no breathing spaces, from generation to generation, wars-why and where fore? yet with courage, with perseverance, with selfsacrifice, with enthusiasm-with cruelty driving forward the cruel man from its own terrible nakedness, and attracting the more benign by the accompaniment of some shadow which seems to sanctify it, the senseless weaving and interweaving of factions-vanishing and reviving and piercing each other like the Northern Lights, public commotions, and those in the bosom of the individual, the long calenture to which the Lover is subject, the blast, like the blast of the desert, which succeps perenuially through a frightful solitude of its own making in the mind of the Gamester, the slowly quickening but over quickening descent of appetite down which the Miser is propelled, the agony and cleaving oppression of grief, the ghost like hauntings of shame, the meubus of revenge, the life distemper of ambition, -these inward existences, and the visible and familiar occurrences of daily life in every town and village, the patient curiosity and contagious acclamations of the multitude in the streets of the city and within the walls of the theatre, a procession, or a rural dance, a hunting. or a horse race, a flood, or a fire, rejoicing and ringing of bells for an unexpected gift of good fortune, or the coming of a foolish heir to his estate, --- these demonstrate incontestably that the passions of men (I mean, the soul of sensibility in the heart of man)-in all quarrels, in all contests, in all quests, in all delights, in all employments which are either sought by men or thrust upon them-do immeasurably transcend their objects true sorrow of humanity consists in this, -not that the mind of man fails, but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires and hence that which is slow to languish is too easily turned aside and abused But-with the remembrance of what has been done, and in the face of the interminable coils which are threatened -a Spaniard can never have cause to complain of this

while a follower of the tyrant remains in arms upon the Peninsula. (From The Convention of Cintra, 1809.)

#### Ossian.

All hail, Macpherson hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the smug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition-it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclama tion, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the Reliques had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! How selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance !- Open this far famed Book !-I have done so at random, and the beginning of the 'Epic Poem Temora,' in eight Books, presents itself 'The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha His spear sup ports the ling, the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds? Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian '

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion —Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a monntainous country, from my very -childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was sphrious. In Nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse, everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,-yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substi tuted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied, when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car borne heroes, -of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters, but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his 'ands' and his 'buts' and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a conscious plagiarism It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now, as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare, Milton, and Popc, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them, unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Stael, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian, in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own—It is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Seotland—a country that has produced a Dinbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Birns!

The chief editions of Wordsworth's poetry are the author's editions published by Moxon (1836-37, 1845, and 1849-50), the library edition by Professor Knight (1882-86) that by Mr John Morley (1888) the Aldine edition by Professor Dowden (1893), and the complete edition with prose works, life, and Dorothy's journals and letters, by Professor Knight (16 vols. 1896-97). The text of the Lyrical Ballads (1793) has been reprinted with notes by Professor E. Dowden (1890) and Mr T Hutchinson (1898), and the Poems of 1807 have been also edited by Mr Hutchinson (2 vols. 1897) There are selections by Palgrave (1862), Matthew Arnold (1879), and Knight (1898) The prose works were collected by Grosart (3 vols. 1876) There are Lives by his nephew, [Bishop] Christopher Wordsworth (1851), F W H Myers (1880) J M Sutherland (1887), Elizabeth Wordsworth (1891), and Professor Knight (1880) The most important criticisms are those of Coleridge, M Arnold, Pater, Swinburne and W Raleigh (Wordstworth 1903). See also De Quincey's Recollections of the Lake Poets, J S Co tles Early Recollections of Coloridge (1837) Memorials of Coleorion (1887) H Crabb Robinson's Diary (1869), Dorothy Wordsworth's Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, edited by Principal Shairp (1874) the Wordsworth Society's Proceedings (1880-89) and La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth, by Emile Legouis (1896 trans. 1897).

W P KER

Dorothy Wordsworth (1771-1855), only sister of the poet, set up housekeeping with her brother in 1795 at Racedown Lodge in Dorset-In 1832 she had an attack of brain-fever from which she never entirely recovered. Her Journals Lept at Alfoxden and Grasmere, and the records of her journeys in Scotland, the Isle of Man, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, reveal a mind as subtly sensitive to nature as the poet's own, and an exquisiteness of expression which he hardly surpassed 'She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,' said her brother, and, as Professor Shairp pointed out, his poems 'are sometimes little more than poetic versions of her descriptions of the objects which she had seen, and which he treated as if seen by himself' Compare these sentences from her journal with Wordsworth's poem quoted above (page 20)

# Daffodils

When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close by the water side. As we went along there were more and yet more, and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow, the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing

Dorothy Wordsworth s Tour in Scotland was edited by Principal Shairp in 1874, her Journals were edited by Professor Knight in 1897

# Sir Walter Scott.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the His father, a Writer to the 15th of August 1771 Signet, vas of the family of Scott of Harden, his mother, Anne Rucherford, vas also of good Border descent on bo h sides The Border was truly Scott's own country, and he spent much of his childhood there, he had to be sent as ay from Edinburgh after the fever which lamed him. In his third year, at

Sandyl nove, he used to be left to lie on the grass all day long, vith his friend Sandy Ormistoun, the co -bulle, to take care of him

'The local in formation, v hich I conceive had some share in forming my fut ure taste and pursuits, I de rived from the old songs and tries which then formed the amuscment a retired coun try family grandmother, in a hose youth the old Border depredations s ere matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aik-Jamie r ood, I clfcr of the fur

SIR WALTER SCOTT Dodhead, and other heroes-merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John' Scott in his later life, when the younger generation vas writing nev romances, looked on comfortably at their historical studies and their industry after 'local colour' He himself had taken in his I no vledge in a different way, beginning at Sandyl nove. As he told Miss Sevard, he had a regiment of horse exercising through his head ever since he was five years old. Whatever may be due to his incestry for this bent of mind, at any rate it was helped in the most natural and old fashioned was b, his upbringing. He learned the history of his country as history was learned by Homer, no' out of books, to begin with The Bride of Lamn ermoor for example, is a story that came to Seo t's I no vier ge by oral tradition, like the stories of the hero cares

His lameness as he grew older ceased to interfere with his activity and enjoyment. High School of Edinburgh, to which he vent in 1778, he was not prevented from taking part in the common amusements, he climbed 'the kittle nine steps' of the Castle Rock, like Darsie Latimer, and shared in the battles of the Crosscauseway and the Potterrow The episode of Greenbreeks gave him an example of what is meant by chivalry, I the story, as he tells it, is as good as Richard and



From a sketch taken in the Court of Session by John Sheriff about 1825.

Saladın From the High School he went to the College of Edinburgh By this time books had come to be more important, he tool sides with the Moderns against the Ancients in that old controversy, and learned Italian for himself. but no Greek from his profes-Then he sor began inventing stories He and his friend John Irving used to go every Saturday to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, climb up into some difficult corner of the rocks, and read. Then they thought of inventing romances for

'The stories we told were interminthemselves. able, for we were unwilling to have any of our favourite lynights killed He began early to collect old ballads,' says John Irving

In 1786 Scott was apprenticed to his father, in the next year he sav Burns at Professor Ferguson's, and as thanked by him for giving the author of a quotation which no one else in the company lnew (see Vol. II p 521) In 1792 he was called to the Bar, this was the year of his first raid into Liddesdule to look for ballads, along with Mr Shortrede, the Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburgh, who accompanied him in all these expeditions for seven years 'He was malin' himsell a' the time,' said Mr Shortrede, 'but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed, at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun' In 1793 he saw the scenery of The Lady of the Lake, and heard from old men such stories of the Highlands as formed the groundwork of many of his novels up German, which at that time meant Romance and Poetry, and in 1795 made his translation of Bürgers Lenore, the ballad of terror and wonder Later, he translated Goethe's adventurous drama of Goetz of the Iron Hand (1799) romance and historical fiction doubtless helped him to find his way among his own subjects, the mingled likeness and difference of the German work quickening (if that were possible) his interest in kindred thenies at home, such as True Thomas or Kinmont Willie, and encouraging him to think of modern renderings on his own account a time he was strongly affected by the German manner, not to his advantage, and indulged in horrors 'written at the request of Mr Lewis,' and too like Mr Lewis's own productions appointment in love, referred to long afterwards in Scott's Journal, was at the time kept to himself, it was not his habit to complain. After his marriage to Miss Charpentier in 1797 he had many years of prosperity before him, making himself known as 'the hardest worker and the heartiest player,' and steadily going on with his poetry, then with his novels, at the same time carrying on all sorts of historical and antiquarian researches, besides miscellaneous literary work by the way, not to speak of his duties as Sheriff of Selkirk and (after 1806) as Clerk of Session He had also a commission in the Edinburgh Light Horse (a yeomanry regiment), and did not neglect his military calling

The Lay of the Last Minstrel was published ın 1805 It followed close upon the Border Ministrelsy (1802-3) and the edition of the old rhyming romance Sir Tristrem (1804), from the famous Auchinleck manuscript, to which Scott was attracted (among other reasons) because it begins with Erceldoune Scott added some strings of his own in the old language, the original of Sir Tristrem having lost its proper ending. After this antiquarian work came the Lay, Marmion, and their successors, down to the year 1814, when The Lord of the Isles closed the senes and another order of romance was founded in Waverley Neither the poems nor the novels kept him fully occupied even in the time that he gave to literature, which was by no means the whole of his life. His edition of Dryden, which appeared in the same year as Marmion (1808), might have served any ordinary man of letters for a long task, that book, with its admirable biography and its rich historical notes, was followed by an edition of Swift, and by innumerable miscellaneous articles and reviews, without hindering the poems or the novels Very few people could make out how he worked, his visitors never knew that he was working at all

Scott moved from Ashestiel in 1812 to a place lower down the Tweed near Melrose, where he built the house he called Abbotsford His reputa-

tion, wealth, and power of mind went on increasing together His health was not always good the Bride of Lammermoor was composed in pain so great, and with such an effort, that the author's mind refused to remember the story afterwards, the opera of Ivanhoe in Paris amused him by recalling the distressing conditions (cramp in the stomach) in which the novel had been put together But his strength seemed inexhaustible, he had sons and daughters and many friends, and the affection of all who knew him Beyond American tourists and literary ladies there were few grievances In 1822, at the king's visit to Edinburgh, Scott, who had been made a baronet in 1820, found himself the representative of his country, as well as his town, by a kind of general consent every one knew that he was the greatest man

In 1826 the reverse came, in his fifty fifth year, when he was beginning to feel himself no longer young, he was involved in Constable's failure to the amount of £117,000. Shortly before that he had begun to keep a journal, and he continued it—his own story, told without any illusions, sad enough, but never dispirited nor merely pathetic. On the contrary, the humour of Scott is shown nowhere more truly than in the 'Gurnal'

Between 1826 and 1828 he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000 But he was an old man, before his time, he himself did not reckon on living much over sixty. He had to leave Abbotsford for Naples in September 1831, the day after the expedition to Yarrow along with Wordsworth, who wrote the best meniorial of Scott in his poem on that day, and in the verses on Scott's departure

A trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height.
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
I or kindred power departing from their sight,
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners, for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes,
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows
Follow this wondrous potentate Be true
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope 1

Scott went first to Malta, at Naples he showed himself still unbeaten, though, as he had told Wordsworth beforehand, he got little good from the beauty of Italy He was interested in the manuscript of Sir Bevis of Hamtoun at Naples, at Lake Avernus the verse that ran in his head was about 'Charlie and his men'

He spent a short time in Rome in the spring of 1832, then he came home. On the 21st of September he died at Abbotsford Goethe had died earlier in the same year, a much older man

Scott's poetry, at any rate the common form of his tales in verse, was well described, some years before he acknowledged himself the author of Waverley, in the comparison of the poems and novels by J L. Adolphus, of which there is a fair account in Lockhart. The passage is worth quoting, for many reasons. It is one of the soundest pieces of criticism ever written by a contemporary. It uses the favourite method of Mr Arnold, and with equal judgment, in the choice of illustrative lines to express the different types of poetry. The book appears to be almost unknown to Scott's countrymen (apart from Lockhart's quotations), and is not to be found in the most learned libraries of Edinburgh.

'If required to distinguish the poetry of the author of Marmion from that of other writers by a single epithet, I should apply to it the term The same easy openness which was remarked in his prose style is also a prevailing quality of his poetical composition, where, however, it appears not so much in verbal arrangement as in the mode of developing and combining thoughts Few authors are less subject to the fault of overdescribing, or better know the point at which a reader's imagination should be left to its own activity, but the images which he does supply are placed directly in our view, under a full noonday light. It is a frequent practice of other poets, instead of exhibiting their ideas in a detailed and expanded form, to involve them in a brilliant complication of phrase, high wrought and pregnant with imagery, but supplying materials only, which the reader may shape out in his own mind according to his reach of fancy or subtlety of appre hension, and not presenting in itself any regular, fixed, or definite representation of objects. This style of composition is well exemplified in the ποντίων κυμάτων ανήριθμον γέλασμα of Æschylus, the lines of Shal espeare

Now

creeping murmur, and the poring dark, I'ills the wide vessel of the universe,

(Chorus to Henry I', Act is )

these of Milton

The sands and seas, with all their finny drove, Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,

(Comus)

and when, describing the battle of the angels, he says, that the "war"

Soaring on main wing,

Tormented all the air (Paradise Lest Book vi)

In no instance that I recollect does the author of Marmion adopt this I ind of poetical phraseology, which conveys in a few words the germ and essence of a beautiful or sublime description, but is not itself that description. I do not insist upon the circumstance as a subject of either praise or censure, I only point to it as distinguishing the method of an individual writer from those of his brethren and predecessors

'Agun, it is very common with poets of strong feeling and evuberant fancy to describe (if that

word may be applied to such a process) by accumulating round the principal object a number of images not physically connected with it, or with each other, but which, through the unfailing association of ideas, give, unitedly, the same impulse to the imagination and passions as would have been produced by a finished detail of strictly coherent circumstances. Such is the effect of that well-known passage in *Macbeth*, where murder is thus personified

Now

wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves likes a ghost.

(Macheth, Act 11 sc. 1)

This method, also, appears unsuitable to the simplicity with which the author of Marmion is accustomed to unfold his poetical conceptions his mode of describing, the circumstances, however fanciful in themselves, still follow each other by natural consequence, and in an orderly series, and hang together, not by the intervention of unseen links, but by immediate and palpable conjunction His epithets and phrases, replete as they often are with poetic force and meaning, have always a direct bearing on the principal subject He pursues his theme, in short, from point to point, with the steadiness and plainness of one who descants on a common matter of fact. The difference between his style of description and the two kinds from which I have distinguished it, is very perceptible in the following lines

They

bade the passing knell to toll

For welfare of a parting soul.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,

Northumbrian rocks in answer rung,

To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,

His beads the wakeful hermit told,

The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said,

So far was heard the mighty knell,

The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,

Spread his broad nostril to the wind,

Listed before, aside, behind,

Then couched him down beside the hind,

And quaked among the mountain fern,

To hear that sound so dull and stern.

(Marmuon, Canto 11 st. 33.)

'These remarks, which in part explain my application of the term "popular," will not, I think, appear irrelevant, when it is considered that a poet accustomed to express himself in this expanded, simple, and consecutive style can readily transfer the riches of his genius to prose composition, while the attempt would be almost hope less to one who delighted in abrupt transition and funciful combination, and whose thoughts habitually condensed themselves into the most compendious phraseology,'

It is impossible to find a better description of

Scott's narrative style, or of the difference between his plain, straightforward method and that of the great tragic poets What is wanting in the passage quoted is something that did not suit the writer's purpose at the time. For a comparison of the poems with the Waverley Novels it was expedient to take what might be called ordinary passages from both, not the exceptional things in either But it is in the large number of exceptions to his ordinary style that Scott shows his quality as a poet, especially in the songs and lyrical poems, of which there is a great variety Scott gave way to Byron in poetry 'I gave over writing romances because Byron beat me He hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow access to a stream of sentiment unknown to me.' The public generally accepted this view, and preferred the Graour and its successors to Marmion and the Lady of the Lale Neither Scott nor Byron nor their readers seem to have known the value of Scott's lyrical poetry His songs are as distinct in quality as Shakespeare's, and Byron had no access to the sources of their music. Some of them, like the songs of Burns, are founded on the Scottish tradition of popular songs, and take up old phrases and rhythms

> He turned his charger as he spake Upon the river shore.

'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair' was probably suggested by the verse of 'Bothwell banks,' which the traveller in Palestine, long before, heard sung by a woman to her child—the beautiful story is told by Scott in the Ministrelsy Scott, like Burns, had his own way of dealing with these suggestions, and the best of his lyrics are in the poet's own style, as clearly as those of Keats or They also have in them the magic that is found so seldom in the course of Scott's narra tive verse Proud Maisie and County Guy are as different from the narrative verse as from the prose of the novels They belong, as the Ettrick Shepherd put it (in speaking of his own poetry compared with Scott's), to 'a far higher order' 'Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belang to your school o' chivalry ' Ye are king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours' Hogg, whatever his manners may have been, had a sense of the difference between picturesque romance like Marmion and the kind that vill not bear strong lights or definite language, that is all vague—1 thing of dreams. He was right also in feeling the want of this 'fine fabling' in Scott's tales But the songs are different, and claim their place in that kingdom of fantasy which the author of Kilmeny asserted for himself, in which the true queen is La Belle Dame sans Mercy

Besides these, which are the essential part of Scott's poetry, there are other songs of a different and less exacting kind, like *Jock o' Hazeldean* and

Donald Caird, and the noble lyrics in the old-fashioned reflective style of the eighteenth century, recitative rather than lyrical—the poems of the Ettrick sunset, 'The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,' and Rebecca's hymn, 'When Israel of the Lord beloved.' Scott professed no great care for the niceties of verse, and took small interest in the run of syllables and the other technical details that Dryden was so fond of But, careless as he might be, he had the gift of verse, and struck out harmonies such as many weaker poets have laboured hard for

There rose the choral lymn of praise, And trump and timbrel answered keen

This is a different kind of lyric poetry from County Guy, but it has a rank of its own, and an honourable one, much of Johnson's verse belongs to the same kind, serious and dignified, and there is one other poem of Scott's there also, the quatrum in which his work is summed up, the utterance of almost his whole heart

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!

To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life.
Is worth an age without a name.

Many of the shorter poems were written after the tales in verse had been given up Scott's poetical genius did not fail when he took to prose for story-telling

The tales themselves were hardly treated by their author, and in yielding to Byron he gave his own work less than its due. There was more of passion in Byron, but he could not tell a story like Scott. William of Deloraine and Roderick Dhu are stronger in adventures than *The Corsair*. The Corsair may be better at getting sympathy from his readers, but one cannot be always giving sympathy, whereas a large number of people can always be found to listen to stories of adventure even when the hero is wanting in the passionate attractions of Conrad.

The battle passages, especially Flodden in Marmion and the battle of Beal' an Duine in the Lady of the Lale, have a sound and swell in them beyond the ordinary tone of the stories. This is heard not less plainly in some of the shorter poems

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear, Murder's foul minion, led the van, And clash'd their broadswords in the rear The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan

How much of Scott's war-songs may have gone to fortify the old ballads in the Minstrelsy is hard to say. There is something of him in Kinmont Willie, and though his confessed additions to the Minstrelsy are inferior to that heroic poem, he wrote, later, the ballad of the Harlaw

What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day
And I were Roland Cheyne?

the interest the old she than the E-s of sinf the Gillion and it but an poetry the interest that the Lori and there is the moral is essentially unlike the tention of the transfer of the transfer that the transfer of the tr

of the trace connects, Marmine the morals of the trace of the notes in their decrease. It was not the first trace of the notes in the result of the trace of the strength. It was not the first trace of the distorate that he made his perfect that he made his perfect that he made his perfect to the first trace of the is a communic personage, the trace of the indicate of the first trace of the first trace of the first trace of the first trace of the Border of the first trace of the most of the Border of the first trace of the most of the Border of the first trace of the most of the Border of the first trace of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of the most of the Border of the first of th

It . Il wire Notels made their fortune as hat a moran es. What are first of all attrac tive with encire vant had given most pleasure in the passe that the scenery dresses, advensure ex results, prefuresques in them as that terms, correct understand. Colpin, an authorities t is on the I come que had pointed out that there vas i ri majo conficion between 'picturesque' rd'r arm but the confusions as not applished by he epigeness of he terms, and the innecurate many usual in discribing the literary taste of the new next in fact an admired at first for the or of heart on which his mitators learned to sup it at he well and for the battles, duels, mater of a mer, a such a cre more difficult to s to rigith. There is no doubt about his one a tro me grading of Scotts entics has the training threely, like Harlitt and Ser in the later of these while depreciating the texture reafth in correction clim comparison it tur nace effet richer and comment, makes to tem to les en Scotts popular fime. He à \* 🛊 📆 the enel of the romantes. He has of it ten titles by his aid scenibling for his The Hild Steem Park and Viennama that he has exhall the most tendencies There is Whit no foreign render in, and mer literation nated was the absolute ent of her can discort parts of the novels the ere of a transfer that Scott himself of the French of the real form the speeches " I' to at correct stions Scott's ı t T " i for all except he did not the state of the state of the land many the analysis of the flue state of the state and the state of an inost wanted - I recan what Trmm er vinua Im Dune 30 13 1 m I to statistic 11 1 deer a shift into Italian non Luldie " his were my the of the

chief characters, and it is their talk that makes the greatness of Scott as a novelist. Stendhal ras right about the historical trappings. pageantry of Ivanhor and Kendevorth was learned and repeated like a lesson, by professional novelists, East and West, till the wearied reader would almost have turned, like Niebuhr, to Josephus for recruation. It was not so easy to imitate the other things, except by a share of Scott's genius Scenes like the beginning of the Antiquary, the drama of the slow coach and the start for Queens ferry, are to be copied, like Hamlet, by 'those who have the mind? But the imitators, as happened with Chaucer also, generally repeated the least characteristic things in their master, the conventional framework and decorations, and made a living that way But the real excellence of Scott is in the dramatic dialogue

Sometimes there are curious discrepancies in Scott, inequalities and incongruities, of which the most obvious is in Rob Roy, in the conversation of the Bailie with Helen MacGregor. The two characters are not in the same world, the Bailie is alive, the wafe of Rob Roy has no language but that of rhetoric. There is the same sort of thing in Shakespeare, only in Shakespeare the mere rhetoric is usually kept in its place—he does not produce one of his humorous characters talking, at the front of the stage, with one of the rhetorical personages, or if he does, the rhetoric is for the time modified.

Scott's style has been severely treated by many critics, and it has become permissible to speak of his carelessness, his slipshod grammar, and so forth But there is no way of summing up the qualities of Scott's style in prose or verse, because in both he has many varieties. There is a common, plan manner, fluent and clear, in his prose as in his verse, there are also passages in his prose as distinct from this as his lyries from his narrative poetry, and fortunately in much greater profusion Wandering Willic's tale in Redgauntlet is the most famous of these, a story in which the strong and careless writer proces himself inferior to none of the careful artists in composition and clegance of phrising The readers of Scott have grown so familiar with his casi methods that they do injustice to his powers of compression, and forget the literary reserve, the concentration of the tragic motive, in the Highland Widow, the True Drovers, and the story of Elspeth Mucklebackit. is manifest enough on the face of his writings how his stile is quickened to meet the crisis of action, hos the leisurely, expository manner that came natural to Scott as a historian is exchanged for another sort of language in such places, for example, as Inversion Castle in the Legend of fonteree, when Sir Dugald Dalgetty is setting Inc with against Argile

Scott i as treated by Carlyle in the same way as Fielding by Johnson, and almost in the same terms. There is as great a difference between

Richardson and Fielding as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.' Scott imitates the surface of life, says Carlyle, he does not imagine his characters from within the less need to discuss this since Mr Rusl in's praise of Scott in Fors Clavigera, a piece of criticism not easily refuted with regard to dramatic imagination in the Waverley Novels No analytic novelist ever showed a finer psychological sense than the author who kept two such characters as the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice on the stage at the same time. They belong to the same country, they breathe the same Westland air, they have the same sort of humour in many ways, the same power of evasion and escape when they are asked to commit themselves, the same comfortable sense of their own importance. But they are never allowed to interfere with one another, there is no discord or The character, the man himself, shines through the humour of Mr Janue, there is a grip in his talkative discourse, something of substance and courage The likeness in garrulous humour does not in the least obscure the difference in character between the honourable man and the

Scott as a leader in the romantic movement, followed by the authors of The Three Musketeers and Notre-Dame de Paris, and many more beyond counting, was never in full sympathy with the ideals of the romantic school, except in the short poems already mentioned The unrest, the my stery of romance, felt by many poets of that time, was not attractive to Scott. Notably, there was little of the medieval spirit in his study of mediæval literature He speaks of what Milton might have done for King Arthur, and finds in the books of Lancelot and Tristiam 'a thousand striking Gothic incidents, worthy subjects of the pen of Milton' 'What would he not have made of the adventure of the Rumous Chapel, the Perilous Manor, the Forbidden Seat, the Dolorous Wound, and many others susceptible of being described in the most sublime poetry I' Scott himself does not make anything of these 'Gothic incidents,' and never comes nearer than this to the sources most revered by some other scholars in romance. He loves Froissart, he is not greatly touched by the Quest of the Grail His mediævalism is generally positive and reasonable, there is great variety in it, great historical interest. But it was not by his antiquities that Scott established his lasting fame. The dialogue in his novels is little in debt to the romantic accessories, except where the problems of an older time give an opportunity for modern character to show itself Cuddie Headingg, for example, belongs to the seventeenth century in precisely the same sense as Falstaff to the time of Henry IV Before either of these humourists the ordinary critical formulas of 'realist' and 'romantic' disappear, they are irrelevant. The injustice from which Scott's reputation has suffered most is that I

which assumes his mastery of romantic fiction, and undervalues his triumphs in the more difficult art of comedy

#### The Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold, The minstrel was infirm and old, His withered cheek, and tresses gray, Seemed to have I nown a better day, The harp, his sole remaining joy, Was carried by an orphan boy The last of all the bards was he Who sung of Border chivalry, For, well a day ' their date was fled, His tuneful brethren all were dead, And he, neglected and oppressed, Wished to be with them, and at rest. No more, on prancing palfrey borne, He caroled, light as lark at morn, No longer, courted and caressed, High placed in hall, a welcome guest, He poured, to lord and lady gay, The unpremeditated lay Old times were changed, old manners gone, A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne. The bigots of the iron time Had called his harmles art a crime. A wandering harper, scorned and poor, He begged his bread from door to door, And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, The harp a king had loved to hear

(From The Lay of the Last Minstrel)

### My Native Land.

Breathes there the man, vith soul so dead, Who never to himself bath said, This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand! If such there breathe, go, mark him well For him no ministrel raptures swell. High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can elaim, Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down. To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child ' Land of brown heath and slinggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood, Land of my sires! what mortal hand Can e er untie the filial band That knits me to thy rugged straud 1 Still as I view each well kno m scene, Think what is now, and what hath been, Seems as, to me, of all bereft, Sole friends thy woods and streams were left, And thus I love them better still, Even in extremity of ill By Yarrow's streams still let me stray Though none should guide my feelile way . Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break, Although it chill my withered cheek,

Silverise living on the Training of the land of the La

### Norham Castle

Da = on No arms costed steep,

And Two is for ever, transland deep,

And Characteristics lone

The product of the donon keep,

The logical product captives weep,

Britishing all that round it steep,

In a limit as restime

To arror on the turnet high,

"I are allowed the evening say,

In a logical product the rays,

Elementary as it can blaze,

I have a forzeling hight

Sifes the channer broad and gay
Note follow the foliation
The form is, and he was finer.
The constant had scarce the power
forms at the domon tower.
Soll as not the domon tower.
Soll as not the grand of their search
The costleptics were larred
If on the forms to protect the
Train, he cost of the march.
The warm left is good.
Let he commer, she proclaiding,
Solution to dereath ring long

(From farmers.)

### Flodden

re 1 lan up-on Malden bent, 4 3 T is a haloc has bred his tent Mindle ash spice Ir the bupul, softh hill The want to the broke of fill, Wer han cheente " of colorifs andrelling for Tires lencines wolfman ve A dorn I fill had time S to all help more non-rel tone his coal the emarch their tre dialone, Ar his command to the Hown Man and the Territorial tennil reportanthro e to the less their force tree ne up o the close. It was tree to be not care to be not care thus A reseller there Es te est est so treft Mir of the in others I, A to trace, or er s in writer bidery " tric ray most in 1 in I I m I h mil the towns t 4 stan min nie stappen. +5 + 7 r y -2 m r

Then marked they, dashing broad and far, The broken billows of the war, And plamed crests of chieftnins brave, Floating like foam upon the wave, But nought distinct they see Wide riged the battle on the plain, Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain, Fell Ligland's arrow flight like rain, Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again, Wild and disorderly But as they left the darkening heath, More desperate grew the strife of death The English shrifts in volleys hailed, In headlong charge their horse assuled Front, final, and rear, the squadrons sweep, To break the Scottish circle deep, That fought around their king But yet, though thick the shifts as snow, Though charging knights like whirlwinds go, Though bill men ply the ghastly blow, Unbroken was the ring The stubborn spearmen still made good Their dark impenutrable wood, Each stepping where his comrade stood, The instant that he fell No thought was there of dastard flight, Linked in the serried phalanx tight, Groom fought like noble, squire like knight, As fearlessly and well, Till utter darkness closed her wing O er their thin host and wounded king Then skilful Surrey's sage commands Led back from strife his shattered bands, And from the charge they drew, As mountain waves from wasted lands Sweep back to ocean blue Then did their loss his foemen know, Their king their loids, their mightiest low, They melted from the field as snow, When streams are swoln and south winds blow, Dissolves in silent dew Tweel's cchoes heard the ceaseless plash, While many a broken band, Disordered, through her currents dash, To gain the Scottish land, To town and tower to down and dale, To tell red Flodden's di mal tale, and ruse the universal wail Tradition, legend, tune, and song Shall many an age that wail prolong Still from the sire the son shall hear Of the stern strife and carnage drear Of Flodden's fatal field. Where shivered was fur Scotland's spear, And broken was her shield ! (From Marmier )

### The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In littre?'s vale is sinking so eet.
The veitland wind is hush and still.
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Ve not the land-cape to mine eye.
I have loos bright hues that once it bore.
The all evening with her richest die.
I lames over the hills of Fitrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of struned and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill,
And Araby's or Eden's howers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

#### Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,

He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer dried fountain,

When our need was the sorest

The font, reappearing,

From the rain drops shall borrow,

But to us comes no cheering,

To Duncan no morrow '

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When hlighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in eumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the babble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

(From The Lady of the Lake)

### County Guy

Ah' Coanty Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The lireeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh,
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the honr,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear,
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high born cavalier
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Gny?

(From Quentus Durward)

# Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow,
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daaghters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone,
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,

The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn,

No censer round our altar beams,

And mutch tre timbrel, trump, and horn.

But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,

The flesh of rams, I will not prize,

A contrite heart, a humble thought,

Are mine accepted sacrifice' (From Ivanhoe)

# The Battle of Beal' an Duine

The minstrel came once more to view The eastern ridge of Benvenue. For ere be parted, he would say Farewell to lovely Loch Achray-Where shall he find, in foreign land," So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !-There is no breeze upon the fern, Nor ripple on the lake, Upon her eyry nods the erne, The deer has sought the brake, The small birds will not sing aloud, The springing tront lies still So darkly glooms you thunder cloud, "That swathes, as with a purple shroud, Benledi's distant hill Is it the thunder's solemn sound That mutters deep and dread, Or echoes from the groaning ground The warrior's measured tread? Is it the lightning's quivering glance That on the thicket streams. Or do they flash on spear and lance The sun's retiring beams? —I see the dagger crest of Mar. I see the Moray's silver star, Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war.

That up the lake comes winding far !

Int at letter to the Or + worth la . Tien white year of practal life, O , la co a in mart v' Tinns is amid archers for and near as such they I growl, To restrict, with powern I spent, et not fore from d from the method rear, T' combitalin eround South tell til no clarion range s a rere the page and orum S s in as fre d in larmour s clang, The " then relieves domb Tir I restleed no send their crests to shale, Or valve their flag all road, Scar e the for I as, en wem d to quake, The shall a diacraher road. 11 - river and a sufficient lines bring, fun tour no lutkin, fe-Not say a tirer of him, thing, Same a lan they shirld the rom, Mete m which leperwire, Were renord baits profe to brave, Higgs clima dark and slow The che is paid in lines they guin vi rose ila troken pinn, Lefte the Introductions And the tie ho e in I spearmen pause, Whit o extra te the langerous fren, Dire to a still possible archer men At a rethere rise so will a will We mill detend name dell, As I that in is from between that fell, Hal, addied and cr, of hell! Ic life a lingt in tumilt driven, I were left to the wind of howen, line cut app ar F. Dorth I their phota they ply-An in the and bear of the line creation of the country to the creation of the annual factor. In! - west is the hing, to the sky, Settiftenir in tie itar An I to y dr. c, in dreakal rare, la a sipuani, I a distributifigit on letinse, Hera thu beep its tooted place, tre in renaturitation 12-Position by irrentable The total of either temper's from, f seem by we of far extres n 21 6 1 14-11131 Mask to a street to entrate, In the constraint to Lead out the action in mirror, As extended on against I was made a ferri free, Wer to thents a netane .... (Fi " " a Late of the Lake)

O Brianall Banks

the line a macrice.

And as I rode by Dalton hall, Beneath the turrets high, A maiden on the castle wall Was singing merrily—

Chorus—'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I d rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our Linghish queen'—

'If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
I hat dwell by dale and down?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As bithe as Queen of May'—

Clorus—Yet sung slie, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
I han reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood'—
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light,
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night'—

Crorus—Vet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Grata woods are gay,
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

'With burnish d brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum'—
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear,
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My contrades take the spear

Chorus—'And, O' though Briginal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gry,
Act mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

'Maiden' a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I ll die,
The fiend, who e lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I'
And when I my till my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were ve all forget,
Nor think what we are now

Charus—'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would price a summer queen'

(1 rom Pekeky)

A Weary Lot is Thine

"A weary lo is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!

To pail the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!

No more of me you knew

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain,
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again'
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
' My love!

And adien for evermore.

(From Rokeby)

#### Proud Maisle

Proud Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early, Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely

'Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me''— 'When six braw gentlemen Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?'—
'The grey headed sexton That delves the grave duly

'The glow worm o er grave and stone
Shall light thee stead;
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady"'

(From The Heart of Midlothian)

### St Mary's

When, musing on companions gone, We doubly feel ourselves alone, Something, my friend, we yet may gain, There is a pleasure in this pain It soothes the love of lonely rest, Deep in each gentler heart impress'd. 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, And stifled soon by mental broils, But, in a bosom thus prepared, Its still small voice is often heard, Whispering a mingled sentiment, Truxt resignation and content Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, By Ione Saint Mary's silent lake, Thou know'st it well-nor fen, nor sedge, Pollute the pure lale's crystal edge, Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink At once upon the level brink, And just a trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land Far in the mirror, bright and blue, Each hill's huge outline you may view, Shaggy with heath, hut lonely bare, Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there, Save where, of land, you slender line Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine. Yet even this nakedness has power, And aids the feeling of the hour

Nor thicket, dell, nor copse yon spy, Where living thing concealed might lie, Nor point, retiring, ludes a dell, Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell, There's nothing left to fancy's guess,

You see that all is loneliness
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills,
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but fulls the ear asleep,
Your horse's hoof tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near,
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow d soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dving, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd

(From Introduction to Canto w of Marmon)

### Harlaw

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative—

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind'

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—'Oh ay, hinnies, whish! I whish!' and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

'Now hand your tongue, baith wife and carle, And listen, great and sma', And I will sing of Glenalian's Earl That fought on the red Harlaw

'The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may monrifu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw ——

I dinna mind the neist verse wccl--my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts come ower me-God keep us frae temptation'

Here her voice sink in indistinct muttering

'It's a historical bullad,' said Oldbuck, eagerly, 'a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would admire its simplicity—Ritson could not impugnits authenticity'

'Ay, but it's a sad thing' said Ochiltree, 'to see himan nature sae far owertaen as to be skirling it auld sains on the back of a loss like hers'

'Hush' hush' said the Antiquary—'she has gotten the thread of the story again'—And as he spoke, she sung—

"They saddled a hundred milk white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back ——

Chairon!' exclaimed the Antiquary,—'equivalent, perhaps, to cheveren,—the word's worth a dollar,'—and down it went in his red bool

'They hadna ridden a mile, a mile, A mile, but barely ten When Donald came branking down the brae Wi' twenty thousand men

'Their tartans they were waving wide, Their glaves were glaneing elear, Their pibrochs rung frae side to side, Would deafen ye to hear

'The great Earl in his stirrups stood
Fliat Highland host to see
Now here a langht that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie

""What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my revne,
Were ye Glenallan's I arl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shaine,
To fight were wondrous peril,
What would be do now Roland Cheyne,
Were be Glenallan's Earl?"

Ye main I en, hinnies, that this koland Cheyne, for as poor and mild as I sit in the chinney neak, was my fore bear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the I arl had fa'en for he blamed himsell for the counsel he gave to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus'

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor—

"Were I Glenallan's I arl thus tide, And ye were Roland Cheyne, The spur should be in my horse's side, And the brulle upon his mane.

"If they has twenty thousand hlades, And we twice ten times ten, I et they has but their tartan plaids, And we are mail elad men.

"" My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude, As through the moorland fern, Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

'Do you hear that, nephew?' said Oldbuck,—'you observe your Gache ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors'

'I hear,' said Heeter, 'a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I vow, I have not seen or heard a worse halfpenny ballad, I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be asliamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel.'—And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices, for, ceasing her song, she called out, 'Come in, sirs, come in—good will never halted at the door stane'

They entered, and found to their surprise Flspeth alone sitting gliastly on the hearth,' like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl, 'wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim eyed, discoloured, torpid'

They 're a' out' she said, a they entered that an ye will set a blink, samely is will be in. If ye has busines wi' my guile day, here, or me son, they 'il be in belyes,—I never speak on busines my ell. Fairly prethem seats—the burns are a' rare out, I from,—I so ing around her,—'I was crooming to be pethem quiet a wee while since but they have croppen out some pare. So down, sirs, they 'il be in belyes, and she domns al her spindle from her han I to the lupon the floor, and some second exclusively occupated in regulating its moriou, as unconscious of the presence of the 'trangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or busine valete.

I wish? said Oldbiek, take a nail area me that can ticle or legendary fragment. I also as suspected there was a skirmish of easilry before the mean battle of the Harlaw

"If your honour places and I die, "had we not better proceed to the busines that I might us at here? I seeing age to get we the rangious time."

Granicani, 1993

# Dandle Dinmont and Counsellor Pleydell

Dinmont who had pushed after Mant rich into the room legan with a sampe of his feet and a wratch of his head in unison. I am Duedic Lumnout six of the Charlic hop—the I idd odde lad—ve II i'm I me? It was for me you won you grand plea?

"What plen you loggerhead? and the langer of the think I can remember all the frost that come to place me?"

"Ford, sir, it was it's grand plea shout the graing of the Langtae heal," said the farmer

'Well, cur c thee, never mind some me the menorial, and come to me on Morday at ten,' replied the learned council

'Put, sir, I linean got one distinct memorial'

"No memorial, man? and Pleviell

'Na sir, not memorial 'answered I) adie. If it your honour said before, Mr. Plevdell ve'll mird, that ve lil ed best to hear us hill folk tell our ain tale la wird o' mouth.'

'Peshrew my tongue that sail so?' ruswered the counsellor, 'it will cost my erry a dinning -Well saw in two words what you've get to say -vou see the gentle man waits'

'Ou, sir, if the gentlemin like he may play his un spring fire it's a' one to Dandie

'Now, you looby,' said the lawver 'canno you con eave that your business can be no long to Colorel Mannering but that he may not choose to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matter?'

'Aweel, sir, just as you and he like, so ye see to my business,' said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of this reception. 'We're at the huld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me Ye see we march on the tap o Touthop rigg after we pas the Poinoragrains, for the Poinoragrains, and Shel enspool and Bloodylaws they come in there, and they belong to the Peel, but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer headed cutingged state that they en' Charlies Chuckie there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o the full where the wind and water shears, but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again he contrivenes that, and says that it hauds down by the huld drove road that

gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar ward -and that makes an nnco difference.'

'And what difference does it make, friend?' said Pleydell. 'How many sheep will it feed?'

'Ou, no mony,' said Dandie, scratching his head, 'it's ying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins wa in a good year'

'And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?

'Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass,' replied Dinmont, 'it's for justice.'

'My good friend,' said Pleydell, 'justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter?

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand-'It's no for that, sir-bnt I would like ill to be bragged wi' him,—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair-and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days npon the Charlies hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right '

'Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour,' said the lawyer, 'why don't vour landlords take it up?'

\_ 'I dinna ken, sir' (scratching his head again), 'there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me cannot get them to yoke thegether about it a' that we can say, but if ye thought we might keep up the rent'-

'No' no' that will never do,' said Pleydell,-'confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and

'Od, sir,' answered the farmer, 'we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair But I dinna ken-we're baith gey good at single stick, and it couldna weel be judged?

'Then take broadswords, and be d-d to you, as your fathers did before you,' said the counsel learned

' Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie

'Hold hold 1' exclaimed Pleydell, 'we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake-Pr'ythee, man, compre hend me, I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in '

'Ay, sir? said Dandie, in a disappointed tone

ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?'

'Me! not I-Go home, go home, take a pint and agree.' Dandie looked but half conteuted, and still remained stationary 'Anything more, my friend?'

'Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that's dead-auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside

'Ay, what about her?' said the counsellor, rather surprised

'Ou, we have not connection at a' wi' the Bertrams,' said Dandie-'they were grand folk by the like o' us.-But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane -the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow-Jean Liltup came ont o' Liddel water, and she was as near our connection as second cousin to my mother's half sister She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk-and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?'

' Not the shadow of a claim '

'Aweel, we're nae pu rer,' said Dandie-'but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.-Weel, sir, I've said my say-I'se e'en wish you good night, and '--- putting his hand in his pocket.

'No, no, my friend, I never take fees on Satur day night, or without a memorial-away with you, Dandie.' And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly (From Guy Mannering)

Hog a young sheep, aiblir's perhaps bragged wil, crowed over by threep insit, yoke thegither, engage in a contest draw up coi', keep company with

#### Monkbarns and Saunders Mucklebackit.

The Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Resisting this temptation, our senior pre ferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Muckle backit himself 'I am glad,' he said in a tone of sym pathy-'I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this excrtion?

'And what would ye have me to do,' answered the fisher gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starte, because ane is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend, but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer '

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labour, and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the juffuence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent atten tion, as if watching the progress of the work observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual sym phony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled,-and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long, then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae mony years that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d-d to her 'and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, 'Yet what needs ane be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense?-though I am no that muckle better mysell She's bnt a rickle o auld rotten deals nailed

thegither, and warped wi' the wind and the sea—and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She main be mended though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity'

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labour,—but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm 'Come, come,' he said, 'Saunders, there is no work for you this day I'll send down Shavings the carpeuter to mend the boat, and he may put the day's work into my account—and you had better not come out to morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monkbarns.'

'I thank ye, Monkbarns,' answered the poor fisher, 'I am a plain spoken man, and hae little to say for mysell, I might hae learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muckle gude they did her, however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o' your being near and close, and I had often said, in that times when they were ganging to raise up the puir folk against the gentles -I liae often said ne'er a man should steer a hair touching to Monkbarns while Steenie and I could wag a finger-and so said Steenie too And, Monkbarns, when ye laid his head in the grave (and mony thanks for the respect), ye saw the mouls laid on an honest lad that lifit you weel, though he made little phrase about it ' (From The Antiquary)

Dour earle stiff rough fellow the moule, the mould, earth.

# Cuddie Headrigg and Mause

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay perdit during all this conference, snugly enseonced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death fest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and be stowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with a hich she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of bearing, he bounced up in his nest

'The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae,' he cried out to his mother, 'for a lang tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye' Couldna ye let the leddy plane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon, instead o' gaun to the wappenschau like other folk -Od, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window bole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popingly, and I shot within two on't I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry what she lifes now, for I'm clean dung ower This is a waur dirdum than we got frie Mr Gudyill when he garr'd me refuse to eat the plam porridge on Vulc eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens?

'Oh, whisht, my baim' whisht' replied Mause, 'thou kensna about that things—It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians'

'And now,' continued her son, 'ye hae brought the leddy hersell on our hands! An I could but hae gotten some decent claes in, I wad hae spanged ont o' bed, and

tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, no she wad but leave us the free house, and the yaird that grew the best early lale in the haill country, and the cow's grass'

'O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie,' continued the old dame, 'murmur not at the dispensation, never

grudge suffering in the gude cause.'

'But what I en I if the cause is gude or no, inither,' rejoined Cuddie, 'for a ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It's clean beyond my comprehension a'the gither—I see nac sae mucl le difference at ween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again, and if they be right words, what for no?—a gude tale's no the waur o' being twice taild, I trow, and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody's no sae gleg at the uptale as ye are yoursell, mither'

'O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a',' said the anxious mother 'O, how aften have I shown ye the difference between a pure exangelical doctrine, and ane that's corrupt wi' human inventions? O, my burn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my grey hairs'—

'Weel, mither,' said Cuddie, interrupting her, 'what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to lirk whare'er ye likit on the Sundays, and feuded weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to feud for ye now in that brickle times. I am no clear if I can pleugh ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors will dair to take us, after being turned aff that bounds for non enormity'

'Non conformity, hinnie,' sighed Mause, 'is the name that thae warldly men gie us '

'Aweel, aweel—we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen inles aff I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs' (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme) 'Weel, weel, I but spoke o't, besides, ye re ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage waggon, wi' Eppie Dumblane, the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o'us I canna weel see—I doubt I'll hae to take the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike side, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippet about my hause'

'O, my bonny Cuddie,' said the zealous Mause, 'forbear sie carnal, self seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread,—sae says the text, and your father was a donce lionest man, though some what warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly

things, e'en lil e yoursell, my jo !'

'Aweel,' said Cuddie, after a little consideration, 'I see but ae gate for 't, and that 's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither Howsomever, mither, ye hae some guess o' a wee lat kindness that 's atween Miss Edith and young Mr Henry Morton, that suld be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book, or maybe a lat letter, quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I ken'd brawly There's whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and

I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood burn, but naebody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm gcy tbick in the head, but I'm as bonest as onr auld fore hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair-I hope they'll be as kind to bim that come abint me as I hae been .-- But, as I was saying, ve'll awa' down to Miluwood and tell Mr Harry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain-I am sure Mr Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind bearted gentleman .-- I'll get but little penny fee, for bis uncle, anld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himsell. But we'll aye win a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fire-side, and theeking ower our heads, and that s a' we'll want for a season. - See get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away, for since sae it is that gang we mann, I wad lile ill to wait till Mr Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us ont by the lug and the horn' (From Old Mortality)

Gomeral, simpleton hurcheon, hedgehog, airdum, hubbub souvus, a kind of thin portidge, kale greens gleg keen, quick, uptake comprehension, heritori landlords, mawkin, hare, a Saint Johnstone's tipfel, halter, hause, throat, brawly bravely, perfectly, theeking, thatch, lug, ear

#### Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice

'Keep buck, sir, as best sets ye,' said the Bailie, as An lrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell,-'ye wad fain ride the fore horse, an ye wist how -That chield's aye for being ont o' the chiese fat he was moulded in -Now, as for your questions, Mr Osbaldistone, now that chield's out of ear shot, I'll just tell you it's free to you to speer, and it's free to me to answer, or no-Gude I canna say muckle o' Rob, puir chield, ill I winna say o' him, for, forby that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies ahint every whin bush, for what I ken—And if ye'll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where ve are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we'll be the mair likely to speed us in our errand. For it's lile we may fa' in 'vi' some o' his nnfreends-there are e'en ower mony o' them about—and his bonnet sits even ou his brow yet for a' that, but I doubt they'll be upsides wi' Rob at the last-air day or late day, the fox's hide finds aye the flaying knife."

'I will certainly,' I replied, 'be entirely guided by your experience.'

'Right, Mr Osbaldistone—right. But I maun speak to this gabbling skyte too, for bairns and fules speal at the Cross what they hear at the ingle side.—D ye hear, you, Andrew—what's your name?—Fairservice!'

Audrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not choose to acknowledge the summons.

'Andrew, ye scoundrel' repeated Mr Jarvie, 'here, sir' here!'

'Here is for the dog,' said Andrew, coming up sulkily

'I'll gie yon dog's wages, ye rascal, if ye dinna attend to what I say t'ye—We are gann into the Hielands a bit'——

'I judged as muckle,' said Andrew

'Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye—We are gaun a bit into the Hielands'——

'Ye tauld me sae already,' replied the incorrigible Andrew

'I 'Il break your head,' said the Bailie, rising in wrath, 'if ye dinna haud your tongue.'

'A hadden tongue,' replied Andrew, 'makes a slabbered mouth'

It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an anthoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

'I am silent,' said Andrew 'I'se do a' your lawfu' bidding without a nav say My puir mother used aye to tell me,

"Be it better, be it worse, Be ruled by him that bas the purse."

Sae ye may e'en speak as lang as ye like, baith the tane and the tither o' you, for Andrew'

Mr Jarvie took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

'Now, sir, it's as muckle as your life's worth—that wad be dear o' little siller, to be sure—but it is as muckle as a' our lives are worth, if ye dinna mind what I say to ye. In this public what it is as not to, and what it is like we may had to stay a' night, men o' a' clans and kindred—Hieland and Lawland—tak up their quarters—And whiles there are mair drawn dirks than open Bibles among them, when the usquebaugh gets uppermost. See ye neither meddle nor mak, nor gie nae offence wi' that clavering tongue o' yonrs, but leep a calm sough, and let ilka cock fight his ain battle.'

'Muckle needs to tell me that,' said Andrew, con temptuously, 'as if I had never seen a Hielandman before, and ken'd nae how to manage them. Nee man alive can cuitle up Donald better than mysell—I hae bought wi' them, sauld wi them, eaten wi' them, drucken wi' them'—

'Did ye ever fight wi' them?' said Mr Jarvie.

'Na, na,' answered Andrew, 'I took care o' that it wad ill hae set me, that am an artist and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting amang a wheen kilted loons that dinna ken the name o' a single herb or flower in braid Scots, let abee in the Latin tongue.'

'Then,' said Mr Jarvie, 'as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your lugs in your head (and your might miss them, for as saucy members as they are), I charge ye to say nae word, gude or bad, that ye can weel get by, to onybody that may be in the Clachan. And ye'll specially understand that ye're no to be bleezing and blasting about your master's name and mine, or saying that this is Mr Bailie Nicol Jarvie o' the Saut Market, son o' the worthy Deacon Nicol Jarvie, that a' body has heard about, and this is Mr Frank Osbaldistone, son of the managing partner of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in the City'

'Eneuch said,' answered Andrew—'eneuch said What need ye think I wad be speaking about your names for?—I hae mony things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow'

'It's that very things of importance that I am feared for, ye blethering goose, ye maunia speak ony thing, gude or bad, that ye can by any possibility help'

'If we dinna think me fit,' replied Andrew, in a huff, 'to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow—There's smr' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart.'

Cheese fal cheese vat, speer ask unfreends, enemies, a calm sough quiet, entile tickle, drucken, drunk, mear, mare

#### David Deans and Bartoline Saddletree

'These are little times—kittle times, Mr Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hards of the rightful magistrate into their nin rough grip I am of opinion, and so I believe will Mr Crossmyloof and the Priva Council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion'

'If I hadna that on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr Saddletrie,' said Deans, 'I wad make bold to dispute

that point we you

'How could you dispate what's plain law, man?' said Saddletree, somewhat contemptionsly, 'there's no a callent that e'er carried a poel wi'a process in'i, but will tell you that perduellion is the warst and maist virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the king's he'ge against his authority (mair especially in arms, and by touk of drum to baith whilk necessories my een and lugs bore witness), and muckle warse than lese majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose—It winna bear a di pute, neighbour'

'But it will, though,' retorted Douce Davie Deans,
'I tell ye it will bear a dispute—I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbour Saddletree—I hand unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfull of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Fevolution'

But what wad ye hae had, Mr Deans?' said Saddle tree impatiently didna ye get banh liberty and consei are made fast, and settled by tailine on you and your beins for ever?'

'Mr Suddictree' retorted Deans, 'I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the minner of this world, and that we haid your part and east in your portion, wi' the lang heads and lang gowns, and keep with the smart with pated las yers of this our land—Weary on the dark and dolefu east that they hae gien this unhappy king dom when their black hands of defection were clasped in the red lands of our sworn nuirtherers when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the bilwarks of Reformation, saw their hope turn into a state and their rejoieing into weeping'

I canna anderstand this, neighbour, answered Saddle tree. I am an hone t Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due a humistration of justice by the fifteen Lords.

o her ion and the five Lords o' Justiciars '

'Out upon ye, Mr Saddletree !' exclaimed David, who in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the · fences and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domestic calamity-'out upon your General Is embly, and the back o' my hand to your Court o' Section !- What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauld ric profes are and ministers, that sate been and warm when the perse uted remnant were watstling wi' hunger, - leadd and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, norm vet little sides, post hages and flow mosses, and but ray creep out of their holes, like bluebottle flees in the pt of sunstanc, to take the purputs and places of better follows their that witnessed, and testified and fought, or tendered pet preson house and transportation beyond -1 bonny ble there's o' them -And for your Coat of Coana

Is may so what ye will o' the General Assemble,' a 1 Sable regularity ing him, 'and let them clear them that kens them, but as for the Lords o' Session,

forby that they are my next door neighbours, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to ruise scan dal anent them, whilk is termed to munitur again them, is a crime sui generis,—sui generis, Mr Deans—ken ye what that amounts to?'

'I ken little o' the language of Antichrist,' said Deans, 'and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murinur again them, it's what n' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine tenths o' them that win them, will be gey sure to be guilty in. Sae I wad have ye ken that I haud a' your gleg tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver—and your worldly wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half hour to the gospel testimony—as legalists and formalists, countenancing by sentences, and quirks, and cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian prelatic ouths. As for the soul and body killing Court o' Justiciary'——

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalf of what he deemed the suffering and deserted cause of true religion, had swept honest David along with it thus far, but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind, he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands against his forehead, and remained silent.

(From The Heart of Midlothian )

Attile ticklish fool, bag, tonk, tap, tailine entail, cauldrife, cold, bien, snug, bile, hive, forby besides, gleg, quick ingan, onion

# Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country folk are, where child murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II and I rederick, Prince of Wiles, were then at the highest, and that the good natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of the most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then nt the duke. Both sustained it unmoved, Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitaal composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlacky profigire has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance medley, her only hope of success'

Lady Suffolk, good humouredly and skilfully, inter

posed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country'

'Some thinks it's the Kirk session—that is—it's the
—it's the cutty stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said
Jeauie, looking down and courtesving

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf

'That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command'. Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally inconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly dra vn ou themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The dence take the lass, thought the Dnke of Argyle to himself, there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left '

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the cou fusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well appointed drawing room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress gowns, in consequence of its intimely frolics Jeanie's last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first, for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the trinmph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people ' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she had travelled up from Scotland

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five and twenty miles and a bittock'

'And a what' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly '

'Max your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that we cauna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke, it's the first thing she has said to the purpose

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart, and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon

'With all these accommodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose, since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will stuk herself now outright, thought the dnke. But he was wrong The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen, 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the ribble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his roval consort, and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cantious reluctance.'

'Well, my lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man, otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and en gaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteons mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanne

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hac gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition, but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gaen to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered ' She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a brolen hearted huld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery '-Save an houest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas 1 it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the honr of trouble comes to the mind or to the bodyand seldom may it visit your leddyship-and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low-lang and late may it be yours !--Oh, my leddy, then it isna

what we hie dine for ourselves, but what we hae dune for o hers, that we think on must pleasantly thoughts that we had intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a vord of yor mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow?

Tear followed tear down Icanie's cheeks, as, her features 4 loring and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her ister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solumn.

'This is cloquence,' said her majests to the Duke of Argule - 'Young voman,' she continued, addressing lesself to Jennie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your si ter-but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case 'she con tinued, putting a small embroidered needle case into Jeinie's hands, 'do not open it now, but at your lessure-you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Catoline

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratuade, but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his elun once more.

'Our lastness is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke, said the queen, and I trust, to your satis Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently boli at Richmond and St James's -Come, Lady Suffoll, ve must wish his grice good morning '

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the dule, so soon as the ladics had turned their backs, as is ed Jennie to rise from the ground, and conducted her brel through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one v ho walks in her sleep

(From The Heart of Midlettian )

Crits ste I, the stool of repentance, bittock, small bit, easements

### Meg Dods on her Neighbours

As if he had observed for the first time these new objects, he said to Mistress Dods in an indifferent tone 'lou have got some gay new neighbours yonder, mi tress i

'Net libe its 'said Meg, her wrath beginning to arise, as it als ass did upon any allusion to this sore subject-"Ye mill on them neighbours, if ye like-but the deil fleant wi' the reighbourhood for Meg D as "

"I appose" said Terrel, as if he did not observe her displantic 'that yonder is the I ox Ho el they told me of 3

'The Lov' said Meg 'I am sure it is the fox that har corried off a' my geese - I might shut up house, Mai ter I rancie if it was the thing I lived by-me that her even a our g ntlefoll's burns, and gion them snaps and sig r by cut ingree of them vi' my ain hand! They wa! Lan en a my father's roof tree fa' down and smoor me be one the mad have given a boildle a piece to have i rompel it up-let they could a' link out their fifty n ands over hard to logg a hot leat the Well yonder And muddle they has made o't-the bankrupt body, Santin Le con, hasna paid them a has bee of four titue tules

es e , h is reen I think if the Well became so famous for its core it is less the gentleiren could have done was tom response primers

'Me Inestes I am nie Quaker, I wo' Maister

Francie, and I never heard of alewife that turned preacher, except Luckie Buchan in the west I were to preach, I think I have mair the spirit of a Scottishwoman than to preach in the very room they hae been dancing in ilka night in the week, Saturday itsell not excepted, and that till twal o'clock at night Na, na, Maister Francie, I leave the like o' that to Mr Simon Chatterly, as they ca' the bit prelatical sprig of divinity from the town yonder, that plays at cards and dances six days in the week, and on the seventh reads the Common Prayer book in the bill room, with Tain Simson, the drunken barber, for his clerk

'I think I have heard of Mr Chatterly,' said Tyrrel

'Ye'll be thinking o' the sermon he has printed,' said the angry dame, 'where he compares their nasty puddle of a well yonder to the pool of Bethesda, like a foul mouthed, flueching feather headed fule as he is I should have kend that the place got a' its same in the times of Black Popery, and though they pat it in St Ronn's name, I'll never believe for one that the honest man had ony hand in it, for I hae been tell d by ane that suld ken, that he was nac Roman, but only a Cuddie, or Culdee, or such like -But will ye not take another dish of tea, Maister Francie? and a wee bit of the diet loaf, raised wi' my ain fresh butter, Maister Francie? and no wi greasy kitchen fee, like the seedcake down at the confectioner's yonder, that has as mony dead flees as carvey in it up for confectioner! Wi'n penniworth of rye meal, and another of tryacle, and two or three carvey seeds, I vall make better confections than ever cam out of his oven'

'I have no doubt of that, Mrs Dods,' said the guest, 'and I only wish to know how these new comers were able to establish themselves against a house of such good reputation and old standing as yours?-It was the virtues of the mineral, I dare say, but how came the waters to recover a character all at once, mistress?'

'I dinna ken, sir-they used to be thought good for naething, but here and there for a puir body's bairn, that had gotten the crucils, and could not afford a penniworth of salts. But my Leddy Penelope Penfeather had fa'en ill, it's like, as nac other body had ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate nachody was ever cured. which was naething mair than was reasonable-and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her leddyship's will and pleasure to call Air castle-and they have a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay-and some rin up hill and down dale, I napping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae mony road makers run dast—they say it is to see how the warld was made '-and some that play on all manner of ten stringed instruments-and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, e'en vorking at your ain trade, Maister Francie, forby men that had been in forcign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe two or three draggle tailed misses, that were my Leddy Penelope's follies when she has dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second hand claithes after her leddyship's happy recovery as they ca'd it. down cam the hall tribe of wild geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a wheen tinklers, and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae donbt in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penfeather, and, lastly, they behaved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc amang them or they wan hame, and this they ca'd Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the pg was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne, for down cam masons and murgeon makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Metho dists, and fool, and fiddlers, and Papists and pie bakers, and doctors and drugsters, by the shop folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices-and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of St Ronan's, where blythe decent folk had been heart some enough for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kittled in their cracked (From St Ronan & Well.)

Snicor smother, beddle, a small coin, Luckie Buchan a tradesman's wife who founded an apocalyptical sect in Ayrshire in 1784, fleeching, whining fat put, kitchen fee, dripping the criell's scrofula knapping knocking, chinky stanes, pebbles a wheen a lo of, forty, besides hall whole, murgeon mikers, makers of wry faces or grimaces kittled, brought to birth (as by a cat).

Lockhart's Life of Scott one of the great biographies in the language (1837-38 and ed. 10 vols 1839), has been supplemented by the publication of Scott's Journal (1890) and his Letter's (2 vols 1839). There are also condensed editions of the Life by Lockhart part of the original Life, telling the story of Scott's lat days and death, will be found below at page 252. Peference may also be made to the shorter Lives by George Giffillan (1872). R. H. Hutton (1879). C. D. Yonge (1888), Professor Saintsbury (1897) and W. H. Hudson (1900), to Sir Francis Doyle's essay on Scott (1877). to Robert Chambers's Illustrations of the Author of Warreley (1820), and to Hogg's Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott (1834). There is a German Life by Elize (1864) and more than one German translation of the novels, of several French translations most are not good. Editions of Scott's works are innumerable. It should be added that Scott's debt was finally cleared off after his death out of the value of the copyrights in the publisher's hands

The following is a list of the dates of the principal works. The Border Mustrelsy, recognised more and more as having contained the germs of much of his best work in prose and verse (first two volumes, 1802) The Law of the Last Minstrel (1805) Marmion (1808) The Lady of the Lake (1810) Rokeby (1812) The Bridal of Triermain (1813) The Life of Swift with an edition of his works (1814), Il averley (begin at Ashestiel laid aside, discovered by accident finished and published in 1814) Introduction to Border Antiquities (1814-17), Lord of the Isles Guy Manuering and The Antiquary (1815) The Elack Dwarf and Old Mortality (1816), Pob Poy and The Heart of Midlothian (1818) The Bride of Lammermoor and The Legend of Montrose (1819) Ivanhoe, The Monastery and The Abbot (1820) Kembuorth (1821) The Pirate, The Fortunes of Nigel and Peveril of the Peak (1822), Quentin Durward (1823), St Ronan & Well and Redgaun'let (1824) The Betrothed and The Talisman (1825) Woodsto k (1826) The Life of Nafoleon Buonaparte (9 vols. 1827) The Two Drovers, The Highland Widou, and The Surgeon's Daughter (1827) Tales of a Grandfather (1828-30), The Fair Vasid of Ferth (1825) Anne of Geterstein (1823), Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft The Deom of Devergerl, and Auchandrane (1830) Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous (1837).

The extent of Scott's infinence on literature, English and foreign, can hardly be calculated. Much of it was transient, and his imitations were often mechanical, especially in England and Germany But in France the example of Scott was followed with more freedom, much as Scott hinself had followed Goethe, the Taree Minkeleers and Notre-Dame de Paris being works of genus, are nearer to Scott than the romances which copied him more closely.

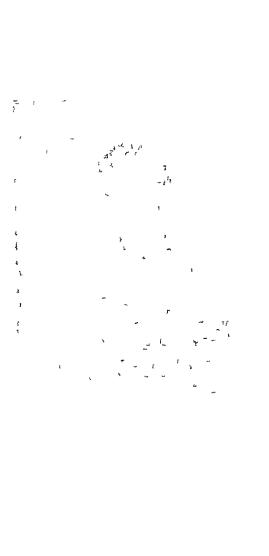
The reader is referred to the sections in this volume or in Vol. II on Lockhart, Taylor (of Norwich), 'Monk Lewis, M Crie Jeffrey, Hogg, Leyden, Maria Edgeworth Joanna Baillie, Wordsworth, and others of Scott's friends and contemporaries

W P KER.

# Robert Southey

was born at Bristol on 12th August 1774, the son of Robert Southey, an unlucky linen-draper, his mother, who likewise came of good old yeoman ancestry, was a bright, sweet-tempered woman, who 'could wbistle like a blackbird.' his lonely childhood was passed with his mother's half-sister, a rich, genteel old maid who liated noise and matrimony, and had a passion for cleanliness and the drama. With ber he saw many plays, read Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Hoole's Tasso and Artosto, the Faerie Queene, Pope's Homer, and Sidney's Arcadia, and he himself scribbled thousands of verses He had meanwhile had four schoolmasters, and in 1788 was placed by an uncle, the Rev Herbert Hill, at Westminster There Picart's Religious Ceremonies led him 'to conceive a design of rendering every mythology the basis of a narrative poem,' there he formed lifelong friendships, and thence in 1792 he was expelled for writing an article against flogging in a school magazine. Next year he entered Balliol College with a view He went up to Oxford a Repubto taking orders lican, his bead full of Rousseau and 'Werther,' his religious principles shaken by Gibbon, and he left it in 1794 a Unitarian, having learnt a little swim ming and a little boating, and ingrained his very heart with Epictetus At Oxford in June 1794 he had a visit from Coleridge, who infected him with his dream of a 'Pantisocracy' on the banks of the Susquehanna. The Pantisocrats required wives, and wives were forthcoming in three Miss Frickers of Bristol. The eldest, Sara, fell to Colendge, the second, Edith, to Southey, and Mary, the third, to Robert Lovell, who with Southey in 1794 pub lished a booklet of poems, and died two years afterwards penniless The Pantisocrats further more required money, and money was not forthcoming, so, having tried medicine, and been sickened by the dissecting-room, having been turned out of doors by his indignant aunt, having lectured with some success, and having on the 14th November 1795 secretly married his Edith, Southey started the same day on a six months' visit to Lisbon, where his uncle was chaplain to the British factory, and there laid the foundation of his profound knowledge of the literatures and history of the Peninsula. He returned to England to take up law, but reading Coke was to him 'threshing straw,' so after sundry migrations -Westbury near Bristol, Burton near Christchurch, Lisbon again for a twelvemonth (1800-1), and Ireland (a brief secretaryship to its Chancellor of the Exchequer), with intervals of London-in September 1803 he settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake Country The Coleridges were there already, and thither came Mrs Lovell households were to rest on Southey's shoulders

His school friend Wynn allowed him £160 a year from 1796 till 1807, when a Government



times, who regarded only one side of the question' The poem is indeed a miserable performance, harmless from its very manity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey composed his epic, Joan of Arc, displaying some boldness of imagination, but diffuse in style and in parts incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter down to the victor of Agincourt. In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the Maid's vision with everything miraculous was omitted.

While in Portugal, Southey finished his second epic, Thalaba, the Destroyer, a pseudo Arabian fiction not without beauty and magnificence. The verse is irregular and unrhymed, but not lacking in power and rhythmical harmony, though in so long a poem the peculiar charm vanishes and the metre, like the redundant descriptions, becomes The metre accords well with the subject, and is, as Southey said, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey's greatest poem, The Curse of Kehama, has much in common with Thalaba, but is in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, he prefixed to Kehama a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for any-Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who like Faust obtains and trifles with supernatural power, and his sufficiently startling adventures give scope for Southey's too generous amplitude of description 'The story is founded,' as Sir Walter Scott put it, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise—under the sea-in the heaven of heavens-and in hell The principal actors are a man who approaches almost to omnipotence, labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature, a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with unquestionable power, Scott said that the account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, the Indian Hades, quoted below, was equal in grandeur to any passage he had ever read. Kehama is almost oppressively Hindu, as Hinduism was understood by a laborious student who sought to omit nothing he had read that was characteristic in land or people. But the Orientalism of Southey, Moore, and most of their contemporaries was essentially artificial and factitious Roderick, the Last of the Goths, is a dignified and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundancy

Southey's laureate-poems, Carmen Triumphale (1814) and The Vision of Judgment (1821), pro-

voked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion if Byron had not pub lished another Vision of Judgment—a profane but powerful satire that gave the laureate a merciless and witty castigation According to Sir Leslie Stephen, Byron's Vision of Judgment is more reverent as well as more witty than Southey's, in which we have 'the quaintest of all illustrations of the transition of intense respectability into something very like blasphemy' Some of his youthful ballads were extremely popular His Loid William, Mary the Maid of the Inn, The Well of St Keyne, and The Old Woman of Berkeley were the delight of young readers a century ago, and are yet eminently readable. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie, and one satirical piece of this kind, The Devil's Thoughts, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, was long believed to be the work of Porson or of other more or less likely authors. The original notion of the piece (not without parallels in Dunbar, Ben Jonson, and others) was Southey's, but the greater part of the most piquant verses were Coleridge's, at least one of them has passed into a proverb

He saw a cottage with a double coach house, A cottage of gentility, And the devil did grin, for his darling sin Is pride that apes humility

Scott read Madoc, and thrice re-read it with, increasing admiration, Charles James Fox read it aloud with joy to an admiring circle, Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer of Southey's, and Cardinal Manning contrasts Samson Agonistes with Thalaba, all to the advantage of the later poet. But there was nobody who believed more confidently in Southey's immortality than Southey himself, who quite agreed with a critic in holding that Madoc was the best English poem since Paradise Lost On the other hand, Macaulay in 1830 expressed a doubt whether 'fifty years hence Mr Southey's poems will be read,' and the doubt has been amply justified, probably no poet so well known by name is so little known by his There are, of course, some short excep tions-the 'Holly Tree,' 'Battle of Blenlieim,' 'Stanzas written in my Library,' the 'Old Woman' named above, and perhaps a dozen more, including 'those in which Southey appears as poetlaureate to the devil' His ballads are better, in Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion, than the Ingoldsby Legends, because they are less vulgar and less elaborately funny, and they are read still the 'Simorg,' the 'Glendoveers,' 'Mohareb'-how many can localise these creations of Southey's Muse? His epics repel, not so much by prolivity or by their irregular, sometimes rhymeless metres, as by the unreality of their fact and fancy remind us of scene-paintings, and a scene-painting even by Roberts will fetch next to nothing in the auction-room With Southey's prose it is otherwise He wrote out of the fullness of knowledge, for something more than the mere sake of writing,

and his was that rarest gift of good pure English Yet even here he wrote far too much, and was often unhappy in his choice of subjects book alone by him, the Life of Nelson, belongs to universal literature. It rose into instant and universal favour, and is still considered as one of our standard popular biographies its value is rather literary than historical Pro fessor Laughton thus comments on it celebrated life by Southey, interesting as it always will be as a work of art, has no original value, but is a condensation of Clarke and McArthur's ponderous work, dressed to catch the popular taste, and flavoured, with a very careless hand, from the worthless pages of Harrison, from Miss Williams's Manners and Opinions in the French Republic towards the Close of the Eighteenth Century, 1 123-223, and from Captain Foote's Vindication There is no doubt that Southey's artistic skill gave weight and currency to the falsehoods of Miss Williams, as it did to the trash of Harrison and the wild fancies of Lady Hamilton' But, spite of its jingoism and its unfair abuse of the French, it remains a classic, because no biographer was ever more in sympathy with his hero or wrote more simply and directly

Thackeray summed up 'Southey's politics are obsolete and his poetry dead, but his private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity and upright life' Sir Leslie Stephen enjoys the letters, but not for that reason, and in spite of the fact that in them Southey 'goes to the point at once like a good man of business, and cannot give the effect of leisurely and amused reflection,3 Sir Leslie finds Southey and his letters interesting because he is the most complete type of the man fitted by nature for the peculiar function of living by his pen, 'which one must sorrowfully admit not to be the highest,' for 'the man who lives by his pen cannot expect to be on a pedestal beside the great philanthropists and prophets and statesmen' But again, Southey was of another opinion, he never doubted that he 'could combine the professional author with the inspired prophet,' and so could divide his time and his literary production 'with the absolute punctuality of a city clerk.'

The Life of John Wesley, while leaving ample room for later biographers, was justly described as the first book to bring home to Englishmen in general a real sense of Wesley's importance in English religious and social history. Southey also contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopadia. Landor's tribute to Southey is quoted at page 142. The Doctor contains, as Southey said, something of Tristram Shands, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet its predominant characteristics are still his own. It is a delightful book, a bedside book, though but a commonplace book in disguise, a collection of

curiosities of literature 'with charming interludes when Southey is not tempted into too deliberate facetiousness'. The gem of the *Doctor* is the story of 'The Three Bears,' and that immortal nursery-story is more likely to secure for Southey literary immortality than *Madoc* or *Roderick* 

#### The Hall of Glory

A huge and massy pilc—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed

They entered there a large and lofty dome, O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind-Monarchs, the great I the glorious I the august I Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire-Sat stern and silent Nimrod, he was there, First king, the mighty hunter, and that chief Who did belie his mother's fame, that so He might be called young Ammon. In this court Cæsar was crowned-accursed liberticide, And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain Octavius-though the courtly minion's lyre Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him, And when death levelled to original clay The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low, Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews, He, the delight of humankind misnamed, Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings, Here were they all, all who for glory fought, Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now The meed they mented

As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth
Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans! Inther turn thine eyes,
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain Lo 1 I am here,
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England!

(From the Vision of the Maid of Orleans in Joan of Arc.

### Night in the Desert.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven
In full orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue deptils.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky
How beautiful is night!

Who, at this untimely hour, Wanders o'er the desert sands? No station is in view, Nor palm grove islanded amid the waste The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zemab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness

No tear relieved the burden of her heart, Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one Half wakened from a midnight dream of blood

But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming 'Praised be the Lord'
He gave, he takes away'
The Lord our God is good!'

(From Thalata)

# Nearing Padalon.

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car.
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them 'Twas a light that made

Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage, onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—

And, lo' the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound,

For neither mortal nor immortal sight Could pierce across through that intensest light

(From The Curse of Kehama)

### Apostrophe to Love

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell,
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth
But Love is indestructible
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh ' when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over payment of delight?

(From The Curve of Kehama.)

### The King's Return.

The sound, the sight Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar, And tawny skins awoke contending thoughts Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth, The unaccustomed face of humankind Confused him now-and through the streets he went With haggard mien, and countenance like one Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned, And wondered as he passed One stopped him short, Put alms into his hand, and then desired, In broken Gothic speech, the moon struck man To bless him. With a look of vacancy, Roderick received the alms, his wandering eye Fell on the money, and the fallen king, Seeing his royal impress on the piece, Broke out into a quick convulsive voice, That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon In hollow groau suppressed the Mussulman Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified The name of Allah as he hastened on. A Christian woman, spinning at her door, Beheld him-and with sudden pity touched, She laid her spindle by, and running in, Took bread, and following after, called him back-And, placing in his passive hands the loaf, She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still, Staring a while, then bursting into tears, Wept like a child (From Roderick, the Last of the Goths )

# Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark blue sky, The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams, Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque, Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope, Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray And massy, motionless they spread, here shine Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night Their chasms, and there the glittering argentry Ripples and glances on the confluent streams. A lovelier, purer light than that of day Rests on the hills and oh! how awfully, Into that deep and tranquil firmament, The summits of Auseva rise serene ! The watchman on the battlements partakes The stillness of the solemn hour, he feels The silence of the hour, the endless sound Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars, Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched, Scare visible, as in the utmost depth

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With them I take delight in weal, And seek relief in woe, And while I understand and feel How much to them I owe, My cheeks have often been beden'd With tears of thoughtful gratitude

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them I live in long past years, Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their liopes and fears, And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an liumble mind

My hopes are with the Dead, anon My place with them will be, And I with them shall travel on Through all Futurity Let leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust

### The Death of Nelson.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victors which lie expected Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his lest shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he 'I hope not,' cried Hardy 'Yes,' he replied, 'my back bone is shot through' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, v hich had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that nev ones should be rove immediately, then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This ho vever, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, invisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful, 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing } for me' All that could be done was to fan him with 1 ton, Hardy - tale care of poor Lady Hamilton paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to allesiste his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the acion, which now

visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly eried 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed, he is surely dead?' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hard, in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy, 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory I have called to o or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing ' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he, 'I am going fast it will be all over with me soon Come nearer to me Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my liair, and all o her things belonging to me.' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr Beatty could vet hold out some prospect of life. 'Oh no,' he replied, 'it is impossible. My back is shot through Beatty will tell you so' Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursing, linstened upon deck

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertum this, said to him 'You know I am gone I know it feel something rising in my breast, putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Jet,' said he in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and, agun taking the hand of his dying friend and com mander, congratulated hun on having gained a complete How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them dis tinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least 'That's well,' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained for twenty' And then, in a stronger voice, he said "Anchor, Hardy", anchor" Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, meffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed 'do you anchor! His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he forestw the necessity of this Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overloard,' and he dested that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feeling. Take care of my dear Lady Hamil me, Hardy said he Hardy Ine t down and Lis ed his cheek and Nelson said 'Now I am satisfied Thank God I have done my du's I Hardy stood ner began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the I him in silence for a moment or two then keel again crew of the Intern hurraed, and a every hurra a f and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that? said Nelson,

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will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have.'

On the 1st of February 1791 he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Enrope. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue' He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose, for Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind 'words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2nd of March he died in peace, being in the eighty eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry

. During his illness he said 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had pre pared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carry ing his body to the grave, 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the in terment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band, the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other The face was placed, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forusmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word father, and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping

(From the Life of John Wesley )

The second Mrs Southey (Caroline Anne Bowles, 1786-1854), who was the daughter of a retired officer, submitted to Southey a pathetic story in verse, Ellen Fitzarthur, and the laureate encouraged her to publish it. It was followed by The Widow's Tale, with other poems (1822), Solisary Hours, in prose and verse (1826), and by

her most popular work, Chapters on Church; ards (1829), prose tales and sketches republished from Blackwood's Magazine So early as 1823 Southey had asked Caroline Bowles to co-operate in writing a poem on Robin Hood, never completed, and her contributions to the scheme were published after Southey's death, with other fragments In 1823 also she produced Tales of the Factories in verse, on the hardships of factory hands, her longest poem was The Birthday (1836) The marriage in 1839 amazed the friends of both Southey was already sinking into mental and physical decay, and in 1843 his death left her a widow for the last nine years of her life. The following is her poem on

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head— In reverent silence bow— No passing bell doth toll— Yet an immortal soul Is passing now

Stranger 1 however great,
With lowly reverence bow,
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold No smiling courtiers tread, One silent woman stands Lifting with meagre hands A dying head

No mingling voices sound— An infant wail alone, A sob suppressed—again That short deep gasp, and then The parting groan

O change—O wondrous change !—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars '

O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God

Southey's Life and Correspondence (6 vols. 1849-50) by his younger son, the Rev Cuthbert Southey (1819-89), contains a delightful fragment of antobography A Selection from the letters was edited by his son in-law, Mr Warter (4 vols. 1850), who also issued Southey's Commonflace Book (4 vols. 1849-51) his Correspondence with Caroline Bowles was edited by Professor Dowden (1881) See too the latter's Southey's (Men of Letters, 1880) Deunis's Southey (Boston, 1887), Southey's Journal of a Towr in the Netherlands with introduction by Dr Robertson Nicoll (1902), and Sir Leslie Stephen's delightful essay on 'Southey's Letters in Studies of a Biographer (vol. 1v 1902).

# Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

poet, critic, and philosopher, was born at Ottery St Mary, Devon, 21st October 1772 He was the youngest son of the Rev John Coleridge (born 1718), vicar of the parish, chaplain-priest of the Collegiate Church, and master of the grammar-school, and of his second wife Ann, the daughter of an Exmoor farmer named Bowdon John Coleridge, of whose family and origin little or nothing is known, was a self-made man began life as a village schoolmaster, married, and in his thirtieth year matriculated as a sizar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (1748) He had kept some five or six terms when the offer of the mastership of an endowed school at South Molton, and a prospect of taking orders, induced him to leave the university without a degree (1749) He moved to Ottery in 1760, and died 4th October 1781 He was a learned man, and published, inter alia, an excursus (Dissertations) on two chapters of the Book of Judges (1768) and a Critical Latin Grammar The anecdotes recorded by De Quincey and Gillman of his eccentricity and simple-minded ness are apocryphal. When he died three of his sons were officers in the army, three were, or had been, at the university, and his widow, though but poorly left, was not penniless. In the autobiographical letters addressed to Thomas Poole in 1797-98 (Letters, &c, 1895, vol 1 pp 3-21) Coleridge describes himself as a 'poetic child,' a devourer of fairy tales, a weaver of day-dreams, at odds with his playmates, but delighting in 'long conversations' with his father was nine years old his father died, and in the following spring (24th April) he was nominated to Christ's Hospital, and entered the 'great school' on 12th September 1782

At first he was forlorn and unhappy, ill-fed and homesick, but as time went on there were mitigations His schoolfellow, Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, noticed and protected him from the first, and after he had taken rank as 'a Grecian' he made friends with and held his own among seniors and contemporaries Chief among those who looked up to him as elder and superior was Charles Lamb He believed—or, perhaps, chose to think—that he owed his faculty as writer and poet to the severities of his fierce though painstaking master, James Boyer, who forced him to use his brains and control his fancies, and who once, he said, flogged him justly when he had been reading Voltaire and 'sported infidel' It was doubtless to the austere discipline of the Blue coat School that Coleridge owed the command over his extraordinary talents, which neither genius nor temperament could 'utterly abolish or destroy' When he was seventeen, on one of the monthly 'leave days' he swam the New River in his clothes, and was punished for his folly by a sharp attack of rheumatic fever He never completely regained his health, and it is probable |

that the rheumatic gout, or what not, which attacked him at Keswick, encouraging and confirming, if it did not awaken, the indulgence in opium, may be traced to this fateful escapade. He was in the sick ward-'seas of pain waving through each limb' (see sonnet to Pain)-for several months, and after his recovery his next step was to fall, or rush, into a first love with a schoolfellow's sister named Mary Evans She was a blue eyed maiden, quick-tempered and quick-witted, 'nobly planned' to love and be loved, but, alas I she was not for Coloridge, and, to his loss and sorrow, married and passed out of his life. But whilst he was at school, and for long afterwards, she was a 'phantom of delight,' an influence and an inspiration

Coleridge was entered as a sizar on the books of Jesus College, Cambridge, 5th Tebruary 1791, but did not go into residence till the following October He received from the Hospital a donation of £40, an annual exhibition of £40, a 'Rustat' scholarship for the sons of clergymen of about £25 per annum, and an irregular allowance from his brothers. With prudence this was a bare sufficiency, but from ignorance or indifference he at once plunged into debt thanks to the presence and example of Middleton, he worked hard, and in July 1792 was Browne medallist (see The Poetical Works, 1893, pp 476-In the winter of 1702 he was 'among the select' for the Craven scholarship, but missed success The long vacation of 1793 was spent at Ottery, and towards the close of the Michaelmas term hewent up to London, spent his last guinea, and enlisted (2nd December 1793) in the 15th or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons Debts to his collegetutor and to Cambridge tradesmen prompted this counsel of despair He had wasted his time, histalents, and his brothers' money, and he shrink from the disclosure which was at hand. gests and exploits' of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke (his nom de guerre), which Cottle and Gillman retail, are more or less mythical A less agreeable but a more probable version of the story is to befound in Charles Lloyd's novel Edmund Oliver, which was published in 1798 Coleridge was an indifferent dragoon, and soon betrayed his own secret His brother, Captain James Coleridge, discovered that 'Sam' was quartered at Reading, wrote to him a letter of forgiveness, and after sometime and trouble bought him out. His dischargeis dated 10th April 1794, and on the following day he went up to Cambridge. The authorities were lement, and he escaped with a nominal punishment.

At the end of the summer term he started for a walking tour in North Wales, taking Oxford on his way. Then it was that he first met Robert Southey, of Balliol College, and, inspired by his sympathy and companionship, talked out a scheme for turning socialist and emigrating with a chosen band to America. Coleridge, who was great at

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coining words, thought communism or socialism might be rechristened *Pantisocracy* Early in August, when the tour was over, he rejoined Southey at Bristol, where he met and engaged himself to his future wife, Sarah Fricker She was the eldest of five sisters, of whom the second, Mary, was already married to a young Quaker poet named Robert Lovell, and the third, Edith, was betrothed to Southey Byron maintained that Sarah and Edith were 'milliners of Bath,' and,

when brought to poor gave his authority for the statement (Letters and Journals, 1901, vol vi p They cer-113) tainly went out to work in the houses of friends, and it is possible that they had been taught their trade They were, however, of decent stock and parentage, and had been born and brought better up to In Sep things tember Colendge returned, somewhat reluctantly, to Cambridge, and kept one more term, but he passed the time in writing letters to Southey and in preaching pantisocracy In December he quitted the university without taking a

degree. His first work, The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama, of which Southey wrote the second and third acts, was published at Cambridge in September 1794. The first act contains the well-known Jines, 'Tell me on what holy ground May domestic peace be found'

For a few weeks he lingered in London, writing sonnets for the Morning Chronicle, and 'sitting late, drinking late' with Charles Lamb at the 'Cat and Salutation' in Newgate Street, but early in February, at Southey's instance or insistence, removed to Bristol. For some months the friends lodged together and endeavoured to make a living by lecturing on politics, history, and theology (for specimens of Coleridge's political lectures, see Conciones ad Populum, printed in pamphlet form at Bristol, November 1795, and republished in Essays on His Own Times, 1850, vol. 1 pp. 1–55), but in

the autumn they quarrelled and dissolved partnership. Southey had been the first to realise that pantisocracy was impracticable, and, to his friend's dismay and indignation, determined to pass the winter with his uncle at Lisbon. The result was that Coleridge, relying on the offer of a new friend and patron, Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, married (4th October 1793) and settled with his wife in a 'myrtle-bound' cottage at Clevedon Here, for a brief while, 'domestic peace' was found, but want



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
From a Drawing (aged 24) by Robert Hancock in the National Portruit Gallery

of books, friends, and, perhaps, the necessaries of life in less than threemonths led a 'domestication' with his motherin law at Bristol The spring of 1796 was taken up with the publication of the Watchman, a periodical which professed to be the organ of the Whig Club and other patriotic societies The first number appeared on 1st March, and the tenth and last on 13th May 1796 (for Coleridge's articles, see the Essays, &c., 1850, vol 1 pp 99-178) Meanwhile a volume of Poems on Various Subjects (first edition) was issued by Cottle, 16th April 1796 The summer was

consumed in devising abortive plans for making a living at Derby and elsewhere. He was away from home 'prospecting' when his eldest son—named, but not christened, David Hartley—was born, 19th September, and two days later he returned, bringing with him as inmate and pupil Charles Lloyd, a bank clerk who preferred poetry to keeping his father's ledgers. On 31st December 1796 the Ode to the Departing Year appeared in the Cambridge Intelligencer, and on 1st January 1797 Coleridge, with his wife and baby, took up their quarters in a cottage at Nether Stowey, a market-village at the foot of the Quantock Hills

He moved for two reasons in the first place, he wished to be within reach of his friend Thomas Poole, a tanner of good means and of good education, whose 'mansion' and tan yard were in the village, and secondly, because he proposed to

himself to earn his living as market gardener Here he stayed for twenty months, making his home in the now celebrated 'Coleridge Cottage,' and here he wrote The Ancient Mariner, the first part of Christabel, and almost all his greater poems Here, too, grew and flourished his friendship with William and Dorothy Wordsworth, which led to their settling (July 1797) at the neighbouring manor-house of Alfoyden For the next twelve months the friends were constantly together, and the interchange of sentiments and ideas, or, rather, the influence of a mutual inspiration, formed the 'atmosphere' in which the Lyrical Ballads (Sep tember 1798) were conceived and composed Coleridge had other interests besides poetry Cambridge he had come under the influence of William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College who had turned Unitarian, and in 1795 at Bristol, and afterwards at Taunton and Bridgwater, he volunteered his services as preacher in Unitarian 'Hire' or remuneration was against his principles, but, failing literature and horticulture, he was ready to accept 'a call' from the Unitarian congregation of Shrewsbury, who had invited him (December 1797) to preach on approval At Shrewsbury, and after he had ob tained the appointment, he received and accepted from the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood the offer of an annuity for life of £150, and to meet their views, if not to satisfy their requirements, he resigned the ministry and returned to Stowey the long run the Wedgwood annuity proved a donum exitiale, an injurious benevolence, but for a while competence came with healing on its wings. On 15th May a second son-named, but not christened, Berkeley (died 10th February 1799) -was born to him, and on 16th September, in company with the Wordsworths, he left England for Germany After a few days spent at Hamburg, where he visited the 'German Milton,' Klopstock, he parted from his friend and took lodgings (1st October) at Ratzeburg in the house of the pastor Having learnt to read the language with ease and to murder the accent, he left Ratzeburg on 6th February, and matriculated at Göttingen on 12th February 1799 Among the professors whose lectures he attended, and who paid him 'the most flattering attentions,' were the naturalist Blumenbach, and J G Eichhorn, a pioneer of the 'higher criticism' For four months of eager studentship he worked with a will at German literature, laying the foundation, the 'low beginnings,' of his afterwork as critic, theologian, and metaphysician. A journal which he wrote up as letters to his friends at home was published as 'Satyrane's Letters' in The Friend (November-December 1809) and in the Biographia Literaria (1817, vol. 11/pp 183-253) 'A Tour through the Hartz Mountains, &c., which he took in company with young Blumenbach and some English friends, was published in the New Monthly Magazine in 1835 (No xli, pp 211-226) descriptions of scenery and manners in these and other letters are laboured, but precise and vivid He looked upon the world with a poet's eye, and proceeded to put down what he saw with the particularity of an auctioneer or a house agent. In verse he had no need, and in prose no inclination, to learn the art 'to blot' He returned to Stowey in July In September he accompanied Southey, once more his friend, on a walking tour over Dartmoor, and in November, under the guidance of Wordsworth, walked through the whole of the Lake District. During this memorable excursion Wordsworth revived old memories and Coleridge enjoyed a new Henceforth the English lakes and experience. mountains were married to immortal verse. the close of the year Coleridge gave up the cottage at Stowey and moved to London He had already contributed poems to the Morning Post, at that time the property of Daniel Stuart, whose brotherin law, [Sir] James Mackintosh, was the friend and afterwards a connection of the Wedgwoods, but for two or three months (December 1799-March 1800) he was regularly employed as a writer of leaders and, occasionally, as a parliamentary re-These and other newspaper articles (of 1802, 1809, 1811, 1814, and 1817), which not only served the purpose of the moment but have taken rank as literature, were reprinted as *Essays*, &c (1850, vols 1-111, see, for an appreciation, H D Traill's Coleridge, 1884, pp 79-86) months of successful journalism he bent himself to another task, the translation of the second and third parts of Schiller's Wallenstein to have turned a German poem into a great, some say a greater, English poem in about seven weeks (1st March-21st April 1800)

It was now a question where he should live, and for a while he halted, or seemed to halt, between south and north, the vicinity of Poole or the vicinity of Wordsworth, but the north prevailed On 24th July 1800 he brought his wife and Hartley to Greta Hall, a newly-built and partly-furnished house which stands on 'a small eminence a furlong from Keswick,' and for fifteen months he remained at home At first, before and after the birth (14th September 1800) of his third son, Derwent, he passed his time wandering, note-book in hand, over the hills and exploring the remoter valleys, and in some genial moment wrote the second part of Christabel, but, with the approach of winter, fell into a diseased condition of nerve and limb He contrived to edit some articles of Poole's for the Morning Post, and he assisted the Wordsworths in the transcription of poems for a second edition of the Lyrical Ballads, but attempted nothing original It was in the winter of 1800-1 that, in Charles Lamb's expressive phrase, the 'dark column turned,' and his promising and joyous youth passed into an unrejoicing and un fruitful manhood. Two causes are assigned for this disastrous change-opium and an unhappy marriage, but a third must be added-persistent ill health which provoked, though it did not justify,

both stimulants and narcotics. As to the opium, Coleridge knew something of its effects at Cambridge, perhaps had been dosed with it at Christ's Hospital, but it was not till the Lake District climate brought on a complication of gouty and rheumatic ailments that he drugged himself habitually and to excess Except for a long spell of total abstinence in 1832, he took laudinum to the last, but from April 1816 and onwards the habit was regulated, and, by his own efforts, to a great extent overcome. Of his marriage a few words must be said. His wife was a good woman, honest, veracious, and dutiful, but passionate, nervous, and querulous Intellectually she was quick-witted and clear-headed, and above the average in knowledge and acquirements, but out of sympathy with her husband's imaginative temperament and impatient of his theological subtleties, she could neither share his dreams, nor laugh away his fears, nor 'make the cheerless cottage warm' 'Home was no home for him,' and Wordsworth's cottage was both paradise and home. They 'stood apart,' and there was no love to lose between them or to find again 'with tears' It cannot be said that there were faults on both sides-'the faults' were Colendge's-but none the less it was an unlucky as well as an unhappy marriage. Greta Hall witnessed many quarrels and many shortlived reconciliations, but from the end of 1803, though still with occasional meetings and much correspondence, there was a virtual separation

In November 1801 Coleridge went up to London, resumed his connection with Stuart, and visited Poole at Stowey On, perhaps because of, his return to Keswick he wrote Dejection, an Odc (4th April 1802), which has been called the swansong of his Muse In November-December he visited South Wales as the travelling companion of his 'munificent co patron' Tom Wedgwood, and once again in his absence a child, his only daughter, Sara, was born to him (23rd December In the summer Longman published a third edition of his Poems, from which the poems by Lamb and Lloyd were omitted On Sunday, 14th August 1803, lie started with Wordsworth and Dorothy in a 'jaunting-car' on a tour through the Highlands He found the car ill travelling, and, longing to get by himself, he left his friends at Arrochar, near Luss, 29th August, and proceeded on foot and Glencoe to Inverness, and back by Tummel Bridge and Pertli to Edinburgh He walked two hundred and sixty-three miles in eight days, hoping to cure lumself of the gout, to lull the heartache, and to still the nerves - But the remedy increased the disease, and it was at Edinburgh when the walk was over that he wrote The Pains of Sleep A letter from Southey announcing the death of his first born, and offering a visit, recalled him to As it fell out, Southey remained at Greta Hall, first as guest, then as co tenant, and finally as the sole occupier till his death in 1843, while Coleridge, from 1804 to 1810, was but an I

infrequent visitor, and after 1812 slept not again under that or other roof-tree of his own sua fata-poetæ / By the end of the year Colendge had resolved to try the effect of a warmer climate, and with means provided by the painter-baronet Sir George Beaumont and Wordsworth, he sailed for Malta on 25th April 1804 On landing at Valetta on 18th May he was received as guest or boarder by Dr (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart and his sister Sarah (afterwards Mrs Hazlitt), but before long (6th July) was offered rooms in the palace of the Civil Commissioner, Sir Alexander Ball Ball, who had been one of Nelson's captains, took a fancy to Coleridge, and percening that though he talked much he talked wisely, employed him as private secretary from the first, and, on the death of the 'Public Secretary of Malta and its Dependencies,' appointed him secretary ad interim (18th January-6th September 1805) At first the climate worked wonders, but in spite of a second change to Sicily (August-November 1804), the effect wore off, and sickness, dejection, and their fateful alleviators He proved a thorough man of remained to stay affairs, and made his mark as secretary, but out of reach of his friends and cut off from his philo sophical pursuits he was a lost man, and felt that he had 'no business there' To make money, to gain credit, to win applause, were as dust in the balance compared with the sympathy of the Words worths or a possible revelation of the mysteries of

being He left Malta on 21st September, revisited Syracuse as the guest of his friend G F Leckie, H M Consul, and made a tour through Sicily, visiting Thormina (4th October) and other places of interest. He had reached Naples before 20th November, and thence, after a prolonged stay, arrived at Rome on 11th January 1806, where he passed the spring in the society of Ludwig Tieck, Humboldt, Bunsen, and the American painter Washington Allston He told Gillman and others that Napoleon had given orders for the arrest of the Englishman who had attacked him in the columns of the Morning Post, and that he owed his escape to a warning conveyed to him by an emissary of the Pope. From whatever cause, he left Rome on 18th May, and, after visiting Florence and Pisa, sailed from Leghorn on or about 24th June. He wrote but little whilst he was abroad, but later works betray an intimate acquaintance with Mediterranean politics, a knowledge of Italian literature, and a speaking acquaintance with the 'Fine Arts' (For Sir Alexander Ball, see The Friend, 22nd, 26th, and 27th November 1810, in the 1850 ed, vol. in pp 215-286) He reached I ondon on 17th August, but did not rejoin his family at Greta Hall till the middle of October uinter and early spring (1806-7) were passed at a farmhouse at Coleorton with the Wordsworths, where he listened to the Prelude, which had been completed in his absence, and wrote those pathetic lines with the prosaic title (To a Gentlen ar), in which he bewails his 'sense of past youth and manhood come in vain' The summer was passed at Stowey with his wife and children, and, after their return to Keswick, the late autumn at Bristol, where he formed the close attachment to his friends the Morgans, which in later years served him in such good stead when 'old friends burned dim' and the shadows deepened. In 1808 (January-June) he delivered his first course of 'Lectures on Shakespeare,' &c, at the Royal Institution A few notes, which were taken down at the time (5th February) by H C Robinson (Diary, 1869, vol 1 pp 267-268), and a résumé of two later lectures (Notes and Lectures, &c., 1849, vol 1 pp 323-334), constitute the sole record of More than once he disappointed this course. his patrons by missing a lecture, and on one noted occasion he incurred the censure of the Council by a personal attack on the educationist Joseph Lancaster, who was a persona grafa to the royal family and the public at large (see The Jerningham Letters, 1896, vol 1 p 316), but he attracted notice, and, on the whole, increased his His next venture revealed another reputation side of his character He had given proof of capacity as a journalist, a diplomatist, a public lecturer, and, instead of following up either of these callings, nothing would serve him but to compile and publish at his own cost an abstruse periodical from which 'Personal and Party Politics and the Events of the Day' were deliberately excluded It was 'a vain endeavour!' The Friend, which was written and despatched by post from Gras mere, was printed first by W Pennington of Kendal, and afterwards by J Brown of Penrith The first number appeared on 1st June 1809, and the twentyseventh and last on 15th March 1810 even the literary Unitarian and Quaker public would not buy 'Principles' at a shilling a week. The original issue of The Friend was republished in 1812, and in 1818 Coloridge expanded his weekly essays into three volumes The Friend wants reading as it has always wanted readers, but it rewards the adventurous! For a year and six months (18th September 1808 to April 1810) Coloridge lived with Wordsworth at Grasmere, but on the demise of The Irrend he seems to have returned to what was still his residence, Greta Hall Of this period there is no record, and when the curtain lifts once more he is posting to London with Wordsworth's old friend Basil Montagu, who had offered him rooms in his house. It seems that Wordsworth, acting for the best, had warned Montagu that Coleridge was a troublesome inmate, and that Montagu indiscreetly, if not ill-naturedly, repeated a confidential hint in the form of a message or ultimatum to Coleridge There had been differences in the past, and the return to Greta Hall points to an altered relationship, but then for the first time Colendge heard his sentence passed, and it broke his heart The greater the truth, the greater the libel-most of all when it is spoken by one's 'own familiar friend' The quarrel or alienation was brought to an end in May 1812 through the intervention of H C Robinson, but in the following December fresh offence was given and taken, and it was long before there was a lasting teconciliation As Wordsworth had foreseen, Montagu soon tired of his charge, and Coleridge took refuge with the Morgans, who, with brief intervals, shared their home with him for almost five years -at first at Hammersmith, then in London, and finally at Calne in Wiltshire During the summer months (April-November) of 1811 he was on the staff of the Courier writing leading articles (Essays, &c, 1850, vol 111 pp 733-938), and discharging the duties of sub-editor, and when this arrangement broke down or came to an end, he delivered his second course of lectures (November 1811-January 1812) on Shakespeare and Milton at the Scots' Corporation Hall in Fleet Street (for a reprint of Collier's shorthand notes, see Lectures, &c, edited by T Ashe, 1883) The lectures were well attended Byron, who 'came to scoff,' admits rather reluctantly that the lecturer 'is a sort of rage at present' In February-March 1812 Coleridge paid a brief and final visit to Greta Hall, and on his return rejoined the Morgans, who had moved to No 71 Berners Street He delivered a third course of lectures on 'The Drama'at Willis's Rooms in May-June, and a fourth course on 'Belles Lettres' at the Surrey Institute in October In December he was engaged in attending rehearsals of Remorse (a rewritten version of the once rejected Osorio), which, at Byron's instance, had been accepted by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre For once his star seemed to be in the ascendant, but before the year (1812) closed Josiah Wedgwood, without assigning any reason whatever, withdrew his moiety of the annuity of £150 which had been offered and conferred for life' Wedgwood was an honourable man, but the violation of a solemn pledge was, on the evidence before us, unjustifiable Thenceforward Mrs Coleridge's regular income was less than £70 a year, a sum which, in 1814 and possibly afterwards, was expended on the education of her sons. At a later period she contributed a small annual payment towards the expenses of Southey's household

Remorse was produced for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre on 23rd January 1813, and ran for twenty nights. On the whole the play was a success, and Coleridge received at least £400 for his rights as author. The play was published in pamphlet form and went into a third edition. Like the fair breeze which drove the Ancient Mariner into a silent sea, this gust of fortune blew no good to Coleridge. He lingered in London through the spring and summer, and it was not till October that he started for Bristol, partly to make money by lecturing and partly to transact business for the Morgans. A course of six lectures on Shakespeare and Milton was delivered in October, a second course on the same subject in November, and, yet

again, a third course, of four lectures, on Milton in April 1814, when he scandalised his old friend and brother-minister, Dr Estlin, by describing the Satan of Paradise Lost as a 'sceptical Socinian' But then and always, whether the room was full or half-empty, he 'gave satisfaction' to the audience. It was not the matter (which was sometimes hard to follow) but the manner which revealed the native and inextinguishable genius of the orator speak of Shakespeare and Milton was to unlock his soul and to pour out a flood of eloquence as the 'spirit gave him utterance' Eleven months (October 1813-September 1814) were spent at For the greater part of this 'weary time' he was the guest of his old friend and correspondent, Josiah Wade, who placed him under the care of a Bristol physician, Dr Daniel, and provided him But under whatever conditions with an attendant of restraint or freedom, his life was grievous if ever, he was 'wrecked in a mist of opium' Early in the autumn he was back with the Morgans at Ashley, near Box, and in November followed them Thenceforward there was a betterment, to Calne the result of a strenuous though unsuccessful attempt to break through the opium-habit. letters on the Irish question, 'To Mr Justice Fletcher,' were published in the Courser, September-December 1814 (Essays, &c., 1830, vol 111 pp 677-733), and in 1815, though he published no books, delivered no lectures, and was silent in the Courser, he wrote and passed for the press the Biographia Literaria (1817), revised and rewrote his poems—Sibylline Leaves (1817)—and completed three acts of Zapolya (1817) Over and above these measurable entities he laid the foundation of, or at least wrote fragmentary notes for, a magnum opus, to be entitled Logosophia—in Six Treatises Despite these achievements Coleridge was sorely in need of funds, and, as it will, poverty stood between him and his printers and He must have been in dire straits publishers when, in response to some complaint or revelation of his circumstances, Lord Byron sent him a hundred pounds It was a fine and generous action, for the donor had no spare cash at his disposal, and was able and willing to help in other ways without putting his hand in his pocket. On the strength of this loan or gift, and armed with the MS of Christabel, which Byron had already shown to Murray, and with the MS of Zapolya for the managing committee of Drury Lane, he went up to town at the end of March 1816 When or where he forgathered with Byron, who was on the eve of his lifelong exile, is uncertain, but an arrangement was come to with Murray for the publication of Christabel, and, more important still, Coloridge gained a haven and foothold for himself On the recommendation of Dr Joseph Adams, the relative of an old Bristol friend, Mr Matthew Coates, he was received on 25th April as patient and boarder by Mr James Gillman, a Highgate surgeon, who was willing to undertake his case I

and could offer him 'retirement and a garden' Here, 'or not far off,' he remained for the rest of his life In April 1816 Coleridge was but halfway through his forty-fourth year, but with the first genial reception of Gillman his wanderings and his story come to an end Highgate was 'a termination' and a last retreat. To what extent Gillman helped Coleridge to 'give up laudanum' is disputed and is insusceptible of proof, but he undoubtedly inspired and encouraged him 'to scotch Byron (who had stood his friend the snake' in 1816), under the impression that his kindness had been abused, reviled him in Don Juan (1819), but his odious personalities were no longer even 'part a truth,' and the calumny fell to the ground Coleridge's frailties and shortcomings were ever before him, and at the last his plea was 'to be forgiven for fame' During the eighteen years of life which remained to him he was not only loved but honoured, not only admired but esteemed and revered The 'dark column' turned once more, and 'at evening there was light.' Christabel (with Kubla Khan, a Vision, and The Pains of Sleep) was published in June, and the Statesman's Manual (first lay sermon) in November 1816 The Edinburgh Review attacked and vilipended both poetry and prose. If the writer of these reviews was not, as Coleridge supposed, William Hazlitt, he was an accomplished plagiarist of the style and quality of Hazlitt's acknowledged compositions Early in 1817 a second Lay Sermon, and, later in the year, the long-delayed Biographia Literaria and Sibylline Leaves, made their appearance In December Zapolya, which to Coleridge's chagrin had been rejected by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, was published as a 'Christmas Tale.'

In January 1818 an Essay on Method, which had been prepared some months before, was printed as an Introduction to the first volume of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, and late in the spring the reconstituted Friend was published in three volumes Neither poetry nor prose filled Coleridge's pockets, and both at the beginning and the end of 1818 he was under the 'necessity of appearing as a lecturer' The first course of fourteen lectures on 'Shakespeare' and 'Poetical Literature' was delivered at Flower-de-Luce Court in Fetter Lane, 27th January-26th March 1818, and two other courses, the first on the 'History of Philosophy,' the other on 'Shakespeare,' were delivered concurrently at the Crown and Archer Tavern in the Strand, 14th December 1818-29th March 1819 With this double course lecturing came to an end, and for many years, so far as the public was concerned, both voice and pen were silent. Two misfortunes, differing in kind and in degree, befell him in successive In 1819 he suffered a considerable loss of money through the bankruptcy of his publisher, Rest Fenner, and, in 1820, his son Hartley was deprived of his Oriel fellowship on the score of intemperance. 'Work without hope' was not

beyond Coleridge's power of will, but the business of authorship, always distasteful, became more and more intolerable He shrank into himself, devoting his energies to the accumula tion of materials for his magnum opus, and his leisure to the 'grounding, strengthening, and integration' of a class of young men, pupils or disciples, who attended his discourses and formed a kind of miniature 'school' of philosophy His sole publications during this period were a few contributions to Blackwood's Eduiburgh Magazine-for example, 'Letters to Literary Correspondents, in October 1821, and 'The Historie and Gests of Maxilian' (see Miscellanies, &c., 1885, pp 261-285) in January 1822 In 1824 he was elected a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction which conveyed an annual pension of one hundred guineas, and by way of doing service for this honorarium he read (18th May 1825) at a meeting of the society a paper on 'The Prometheus of Æschylus' (1btd, pp 55-83) In 1825 he published his Aids to Reflection, a commentary in the form of aphorisms and selected passages from the writings of Archbishop Leighton The Aids, which may be regarded as an eirenicon between faith and reason, and at one time served as a kind of manual of liberal orthodoxy, brought their compiler applause and recognition, and since his death have been frequently republished In 1828 he prepared for the press a collected edition of his poems, which was published in three volumes by William Pickering A second edition, with emendations, was issued in 1829 In June-July 1828 Coleridge accompanied Wordsworth and his daughter Dora on a tour through Belgium and His 'merry' rhymes on Koln on the Rhine. and its 'two and seventy stenches' are a proof that the boisterous high spirits of his youth were not gone for ever His last work was a pamphlet on The Constitution of Church and State, which deals with the question of Catholic Emancipation, and seems to be rather than is a plea for inaction or reaction For the last three years of his life Coleridge was with 'few and brief intervals confined to a sick-room,' but he was often to be seen, and he could almost always talk 'to the satisfaction' if sometimes to the bewilderment of his hearers Once and again he went into company Early in August 1832 he was present at the christening of his grandchild Edith, and drove to the church with his wife, who was living with her daughter and son-in-law at Hampstead. In June 1833 he attended a meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and though he rose from his bed at Trinity College 'not a man but a bruise,' he seems to have taken all literature 'for his province in a series of monologues to his friends (see Conversations at Cambridge [by C V Le Grice], 1836, pp 1-36) He suffered much towards the close of his life, but retained almost to the last his intellectual subtlety and his discursive

eloquence. He died at The Grove, Highgate, 25th July 1834.

Many of Coleridge's best-known works were The Table Talk, which was taken posthumous down almost verbatim from his lips by his sonin-law and nephew, H N Coleridge, was published (2 vols) in 1835, Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S T Coleridge, by T Allsop (2 vols), in 1836, Literary Remains (4 vols 1836-39), Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit (1840), The Idea of Life (1848), Notes, Theological and Political (1853), Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge (2 vols 1895), Anima Poetafrom his Unpublished Note-books (1895) greater part of his Marginalia, a work on Logic (2 vols MS), the preliminary chapters of his magnum opus, Notes on the Gospels, &c.; Diaries of Tours, and a multitude of letters, fragmentary papers, notes and memoranda remain unpublished

It is commonly held that Coleridge wrote a few poems, half a-dozen more or less, of supreme excellence, and that he did no more. It is true that Coleridge at his best is immeasurably greater than at his second best, but, if we except his juvenilia, he wrote little or nothing which may be passed over or rejected as worthless. His peculiar quality as a poet lay in his power of visualising scenesof which neither he nor another had any actual experience. These 'fancies from afar' did not flash upon him as memories of the past nor asstrange and disordered dreams, but they assumed the realities and possibilities of a harmonious though supernatural world. The open vision was rare, and it was seldom that the intuition was clear Again, he was a laborious and acor adequate complished metrist, and it was only by repeated experiments and intense mental effort that he could clothe these shapings of his imagination in a becoming and appropriate garb Hence it was that after he had passed his thirtieth year and his mind became preoccupied with metaphysical speculations and theological ideas, as Charles Lamb put it, 'he wrote no more Christabels and Ancient Mariners' But whenever he was minded to express his thoughts in verse, he was a poet at last as well as at first. It is enough to mention such poems as Youth and Age, The Garden of Boccaccio, Love, Hope, and Patience in Education, which were written towards the close of his life. If in some half-dozen pieces Coleridge exceeds himself, in at least thirty or more of lesser excellence he displays imaginative and artistic qualities of the highest order The Christmas Carol (1799), Pains of Sleep (1803), and the undated ballad Alice du Clos may be instanced as great poems not reckoned in the first flight. It is, however, only as a lyrical poet that Coleridge belongs to the immortals He could and did force his extraordinary talent into producing dramatic pieces which have been performed with success and still invite study, but his plots drag and his characters

are neither attractive nor rememberable Remorse, a Tragedy (1812), and Zapolya, a Christmas Tale, which was written in 1815, contain beauties, 'purple patches' suitable for quotation, but as dramas they are lifeless and uninteresting. On the other hand, his one translation, Schiller's Wallenstein, rivals if it does not surpass the original As a humourist he attempted little, but that little was first-rate. The wit of The Devil's Thoughts was Southey's wit, but the humour is Coleridge's, and as 'good, simple, savage verse,' as Byron labelled his Dedication to Don Juan, Fire, Fanune, and Slaughter and The Two Round Spaces neither require nor admit of an apology Originally mere jeux d'esprit, doggerel verses in a newspaper, they have won their place in literature

Coleridge maintained that he owed his first inspiration as a poet to Bowles's sonnets and the 'Lewesdon Hill of Mr Crowe.' His first turn for versification was, perhaps, more immediately due to an intimate knowledge of the odes of Gray and Collins, and his first inclination towards sentiment and the poetry of the affections to Bowles and Cowper, and to Macpherson's Ossian The Romantic School was already a power in Germany, and was touching the younger generation in England through translations or the works of such imitators as Horace Walpole, Mrs Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis, and William Taylor previous to the inception or publication of the Lyrical Ballads, and it is certain that before he went to Germany, in September 1798, Coleridge had read Voss's Luise in the original and was familiar with translations of Schiller's Robbers and the Ghostseer But however responsive he may have been to 'voices in the air,' he owed the awakening and the consummation of his genius to the example and companionship of Wordsworth and of Wordsworth's sister Dorothy We have only to compare his Ode to the Departing Year (December 1796) with the great Stowey poems, beginning with This Lime tree Bower my Prison (May 1797), to understand in what degree and in what sense Wordsworth was 'the master-light of all his seeing'! There is, indeed, little or no resemblance between Coleridge's great poems and Wordsworth's great poems The magic and the melody of Coleridge's verse are all his own, and the spirit and direction of his poetry are other and different from the spirit and direction of Wordsworth's As a poet Coleridge 'taught us little,' and as a poet Wordsworth was essentially a teacher, but it was Wordsworth who helped Coleridge to find himself, and, as Dykes Campbell has finely expressed it, 'put a new song in his mouth'

But art for art's sake did not satisfy Coloridge. The desire of his soul was to teach and to preach, and in order to deliver his message he expended—some would say scattered—his intellectual activities in various directions. He was a journalist, a critic, a lecturer, a philosopher, and a divine. He regarded it as his mission to found a new school,

or at any rate to elaborate a new system, of philosophy, and at the same time to propound an eirenicon between faith and reason. It is held by those most competent to judge that as a philosopher he interpreted and carried on the speculations of others-of Kant and Maass, of Fighte and Schelling-but failed to formulate or work out a system of his own Of the vast preparations which he made for a work to comprehend all knowledge and all philosophy, a portion sufficient to form an introductory volume was dictated to his disciple and amanuensis, Joseph Henry Green, and remains unpublished His influence on the religious thought and opinion of his own age and of the last sixty years is of a less questionable nature The Aids to Reflection (1825) and the posthumous Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit (1840) have been largely instrumental in deepening and widening religious thought within and without the pale of the Churches Their direct and immediate influence belongs to the past, but the leaven is still at work. Finally, in his critical notes on Shakespeare's plays, originally delivered as lectures, and in his masterly dissertation on the 'Tenets peculiar to Mr Wordsworth' which concludes the Biographia Literaria, he speaks not as the inspirer of others, but as a potent if not a final authority. A word which he borrowed from the Greek and applied to Shakespeare describes him best. He was 'myriadminded'

# From 'The Ancient Mariner'

'The Sun now rose upon the right Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea

And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow followed free, We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down, 'Twis sad as sad could be, And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sk), The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion, As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean

Water, water, every where, And all the boards did shrink, Water, water, every where, Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout The death fires danced at night, The water, like a witch soils, Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were Of the spirit that plagued us so Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow

And every tongue, through utter drought, Was withered at the root, We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung

There passed a weary time. Each throat Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A usury time 'a neary time!

How glazed each neary eye,

When looking westward, I beheld

A something in the sky

At first it seemed a little speck, And then it seemed a mist, It moved and moved, and took at last A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh not wail,
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked, Agaposthey heard me call Gramercy, they for joy did grin, And all at once their breath drew in, As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal, Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a flume.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwint us and the Sun

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres!

Are those her ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that Woman's mate?

Her has were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-Mare LIFE IN-DEATH was she, Who thicks man's blood with cold

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice,
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!",
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out At one stride comes the dark, With far heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,

My life blood seemed to sip!

The stars were dim, and thick the night,

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white

From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar

The horned Moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip

One after one, by the star dogged Moon, Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thuyon, a lifeless lump,
They dropped hown one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,:
They fled to bliss or woe! \*\*
And every soul," it passed me by,
Like the whize of my cross bow!

O Wedding Guest' this soul both been Alone on a wide wide sea So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be

O sweeter than the marriage feast, Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To wilk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay

Farewell, farewell ' but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding Guest ' He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast

He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all?

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, -Is gone and now the Wedding Guest Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn
(1797-08)

# From 'Christabel'

'Is the middle of night by the eastle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock!
Tu-whit!—Tu-whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Fonr for the quarters, and twelve for the hour,
Ever and aye, by shine and shower
Sixteen short howls, not over loud
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud

Is the night chilly and dark? The night is chilly, but not dark. The thin gray cloud is spread on high, It covers but not hides the sky. The moon is behind, and at the full, And yet she looks both small and dull. The night is chill, the cloud is gray. This a month before the month of May, And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely Indy, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so and
What makes her in the won so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all vesteringht
Of her own betrothed knight
And she in the midnight wood will priv
For the weal of her lover that s far away

She stole along, she nothing spoke, The sighs she herved were soft and low, And naught was green upon the oak But moss and rarest inteletoe She kneels beneath the huge oak tree, And in silence prayeth she

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It mouned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad breasted, old oak tree

The night is chill, the forest bare,
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
to move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's check—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so ligh,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!

Jesu, Varia, shield her well!

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak

What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare
Her blue veined feet unsandal d were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her han
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly elad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly 1

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well,
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate,
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in buttle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate
Then the lady rose again,
And inoved, as she were not in pain

So free from danger, free from fear
They cro sed the court—right glid they were
And Christibal devoith cried
To the lidy by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hith rescined thee from thy distress!
Alas, alas! said Geraldine
I cannot speak for weariness
So free from danger free from fear
They crossed the court—right glid they were

They presed the hall that echoes will Pass as lightly as you will?



A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the Earth-

And from the soul itself must there be sent A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth, Of all sweet sounds the life and element l

O pure of heart ' thou need'st not ask of me What this strong music in the soul may be 1 What, and wherein it doth exist, This light, this glory, this fur huminous mist, This beautiful and beauty making power

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given, Save to the pure, and in their purest hour, Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower, Joy, Lady 1 is the spirit and the power,

Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower, A new Farth and new Heaven,

Undreunt of by the sensual and the proud-Toy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud-

We in ourselves rejoice! And thence flows all that charms or car or sight, All melodies the echoes of that voice, All colours a suffusion from that light

There was a time when, though my path was rough, This joy within me dillied with distress. And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Taney made me dreams of happiness Tor hope grew round me, like the twining vine, And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine But now afflictions bow me down to earth Nor evre I that they rob me of my mirth,

But oh ' each visitation Suspends what nature gave me at my birth, My shaping spirit of Imagination For not to think of what I needs must feel, But to be still and patient, all I can, And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man-This was my sole resource, my only plan Till that which suits a part infects the whole, And now is almost grown the liabit of my soul

Youth and Age

Verse, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying, Where Hope elung feeding, like a bee-Both were mine! Life went a maying With Nature, Hope, and Poesy, When I was young I

When I was young?-Ah, woeful when ' Ah for the Change twirt Now and Then! This breating House not built with hands, This body that does me grievous wrong, O'er nery Cliffs and glittering Sands, How lightly then it flashed along -Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore, On winding Lakes and Kivers wide, That ask no aid of Sail or Oar, That fear no spite of Wind or Tide! Nought cared this Body for wind or weather When Youth and I lived in't together

Flowers are lovely. I ove is flower like Friendship is a sheltering tree, O the Jovs, that came down shower like, Of Friendship, Love and Liberty, Erc I was old I

(1807)

Lre I was old? Ah woeful Lre, Which tells me, Youth's no longer here I O Youth f for years so many and sweet, 'I is known that Thou and I were one, I'll think it but a fond conceit-It cannot be, that Thou art gone ! Thy Vesper bell hath not yet tolled -And thou wert aye a Masker bold I What strange disguise liast now put on, To mak believe, that thou art gone? I see these locks in silvery slips. This drooping gait, this altered size But Springtide blossoms on thy lips, And tears take sunshine from thine eyes! Life is but Thought so think I will That Youth and I are House mates still

Dew drops are the gems of Morning, But the tears of mournful Lve! Where no hope is, Life's a warning That only serves to make us greve, When we are old

That only serves to make us gricie With oft and tedious taking leave, Like some poor nigh related guest, That may not rudely be dismist, Yet hath outstry'd his welcome while, And tells the jest without the smile

(1822-32)

# Epitaph (November 1833)

Stop, Christian passer by '-Stop, child of God, And read with gentle breast Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,-O, lift one thought in prayer for S T C, That he who many a year with toil of breath Tound death in life, may here find life in death 1 Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ Do thou the same!

### On the Present War

It is recorded in the shuddering hearts of Christians every Bishop but one voted for the continu ance of the war [with France] They deemed the face of their Religion to be involved in the contest I-Not the Religion of Peace, my Brethren, not the Religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, which forbids to his Disciples all alliance with the powers of this Worldbut the Religion of Mitres and Mysteries, the Religion of Pluralities and Persecution, the Lighteen I housand Pound a Year Religion of Lpiscopics room would there be for Bishops or for Priests in a Religion where Duity is the only object of Reverence, and our Immortality the only article of l'aith-Immortality made probable to us by the Light of Nature, and proved to us by the Kesurrection of Jesus Ilim the High Priests crucified, but he has left us a Religion, which shall prove fatal to every High Pracet-a Religion, of which every true Christian is the Priest his own Heart the Altar, the Universe its Temple, and Litrors and Vices its only Sacrifices. Ride on, mighty Iesus I because of thy words of Iruth of Iove, and Fquality! The age of Priesthood will soon be no more—that of Philosophiers and Christians will succeed, and the torch of Superstition be extinguished for ever

(From Conciones ad Populum of 1795 in Frags or His Onn Timer, 1850.)

of spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the ripening summer and the rewarding harvest tide 1 But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the preju diced-say rather, to the weak and prejudiced of a single generation The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages, for end less are the modes of folly, and the fool joins with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but his own. Who cried out with greater horror against the murderers of the Prophets than those who likewise cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him!-Prophet and Saviour, and Lord of life, Crucify lum! -The truth haters of every future generation will call the truth haters of the preceding age by their true names for even these the stream of time carries onward In fine, truth considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow drift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and is it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and writs only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards

(From The Friend, No. 4 Sept. 7, 1803—slightly altered in 1818, in 'Essay viii of The Friend as published in 1850)

### Ariel and Caliban.

If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shake speare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has sometimes been idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an augel, above man, not a gnome, or a fiend, below man, but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively In air he lives, from air lie derives his being, in air he acts, and all his colours and properties secm to have been obtained from the rainbow and the There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be con ceived to exist either at sunrise or at sunset hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond, or where he expitintes, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights, or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends.

Is there anything in nature from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child like simplicity, yet with such preter natural powers? He is neither born of heaven, nor of earth, but, as it were, between both, like a May blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed lumself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

Another instance of admirable judgment and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel—Caliban, who is described in such a manner by Prospero as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once his voice is heard, this is the preparation he was too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter, until Ariel has entered like a water nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that un pleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision.

The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the ur lle partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways -by having mere understanding without inoral reason, and by not possessing the instincts which pertrin to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being the poet has raised him far above con tempt he is a man in the sense of the imagination all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical, they fit in with the images of Ariel Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean pression displayed, beyond animal pression and repugnance to command

(From Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare)

### Hamlet

The seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and char acter of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics, and, as we are always loth to sup pose that the cause of defective apprehension is in our selves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth or lusus of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakespeare The shallow and stupid arro gance of these vulgar and indolent decisions I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accu rate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense but in the licalthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect,for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation and loses his natural power of action Now one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shake-peare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances,

In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses and our medita tion on the worlings of our minds-an equilibrium bets een the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed his thoughts, and the images of his faney, are far more vivid than his netual per ceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, in tellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and This character Shakespeare accompanying qualities places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment -Hamlet is brave and carcless of death, but he vaciliates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of Mach th, the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity

(From Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare )

# The Defects of Wordsworth's Poetry

The first characteristic, though only occasional defect, which I appear to myself to find in these poems is the inconstance of the style. Under this name I refer to the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity—(at all events striking and original)—to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished. He sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the three species first, that which is peculiar to poetry, second, that which is only proper in prose, and third, the neutral or common to both

The second defect I can generalise with tolerable recurrey, if the reader will pardon an uncouth and new coined word. There is, I should say, not seldom a matter of-factness in certain poems. This may be divided into, first, a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representation of objects, and their positions, as they appeared to the poet himself, secondly, the insertion of accidental eincunstances, in order to the full explanation of his living characters, their dispositions and actions, which circumstances might be necessary to establish the probability of a statement in real life, where nothing is taken for granted by the hearer, but appear superfluous in poetry, where the reader is willing to believe for his own sale.

Third, an undue predilection for the dramatic form in certain poems, from which one or other of two evils results. Lither the thoughts and diction are different from that of the poet, and then there arises an incongruit of style, or they are the same and indistinguishable, and then it presents a species of centriloquism, where two are represented as talking, while in truth one man only speaks.

The fourth class of defects is closely connected with the former but yet are such as arise likewise from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to such knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes, and with which therefore few only, and those few particularly circumstanced, can be supposed to sympathise. In this class I comprise occasional pro-

livity, repetition, and an eddying, instead of progression of thought

Tifth and last, thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called mental bombast, as distinguished from verbal, for, as in the latter there is a disproportion of the expressions to the thoughts, so in this there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and occasion. This, by the bye, is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is the awkwardness and strength of Hercules with the distaff of Omphale.

(From the Liegraphia Literaria, Chap ix.)

### The Excellences of Wordsworth's Poetry

First, an austere purity of language both grammatically and logically, in short a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning

The second characteristic excellence of Mr Words vorth's works is a correspondent weight and sanity of the Thoughts and Sentiments, won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are fresh, and have the den upon them. His muse, at least when in her strength of wing, and when she hovers aloft in her proper element,

'Makes audible a linked lay of truth,
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!'

Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection

Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs a frequent curiosa fehiclas of his diction, of which I need not here give specimens. This beauty, and as eminently characteristic of Words worth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire

Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false colours its objects, but on the contrary brings out many a vein and many a tint which escape the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high road of custom

Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility—a sympathy with man as man, the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow sufferer or co mate (Speciator, hand farticeps), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank concerls the sameness of the nature, no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine—The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to him under the dark lines, with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross barred it—Here the man and the poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substantiated—In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer Such as he is so he corrites

(From the Biographia Literaria, Chap. ix.)

# The Inspiration of the Scriptures

'Tell me first, why it [plenary inspiration] should not be received! Why should I not believe the Scriptures throughout dictated, in word and thought, by an infallible Intelligence?'

I admit the fairness of the retort, and eagerly and carnestly do I answer For every reason that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures, -prize them, love them, revere them, beyond all other books! Why should I not? Because the Doctrine in question petri fies at once the whole body of Holy Writ with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations,—the flexile and the rigid,—the supporting hard and the clothing soft,—the blood which is the life,—the intelligeneing nerves, and the rudely woven, but soft and springy, cellular substance, in which all are embedded and lightly bound together. This breathing organism, this glorious panharmonicon, which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man's voice given to it, the Doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men, and speaks in their names, and yet is but one voice, and the same,and no man uttered it, and never in a human heart was IVhy should I not? Because the Doctrine evacuates of all sense and efficacy the sure and constant tradition, that all the several books bound up together in our precious family Bibles were composed in different and widely distant ages, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, and degrees of light and information, and yet that the composers, whether as uttering or as recording what was uttered and what was done, were all actuated by a pure and holy Spirit, one and the same Spirit working diversely, now awakening strength, and now glorifying itself in weakness, now giving power and direction to knowledge, and now taking away the sting from error !

Curse je Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof-sang Deborali Was it that she called to mind any personal wrongs-rapine or insult-that she or the house of Lapidoth had received from Jabin or Siscra? No, she had dwelt under her palm tree in the depth of the mountain. But she was a mother in Israel, and with a mother's heart, and with the vehemency of a mother's and a patriot's love, she had shot the light of love from her eyes, and poured the blessings of love from her hips, on the people that had jeoparded their lives unto the death against the oppressors, and the bitterness, awakened and borne aloft by the same love, she precipitated in curses on the selfish and coward recreants who came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, against the mighty As long as I have the unage of Deborah before my eyes, and while I throw myself back into the age, country, circumstances, of this Hebrew Bonduca in the not yet tamed chaos of the spiritual creation, -us long as I contemplate the impas sioned, high souled, heroic woman in all the prominence and individuality of will and character,-I feel as if I were among the first ferments of the great affections—the proplistic waves of the microcosmic chaos, swelling up against-and vet towards-the outspread wings of the dove that hes brooding on the troubled waters. So long all is well,-all replete with instruction and example In the fierce and inordinate I am made to know and be grateful for the clearer and purer radiance which shines on a Christian's paths, neither blunted by the preparators

veil, nor crimsoned in its struggle through the all-enwrap ping mists of the world's ignorance whilst in the selfoblivion of these heroes of the Old Testament, their elevation above all low and individual interests,-above all, in the entire and rehement devotion of their total being to the service of their divine Master, I find a lesson of humility, a ground of humiliation, and a shaning, yet rousing, example of faith and fealty But let mc once be persuaded that all these heart awakening utterances of human hearts—of men of like faculties and passions with myself, mourning, rejoicing, suffering, triumphingare but as a Divina Commedia of a superhuman-O bear with mc, if I say-Ventriloquist, -that the royal Harper, to whom I have so often submitted myself as n many stringed instrument for his fire tipt fingers to traverse, while every several nerve of emotion, passion, thought, that thrids the flesh and blood of our com mon humanity, responded to the touch, -that this sveet Psalmist of Israel was himself as mere an in strument as his harp, an automaton poet, mourner, and supplicant,-all is gone,-all sympathy, at least, and all example. I listen in awe and fear, but likewise in perplexity and confusion of spirit

(From Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, 1840)

# Taste, an Ethical Quality

Modern poetry is characterised by the poets' anxiety to be always striking. There is the same march in the Greek and Latin poets. Claudian, who had powers to have been anything—observe in him this anxious, craving vanity! Every line, nay, every word, stops, looks full in your face, and asks and begr for praise! As in a Chinese painting, there are no distances, no perspective, but all is in the foreground, and this is nothing but vanity. I am pleased to think that, when a mere stripling, I had formed the opinlon that true taste was virtue, and that bad writing was bad feeling.

(From Anima Poeta, 1895 p 165)

# The Night is at Hand. (1828)

The sweet prattle of the chimes—counsellors plending in the court of Love—then the clock, the solemn sentence of the mighty judge—long panse between each pregnant, inappellable word, too deeply weighed to be reversed in the High Justice Court of Time and Fate. A more richly solemn sound than this eleven o'clock at Antwerp I never heard—dead enough to be opaque as central gold, yet clear enough to be the mountain air

(From Anima Poeta 1895, p. 307)

For a brief but accurate and exhaustive biography see Samiel Taylor Coleridge, a Narrative, by J Dykes Campbell (a reprint of the Introductory Memorr to the Portical II orks 1803 Macmillan, 1894) and for a list of authorities on the life of S T Coleridge, vide ibid, page [ix]. For an attempt to systematise Coleridge's philosophical teaching, see Spiritual Philosophy, by T H Green (1865) The question of Coloridge's indebtedness to German meta physics is ably and temperately discussed by the late Professor Hort in Cambridge Liga; (1850), and by Principal Shairp in Studies in Poetry and Philosophy (1868). For an unfavourable estimate of his originality and independence as a thinler see New Fitags towards a Critical Method, by J M Robert on (1807 pp. 154-161). For a general estimate of Coleradge as thinker and poet see Mill's Duserdations (1859, vol i), Coloridge by H D Iraill (Men of Letters series 1884) Brandl's S T Coloridge at d the English Remantic School (1887), and Coleridge' in Pater's Appreciations (1895). See also the essay in Mr Swinburne's edition of Christabel (1869) and the introductions to editions or selections of the poems by Mr Stopford Brooke (1805) Dr Garnett (1897) and Mr Andrew Lang (1898)

ERNEST HARTIFY COLERIDGE.

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849), eldest son of the preceding, was born at Bristol and educated by the Rev John Dawes at Ambleside and at Vierton College, Oxford He obtained a secondclass in the final schools, was elected probationary Fellow of Oricl, but at the end of the first year was rejected on the score of intemperance (1820) spent the next two years in London writing for the London Magazine, &c, attempted school keeping at Ambleside, retired to Grasmere, and in 1831 removed to Leeds, where he wrote a series of lives of the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, republished (1833) as Biographia Borialis The first of two projected volumes of Poems was also published at Leeds (1833) of his life was spent at Grasmere and (1840-49) at the Nab Cottage, Rydal His last work was a Life of Massinger prefixed to an edition of Massinger and Ford His days were spent in fitful study, lonely reverse, and wanderings over the Lake Country His intemperance notwithstanding, 'Li'le Hartley' (he was very short) was admired and loved by all who knew him 'Untimely old,' he retained to the last the warmth and the simplicity of boylood His Poems (e.g. Lionard and Susan) and a dramatic fragment, Prometheus, were published with a Memoir by his brother Derwent (1800-83, first Principal of St Mark's College, Chelsen in 1851 (2 vols) Essays and Marginalia (2 vols) were also published in 1851 His poetry is never without a certain tender grace, but it is in the sonnet that he reached eminence The following is one of two famous sonnets on 'Prayer'

There is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad carth, with moist imploring eve,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
I ike Patience slow subsiding to Despair
but see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameloon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day
So have I dream d '—Oh, may the dream be true I—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray

Sara Coleridge (1802-52), sister of the preceding, was brought up in Southey's house. In 1822 she translated Dobrizhoffer's Latin Account of the 1bipones, and in 1825 the 'Loyal Servant's' Che valuer Bayard. She married her cousin, Henry Velson Coleridge (1829). Her original works were Pretty Lessons for Good Children (1834) and Phan tasmion, a fairy-tale (1837), but her intellectual powers are best shown in her essay on Rationalism appended to her father's Aids to Reflection in 1843, and her 'Introduction' to the Biographia Literaria 1847. Her Memoirs and Letters were published by her daughter in 1873.

# Charles Lamb

was born on the 10th of February 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, where his father was clerk and confidential servant to Samuel Salt, a wealthy bencher of the Inner Temple To John Lamb and his wife there were born in the Temple seven children, of whom three only survived their early childhood-Charles, his sister Mary, ten years older than himself, and a yet older brother, John Charles received his first schooling at a humble academy out of Fetter Lane, but at seven years of age he obtained through his father's patron a presentation to Christ's Hospital, where he remained for the next seven years His school experiences and the friendships he formed, notably that with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, three years his senior, are familiar to all readers of the Essays of Elia the age of fourteen he left school with a fair amount of scholarship and an intensified love of reading. He might have stayed and become a 'Grecian,' and so proceeded to the university But the exhibitions were given on the understanding that the holder was to take holy orders, and Lamb's unsurmountable stammer barred him from that profession

Lamb left Christ's Hospital in November 1789 At that time his brother John held a post in the South Sea House, of which Salt was a deputygovernor, and Charles was soon presented through the kind offices of this friend to a humble situation in the same company, but early in 1792 he obtained promotion in the shape of a clerkship in the ac countant's office of the India House, where he remained for more than thirty years. In this same year Salt died The occupation of his old clerk and servant was at an end, and with his legacies from his employer, Charles's salary, and whatever Mary Lamb could earn by needlework, in which she was proficient, the family of four (for the brother John was living a comfortable bachelor life elsewhere) retired to humble lodgings 1796 we find them in Little Queen Street, Holborn, and it was there that the terrible disaster occurred, destined to mould the career and char acter of Charles Lamb for the whole of his future There was a strain of inherited insanity The father, who had married in the children lite in life, was growing old and childish, the mother was an invalid, and the stress and anxiety of the many duties devolving on Mary Lamb began to tell upon her reason In an attack of mania, induced by a slight altercation with a little apprentice girl at work in the room, Mary Lamb snatched up a knife from the dinner-table, and stabbed her mother, who had interposed in the girl's behalf Charles was himself present, and wrested the knife from his sister's hand, and with him the whole direction of affairs for the sister's future remained After the inquest Mary would in the natural course have been transferred for life to a public asylum, but, by the intervention of friends, the brother's guardianship was accepted by the authorities as an alternative. To carry out this trust Charles Lamb from that moment devoted his life, sacrificing to it all other ties and ambitions, and never flagging in duty and tenderness for thirty-eight years Charles removed with his old father to Pentonville, where at successive lodgings they remained until the father's death Lamb remained subject to attacks of temporary aberration for the rest of her life, the attacks being usually foreseen, and at such seasons she was removed to some suitable asylum. The length and frequency of these periods of absence increased, until the closing years of her brother's life, when she was exiled from him during the greater part In the meantime Charles Lamb of each year had fallen in love, but renounced all hope of niarrage when the duty of tending his otherwise homeless sister had appeared to him paramount The history of his brief attachment, to which there is frequent pathetic allusion in his writings, is obscure. Anne Simmons, who appears in his earliest sonnets as Anna, and in his essays as Alice W, lived with her mother in the village of Widford in Hertfordshire—the scene of Limb's early romance of Rosamund Gray, and Lamb made her acquaintance during his frequent visits to his grandmother, Mrs Tield, housekeeper at Blakesware (immortalised in one of the loveliest of his essays as 'Blakesmoor, in Hertfordshire') Arne, who afterwards married Mr Bartram, a London silversmith, is refeired to under that name in the essay 'Dream-Children'

Lamb's earliest poems, written in 1795, were prompted by this deep attachment. Two sonnets on this theme, with two others on different topics, were included in S T Coleridge's earliest volume of poems, issued at Bristol in 1796 Next year a second edition of Coleridge's poems appeared, 'to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd,' Lloyd being a young man of kindred poetic tastes, whose acquaintance Lamb Here, as before, had made through Coleridge the poetic influence under which Lamb wrote was the same that had so strangely moved Coleridge while still at Christ's Hospital-the graceful and pensive sonnets of W L Bowles In the following year Lamb and Lloyd made a second venture in a slight volume of their own (Blank Verse, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798), and here for the first time Lamb's individuality made itself felt in the touching and now famous verses on the 'Old Familiar Faces'-like so many of his memorable utterances in prose and verse, full of autobiographical allusion, and yet gaining rather than losing in permanence of charm through the circumstance It was, however, in prose, not in verse, that he was to find his true strength In the same year as Blank Verse he published his little prose romance, The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret, and four years

later his John Woodwil—the fruit of that study of the drimatic poetry of the Elizabethan period, in the revived study of which he was to bear so large a part. Lamb had little or no dramatic faculty. The play was crude and valueless as a drama, but with detached passages reflecting much of the music and quaintness of Fletcher and Jonson

Meantime Lamb and his sister were wandering from lodging to lodging, too often forced to leave through the rumour of Mary Lamb's malady which followed them wherever they went. They had have at more than one house in Pentonville—they were in Southampton Buildings in 1800 and 1801—and then removed to Lamb's old familiar neighbourhood, where they continued for sixteen years. The



CHARLES LAMB
From the Drawing (1798) by R. Hancock in the National Portrait
Gallery

early years of their residence in the Temple were among the hardest and saddest of their lives They were very poor, Charles's experiments in literature had as yet brought him neither money nor reputation, and the gradual accession of new friends that might have brightened their path had the drawback of bringing Charles face to face with social temptations which he could not resist very moderate indulgence in wine or spirits seems to have speedily affected him, and his shyness and his impediment of speech made him engerly resort to what for the moment made him forget 'We are very poor,' writes Mary Lamb in 1804, and again in 1805, 'It has been sad and heavy times with us lately' In Lamb's anyety to raise a few pounds, rather than from any confidence in his dramatic faculty, he began to write a farce, which the proprietors of Drury Lane accepted, and produced in December 1806

It was the now famous farce Mr H-famous, however, not for its success, but for its failure. His love for things dramatic soon found a more profitable outlet in a commission from William Godwin to contribute to his 'Juvenile Library,' then in course of publication. For this series Charles and Mary wrote in 1807 their wellknown Tales from Shakespeare - Viry Limb maling the version of the comedies, Charles that This was Lamb's first success of the tragedies It brought him sixty guineas, and, what was more valuable, hope for the future, and the increased confidence and recognition of his growing circle As one consequence of the success, the brother and sister composed jointly two other children's books-Mis Leicester's School (1807) and the Poetry for Children (1809) Charles also told for children the story of the Ody ssey, under the title of The Adventures of Uly ises Another more important consequence was a commission from the Longmans to edit a volume of selections from the Elizabethan dramatists. The volume at once exhibited Lamb, to those who had eves to see, as one of the most profound, subtle, and original of Lnglish poetical critics Three years later 1 conviction of the same fact would be deepened in those who knew that the unsigned articles in Leigh Hunts Reflictor, on Hogarth and the trayedies of Shakespeare, were from the same hand, and that a prose writer of new and unique quality was showing above the dull level of the conventional essignst.

In 1817 Lamb and his sister left the Temple for rooms in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden Next year an enterprising young publisher induced him to collect his scattered verse and prose in two next volumes, as the Works of Charles Lamb, and this publication naturally paved the way for his being invited to join the staff\_of the London Magazine, then newly started Lamb was required to contribute light prose essays, and was wisely allowed a free hand. His first essay appeared in August 1820, 'Recollections of the old South Sea House,' the public office in which his first small salary was earned, and where his elder brother had remained a high placed and prosperous clerk. Lamb signed his first paper Elia, borrowing for a joke the name of a foreigner who had been fellow clerk with him in the office. The signature was continued through Lamb's successive contributions to the magazine, and as he placed it on the title page (without his own) of the first collected edition of the essays in 1823, it became indissolubly connected with the work The series came to an end as far as the London Magazine was concerned, in 1825 The Last Essays of Llia s ere collected in a second volume in 1833.

In August 1823 Charles and Mary quitted their rooms over the brazier's in Russell Street, and made their first experiment as householders in a courge in Colebroole Row, Islington, with the New River (into which George Dyer walked in

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broad daylight) flowing within a few feet of their front door. Moreover, they were now on the eve of making a pleasant addition to their liousehold in the form of a young friend, the orphan daughter of an Italian teacher of languages at Cambridge. Charles and Mary Lamb virtually adopted Emma Isola, and she was treated as a member of their family until her marriage with Edward Moxon the publisher, in 1833

Early in 1825 Lamb, who had been for some time failing in health, was allowed to resign his post in the India House, the directors liberally granting him as pension two thirds of his then Having now no tie to any particular neighbourhood, the brother and sister were free to They took lodgings-and subsequently a house-at Enfield, but Mary Lamb's health becoming gradually worse and requiring constant supervision, they parted with their furniture and gave up housekeeping. They finally removed to the neighbouring village of Edmonton, where, in a small cottage hard by the church, they spent their last year together. It was a melancholy Limb's own health was suffering had lost their young friend Emma Isola. sence of settled occupation had not brought Lamb all the comfort he had looked for the separation from his London friends, and now the almost continuous mental alienation of his sister, left him companionless, and with the death of Coleridge in the summer of 1834 the chief attractions of his life were gone. In December of the same year, while taking one day his usual walk on the London Road, he stumbled and fell slightly injuring his face. The wound was in itself trifling, but ervsipelas ensued, under which he rapidly sank, and he passed quietly away, without pain, on the 29th of December He was buried in Edmonton churchyard His sister survived him nearly thirteen years, and was buried by his side in May 1847

Lamb's place in literature is unique and unchallengeable. As a personality he is more intimately known to us than any other figure in literature. unless it be Samuel Johnson He is familiar to us? through his works, which throughout are composed in the form of personal confidences, through his many friends who have loved to make known his every mood and trait, and through his letters, the most fascinating body of correspondence in our language. It is a dangerous thing to say, but it may be doubted whether, outside a necessarily limited circle, his works are read so much for their own sakes as for the light they throw upon the character of their author. It is the harmonious concord of dissonances in Lamb that is the secret of his attraction The profound and imaginative character of his criticism, which at its best is uncrring, and with it the reckless humour of the Bohemian and the farçeur, the presence of one lamentable weakness serving to throw into stronger relief the patient strength of his life struggle, his

loyalty and generosity to his friends, even when they abused it most, and all this flowing from one of the most beautiful acts of devotion in the records of self sacrifice—the wild fun of Trinculo and Stephano, alternating with the tenderness of Miranda and Ferdinand, or the profound philosophic musings of Prospero—and all these, like Ariel, now 'flaming distinctly,' now 'meeting and joining'—it is this wondrous blending of opposites that has made Lamb, save to the 'sourcomplexioned' and matter-of-fact, one of the most dearly loved among English men of letters, and with every sign that this love is one which no changes of taste are likely to diminish

## To Hester

When maidens such as Hester die, Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try, With van endeavour

A month or more both she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the worm, bed, And her together

A spring, motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call —if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that alhed,
She did inherit

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool, But she was train'd in Nature's school, Nature had blest her

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester

My sprightly neighbour, gone before To that unknown and silent shore, Shall we not meet, as heretofore, Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eves a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day, A bliss that would not go away,

A sweet forewarning?

## The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions, In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days.—All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cromes— All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a love once, furest among women Closed are her doors on me I must not see her— All, all are gone, the old familiar face

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man I ike an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly Left him, to inuse on the old familiar faces Ghost like I paced round the hunts of my childhood Larth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse, Seeking to find the old familiar faces

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother, Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling? So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me, And some are taken from me, all are departed, All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

### Sonnet on 'Innocence'

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name The time has been,
We two did love each other's company,
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

# Lines in my own Album

Fresh elad from heaven in robes of white, A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright

A spotless leaf, but thought and care, And friend and foe, in foul or fair, Have 'written strange defeatures' there,

And I me with heaviest hand of all, Like that herec writing on the wall, Hath stamp d sad dates, he can't recall,

And error, gilding worst designs—
I she speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines,

And vice both left his ngly blot, And good resolves, a moment hot, Fairly began—but finish'd not,

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace— Like Hebren lore, a backward pace— Her arrecoverable race

Disjointed numbers, sense unknit, Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit, Compose the mingled mass of it

My scalded eves no longer brook Upon this ink blurr'd thing to look— Go, shut the leaves, and class the book

## On an Infant Dying as soon as Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work
A flow'ret crushed in the luid,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle coffin lying,
Extinct with scarce the sense of dying
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eve, and put
A clear beam forth, then scrught up shut

For the long dark ne'er more to see I brough glasses of mortality Riddle of destiny, who can show What the short visit meant, or know What thy errand here below? Shall we say that Nature blind Check d her hand, and changed her mind, Just when she had exactly wrought A finish d pattern without fault? Could she flag, or could she tire. Or lack'd she the Promethean fire (With her nine moons long workings sicken d) I hat should thy little limbs have quicken'd? Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure I ife of health, and days mature Woman's self in miniature! I imbs so fair, they might supply (Themselves now but cold imagery) The sculptor to make Beauty by Or did the stern eyed hate desers That babe, or mother, one must die, So in mercy left the stock, And cut the branch, to save the shock Of young years widow'd, and the pain. When Single State comes back again To the lone man who, 'reft of wife Phenceforward drags a maimed life? The economy of Herven is dark, And wisest clerks have miss d the mark, Why human Buds, like this, should fall, Nore brief than fly ephemeral, That has his day while shrivel d crones Stiffen with age to stocks and stones, And crabbed use the conscience sears In sinners of an hundred years. Mother's prattle, mother's kiss Baby fond, thou no er wilt miss Rites, which custom does impose, Silver bells and baby clothes, Coral, redder than those hps Which pale death did late eclipse Music framed for infants glee, Whistle never tuned for thec, I hough thou want st not, thou shalt have them, Loving hearts were they which gave them Let not one be missing, nurse, See them had upon the hearse Of infant slain by doom perverse. Why should Lings and nobles have Pictured trophies to their grave, And we, churls, to thee denv The prette toys with thee to lie, A more harmless vanity?

# Dream Children a Reverie

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children, to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great bouse in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the hallad of the 'Children in

the Wood' Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everylody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county, but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carned away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman, so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart-av, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancerhere Alice's little right foot played an involuntary move ment, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted-the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain, but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious Theu I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm,' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she-and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous Then I told how good she was to all her grand children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cresars, that had been Emperors of Kome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them, how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn out hangings, flutter ing tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out-sometimes in the spacious old fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, nnless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me-and how the nectarines and peaches hung

upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, -and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at-or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me-or bashing in the orangery, till I could almost funcy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth-or in watching the dace that durted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertment friskings,-I had more pleasure in these busy idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common buts of children Here John slyly de posited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great grand mother Field loved will her grand eluldren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle. John L-, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries-and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great grandmother Field most especially, and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame footed boy-for he was a good bit older than me-many a mile when I could not walk for prin, -- and how in after life he became lame footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allownness enough for hun when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame footed, and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betweet life and death, and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me, and though I did not ery or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy with out him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb Here the children fell a erving, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prived me not to go on about their unele, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, some times in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W-n, and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what covness, and difficulty, and denial meant in mindens - when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eves with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was, and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing it last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor nic we eluldren at all The children of Alice call Bartrain father We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of nges before we have existence, and a name '--- and immediately awak ing, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm ehair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side-but John L. (or James Eha) was gone for ever (From Essays of Elia.)

# 'Mackery End.'

Bridget Llin has been my housekeeper for many a long year I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in, a sort of double singleness with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits eelibaev -yet so as 'with a difference' We are generally in harmony, with occasional hickerings-as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather under stood than expressed, and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered are both great readers in different directions ain hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or indventure, whereof our common reading table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies Narrative teases me I have little con eern in the progress of events She must have a storywell, ill, or indifferently told-so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction-and almost in real life-have eersed to interest, or operate but dully upon me Out of the way humours and opinions-heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please nic My consin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common She 'holds Nature more elever' I can sympathy pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici, but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one-the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantas tical and original brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine free thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child, returns its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive, and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points—upon something proper to be done or let alone—whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always in the long run to be brought over to her way of thinking

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company at which times she will ansverges or no to a question without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly, but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let ship a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all that train of female garmiture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most meomparable old maids.

In a season of distress she is the truest comforter, but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, she sometimes maketh inatters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit, but best when she goes a journey with you

We made an exeursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less known relations in that fine eorn country

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire, a farm house, delight fully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead I can just remember having been there, on a visit to n great aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Protons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty vers had elapsed since the visit I speak of and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of

persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, no had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still, the air breathed balmily about it, the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

'But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation!'

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy, but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections, and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood house, the orehard, the place where the pigeon house had stood (house and birds were alike flown), with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years

The only thing left was to get into the house-and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable, for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out of date kinsfolk Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without mc, but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion comely brood are the Brutons Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all-more comely She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, elimbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of consinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire In five minutes we were as thoroughly requainted as if we had been born and bred up together, were familiar, even to the calling each other hy our Christian names. So Christians should call one another To have seen Bridget, and her-it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins !\* There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought We were made welcome by husband and wife equally-we, and our friend that was with us -I had almost forgotten him-but B F will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far-

distant shores where the Langaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming, and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what lionest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Whenthampstead, to introduce us (as some new found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladinans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing -With what corresponding kind ness we were received by them also-how Bridget's memory, evalted by the occasion, warmed into a thou sand half obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own, and to the astoundment of B F, who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there, -old effaced images of more than half forgotten names and circumstances still erowd ing back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth-when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me, and Bridget no more reinember that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since-in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire

(From Essays of Elia)

Lear

So to see Lear acted,-to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted The contemptible machinery by which they mimie the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear they might more easily propose to per sonate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches mind which is laid hare. This case of flesh and blood sceins too insignificant to be thought on, even as lie lumself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage, while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms, in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the hear ens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show it is too hard and stony, it must have love scenes, and a happy ending It is not enough that Cordelia is a danghter, she must slune as a lover too Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast

about more easily. A happy ending '—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the children pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die '

(From the Essay 'On the Tragedies of Shakspeare ')

Our cluef nuthorities for Lamb are his own writings, and the Life and Letters and Final Memorials, by Mr Justice Talfourd Later editions of these works have appeared enlarged by Percy Fitzgerald and W C Hazlitt. There is a quite separate Memoir of Lamb, of considerable interest, by B W Procter (Barry Cornwall'). Another Memoir, and a complete edition of Lambs works and correspondence by the writer of the present article, were published by Messrs Macmillan (6 vols. 1883-88). A new and enlarged edition of Lambs letters by the same editor was in pre paration in 1903. Lambs Essays are the best commentary on his life, his father is the Lovel of the essay on the 'Old Benchers of the Middle Temple, see also E. V. Lucass Lamb and the I loyds (1898). The present article has been revised and reprinted from that originally written for Chambers's Encyclope tha (new edition, vol. vi, 1890).

ALFRED AINGER.

## William Hazlitt,

born at Maidstone on 10th April 1778, came of a family of Hazlitts who had settled in County Antrim at the Revolution Shortly after Hazlitt's birth his father, who was a Unitarian minister, removed to Bandon near Cork, and in 1783 emigrated to America, but he returned with his family a few years later and settled in 1787 at Wem in Shiopshire At his father's desire Hazlitt studied in 1793 at the Unitarian College at Hackney, but even then his tastes by rather in philosophy and politics. It was not till his meeting with Coleridge in 1798, which he has himself described in the essay 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' that his interest in literature was fully awakened, though in this matter he has also recorded his debt to the friendship of Joseph Fawcett (see his essay 'On Criticism') Following the example of his brother John, he first chose for himself the profession of artist, and in October 1802 went to Paris, where for four months he worked at the Louvre (see his essay 'On the Pleasure of Painting') On his return he set up as a portrait-painter, and numbered Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lumb among his sitters, but he could never satisfy himself, though judges such as Northcote believed in His first publication, In Essay on the his ability Principles of Human Action, appeared in 1805, and was followed in 1806 by Free Thoughts on Public Affairs, or Advice to a Patriot, in 1807 by An Abridgment of the Light of Nature Pursued by A Tucker, and a Reply to the Essay on Population by the Rev T R Mallhus, in 1808 by The Eloquence of the Brilish Senate (a selection with biographical and critical notes), and in 1810 by A New and Improved Grammar of the English Tongue, for the Use of Schools He was engaged

chiefly to the Lordon and New Monthly, he brought out another collection of his essays in 1821, en titled Table Talk, or Original Lissays, a second volume with the same title following in 1822. In 1823 appeared his Characteristics, in the Manner of La Rock foucauld's Maxims, while to 1824 belong his Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England, his Scleet British Poets (suppressed, and published in 1825 under the title Select Poets of Great Britain), and his article on the 'Fine Arts' in the Encyclopadia Britannica Before this Hazhtt had won for himself an ugly notoriety by his Liber Amoris, or the New Pygmalion (1823), recording his infituation for a girl named Sarah Walker, the daughter of his landlady, and 'the only woman that ever made me think she loved me' His marriage had proved unhappy, and in June 1822 he was divorced at Edinburgh, but he was soon after distillusioned of the heroine of the Tiber Amoria In 1824 he married Mrs Bridg water, a widow with some money This marriage was likewise unhappy, he travelled for some months with his wife in France, Switzerland, and Italy but in 1825 he returned to London alone, and his wife refused to rejoin him While on this tour he contributed to the Morning Chronicle a series of letters, collected in 1826 under the title Notes of a Journey in France and Italy At the same time there appeared in the  $\Lambda c \omega$ Monthly the series of articles which went to form the Spirit of the Azi, or Contemporary Portraits (1825) The last collection of miscellaneous ess is which he limself edited, The Plain Speaker, Opinions on Lools, Men, and Things (2 vols), was published in 1826 I rom this time onwards he devoted lumself chiefly to the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte Recognising the occusional nature of his earlier work, he now hoped to found his fime on a monumental biography of his life's hero, and he accordingly squandered the energies of his closing verrs on a work which could not but arouse ammosity and for which he was hardly suited either by charicter or training The first and second volumes appeared in 1828, and the third and fourth in 1830. The literary merits of the bool are now, is at its appearance, too often ignored in hostility to its motive. Unfortunately Hight was embarrassed financially by the fulure of his publisher He had to resort again to magazine articles, he brought out the Conversa tions of James Northcole, Esq., RA (1830), 1 collection of articles contributed in 1826-27 under the title 'Boswell Redninus,' to the New Monthly, and he collaborated with Northcote on the Life of Fitian (1830). But in this struggle he had no longer health on his side. He died at I ondon on 1eth September 1830. Three other collections of his essays were published posthumously by his son-Itterary Remains (2 vols 1836), Sketches and Lesays (1839), and Winterslov Lesays and Claraters verittin there (1850) Harlit's political views prejudiced his reputa-

tion as a critic and essayist to a wider public than that of the Quarterly and Blackwood he was best known as a wild Republic in Even his idiosyncrisies tended to make him unpopular Unhappy in his married life, he was unhappy also in his friendships, for he guarrelled unaccountably with all his associates—even with Lamb, though he was afterwards reconciled. Tactless, but of downright honests, though brilliant in conversation yet devoid of social instinct, he seemed to his friends to live in dread of hearing some remark with which The sumulating acuteness he could not agree and fine enthusiasm of his lectures did not conceal the fact that there was little sympathy between him and his audience It his worth is better I nown now than it was in his own day, it is because his writings have lived down the personal prejudice which he too readily aroused

With Coloridge and Lamb, Hazlitt marks the close of the short interregnum in criticism when the classical code of the eighteenth century had been replaced by the more whom of the Edinburgh or Quarterly teviewer. Like Coleridge, he believed that the first requisite of a critic is intelligent sympathy, and that his duty is not so much to report on a work is to interpret it Let lie can hardly be claimed as a member of the romanue school, for, though true to their principles, he had not their limitations, he laughed away their tenet that Pope was not a poet, and he would not be blinded to the nicrits of I rench literature by the new German cult and the erusade against the classical In certain respects he preserves the eighteenth eentury attitude, as in his indifference to the Middle Ages and his appreciation of the clegant in literature, while he had not the enthusiasm of the new school for their own work Personal and political considerations tended to warp his judgment on his contemporaries Though cloquent in his praise of Scott, lie discovers an objectionable political motive in the 'Scotch novels, his dishke of Byron is based on the 'noble author's' peerage, Coleradge, to whom he owed so much, he came to despise for changing his political views, even his whole hearted appre cirtions of Wordsworth are dashed with unfriendly references to the poet's foibles. But these prejudices vere vented merely on the living political bias, for instance, could dull his enthusiasm for Burke He himself confesses that his enticism of the living is in a different category from his appreciations of the older authors. 'I have more confidence in the dead than the hving,' he says, 'contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes, one's friends and one's foes' But it may be claimed for him that his prejudices, unlike those of the romanticists, were not literary He was one of the first to recognise the impos sibility of reconciling different tastes agreement between French and English taste, he points out, is bound to remain till the French become English or the English French, and he adds, with special reference to Slinkespeare and Racine, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism or insipidity and verbiage in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling. Hazlitt's appreciations are more free from the distinguishing marks of a particular school than those of any of the great English critics before him.

Hazlitt characterised his own work when he said that 'a genuine criticism should reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work? Whether he deals with painting or with literature, he pass little attention to matters of form or tech nique and he dways ignores the eircumstances under which the works were produced 'If,' he says, 'a man leaves behind him in work which is a model of its kind we have no right to ask whether he could do mything else, or how he did it, or how long he was about it. Uninterested in the development and interaction of liter itures, he is indifferent even to the growth of the art of an individual author He may tell us that in the Fempest Shakespeare has shown all the variety of his powers, and that I orus Labour's I ost is the play with which he would most readily part, but he never limits that the one was written at the end of Shakespeares career and the other at the beginning difference to such matters explains his maccuracy in points of firet. I ew of his many quotations are given correctly, his references are vague, and he knew nothing of the worries of accurate chron-What alone interests him is the complete work in itself. He lind not, and expressly diselamed, a wide knowledge of literature, and latterly he would rather read the same book for the twentieth time than read a new one. His favourite authors, and Shakespeare in particular, he knew so well that he could hardly write without alluding to them, or quoting from them, or employing their phraseology And this intense knowledge makes him as guiltless of a second hand is of an off hand opinion, though he is occasionally under some debt to the conversation of his friends from whom he horrows most is himself, for he indulges largely in the questionable liabit of repeating, often in the same words, what he has said elsewhere But this only points to that 'pertinacity of opinion' on which he prided himself, in literature as in politics. In no case would be revise his judgments, he would only repeat them and emphasise them

He has spoken of his early difficulties in writing, but latterly he could say that he had merely to 'unfold the book and volume of the brain' and transcribe the characters he saw there as mechanically as any one might copy the letters in a sampler It was fitting that a critic who was indifferent, to technique should himself have no ambitions to be known by his style, and should expressly avoid formal method. What he desired above all was 'life, and spirit, and truth,' and whether he writes on Cavanagh the Fives Player, or the fight of

That years in the history of the person represented which perhaps more than anything clse distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shake-speare from all others is this wonderful truth and individuality of conception Each of his characters is as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind poet may be said, for the time, to identify himself with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to mother, like the same soul successively animating different bodies. By an art lil e that of the ventraloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself, and makes every word appear to proceed from the mouth of the person in ho c name it is given. His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them His characters are real beings of flesh and blood, they speak like men, not like authors. One might suppose that he had stood by at the time, and overheard what As in our dreams we hold conversations with ourselves, make remarks, or communicate intelligence, and have no idea of the answer which we shall receive, and which we ourselves make, till we hear it—so the dialogues in Shakespeare are earned on without any consciousness of what is to follow, without any appearance of preparation or premeditation The gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind Nothing is made out by formal inference and analogy, by clumax and antithesis all comes, or seems to come, Lach object and eircumstance inimediately from nature exists in his mind, as it would have existed in reality, each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself, without confusion or effort. In the world of his imagination, everything has a life, a place, and being of its own !

Changer's characters are sufficiently distinct from one another, but they are too little varied in themselves, too much like identical propositions. They are consistent, but uniform, we get no new idea of them from first to last, they are not placed in different lights, nor are their subordinate traits brought out in new situations, they are like portruts or physiognomical studies, with the distinguishing features marked with inconceivable truth and precision, but that preserve the same unaltered air and attitude Shake-peare's are historical figures, equally true and correct, but put into action, where every nerve and mulele is displayed in the struggle with others, with all the eff et of collision and contrast, with every variety of light and shade. Chaneer's characters are narrative, Shakespeare's drainatie, Milton's epic. That is, Chaucer told only as much of his story as he pleated, as y as required for a particular purpose. He answered for his characters hunself. In Slinke-speare, they are introduced upon the stage, are liable to be asked all sorts of ques tions, and are forced to answer for themselves Chaacer we perceive a fixed essence of character Shake peare there is a continual composition and decommission of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass, by its alternate affinity or antipals to other principles which are brought in contret with it Till the experiment is tried, we do not I not be reall the turn which the character will take in is new circumstances. Milton tool only a few son, to principles of character, and raised them to the conceivable gran leur, and refined them from e er, base alloy Hi languartion, 'night sphered in Heaven,' clanned kindred only with what he can from

that height, and could ruse to the same clevation with itself. He sat retired and kept his state alone, 'playing with wisdom,' while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd, and played the host, 'to make society the sweeter welcome.'

(From Lectures on the English Poets)

## Pope

The question whether Pope was a poet has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling, for if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose writer-that is, he was a great writer of some sort was a man of exquisite faculties, and of the most re fined taste, and as he chose verse (the most obvious dis tinction of poetry) as the vehicle to express his ideas, he has generally passed for a poet, and a good one. If, indeed, by a great poet we mean one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, or the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not in this sense a great poct for the bent, the charac teristic power of his mind, lay the clean contrary way, namely, in representing things as they appear to the in different observer, stripped of prejudice and passion, as in his Critical Essays, or in representing them in the most contemptible and insignificant point of view, as in his Satires, or in clothing the little with mock-dignity, as in his poems of l'iney, or in adorning the trivial incidents and familiar relations of life with the iitmost elegance of expression and all the flattering illusions of friendship or self love, as in his Upistles He was not, then, distinguished as a poet of lofty enthusiasm, of strong iniagination, with a pressionate sense of the beauties of nature, or a deep insight into the norkings of the heart, but he was a wit and a critic, a man of sense, of observa tion, and the world, with a keen relish for the elegances of art, or of nature when embellished by art, a quick tact for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and eustoms of society, a refined sympathy with the sentiments and habitudes of human life, as he felt them within the little circle of his family and friends. He was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art, and the distinction between the two, as well as I can make it out, is this-The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion in his own breast, sympathises with whitever is benutiful and grand and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men, so that the poet of nature, by the truth and depth and harmony of his mind, may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature, to be identified with and to foreknow and to record the feelings of all nich at all times and places, as they are liable to the same impressions, and to exert the same power over the minds of his renders that nature does He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are, he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the first principles of his and our common nature Such was Homer, such was Shakespeare, whose works will list as long as nature, because they are a copy of the in destructible forms and everlasting impulses of nature, welling out from the bosom as from a perennial spring, or stamped upon the senses by the hand of their minker The power of the imagination in them is the representa tive power of all nature. It has its centre in the human soul, and makes the circuit of the universe.

Pope was not assuredly a poet of this class, or in the

first rank of it. He saw nature only dressed by art, he judged of beauty by fashion, he sought for truth in the opinions of the world, he judged of the feelings of others by his own The expresous soul of Shakespeare had an intuitive and mighty sympathy with whatever could enter into the heart of man in all possible circumstances Pope had an exact knowledge of all that he himself loved or hated, wished or wanted Milton has winged his daring flight from heaven to earth, through Chaos and old Pope's Muse never wandered with safety but from his library to his grotto, or from his grotto into his library back again. His mind dwelt with greater pleasure on his own garden than on the garden of Eden, he could describe the faultless whole length mirror that reflected his own person, better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face of heaven-a piece of cut glass or a pair of paste buckles with more brilliance and effect than a thousand den drops glittering in the sun He would be more delighted with a patent lamp than with 'the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,' that fills the skies with its soft silent lustre, that trembles through the cottage window, and cheers the watchful mariner on the lonely wave. In short, he was the poet of personality and of polished life. That which was nearest to him was the greatest, the fashion of the day bore suay in his mind over the immutable laws of nature ferred the artificial to the natural in external objects. because he had a stronger fellow feeling with the self love of the maker or proprictor of a gengaw than admiration of that which was interesting to all mankind He preferred the artificial to the natural in passion because the involuntary and uncalculating impulses of the one hurried him away with a force and vehemence with which he could not grapple, while he could trifle with the conventional and superficial modifications of mere sentument at will, laugh at or admire, put them on or off like a masquerade dress, make much or little of them, indulge them for a longer or a shorter time, as he pleased, and because, while they amused his fancy and excreised his ingenuity, they never once disturbed his vanity, his levity, or indifference. His mind was the antithesis of strength and grandeur, its power was the power of indifference He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry, he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion (From Lectures on the English Poets )

### Scott and Shakespeare

No one admires or delights in the Scotch Novels more than I do, but at the same time when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare's, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different Sir Walter is an imitator of nature and nothing more, but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than The creative principle is everywhere restless and redundant in Shakespeare, both as it relates to the invention of feeling and imagery, in the author of IVaverley it hes for the most part dormant, sluggish, and unused Sir Walter's mind is full of information, but the 'o'er inform ing power' is not there Shakespeare's spirit, like fire. shines through him Sir Walter's, like a stream, reflects surrounding objects It is true, he has shifted the scene from Scotland into England and France, and the manners and characters are strikingly English and Trench, but this does not prove that they are not local, and that they are not borrowed, as well as the scenery and costume,

attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or smiling, delighted, at my own want of success?

In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty is the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same favourite books, pictures, passages, that I ever had I may therefore presume that they will last me my lifenay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive me This continuity of impression is the only thing on which I pride myself Even Lainb, whose relish of certain things is as keen and carnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afruid to ask about his select authors or particular friends after a lapse of ten years As to myself, any one knows where to have me. What I have once made np my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. I should be an excellent man on a jury I might say little, but should starve 'the other eleven obstinate fellows? out

(From 'A Farewell to Essay Writing in Winterslow)

## On Judging of Pictures

I deny in toto and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures What is a picture made for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of a painter—that is, of one man in ten thousand? No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all a picture be admired by none but printers, I think it is a strong presumption that the picture is bad is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events Everybody sees as well as he whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill All that the painter can do more than the las spectator is to tell ruhs and how the ments and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful, and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening in correct He then points out to me whence the blemish arises, but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am In Hogarth's 'Frontispiece' I see that the whole husiness is absurd, for a man on a full two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me, he tells me that is from a want of perspective—that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me why the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saving 'the picture is bad' as he is To take a coarse illustra tion, but one most exactly apposite. I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad-whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable, it is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr Kitchener and Mr Ude But it needs a cook to tell one why it is bad, that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t'other, that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little. These things, the wherefores, as Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me, but the point in debate-the worth or the bad quality of the painting or pottage-I am as well able to decide upon as any who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming ladle

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetrs of painting—I deny still more peremptorily the exclusive ness of the initiated — It might as well be said that none

but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy, may, there is more plausibility in the one than the other No man can judge of poetry without possess ing in some measure a poetical mind, it need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyse Now, in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may I now what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despuir, without being able to draw a straight line, and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so indging A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poets mind to conceive, very well, but then they need a draughtsman's hand to execute. Now, he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of pro ducing it himself. I am far from saying that any one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects which they present, but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves

> (From Hunt's Literary Examiner, 1823 No 5 reprinted in Essays on the Fine Arts 1873)

Works edued by A. R. Waller and A. Glover, with Introduction by W. E. Henley (12 vols 1902, &c.) Isterary Lemains of the late William Hazlitt with a Notice of his Life by his Son and Phonghis on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer and Talfourd (2 vols 1836) Memoirs of William Hazlitt by W. Carew Hazlitt (1867) Four Generations of a Literary Finnity by W. Carew Hazlitt (2 vols 1897) William Hazlitt Fisiajist and Critic, with a Memoir by Alexander Ireland (1889) Hazlitt Essays on Poetry, edited with Introduction, by D. Nichol Smith (1901) William Hazlitt by Augustine Birrell, 'English Men of Letters series (1902)

D. NICHOL SMITTI

Francis Jeffrey, son of George Jeffrey, a depute-clerk in the Court of Session, was born at Edmburgh on 23rd October 1773 There he lived almost continuously from his earliest school days 'in the abyss of Bailie Fyfe's Close' to his latter years as a Lord of Session and 'Duke of Cruigcrook' At the age of fourteen he passed from the High School of Edinburgh to the University of Glasgon, where he remained till 1789 During the next two years, which he spent in his native city and at an uncle's place in Stirlingshire, he appears to have devoted himself to the composition of letters and essays on various critical and ethical subjects, as well as a Sketch of My Own Character That he wrote no less than thirty one papers between November 1789 and March 1790 is a fact of some interest in the biography of the liter Yet they are of indifferent promise, and history will prefer to signalise these aimless years by the occasion on which he assisted in carrying to bed the greatest of biographers in a state of the greatest intoxication He proceeded to Oxford in September 1791, but he found the life there so uncongenial that he returned in July of the next The men at Queen's were 'pedants, cox combs, and strangers ' so ill at ease was he that he could say, 'This place has no latent charms,' and

extent, as in the later Causeries du Lunds and other analogous examples, the outcome of journalistic necessity. In Jeffrey's case this manner was probably helped by a habit, acquired in youth, of making extensive notes and prices of books and lectures, and of interpolating paragraphs of approval or dissent. The method made 'criticism' easy to those who were in a hurry to write, or in a hurry to read, and it undoubtedly did much, in the earlier stages at least, to stimulate literary taste. Jeffrey, however, never sank the critical in the descriptive (the Edinburgh Review was also, as its title-page claimed, a Critical Journal), and, far more than his successors, made his reviewing an excuse for the iteration of a definite critical doctrine.

There are but few pages of Jeffrey's writings-at least in the ample selection which he reprintedwhich are lacking in literary interest either in point of view or in style. Despite the miscellaneous character of his work, the manner is uniformly 'correct' in the best sense, his English is not merely good, but always clear, and often lively When he is dull or commonplace, as lie is on occasion, it is nearly always because he has looked at the subject too carefully and from both sides, and has declined to give a bias to the indolent reader The sincerity which he showed in his analysis and judgment has its counterpart in the sincerity of his style, it was a necessary corollary to the exact rule which guided his approach to a subject that he should spare no effort to make his familiarity clear to his readers. In the more intimate passages of his juvenilia he vows himself to a strenuous discipline, guided by the best models, in the preparation of a careful prose style. His more obvious faults of manner are traceable to a certain priggishness, which appears in the exercises of his earliest college days, reappears at times in the censorious Review, and is transformed in the correspondence of later life into that condescension from which a Scottish judge of that day could hardly escape. There can be no doubt that it was this profession of superiority, apart from political and personal antipathies, which irritated his more sensitive contemporaries, but it must be conceded that Jeffrey, if at times indiscreet, had good reason to believe in his more thorough mastery of the problem in hand. His legal cast of mind, strengthened by his experience at the Bar, undoubtedly stimulated this habit, for in his writings, and in the later rather than in the earlier, he shows the ingenuity of the cross examiner in coaving from himself effective evidence of his own learning and judgment.

Later criticism has inclined to discredit Jeffrey's literary acumen and to blame him for his Corinthian manner of disagreement—even for setting a bad example to the essayists of the next generation Yet Jeffrey's obtuseness is but apparent Opinions like his 'This will never do,' wrenched from their context and brought face to free with modern taste,

may well put the best of Jeffrey's apologists out of countenance, but it must be remembered, in his behalf, that he had the difficult problem of dealing with the work of contemporaries, and of passing judgments which his renders wished to receive as final, and, moreover, that the issues before him were not exactly the issues which concern us has his prejudices, but they are never wanton His most extravagant utterances about the Lake School, even his unfortunate gibe at 'dancing daffodils,' for which he is still in the critics' purgatory, are less the expression of mere dislike than the logical outcome of a carefully adopted theory He took ill to the Wordsworthian dogmas, to German transcendentalism and vulgarity, in a general way to the 'new things' of the Romantic Spirit, primarily because the indifference or opposition of these views to artistic method, as expressed in the catch phrase 'Poetic Diction,' struck rudely at his lifelong purpose to establish an analogical rule or habit in the domain of criticism And after all, in his most inconsiderate (not unconsidered) judgments he never went so far astray as Wordsworth did in his description of the eighteenth century To the historical student it is an easier task to justify Jeffrey from his point of view than it is to be convinced of Wordsworth's perspective, however strongh Wordsworthin the reader's sympathies may be Moreover, Jeffrey's fine instinct for the best passages in contemporary literature, even in those authors which were not after his heart, is a qualification for the critical Areopagus which his greatest errors of judgment cannot destroy pages of extract which fill the earlier numbers of the Edinburgh form, if taken by themselves, an anthology of no small permanent value charge of undue severity or unfairness in his criticism the readiest retort is to invite a comparison with Gifford or Lockhart, who dragooned heresy and ineptitude as Jeffrey never did or could have His generous appreciation of Burns and Keats, and his amende honorable in his postscripts on Scott and Wordsworth, are unmatched in those who gloried in resting on one side of the ques-Jeffrey has gained the obloquy of the tion ' pioneer, but the rereading of his 'insensate rage' at the distance of a century will adjust the balance. His breadth of view saved him from the minor and persistent asperities He was for that reason more prone to annoy his victim by a suspension of judgment, by hopping round and round him, than by knocking him down with a blow active indecision, if we may so call it, while it was more merciful to the author, sometimes undid or damaged the reputation of the critic.

## Men of Letters and Society

The last distinction between good French and good English society arises from the different position which was occupied in each by the men of letters. In France, certainly, they mingled much more extensively with the polite world—incalculably to the benefit both of that

much counter to the general character of the nation to be very much followed, and undoubtedly the greater and better part of their writers turned rather to us for hints and lessons to guide them in their ambitious career There was a greater original affinity in the temper and genius of the two nations, and, in addition to that consideration, our great authors were indisputably at once more original and less classical than those of France Lugland, hon ever, we are sorry to say, could furnish abundance of bad as well as of good models, and even the best were peril ous enough for rash mutators. As it happened, however, the worst were most generally selected, and the worst parts of the good. Shakespeare was admired, but more for his flights of fancy, his daring improprieties, his tres passes on the borders of absurdity, than for the infinite sagacity and rectifying good sense by which he redeemed those extravagances, or even the profound tenderness and simple pathos which alternated with the lofty sour ing or dazzling imagery of his style Altogether, how ever, Shakespeare was beyond their rivalry, and although Schiller has dared, and not ingloriously to cinulate his miraeles, it was plainly to other ments and other rival ries that the body of his ingenious countrymen aspired The ostentations absurdity, the affected oddity, the pert familiarity, the broken style and exaggerated scutiment of Fristram Shandy, the mankish morality, dandling details, and interminable agonies of leichardson, the vulgar adventures and homely, though at the same time fantastical, speculations of John Buncle and others of his forgotion class, found far more favour in their eyes They were original, startling, unclassical, and puzzling They excited curiosity his not being altogether intelligible, effectually excluded inonotons by the rapidity and violence of their transitions, and promised to rouse the most torpid sensibility by the violence and perseverance with v high they thundered at the heart. They were the very things, in short, which the German originals were in search of, and they were not slow, therefore, in adopting and improving on them In order to make them thoroughly their own, they had only to exaggerate their peculiarities, to mix up with them a certain allow ance of their old visionary philosophy, musty metaphysics, and superstitious visions, and to introduce a few erray sententious theorists, to sprinkle over the whole a season ing of rash speculation on morality and the fine arts

(From the Edinburgh Review August 1825)

## Burns and Wordsworth.

Our other remark is of a more limited application, and is addressed eliiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry, against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity, and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplicity of Burns has copied the spoken language of passion and affection, with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation, but he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations, nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections, and all the puling expletives of an old nursery maid's vocabulary may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines before they find any 'Good Incks 1'-'Dear hearts 1' -or 'As a body may says,' in them, or any stuff about duncing daffodils and sister Emmelines Let them think with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, of Andrew Jones and the half crown, or of Little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leech gatherers with the authentic rustics of Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, and his inimitable songs, and reflect on the different reception which those personifications have met with from the public. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more directly than they can do, and produced some thing so much liker the admired copies of the masters whom they have abjured

(From the Edinburgh Review, January 1809.)

## Scott's Poetic Genius

In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the render's enriosity among his motives for attention Then his characters are all selected from the most common diamatis fersona of poetry-kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels wizards, and true lovers He never ventures to carry us into the cottage of the modern peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper, nor into the bosom of doinestic privacy, like Campbell, nor among creatures of the imagination, like Snutley or Darwin Such personnges, we readily admit, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to whom Mr Scott has devoted himself, but they are far less familiar in poetry, and are therefore more likely, perhaps, to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar In the management of the passions, again, Mr Scott appears to have pursued the same popular and compara tively easy course. He has rused all the most familiar and poetical emotions, by the most obvious aggregations and in the most compendious and judicious ways has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections. but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm or melted hun into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any pression to a height to which worldly people could not be transported, and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to hreathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordi nary business and amusements of life, or that quict and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and univer sally understood, and, for this purpose, to have called the most glutering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows and draying with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never failing abundance, and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing in Mr Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton, or of the terse and fine composition of Pope, or

whither he was going, till he lind covered his pages with an interminable arabesque of connected and incongruous figures, that multiplied as they extended, and were only harmonised by the brightness of their tints and the graces of their forms. In this rish and headlong career he has, of course, many lapses and failures. There is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule, or select more obscure, un natural, or absurd passages. But we do not take that to be our office, and must beg leave on the contrary to say that any one who on this account would represent the whole poem as despicable must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth

(From the Fdinbrigh Review, August 1820.)

### Wordsworth,

I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, and forgetting that, even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical ments, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these vir acites of expression. And indeed so strong his been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the nttributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently ex pre sed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in or openly renounced and nbandoned as untenable

I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of The Execursion, which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr Wordsworth set forth too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other inculpations—and of which I think I may now venture to say further, that if the faults are unsparingly noted, the beauties are not penuriously or grudgingly allowed, but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and good will

But I have also reprinted a short paper on the same author's White Doe of Ry Istone—in which there certainly is no praise or notice of beauties to set against the very unqualified censures of which it is wholly made up. I have done this, however, not merely because I adhere to these censures, but chiefly because it seemed necessary to bring me fairly to issue with those who may not concur in them. I can easily understand that many whose admiration of the Excursion or the Lineal Ballads rests substantially on the passages which I too should join in admiring may view with greater indulgence than I can do the tedious and flat passages with which they are interspersed, and may consequently think my censure of these works a great deal too harsh and uncharitable Between such persons and me, therefore, there may be no

radical difference of opinion or contrariety as to prin ciples of judgment. But if there be any who actually admire this White Doe of Ry Istone, or Peter Bell [, or] The Waggoner, or the Lamentations of Martha Rae, or the Sonnels [up]on the Punishment of Death, there can be no such ambiguity or means of reconcilement. Now I have been assured not only that there are such person, but that almost all those who seek to exalt Mr Wordsworth as the founder of a new school of poetry consider these as by far his best and most characteristic productions, and would at once reject from their com mumon any one who did not acknowledge in them the traces of a high inspiration Now I wish it to be under stood that when I speak with general intolerance or impatience of the school of Mr Wordsworth, it is to the school holding these tenets and applying these tests that I refer and I really do not see how I could better explain the grounds of my dissent from their doctrines than by republishing my remarks on this White Doc

> (Note to review of The Excursion November 1814 Contributions, vol. 11, ed. 1846 pp. 504-5.)

This [The White Doc], we think, has the ment of being the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume, and though it was scareely to be expected, we confess, that Mr Wordsworth, with all his ambition, should so soon have attained to that distinction, the wonder may perhaps be diminished when we state that it seems to us to consist of a liappy union of all the faults, without any of the beau ties, which belong to his school of poetry It is just such a work, in short, as some wicked enemy of that school might be supposed to have devised on purpose to make it ridiculous, and when we first took it up, we could not help suspecting that some ill natured critic had actually taken this harsh method of instructing Mr Wordsworth, by example, in the nature of those errors, nguist which our precepts had been so often directed in We had not gone far, however, till we felt in tuitively that nothing in the nature of a joke could be so insupportably dull, and that this must be the work of one who carnestly believed it to be a pattern of pathetic simplicity, and gave it out as such to the admiration of nll intelligent readers. In this point of view, the work may be regarded as currous at least, if not in some degree interesting, and at all events it must be instructive to be made aware of the excesses into which superior under standings may be betrayed by long self indulgence, and the strange extravagances into which they may run when under the influence of that intoxication which is produced by nnrestrained admiration of themselves This poetical intoxication, indeed, to pursue the figure a little farther, seems capable of assuming as many forms as the vulgar one which arises from wine, and it appears to require as delicate a management to make a man a good poet by the help of the one as to make him a good companion by means of the other. In both cases, a little mistake as to the dose or the quality of the inspiring fluid may make him absolutely outrageous, or hill him over into the most profound stupidity, instead of brightening up the hidden stores of his genius and truly we are concerned to say that Mr Wordsworth seems hitherto to have been unlucky in the choice of his hquor-or of his bottle holder some of his odes and ethic exhortations he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium to which we think we have seen a parallel

'a regular and confirmed (no longer an interiniting) opium-eater,' taking not less than eight thousand drops daily, sometimes as much as twelve thousand Wilson's friendship drew him to Edinburgh in the winter of 1814-15, where he had a remarkable success as a conversitionalist iowards the close of 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, daughter of a Westmorland farmer

Of literary production there was as yet no hint, and the growing mastery of the opium habit

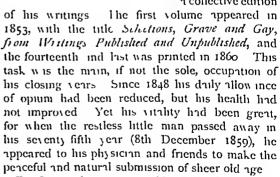
had impaired his One energy reasonable interval, in which he had been attracted by Ricardo's Principles, brought forth no more than a fragment, Prolegomena to all Luture Systems of Political Economy, which he did not complete. In 1819 he undertook the editing of a local Tors journal, The II estmoreland Gazette It was not till September 1821, in the pages of the London Magazine, that he broke his silence with the first instalment of the Confessions of an Opium - Later, being an Latract from the Life of a Scholar, followed, during his stry in London, by an in-

termittent series of articles on miscell meous subjects, including the Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Net heted (1823) and an attack on Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Muster (1824) In 1825 he prepared a free version of Walladmor, a poor Leipzig contribution in the genre of the Waverley Novels, and in that year he went to the north again, to live, partly at Grasinere, but with increasing frequency in Edinburgh, where he found literary opportunity in Blackwood's Magazine and the Edinburgh Literary Gazette He summoned his wife and children thither in 1830, and remained there almost continuously till his death. He moved his family from house to house, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the outskirts, after the death of his wife (1837) he found a home for his children at Lasswade He did his literary work in 100ms at No 42 Lothian Street, but he occasionally fled to

other lodgings, which he 'snowed up' with papers and books He resided in Glasgow between March 1841 and June 1843, and for the greater part of 1847, first as the guest of his friends Professors Nichol and Lushington, but for most of the time in lodgings at No 79 Renfield Street His writing in Edinburgh was mainly for Blackwood's Magazine, and after 1834 for Tait's, to which he contributed the autobiographic Sketches His activity was great, despite his indifferent health, and it was at

this period that he produced some of his more notable papers - Suspiria Profundis de (1845) Joan of Arc, the review of Schlosser's Literary History, and The Spanish Wili tary \un (1847). The English Mail den Death (1849) His original ro ni ince. Kloster herm. in 1832, and his I conom; in 1844 After 1849 neurly his pipers appeared in the recently founded magazine, Hogg's Instinctor (re named later The Istan), and in 1850 he พลร engaged by the publisher, James Hogg, to prepare a collective edition





De Quincey's reputation, like Jeffrey's, is based exclusively on a long series of miscellaneous papers contributed to periodicals. His work has had a more permanent popularity, because of the wider range of subject and the greater measure of imagination allowed by the 'Magazine' as con



From the Portrait by Sir J Watson Gordon in the National Portrait Gallery

approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road, we missed the whirl and the uprour, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach Already at three stages' distance (say, forty miles from London), upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps, in your neighbourhood, continues to in-Arrived at the last station crease, you know not how for changing horses-Barnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western-you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage, nobody says on pulling up, 'Horses on to London, that would sound ridiculous, one niighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian maelstrom, and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word trepidatio? Not anything peculiarly connected with jinne, it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming hattle us of a coming flight, to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre, agitation is the nearest English word. This trefidation increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Ningara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, intil at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds what soever Finally, for nules before you reach a suburb of London such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own after insignificance. Livery where else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any), are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity at all events you are seen after passing the final post house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve nules, you become aware that you are no longer noticed nolody sees you, nobody hears you, nobody regards yon, you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things-1 poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at start ing, squire or 'squireen,' lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cablebeyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America

(From the Autobiography)

## The Sacred Danger

Gibbon has left us a description, not very powerful, of a case which is all powerful of itself, and needs no expansion—the case of a state criminal vainly attempting to escape or to hide himself from Caesar—from the arm wrapped in clouds, and stretching over kingdoms alike, or oceans, that arrested and drew back the wretch to judgment—from the inevitable eye that slept not nor slumbered, and from which neither Alps interposing,

nor immeasurable deserts, nor trackless seas, nor a four months' flight, nor perfect innocence, could screen him The world, the world of civilisation, was Cresar's and he who fled from the wrath of Cæsar sud to himself, of necessity, 'If I go down to the sea, there is Casar on the shore, if I go into the sands of Bilidulgerid, there is Cresar waiting for me in the desert, if I take the wings of the morning, and go to the utmost recesses of wild beasts, there is Cosar before me' All this makes the condition of a criminal under the Western Empire terrific, and the condition even of a subject perilous. But how stringe it is, or would be so had Gibbon been a man of more sensibility, that he should have overlooked the converse of the case-viz, the terrific condition of Casar, annulst the terror which he caused to others. In fact, both conditions were full of despair. But Cresar's was the worst, by a great pre emmence, for the state criminal could not be made such without his own concurrence, for one moment, at least, it lind been within his choice to be no criminal at all, and then for him the thunderbolts of Casar slept. But Casar had rarely any choice as to his own election, and for him, therefore, the dagger of the assassin never could sleep men's houses, other men's bedchambers, were generally asylunis, but for Casar, his own palace had not the privileges of a home. His own armies were no guards. his own pavilion, rising in the very centre of his armies sleeping around him, was no sanctuary. In all these places had Cresar many times been murdered these pledges and sanctities-his household gods, the majests of the empire, the sacramentum nulitare-all had given way, all had yawned beneath his feet

The imagination of man can frame nothing so awful -the experience of man has witnessed nothing so awful, as the situation and tenure of the Western Casar The danger which threatened lum was like the pestilence which walketh in darkness, but which also walketh in the noon day. Morning and evening, summer and winter, brought no change or shadow of turning to this particular evil. In that respect it enjoyed the immuni ties of God at was the same yesterday, to day, and for After three centuries it had lost nothing of its virulence, it was growing worse continually the heart of man ached under the evil, and the necessity of the evil Can any man incasure the siclening fear which must have possessed the hearts of the ladies and the children composing the imperial family? To them the mere terror, entailed like an inheritance of leprosy upon their family above all others, must have made it a woe like one of the evils in the Revelations-such in its infliction, such in its inevitability. It was what Pagan language denominated 'a sacred danger,' a danger charmed and conscerated against human alleviation

(From The Philosophy of Roman History )

### Prose

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity, then, by an inverse order, it will

good number of Latin phrases. Latin '-Oh, but that was charming, and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft imperennent, relented at onec, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington tronsers to his uncular and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared least about. On the other hand, the amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular show him a withered frost bitten verb, that wanted its pretente, wanted its gerunds, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude All day long he was, as you many say, marching and countermarching his favourite brigades of verbsverbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative -horse, foot, and artillery, changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties, until Kate not given to frint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so season ably of a vesper headache. This was really worse than St Sebastian's It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault, who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb senniver-Je m'ennine, tu t'ennines, il sennint, nous nous ennuyous, etc., thence to the imperfect-Je m'ennujois, tu tennujois, etc., thence to the imperative -Qual s'ennige, etc., and so on, through the whole dolorous conjugation Now, you know, when the time comes that nous nous ennugous, the best course is to Kate saw that, and she walked off from the Don's (of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe), taking from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But then, observe, the Don also was a relative, and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field days A man, if he is a kinsman, has no unlimited privilege of boring one an uncle has a qualified right to hore his nephews, even when they happen to be meees, but he has no right to bore either nephew or niece gratis

(From The Spanish Wilitary Aun )

### The Mail-Coach.

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon alien evidence, as, for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London Apart from such an assertion or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mul couch, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was, Non magna loaumur, as upon rulways, but winnus Yes, 'magna animus,' we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realise our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed, we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling, and this speed was not the product of blind insensite agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was mear

nated in the fiery evelvalls of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmodic muscles, and thunder beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement, the glory of Salamanea might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the tiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam kettle. The galvanie cycle is broken up for ever, man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the hor e, the interagencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blizes that reverled, of mobs that agitated, or miding ht solitudes that awed Lidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforwards trivel by culinary process and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart shaking when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot wallopings of the boiler

Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings, for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a rulway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a rulway station have as little unity as running water and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

(From the English Mail Cont.)

# Our Ladies of Sorrow

These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, 'The Sorrows,' there will be a chance of mistaking the term, it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow, whereas I want a term expressing the inighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh—I et us call them, therefore, Our Ladies of Serrow

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart, but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with I evana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Mighty phan toms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst them selves is no voice nor sound, eternal silence reigns in their kingdoms. They spoke not, as they talked with Levana, they whispered not, they sang not though oftentimes methought they might have sang for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by

oungest sister moves with incalculable motions, bound g, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key, for, ough coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name Mater Tenebrarum—Our Lady of Darkness.

(From Suspiria de Profundis)

De Quincey is his own hiographer but a more compact account, all additional matter, will be found in H. A. Page's Thomas de mincey his Life and Writings (2 vols., and ed., London, 1879), and in a handier form in Masson's De Quincey in the series of English Men of Letters. The first collective edition of the orks ran to fourteen volumes (Edinburgh, 1853-60), a fifteenth as added in 1863, and a sixteenth in 1871. The American edition, buch was begun in 1851, before the author's Edinburgh edition, and was extended to twenty two volumes, is fuller and the later inverside Press edition, in twelve thick volumes is even more implete. Masson's 'New and Enlarged Edition of The Collected Tritings of Thomas de Quincey (14 vols. Edinburgh, 1839-90) con ins all the known remains regrouped according to subject.

G GREGORY SMITH

# John Keats.

Of the greater poets who were writing in the rst quarter of the nineteenth century, Keats 1795-1821) was born latest and was the first to ie. The eldest child of a London stable keeper of west country origin, he had lost both his parents then, at the age of fifteen, he left school and was pprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton ie went into lodgings in London, and began to valk the hospitals. But his passion for poetry, timulated by intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Haydon, and others, developed into an ardent ambition, ind after a time he abandoned his profession, and, iving on his small inheritance, devoted himself o literature. Early in 1817 he published a small olume of Poems, which, together with verses of no merit or promise, contained the famous sonnet, On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' and everal pieces less completely successful but equally characteristic. This volume also shows he influences which had so far most affected that of Spenser and other Elizabethans, hat of Leigh Hunt, and that of Classical Mythplogy, as gathered chiefly from books like Lemoriere's Dictionary After its publication, which has hardly noticed outside the circle of his riends, he began to write his first long poem, Endymion, the composition of which occupied um till near the end of 1817, and which was published in the spring of 1818. His mind was growing fast at this time He was dissatisfied with his work before he had finished it, in the Preface he ascribes to it 'every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished, and he was little affected by the contempt with which Blackwood's Magazine and the Quarterly greeted an author known to the Tory writers as a friend of the Radical Hunt Indeed, before Endymion appeared Keats had passed out of the stage of apprenticeship Early in 1818, when he was a few months over twenty-two, he was writing Isabella, and by the autumn of 1819 he had produced almost all the work on which his fame rests—Isabella, Hyperion, The Eric of St Agnis, Lamia, the poems in seven-syllable couplets, the Odes, most of the Sonnets, La Belle Dame sans Merci, and the fragment of The Eve of St Mark, an achievement not merely remarkable but quite unparalleled in the history of English poetry

But even during its accomplishment the turningpoint in Keats's life arrived His mother had died of consumption In December 1818 his brother Tom, tenderly nursed by him, succumbed to the same disease. His own health, after a walkingtour in Scotland in the summer of that year, was And about the time of his never satisfactory brother's death he met Fanny Braune, and the passion which fevered the last two years of his life fastened on him In February 1820 his lungs were attacked He slowly recovered, but in June another attack occurred, and in July, just when his new poems appeared, he was described as 'under sentence of death' In the early autumn he left England for Italy with the painter Joseph Severn, who remained with him until, after much suffering, he died in Rome on 23rd February 1821 Since that wonderful period of twenty months he had written little of great value, though the revision of Hyperion is extremely interesting for its ideas and for the comparative seventy of the style is not strange that in the last year of his life he should sometimes have spoken and written with a bitterness quite foreign to his nature in health, or should now have felt the brutal injustice of the attacks which, he thought, had deprived him

The accounts of Kents left by his friends, like his own letters, which are invaluable, present the picture of a very attractive and, on the whole, a fine character eager, enthusiastic and sensitive, but humorous, and remarkably reasonable, quite free from pettiness, vanity, and affectation, resolute and, at bottom, dceply serious The passion of love seems to have affected him violently without engaging his whole nature, and there is something unpleasant in many of his references to this subject, but he was a good brother and a good friend, sweet tempered and full of helpfulness and tact Being about a quarter of a century younger than Wordsworth and Coleradge, he had not to experience their political disillusionment, and, like his contemporaries Byron and Shelley, he was a Liberal in politics and quite unorthodox in religion. These subjects are referred to only in his earlier poems, and they never engrossed his attention, but he neither was nor thought that he ought to be absorbed in poetry to the exclusion of In spite of much despondency all other interests the consciousness of genius was strong in him, but it was accompanied by a winning modesty and an unusual degree of self-knowledge was aware of a certain contention in his nature To the beauty which speaks primarily to the senses, and brings unmingled pleasure, he was exquisitely sensitive, and it is no defect but a great merit in his poetry that it expresses so keenly this poetic joy. But he believed that a higher and more intense beauty is to be found elsewhere—for instance, in the strike of hum in hearts?—and that it cannot be found except through a sympathy and a thought or knowledge which bring pain. In this 'thought' he felt himself wanting, and he felt also that in him it disturbed that simpler enjoyment of hearity which he some times called 'sensation' or 'luxing'. But for this

reason held lumself to be unfit is vet for poetry of the highest kinds and he was deter mined to go for The cry, ward. O for a life of sensitions rather than of thoughts? is characteristic of Keats, and, how ever long he had lived, he would never have been content with inv thought that fuled to take an unil inative form and so to excite sen sation, but not less characteristic of him are words these find there is no worthy pursuit hut the idea of doing some good for the world Same do it with their society -some with their wit - some with their benevolence.

JOHN KEATS
From the Pottrait by W. Hilton, & V., in the National Pettrait Gallery.

There is but one way for me. The road hes through application, study, and thought?

Of Keats's longer poems the two on mythological subjects were fir the most ambitious in design Endymion is a romance in four books, Hyperion was to be an epic in ten, and it seems evident that in both poems something which may be called an 'inner meaning' was to be shadowed forth by the story The adventures of Endynnon are also the experiences of the poetic soul in its search for union with the absolute Beauty The hero may almost be compared with the hero of the Prelude, the heroine is more like Shelley's Intellectual Beauty than Lempriere's Diana That the absolute Beauty in its diverse manifestations-moonlight and sunlight, earth and sea, friendship and love, heroic enterprise and heroic death—is still one, that the poet can attain its final fruition only by

traversing the dark places of life, and find at only when he thinks he has arrendered it sides life these were to be embodied in the lose tale of the shepherd and the goddes. But the result to a series of adventures to the detail of which it is impossible to issign a distinct symbolic dimension, and which, talen more ample, has eithe medical ence of a broken dream. And yet the fedure reveals more of leasters mind than any of his later completed yorks, though full of fuller it a decompleted yorks, though full of fuller it a decompleted.

full of heavy, and there is no other poem in the orbit a high pressource a picture of the annult of unit in tion and emotion in a you of of pice

Elst + 1 13 almilord of a research or a series become Kelds felt that the sale or firmed in lu end of hilms holls 1 15 34 natural to Jum Here in an ome at the ideas pe ert in III I sciminate been it no e by thes are now applied to the development but farat lo 1 hr Litras mu t yield to the Olympeins because that are the less complete mantfestacion of the supreme Beinty 1 lic struggle of the e two forces causes

pain and waste, like the conflict of two forms of civilisation or two religions. Act in reality since both are manifestations of one and the same principle, the defeat of the less perfect is also the fulfilment of its own being. If such ideas were to govern the conduct of the poem, it must have been intended to close, if not in rapture, yet in harmony. Perhaps here, as in Lingmin, the fusion of inner meaning and outward events would have been imperfect, and the events, taken more simply, would have fuled to satisfy superiority of the fragment to I raymion is in both respects so great that this is far from certain, and in any case Hyperton which first opened the eyes of Byron and others to the genius of Keats, gives the fullest idea of his capibilities. It has the inspiration, the 'natural magic,' the 'fascinating felicity of diction, the richness and variety of music, the pictorial power, which have so often been praised. It has also the visionary touch which appears from the first in his poetry, and it has the largeness and even the sublimity of effect at which elsewhere he hardly aimed

Isabella, the poem which succeeded Endymion, is a tale of unhappy love. It is not equal to the works that followed it, and in narrative art is not strong. But in several passages it shows imagination of a penetrating quality, and it is beside the mark to criticise it on the ground that it fails to move profoundly. Even if this were quite true, Keats was following not only his nature but his poetic creed when he transformed the matter of the story, even while he retained its most painful incidents, into a 'thing of beauty,' and left his readers musing rather on the loveliness of love than on the cruelty of fate.

The theme of *The Eve of St Agnes*, however, suited him still better, the Spenserian stanza, a finer one than *ottava rima*, was also more congenial to his style, and this lovely poem is the happiest of his narratives. The contrast on which it is built, between the cold, the storm, the old age, the empty pleasure and noisy enmity, of the world outside Madeline's chamber, and the glow, the hush, the rich and dreamy bliss within it, is exquisitely imagined and conveyed, and issues from one of Keats's deepest feelings—the same that inspired several of his odes.

In Lamia, the latest of the poems in the volume of 1820, Keats returned, after a study of Dryden, to the metre of *Endymion*, which is now handled in a less Elizabethan manner and with much greater firmness and skill There is a similar advance in narrative power. This poem is ex tremely vivid, and undoubtedly has the merit which Keats claimed for it when he wrote 'I am certain there is that sort of fire in it that must take hold of people some way. It shows, too, that in writing it he had 'made use of his judgment more deliberately' than in any previous work. Lamia is not, on the whole, so successful as the Eve of St Agnes It lacks in places that inspiration which is one of the enchantments of Keats's poetry, and one or two of its descriptions have almost an artificial air. It is also inferior to the Lve in regard to unity of impression Keats was feeling at the time both the fascination and the slavery of his passion, and perhaps also the resistance offered to it by what he called thought or philosophy These feelings give intensity to the poem, but they produce also an oscillation which is never brought to rest, and which communicates itself to the reader, who sometimes feels that the love of Lycius is based on a passing and ruinous illusion, and sometimes that not only his love for Lamia but also Lamia's love for him is a beautiful thing, and its destruction by the philosopher no less needless than disastrous ballad of La Belle Dame saus Merci, in some ways the most wonderful of all Keats's poems, deals with a somewhat similar theme, and has not this defect

A selection which aimed at showing Keats at his best, without illustrating at the same time the variety of his powers, would include nearly all the Odes, and certainly could not omit the 'Grecian Urn' The 'Autumn' has been preferred here as an example of his peculiar happiness in describing Nature in a serene and reposeful Though apparently so impersonal, this mood description is steeped in feeling, and this is more obviously true of the other Odes, which are full of characteristic experience. The 'Nightingale' and the 'Grecian Urn,' for example, though quite unlike in colour, express one and the same contrast-that between the unrest, decay, and transitoriness of life, and the perfection and eternity of beauty and joy as realised in imagination The land where the nightingale would sing to men who, like it, know naught of the 'weariness, the fever, and the fiet,' can be reached only 'on the viewless wings of poesy,' the love that never cloys and the music that cannot die are felt and heard only in that land of the 'spirit,' here too, 'in some untrodden region of the mind,' Psyche, unworshipped on earth, may still find her temple. The feeling of this contrast hounted Keats, it inspires the ode 'To Melancholy' and the verses, written in a lighter mood, called 'Fancy' Keats does not appear to have recognised the extraordinary merit of his Odes far from unsubstantial, they are among the most purely poetic of all poems, and, like the best passages in his other works, they are triumphs of expression Indeed, except by Shakespeare, the English language has scarcely been used else where in a manner at once so spontaneously perfect and so wholly English

The best of Keats's sonnets reach a very high level, but he left no songs of at all the same excellence, and for 'dancing measures,' and again for the soaring or rushing movement of the most passionate lyrics, he shows little gift or inclination. It is therefore uncritical to describe him in general terms as a great lyrical poet. His ambition in the last years of his life was to compose dramas, but in Otho the Great he merely versified materials supplied by his friend Brown, and his much superior fragment of King Stephen, which holds out high promise in regard to style, does not, of course, suffice to show whether he possessed, or was likely to develop, the powers of dramatic conception and construction

Among the contemporaries of Keats, Leigh Hunt was the poet whose influence on him is most obvious, but it was never very deep, and it passed away as he grew to maturity. He had a profound admiration for Wordsworth, whose Excursion appeared when Keats was feeling his first passion for poetry. One of his most interesting letters is concerned with the 'Lines written near Tintern Abbey,' and there are echoes in his poems of

phrases in the 'Immortality Ode,' the sonnet 'The world is too much with us,' and the Lacursion He objected, however, to that obtrusion of a purpose which injures some of Wordsworth's writing. In his boyhood he wrote a feeble sonnet on Byron, but ifterwards rated lum low knew Shelley, but apparently met his friendliness with some reserve and never fully recognised his genus Kents's own influence on his successors appeared at once in the cirly works of Hood and Lennyson, and has been considerable ever since, it may be traced in the tendencies to choose subjects from Greek mythology, to describe n iture imaginatively but without much of the Words worthan spirituality, to saturate language with colour, and to aim at felicity of phrase. It is also visible both in paintings and poems of the Pre-Rossetti admired Keits raphaelite movement (and particularly his Belle Dame) almost as much as Coloridge, the Irc of St Mark is the forerunner of some of Morris's best descriptions, and in speaking of Irabella Mr Bridges has trulobserved 'The lovers who 'could not in the self same mansion dwell without sone malady," the "sick longing" of Isabella, the "pa sion boili meck and wild,' the "little sweet among much bitterness," and the consciousness of something too horrible to speal of behind the scene all the passionate funtness of the personages of the romance in whom as in a fided tapestry the brilliance of the dresses has outlasted the flesh colour, have a lileness to the creations of this school so remarkable, that Keats may be safely credited with a chief share of the parentage

In the following selection at his unfortunately been necessary to mutilate the so called 'song' from Endymon. One of Keats's letters has been included. It is comparatively early, and shows some mannerisms from which the later letters are free, but it is highly characteristic, and contains one of his most beautiful fragments of verse. In this letter some of his peculiarities in punctuation and the use of capitals have been removed.

## From the Song of the Indian Maid

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side, I sat a weeping—in the whole world wide There was no one to ask me why I vept—And so I kept

Brimming the water hily cups with tears

Cold as my fears

Beneath my paim trees, by the river side, I sat a weeping—what enamour'd bride, Cheated by shadows wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills. There came a noise of revellers—the rills. Into the wide stream came of purple hue—Twas Brechus and his crew!

The earnest trumpet spake, and liver thrills
I rom kissing cymbals made a merry din"I was Bacchae and he I m"
I ile to a morm exinta, e down they came,
Crown'd with green leave, and freest all or flame.
All made docing through the pleasant valley,
To care thee, Melanchols
O then O then, tho wast a simple name!
And I forgot thee—the terrical day
By shepherd is for attention, who e in lun
I fill the straint frequency of the mond in our second

Wit un lie car, alof young I stellus stood,

Trilling his systart in discound morel,

With delong I ordinar.

And hite rills of crimson war unstanct.

His plump white arms and shoulder soon haw te

For Venn pouls but.

And near lain to be Salent's out his = 4.

Pelied with howers in the ended pro-

Lipsil and ma

Whence can ve, nears Dur elst plense rane ye,
So many and a many, and near lea?
Why have velet we in lower de tre,
Vour late and pender fate?
"We follow I calms! Threche en il ving
Vouqueing!
Breche wome Breches! performilitérile,
We dance before him thor us handon's mis —
Come lather, lady fur and jeuren be
Fo mar will ministre s!

Whence come we folls Satars' whence come we, So many, and so many and such all c?

Why have we left your fold than a may left.

Your note in oal tree whet.

'I or wine, for wine we left our kernel tree.

I or wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms.

And cold moving ms.

I or wine we follow bacelins through the earth.

Great God of breathles, singly and chapping mirth it.

Come lather, body four and yound be.

To our mad min tight!

Over wide streams and mountains great we went, And, save when Breehis Lept his iva tent, Onward the figer and the leopand pants,

With Asrai elephants
Onward these invitals—with sorp and drace,
With zebras striped and sleel. As the ans' prince,
Web footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly leads, in files,
Plump infant lau, hers minicling the coil
Of seamen, and stont galler rowers' toil
With toking oars and silken, ails they glide,
Aor care for wind and tide

(From Interior Bookly)

# Sonnet-On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and I ingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne
Yet did I never breathe its pure serenc
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

#### Sonnet

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain,
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the facry power
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink
Jan. 1818 (1)

Saturn and Thea

Deep in the shally sadness of a vale

Far sunken from the healthy breath of niorn,

Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,

Sat gray hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,

Still as the silence round about his lair,

Forest on forest hung about his head

Like cloud on cloud No stir of air was there,

Not so much life as on a summer's day

Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,

But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest

A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more

By reason of his fallen divinity

Spreading a shade the Naird 'mid her reeds

Press d her cold finger closer to her hips

Along the margin sand large foot marks went, No further than to where his feet had stray'd, And slept there since—Upon the sodden ground His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead, Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed, While his bow'd head seem'd hist'ning to the Earth, His ancient mother, for some comfort yet

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place But there came one, who with a kindred hand Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low With reverence, though to one who knew it not She was a Goddess of the infant world, By her in stature the tall Amazon Had stood a pigmy's height—she would have ta'en Achilles by the hair and bent his neek, Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel Her free was large as that of Memphian sphine, Pedestal'd haply in a palace court, When sages look'd to I gypt for their lore But oh! how unlike marble was that free How beautiful, if sorrow had not made Sorrow more benutiful than Beauty's self There was a listening fear in her regard, As if calamity lind but begun,

As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their milice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the himan heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt ernel prin
The other upon Saturn's bended neek
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted hips, some words she spal e
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents, O how fruil
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

(From Hyperion, Book L)

### Fancy

Ever let the Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth, Like to bubbles when rain pelteth, Then let winged Paney wander Through the thought still spread beyond her Open wide the mind's eage door, She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar O sweet Fancy ! let her loose, Summer's joys are spoilt by use, And the enjoying of the Spring Fades as does its blossoming. Autumn's red lipp'd fruitage too, Bhishing through the mist and dew, Cloys with tasting What do then? Sit thee by the ingle, when The sear faggot blazes bright, Spirit of a winter's night, When the soundless earth is muffled, And the caked snow is slinfled From the ploughboy's heavy shoon, When the Night doth meet the Noon In a dark conspiracy To banish Even from her sky Sit thee there, and send abroad, With a mind self-overaw d. Fancy, high commission'd - send her l She has vassals to attend her She will bring, in spite of frost, Beauties that the earth hath lost, She will bring thee, all together, All delights of summer weather, All the buds and bells of May, From deny sward or thorny spray, All the heaped Autumn's wealth, With a still, mysterious stealth She will mix these pleasures up Like three fit wines in a cup, And thou shalt quaff it -thou shalt hear Distant harvest carols clear, Rustle of the resped corn, Sweet birds antheming the morn and, in the same moment-hark ! 'Tis the carly April larl, Or the rooks, with busy caw, Foraging for stiels and straw Then shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the mangold, White plum'd lilies, and the fir t Hedge grown primrose that hath burst,

Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the mid Max, And every leaf, and every flower, Pearled with the self same shower Thou shalt see the field mouse peep Meagre from its celled sleep, And the snal e all winter thin Cast on sunny bank its slin, Preekled nest egg thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn tree, When the hen bird's wing doth rest Quict on her mossy nest, Then the lunry and alarm When the bee him easts its swarm, Acorns ripe down pattering, While the antumn breezes sing

Oh, sweet l'ancy ! let her loose Liverything is spoilt by use Where 5 the check that doth not fide Too much gaz'd at? Where s the maid Whose hip mature is ever new? Where's the eye however blue Dolls not weary? Where sahe face One would meet in every place? Where's the voice however soft, One would hear so very oft? At a touch sweet Pleasure melicili, Like to bubbles when run pelteth Let, then winged I mey find Thee a mistre's to thy mind Dulcet ev'd as Ceres daughter, Ire the God of Lormont trught her How to frown and how to clude With a waist and with a side White as Ilche's when her zone Slipt its golden clasp, and down Fell her kirtle to her feet While she held the goblet sweet, And Jove grew languid - Preak the mesh Of the Lanes's silken leash Quickly break her prison string, And such joys as these she'll bring -Let the winged I mey roam, Pleasure never is at home

1618

#### Madeline in her Chamber

Out went the taper as she hurried in,
Its little smoke, in pulled moonshine, died
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide
No attered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with cloquence her balmy side,
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart stiffed, in her dell

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dives,
As are the tiger moth's deep damask d wings:
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded seutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
kings

Pull on this or ement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm guler on Madeline's fair bread,
As down she linch for heaven's prace and hoon
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together press,
And on her silver cross soft amoths it
And on her har a glory, hile a sand
She seem'd a splen hid ingel, not be dreat
Sive wings, for heaven — Porphyro grow finit
She kinelt, so pure a thin each from montal faint

Anon his heart recives there we persolon.

Of all its wreathed pearls her hour to fee so.
Unclosp that a similar pearls on the one.
Loosens her fix court to here. Its discress.
Her note attracting pearsting to ber knew.
Half hidden like a incrinated in the sweet.
Lensive as hill she dreams as all experts of the fines, fair St. Agno. in her bed.
But dress no. bold behind, or all the charm is field.

Soon trembles in her of one led divide to the ort of wakeful so on, perplayed the law, build the popped warmth of sleep of provided or the orthodological warmth of sleep of provided or the orthodological tree divided and the following the attention of the fully have not leath from you and point the policy of the attention of the first pill like a minute where swart Passirian provided allogical trees and from the attention of th

(time The Liver State-en)

### Ode to a Nightingale

My heart ache and a drows numbress pain.
My sense, as thou he of head of I had orank.
Or empired some dull of rate to the drains.
One minute pass and Lethe wants had sunk.
This not through envy of the happy lot.
But being too happy in thine happiness.—
That there hight winged Draid of the trees,
In some melodious plot.

Of lecelien green, and shadows numberles Singest of summer in full throated easy.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep delved earth
Tasting of 1 for and the country green,
Dance, and 1 rovened ong and sun burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South
I all of the time, the blashful Happoners
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stained month
That I might drank, and leave the world unseen,
And with three fade away into the fore t dim

Falk far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never I nown
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groun
Where palsy shakes a few, sad last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre thin, and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden by d despuirs
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to morrow

Away ' away ' for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
But on the viculess wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplaces and retards

Seff 1810

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays,
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft meense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass the thicket, and the fruit tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pistoral eglantine,
Fast fiding violets cover'd up in leaves,
And mid May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eyes

Darkling I listen, and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath,
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy '
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No liungry generations tread thee down

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown

Perhaps the self same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn,

The same that offtimes hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

Forlorn 1 the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self 1

Adieu 1 the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fun'd to do, deceiving elf

Adieu 1 adieu 1 thy pluintive anthem fides

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley glides

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music —Do I wake or sleep?

May 1819.

### Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun
Conspiring with him ho v to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind,

Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy look
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue,
Then in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,
And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn,
Hedge crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

#### La Belle Dame sans Merci.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms, Alone and palely loitering? The sedge has wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing

O what can ail thee, knight at arms 1
So haggard and so woo begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a hily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a facry's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eves were wild

I made a garland for her herd,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

I set her on my paeing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
'I love thee true''

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—ah! woe betide 1
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all,
They ened, 'La Belle Dan e sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

I saw their stars d lips in the gloam, With horrid warning gaped wide, And I awoke and found me here, On the cold hill's side

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither d from the lake,
And no birds sing

April () 1819

### Sonnet-On a Dream

As Hermes once tool to his feathers light,
When fulled Argus, briffed, swoond and slept,
So on a Delphie reed my lidle spright
So play d, so charm'd, so conquer does bereft
The dragon world of all its hundred eyes
And seeing it asleep, so fled away
Not to pure Ida with its end cold slice,
Nor unto Tempe, where fore greet Inday,
But to that second eircle of sail Hell,
Where in the grist, the whirlwind and the flay
Of rain and limit stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows,—pale were the sweet hip I saw
Pale were the hips I I iss d, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm
Afrit 1219

### Keats's Last Sonnet

Bright start would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the might,
And watching with eternal lids apart
Like Nature's patient—leeple's I remite,
The moving waters at their pricetille ta I
Of pure ablitton round earth's human shores.
Or giving on the new soft fallen mack
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—tet still steadfast still unchangeable,
Pillow d upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender tal en breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death

Seft 1820.

### Letter

Frk 19 1818

My DEAR REYNOLDS,-I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner-let him on a certain day read a certain page of full Poess or ! distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect upon it, and bring home to it, and i prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale. But when will it do so? Never When Mnn has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect now one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting post towards all 'the two and thirty Palaces' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not lunder it, and a nap upon clover engenders othereal finger pointings The prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle age a strength to beat them. A strain of music conducts to 'an odd angle of the Isle,' and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth. Nor will this sparing touch of noble books be any irreverence to their writers, for perhaps the honours paid by man to man are trifles in comparison to the benefit done by great works to the 'Spirit and pulse' of good by their mere passive existence. Memory should not be called

off as a sort of scullion Mercury, or even a humble bee. It is no matter whether I am right or wrong, either one way or another, if there is sufficient to lift a little time from your shoulders—Your affectionate friend,

Feb 19, 1818 John Keats

See Keats s Poems and Letters, edited by Formao, to five small volumes (Gowans & Gray, 1900). The Aldine edition of the Poems (1876) gives them in nearly chronological order, but the text is bad The Letters (without those to Miss Brawne, and a few others) have been well edited by Colvin (1891). Lord Houghton's biography, first poblished in 1848, can never be superseded, but Colvin's Keats in the 'Men of Letters series (1887) is based on fuller material, and contains excellent criticism. See also, among many criticisms, F. M. Owen's Study (1880) the first serious attempt to examine Keats's ideas), W. T. Arnold's Introduction to his edition of the Poems (1883) on literary influences and on Keats's vocabulary). M. Arnold to Essays in Criticism, second series. Swinburne in Miscellanies, and especially R. Bridges in bis Introduction to the Poems in the 'Muses Library

A. C BRADLEY

# Percy Bysshe Shelley,

born 4th August 1792, son of Timothy the son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, first baronet of an ancient and noble house till then undistinguished from its equals by any hereditary title, entered Eton twelve years later, after some private schooling, and passed on to Oxford in 1810 Next year he was expelled from the university which had recently cast out Landor, whose noble poem of Gebir had thready excited his just and ardent admiration The rather irrational reason, in the younger poet's case, was the appearance of an anonymous pamphlet or flysheet called The Necessity of Atheism It is not a work of any particular promise, but it is the first of Shelley's writings which would not disgrace a lower boy at Eton His previous verse and prose, ballad or elegy or fiction, were servile and futile imita tions of the illustrious Monk Lewis and the less illustrious Laura Matilda And the boy had succeeded in sinking to a deeper and a duller depth of absurdity than land ever been fathomed by his models In 1811 the youth of nineteen was induced to marry Harriet Westbrook, a schoolgirl of sixteen who had made use of her acquintance with his sister to throw herself upon his protection This unlucky alliance was the source of all the serious trouble which could possibly have affected the life of a man not miserable enough by nature to be made miserable by reviling or neglect. short first visit to Ireland, hardly memorable by the issue of a characteristic Address to the Irish People, had no recorded effect or result beyond the comical effect of alarming the Government into notice of his not very dangerous or politically important existence. In June 1813 his daughter Ianthe (a name which had already been borrowed by Byron from Landor) was born, and addressed three months later in a sonnet expressive of due and dutiful baby-worship In the same year he read Ariosto with the rapture of a boy-a fact to be remembered because the spirit of comedy, whether incarnate in Fletcher or in Sheridan, was repulsive rather than attractive to him There are certainly no signs of this influence in the poem, now privately printed, of Queen Mab-a work of impassioned rhetoric and passionate reasoning rather than poetic expression or imaginative thought. A Refutation of Deism, printed early in the following year, shows more intellectual power as well as more literary capacity than anything Shelley had yet written the design of reducing the concept of theism to an obvious and palpable absurdity, by demonstration of the assumed theorem that it must naturally and inevitably result in acceptance of Christianity, is carried out with more dialectic skill and more ironic ability than might have been thought possible for so young and so ardent a novice in controversy. On 24th March he remarried Harriet in London, probably in order to obvinte any question which might be raised as to the validity of the former ceremony, performed in Edinburgh according to Scottish law while he was still a minor In April his wife left him, as a friend of his expressed it, 'again a widower,' in May he sent after her a rather pathetic, if rather too submissive, appeal for the restoration of a regard which can hardly have ever been genuine or Soon afterwards he met the daughter of William Godwin, a novelist of unique rather than peculiar genius, but then more famous as a teacher and preacher of political and religious philosophies long since forgotten and never much more than derivative from France-the France of Diderot and Rousseau Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and her future husband fell in love, by all accounts, at once —if not at first sight On 28th July they eloped to France, accompanied by Jane Clairmont, daughter of Mary's stepmother by a former husband 13th August Shelley wrote a singularly affectionate and simple hearted letter to the wife who had deserted him, inviting her to join them in Switzerland On 13th September they were again in England On 30th November Harriet Shelley gave birth, pre maturely, to a boy, and some friendly and kindly intercourse ensued between the alienated husband and wife. As soon as his own money matters became settled by arrangement with his father, he sent Harriet £200 to discharge her debts, and settled the same sum upon her annually in quarterly payments In February 1815 a baby girl was borne by Mary to Shelley, and died on 6th March On 24th January 1816 the little child so loved and Inmented in such lovely snatches of song by the father who had lost him was born, and called William, after the father of his mother the first poem of a great poet made its appearance in print. It was then that Shelley published Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, and other Poems Before this he had shown himself to be a thoughtful, generous, fearless and fervent master of rhetoric in verse and prose, and assuredly He now stood forth as a poet nothing more comparable only with Coleridge and with Wordsworth, and not unworthy of such comparison

In May 1816 Shelley and Mary left England for Geneva—unhappily for all parties, again accom-

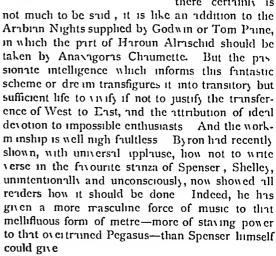
panied by Miss Clairmont, already the secret and unsuspected mistress of Lord Byron, who there met Shelley for the first time. The immortal Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, superior even to Spenser's fine poem on the same ideal subject, is a more memo rable record of this passing residence in Switzerland than the more rhetorical verses on Mont Blanc, fine and characteristic as they are In Septem ber Shelley and Miry neturned to England In December the body of Harriet Shelley was found

in the Serpentine. Little is known of her life after her desertion of the husband who had left her amply and generously pro vided for, that little is not much to the poor girl's credit December 30th Shelley and Mary were married Westbrook, intent on imaginary profit to be made out of the guardianship of Harriets children, appealed to the Court of Chancery for legal license to retain charge of them, for Shelley had unhappily permitted them, at their mother's urgent entreaty, to remain under her care. On 27th March 1817 Lord Eldon gave judgment against Shelley, in temperate

and considerate terms, from the orthodox and conventional point of view. In the same month Shelley published A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom His occasional pamphlets, unlike Milton's, are distin guished rather by good sense and right feeling than by eloquence or genius. He was now residing at Marlow, and his wife was engaged on her admirable and memorable romance of Frankenstein The record of his charities at this time, lavished on poorer and not less deserving or grateful recipients than Godwin and Peacock (another friend of much the same order as Godwin), would suffice to immortalise the legend of a saint. The splendid fragments of Prince Athanase, a poem originally named 'Pandemos and Urania,' were part of the occasional work too fitfully undertaken and too diffidently cast I

rside during his residence at Marlow. The semilyrical narrative of Rosatinal and Heten, here begun, seems to have been afterwards finished under the instigation of his wife's unfortunate and uncritical advice. A better wife and a worse counsellor no poet and no mortal could have had. This poem, to which she referred in a letter as 'my pretty eclogue,' is doubtless more than pretty, but not sufficiently more than pretty to be beautiful, the story is 'forcible feeble,' and

the style is less 'choicely good? than the reader has i right expect from ŧ great poct it his liasticst A far important more poem, Laon and Cythna, or The Re-olution of the Golden City Lision of the Nine teenth Century, appeared in 1818 When all deductions liave been mide from and claims, าไไ allowances line been made for its defects, The Revolt of Islam, as this poem was after wards. renamed. remains unassailable and unques tionable as a great magnificent and piece of work For the concep tion and composi tion of the story there certainly is





PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
From the Portrait (1819) by Miss Amelia Curran in the National Portrait Gallery

gradual action and the final impression of the tragedy. The right epithet for this great work was given by Browning when he referred to it as 'the unrivalled *Cenci*'

On 12th November 1819 Percy Florence Shelley, the last of his ancient line, was born course of the same year his father had written the noble Mask of Anarchy-1 poem which might with equal justice be described as wise and foolish, passionate and temperate, puerile and manful, rational and preposterous, but in any case a great little masterpiece, Peter Bell the Third, a really humorous and fancifully extravagant improvisation of neither wholly just nor wholly unjust sature, and A Philosophical View of Reform (unfinished and unpublished), in which the central tenet of Quakerism was revived and proclaimed with all, if not more than all, the fervour of George Fox The value of Shelley's prose writings is almost purely subjective, they would have no interest whatever for any imaginable reader if they threw no light on the character which helped to shape and to colour, to modify and to quicken, the genius of a poet As a thinker, he was just and generous rather than original or profound, as a critic, he was sensitive and candid rather than intelligent or acute, and his style is generally rather than particularly good It is only as an interpreter of his own poeins, in the admirable introductions prefixed to the longer and more ambitious among them, that he appears as a writer of noble and memorable prose There are passages of singular beauty and felicity in his Defence of Poetry, but on the whole, though by no means deficient in thought or in truth, it is somewhat wanting in force and point. In the autumn of 1819, while engaged on the last act, or rather the lyric epilogue, of Prometheus Unbound, he was moved by the inspiration of external or phenomend nature at its highest pitch of harmony and passion to conceive and bring forth one of the supreme poems of all time-the Ode to the West Wind Such work is like the greatest work of his master, Coleridge-beyond and outside and above all criticism, all praise, and all thanksgiving personal cry of suffering and exultation and hope, of rapture and regret and futh, which thrills the matchless music of the verse as with the very throb of living blood, serves only to quicken and to deepen the effect of the sensuous and supersensual emotion impressed by the glory of nature when most joyous, and expressed in the splendour of song when most sublime Winter, the only season which seems to have been actually discomfortable to the singer of 'swift spring, and autumn, summer, and winter hoar,' drove Shelley from Florence to Pisa. The full and admirable biography, for which all students and lovers of poetry and of truth are inexpressibly indebted to the devotion and the ability of Mr Dowden, must be consulted for the details of the troubles brought upon his wife and himself by the exactions of so thankless a mendi cant as Godwin and the double dealing of so

treacherous a friend as Byron The villainous lies of an infamous valet were hardly needed to heighten the passing bitterness of a troubled and uneasy time. It is a no less regrettable than imperative necessity to touch in passing on such vile matters and men in the very bracfest memoir of one of the noblest and purest imong all poets and ill In June Shelley moved from the para disc of Pisa to the purgatory of Leghorn in the neighbourhood of that unlovely seaport that the song of an immortal skylarl inspired i diviner song-the most perfect poem of its land in all the Between its claims and those of world of poetry the sister ode to the west wind no man or boy who can appreciate either will dream of choosing or desire to decide. Thence, too, was despatched the Letter to Maria Gisborne, a matchless model of nobly familiar verse and simply impeccable poetry Soon after completing his gracuful and vivid trans lation of the Homeric Himn to Hermes, he wrote in three days of August one of the most splendid existing poems of pure fancy and visionary rapture, The B ttch of Atlas The joyous and high spirited animation of all these little masterpieces is a suffi cient disproof of the pulpably preposterous if not wilfully malignant misconception which would lay to the charge of either the man or the poet a natural tendency to indulgence in 'a poor unmanly melancholy? No minor poet after the order of Horace or of Herrick ever struck such ringing and exulting notes of natural and noble jox in nature and in life The utmost enjoyment of such human linnets or finches, whose main or whose only business in poetry is the expression of self-complacent mirth and light hearted acceptance of easygoing life, is frint and dull to the deeper and higher delight of the skylark and the seamen, who can breast the wand at midnight or face the sun The matchless melody of the stanzas 'written in dejection, near Naples,' under severe if transient suffering of mind and body, has bewitched too many readers into belief that these most musi cal of all melancholy verses could be taken as the expression of something more than a passing mood, and the malignant or compassionate bigotry of critics averse from his opinions has naturally seized upon this imaginary evidence as a pretext for deploring their assumed effect on the happiness or the fortitude of the writer

In the spring of 1820 a successful rising of the Spanish nation against its villamous king moved Shelley to write his magnificent *Ode to Liberty*, a poem not unworthy to be named after Coleridge's ode on France—that unequalled if not unapproached masterpiece to which it was but natural and characteristic that Shelley himself should pay such tributary homage as he did with not more lovalty than justice. In the latter half of August he wrote the companion *Ode to Naplis*, hardly so complete and elaborate a poem, so perfectly composed and rounded off, but touched with a more intense radiance of imagery

and a more passionate inspiration of music. noble righteousness of enthusiasm and fiery rectitude of faith there is no possible choice to be made between these three supreme examples of English lyrical poetry at its most ambitious and most indefatigable flight. To the record of this wonderful year it must regretfully be added that in the same month of August Shelley wrote his only poem which might reasonably be wished away are gleams of humour and touches of poetry in Swellfoot the Tyrant, but it is a blot, though an insignificant and all but imperceptible blot, on the otherwise unstained escutcheon of a poet who never published anything else which could seem, except in the eyes of prurient and malignant imbecility, liable to the charge of either unseemly or unjustified indulgence in a questionable exercise of ugly fancy or of angry fun To represent Wellington as a ruffinn drunk with blood was equally worthy of Byron and unworthy of Shellev

A casual acquaintance with a beautiful and sentimental if not hysterical young Italian Indy of rank, confined as a schoolgirl in a convent till a suitor should appear who would take her off her father's hands without a dowry, was the origin of the lovely dramatic idyl or elegy to which Shelley give the pretty and eccentric name of Epipsychidion Study of Dante's earlier poems had taught him the trick of personal allusion which gives a touch of perhaps objectionable obscurity and a note of certainly questionable ambiguity to the tone and the subject-matter of this curiously and magically fascinating rather than thoroughly satisfactory or exemplary poem No modern poet but Shelley would or could have struck so deep and so keen a note of poetic passion while weating a wholly fantastic embroidery of partly imaginary emotion about his actual sensations of sympathetic and compassionate affection for an effusive and attractive sufferer from social and conventional oppression To the poor girl who lived to endure the fate of the yet more surely immortal Pia de' Tolommei we owe the existence of a poem which is equally precious as a jewel of English poetry, whether the name of the 'noble and unfortunate lady' who inspired it was worthy or unworthy to be redeemed from oblivion into glory

In January 1821 Medwin introduced to Shelley an old schoolfellow, Edward Williams, who was next year to share with him the fellowship of death He and his wife, the charm of whose friendship and sympathy inspired some of the most magical poetry in the world, became easily and intimately friendly with Shelley and Mary During this winter Shelley suffered much from ill health, as any one might have expected who had earned it by constantly reading as he walked and stooping over his book till his back was too bent, as his friend Trelawny remembered, for the action of swimming to be practicable Unhappily he could not be wenned from his love of bonting, and a ducking in a canal between Leghorn and Pisa did not warn

him to remember that he could not swim-it only gave one more proof of his dauntless and selfless nature. One of the most perfect among all poems that ever were left imperfect, 'The Boat on the Serchio,' commemorates this fatal and natural love or liking, and challenges a commentary as long or longer than the text to do anything like adequate justice to the charm of its various and spontaneous harmonies of change from pleasure in the Italian present to pleasure in the Etonian past, from joyous observation of nature to serious rapture of meditation, and again to an impassioned realism of landscape which can only be matched in the work of Dante, of Turner, and of Hugo In 1821 a poem which is one of the glories of English poetry was printed with French types and published at Pisa. A pamphlet or a book more beautiful without and within never came and never can come from any The execution of Adonais as a poem is all but impeccable, its highest passages are those in which the inspiration of the writer is least connected with the immediate subject of the elegy The introduction of Byron and Moore as mourners over the death of Keats would be the introduction of a burlesque or farcical element into a serious and tragic work of art if the absurdity of the fancy were not redeemed by the nobility of the verse. There are one or two singular oversights in the composition of a poem so elaborate and harmonious -a subsidence into debility of phrase at the close of a stanza, or a lapse into confusion of metaphor which makes nonsense of the allegory slips in style are less than spots on the sun have made elegy sublime—to have lifted it to the level of the ode by infusion of lyric life into the form of elegiac verse-was possible only to Milton and to Shelley And indeed Lycidas and Adonais are rather irregular odes than regular elegies, they have far more in common with the poetic work of Pindar than with the poetic work of Tibullus

In August 1821 Shelley visited Byron at Ravenna, and was disheartened as to his own work by his admiration for the newly written cantos of Don Juan-if not perhaps by the mere habit of intercourse with a man of genius so alien from his own, whom he could not but perceive to be equally absurd in theory as a critic and contemptible in Towards the end of the practice as a playwright month he returned to his wife at the Baths of Pisa At Ravenna Byron had proposed that Leigh Hunt, who had long been seriously ill, should come to Italy for his health and join with Shelley and himself in the establishment of a periodical in which each of the three contracting parties should publish all his original compositions and share alike in From Pisa Shelley wrote to the resulting profits Hunt an invitation conveying a proposal of which he characteristically declined to avail himself being equally unwilling to fetter his own freedom of expression as to matters of opinion, and to partake the profits which might be expected from the popular fame of By ron and the popular celebrity

Meantime in the autumn of this year he of Hunt threw off a splendid improvisation of imaginative and political poetry and sympathy in the lyrical The earlier part of this poem is drama of Hellas on a level with his very liighest work, the first two choruses, utterly different in poetic tone and move ment, are coequal in sublimity and purity of imagi-The passionate rapture of the one and the serene magnificence of the other make such music of spiritual harmony as only the greatest and the sanest among poets can strike and can sustain The justice done at once to the ideal Christ, and to the charm of the older creeds which were cast out by the triumph of Christianity, is as final and as perfect as the lesson so simply and so superbly set forth in the closing lyric of the poem The inter vening incidents are less remarkable for imagina tive invention than for the exquisite and noble charm of expression which invests them with more than merely fanciful or fantastic life, the astonish ing collapse of metre, of style, and of sense, in some of the irregular lyric passages, may be allowed to suggest the inference that not even the greatest poet can with impunity venture to cut limiself loose from the natural and eternal laws of song which refuse to verse the license of anarchy and self-will under penalty no less heavy than the forfeiture of security from shipwreck Liven such fascinating works of fancy as Arethusa and The Cloud and The Sensitive Plant cannot be classed with the poems in which their author has shown himself a great poet by the one indispensable test of poetic triumph, a consummate mastery of his instrument. Much less could his unlucky attempt at a tragedy on the unpromising subject of Charles the First, had it ever been unhappily completed on the lines on which it started, have been worthy of a place among even the least successful or memorable of his actual works Such golden and glorious frag ments as 'Marenglu' or 'The Woodman and the Nightingale' would always have been worth it all That the best of wives was the worst of counsellors is only too evident from the fact that Mrs Shelley encouraged him in thus ploughing the sand, and discouraged him from continuing to work on a poem which, even in its unfinished and fragmentary condition, is worthy of a place among the crowning works of its author and the crowning glories of English poetry, The Triumph of Lifethe swan-song, we may call it, of Shelley's 14th January 1822 Shelley first met the best friend of his few remaining days, and the best painter of his personality that has ever placed on record the impression made by the man-made in this instance on one of the manfullest of mankind-Edward John Trelawny He was now occupied on his translation from the Spanish of Calderon-a version as beautiful as his renderings of Greek and Italian poetry, which are sometimes remarkable for in accuracy, or as his translations from Goethe's Faust On 1st May Shelley and Williams, with their wives, took up their quarters in Casa Magni, 1

n house on the Bay of Spezza which Shelley had lired for the summer. On 2nd July Shelley had the pleasure of welcoming Leigh Hunt to Italy on his landing at Leghorn. His last days were spent in the service of this beloved friend, on whose behalf he extorted from Byron a naturally reluctant fulfilment of his plighted word. On 4th July Shelley and Williams went out in a yacht which had been built, against Frelawny's advice, on a model brought by Williams from England. On the 19th Trelawny recognised, in a body washed up on the beach, the mutilated corpse of Shelley

Among all Lighsh poets there is but one who can be named with the poet who recognised in Coleridge his ninster as a lyrist It is not in degree, but in kind, that they differ from all others No man ever born into the vorld can be named in the same breath with Shakespeare, but he was not Coleradge and Shelley of the same order as they The genius of Cole stand by thenisclies alone. ridge at its highest rose above the genius of any other poet on record in the special and distinctive qualities of the very highest poetry-creative imagination and coequal expression of the thing con-But in these qualities Sheller stands next to him, and not far off-either in power of conception, or in mastery of such verse as includes and combines the respective gifts of the painter, the musician, and the sculptor. And Coleridge, in a life more than twice the length of his disciple's, did not a twentieth part of the good work done by Shelley

### From the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost conscerate

With thine own huce all thou dost shine upon

Of human thought or form, y here art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,

This dim yest value of tears, yacant and desolate?—

Ask why the sunlight not for ever Weaves rainbows o er yon mountain river, Why aught should ful and fule that once is shown, Why fear and dream and death and birth Cast on the daylight of this earth Such gloom, why man has such a scope

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,

For love and hate, despondency and hope !

Doubt, chance, and anywe see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a unidnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream

Love, hope, and self esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
That way and wane in lovers' eyes,
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like hife and fear, a dark reality

### From 'The Revolt of Islam,'

She saw me not—she heard me not—alone
Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood,
She spake not, breathed not, moved not—there was
thrown

Over her look the shadow of a mood
Which only clothes the heart in solitude,
A thought of voiceless death —She stood alone
Above, the heavens were spread,—below, the flood
Was murmuring in its caves,—the wind had blown
Her hair apart, through which her eyes and forehead shone.

A cloud was langing o'er the western mountains,
Before its blue and moveless depth were flying
Grey mists poured forth from the unrestling fountains
Of darkness in the north—the day was dying—
Sudden, the sun shone forth, its beams were lying
Like boiling gold on ocean, strange to see,
And on the shattered vapours which, defying
The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly
In the red heaven, like wreeks in a tempestuous sea

It was a stream of living beains, whose bank
On either side by the cloud's cleft was made,
And, where its chasms that flood of glory drank,
Its waves gushed forth like fire, and, as if swayed
By some mute tempest, rolled on her The slinde
Of her bright image floated on the river
Of liquid light, which then did end and fide—
Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver,

Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver

I stood beside her, but she saw me not—
She looked upon the sea, and skies, and earth
Rapture and love and admiration wrought
A passion deeper far than tears or mirth,
Or speech or gesture, or whate er has birth
From common joy, which with the speechless feeling
That led her there united, and shot forth
From her far eyes a light of deep revealing,
All but her dearest self from my regard concealing

# From 'Prometheus Unbound.'

The Earth

Ha! ha! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
My cloven fire crags, sound exulting fountains,
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter!
The oceans and the deserts and the abysses,
And the deep ur's unmeasured wildernesses,
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after

They ery aloud as I do — 'Sceptred Curse, Who all our green and azure universe Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruction, sending

A solid cloud to rain hot thunder stones,
And splinter and knead down my children's bones,
All I bring forth to one void mass battering and
blending—

'Until each crag like tower and storied column, Palace and obelish and temple solemn, My imperial mountains crowned with cloud and snow and fire,

My sea like forests, every blade and blossom Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom, Were stamped by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire—

'How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup
Drained by a desert troop, a little drop for all l
And from beneath, around, within, above,
Filling thy void annihilation, Love
Bursts in like light on caves cloven by the thunder ball!'

### The Moon

The snow upon my lifeless mountains
Is loosened into living fountains,
My solid occans flow and sing and shine
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,
It clothes with unexpected birth
My cold bare bosom Oh! it must be thine
On mine, on mine!

Gazing on thee, I feel, I know,
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,
And hving shapes upon my bosom move
Music is in the sea and air,
Wingèd clouds soar here and there,
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of
'Tis Love, all Love'

#### The Larth

It interpenetrates my granite mass,
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers,
Upon the winds, among the clouds, 'tis spread,
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,—
They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers,

And, like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With thunder and with whirlwind, has arisen
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being —
With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever —
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light vanquished shadows,
fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many sided mirror
Which could distort to many a shape of error
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love
Which over all his kind—as the sun's heaven
Gliding o'er occan, smooth, serene, and even—
Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move—

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left
Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft
Of rocks through which the might of healing springs is
poured,—

Then when it wanders home with rosy smile, Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile It is a spirit,—then, weeps on her child restored

Man,—oh! not men! a chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress

As the Sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze, The unquiet republic of the maze

Of Planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea,
Familiar acts are beautiful through love,
Labour and pain and grief, in life s green grove,
Sport like time beasts,—none knew how gentle they
could be !

His will, with all mean passions, bid delights,
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
A spirit ill to gnide, but mighty to obey,—
Is as a tempest wingled ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
Foreing life's wildest shores to own its sovercign sway

All things confess his strength Through the cold imass Of marble and of colour his dreams pass,—
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear,

Language is a perpetual Orphic song
Which rules with dædal harmony a throng
Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless
were.

The lightning is his slave, heaven's utmost deep Gives up her stars, and like a flock of slicep. They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on The tempest is his steed, he strides the air, And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare, 'Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me, I have none.'

#### From 'Peter Bell the Third.'

He was a mighty poet and
A subtle souled psychologist,
All things he seemed to understand
Of old or new, of sea or land—
But his own mind, which was a mist

I'llis was a man who might have turned liell into Heaven—and so in glidness A Heaven unto himself have carned But he in shadows undiscerned Trusted, and danned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was—'a light—a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro,
A dew runed down from God above,

'A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam'
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face.

#### Ode to the West Wind.

1

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and heetic red, Pestilence stricken multitudes! O thon Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they he cold and low, Each like a corpse within its grave, until Thine zure sister of the Spring shall blow Her clarion o er the dreaming earth, and fill (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) With living hues and odours plain and hill,

Wild spirit which art moving everywhere, Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh hear 1

2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion, Loose clouds like carth's decaying leaves are shed, Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning 1 there are spread On the blue surface of thine airy surge, Like the bright hair whilted from the head

Of some fierce Menad, even from the dim verge \_Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst Oh hear!

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams.
The blue Mediterranean, where he hay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a punitee isle in Bure's bry, And saw in sleep old princes and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them 1
Flou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while for below The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear The sapless folinge of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear, And tremble and despoil theniselves. Oh hear?

۵.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free Than thou, O incontrollable! if even I were as in my boylood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiev speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in iny sore need Oh! lift ine as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed One too like thee—taineless, and swift, and proud

5

What if my leaves are falling like its own?

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone, Sweet though in sadness Be thon, Spirit fierce, My spirit! Be thou me, impetious one! Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,

Like withcred leaves, to quicken a new birth,

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind, Be through my lips to nnawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy 1 O Wind, If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

#### From 'Adonais'

Peace, peace I he is not dead, he doth not sleep I
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

'This we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trunce strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings IVe decay
I ike corpses in a churnel, fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay

He has outsoared the shadow of our night
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless aslies load an unlamented urn

He lives, he wakes—'tis Denth is dead, not he,
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lumentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird
He is a presence to be felt and known,
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there

All new successions to the forms they wear
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light

The splendours of the firmament of time

May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not,

Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot

The brightness it may veil When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air

The inheritors of infulfilled renown

Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought

Far in the unapparent Chatterton

Rose pile, his solemn agony had not

Yet faded from him, Sidney, as he fought,

And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,

Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,

Arose, and Lucan, by his death approved,—

Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved

But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality
'Thou art become as one of us,' they cry,
'It was for thee you kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng'

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,

Who mourns for Adonnis? Oh! come forth,
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright,
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth,
As from a centre, dart the spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference—then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night,
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to kome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh not of him, but of our joy 'I is nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought,
For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glore from those who made the world their prey,
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,
The grave the city, and the wilderness,
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowing weeds and fragrant copies dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time Feeds, like slow fire upon a horry brand, And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime, Pavilioning the dust of him who planned This refuge for his memory, doth stand Like flame transformed to marble, and beneath A field is spread, on which a newer band Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death, Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath

Here pause These graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each, and, if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall From the world's bitter wind
Seel shelter in the shadow of the tomb
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek I
Tollow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, rains, statues, music,—words are weak
the glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak

Why linger, why turn lock, why shrink, my heart?
Thy hopes are gone before from all things here
They have departed, thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man and woman, and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither
The soft sly similes, the low wind whispers near
'Tis Adonais calls! O, hasten thither
No more let life divide what death can join together

That light whose smile kindles the innverse.

That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the celepsing curse.

Of birth can quench not, that sustaining I ove.
Which, through the web of being blindly wove.
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of.
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have evoked in song Descends on me, my spirit's barl is driven I ar from the shore, far from the trembling throng Whose sails were never to the tempest given The massy earth and sphered skies are riven! I am borne darkly, fearfully, aftr, Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven, I he soul of Adonais, lil e a star, Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

### From Hellas'

### Chorus

In the great morning of the world, The Spirit of God with might unfurled The fing of Freedom over chaos, And all its bunded anarchs fled, Like vultures frighted from Imaus Before an earthquake's trend -So from Time's tempestuous dawn Treedom's splendour burst and shone Thermopy I've and Marathon Caught, hie mountains beacon lighted, The springing fire The winged glory On Philippi half alighted, Like an engle on a promontory Its unwerried wings could fan The quenchless ashes of Vilan From age to age, from man to man, It hved, and ht from land to land Florence, Albion, Switzerland Then night fell, and, as from night, Reassuming fiery flight,

From the West swift Freedom came, Against the course of heaven and doom, A second sun arrayed in flame, To burn, to kindle, to illume From far Atlantis its voing beams Chased the shadows and the diernis France, with all her sanguine steams, Hid, but quenched it not, again flirough clouds its shafts of glory run From utmost Germany to Spain As an eagle fed with morning Scorns the embattled tempest's warning When she sucks her herre hanging In the mountain cedars hair, And her brood expect the clanging Of her wings through the wild air, Sick with famine, Freedom so To what of Greece remaineth now Returns Her houry ruins glow Like orient incuntrins lost in dry, Beneath the safety of her wings Her renovated nurslings play, And in the inked lightenings Of truth they purge their drazled eyes. Let Freedom leave, where er she flies, A descri, or a paradise, Let the beautiful and the brave

### Senucherus I

With the gifts of gladness Greece did thy eradle strew

Share her glory, or a grave '

Semichorus II

With the terrs of sadness Greece did thy shroud bedew

## Semictorus I

With an orplian's affection She followed thy bier through time

Semichorus II

And at thy resurrection Reappeareth like thou, sublime

Semichorus I

If heaven should resume thee To heaven shall her spirit ascend

Semichorus II

If hell should entomb thee, To hell shall her high hearts bend

Semicherus I

If annihilation-

Semichorus II

Dust let her glories be,
And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, I reedom, with thee!

### Chorus

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Lile the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal

And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws, receive
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror, came,
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light
Hell, sin, and slavery came,
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The cross leads generations on

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreums are paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes,
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove,
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them
Our hills and seas and streams,
Dispeopled of their dreams,
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

#### From 'The Triumph of Life'

Swift as a spirit linstening to his task Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth Rejo cing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth The smokeless altars of the mountain snows Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light the ocean's orison arose,

To which the birds tempered their matin lay,
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day, Swinging their censers in the element, With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air, And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear The form and character of mortal mould, Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem. The cone of night, now they were laid asleep Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine Before me fled
The night, behind me rose the day, the deep

Was at my feet, and heaven above my head,— When a strange trance over my fancy grew, Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent that the scene came through As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn O'er evening hills, they glimmer, and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair, And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamonred air
And then a vision on my brain was rolled

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream —
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream Of people there was hurrying to and fro, Numerous as goats upon the evening gleim,—

All histening onward, yet none scenned to know Whither he went, or whence he came, or why He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky One of the million leaves of summer's bier Old age and vouth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear Some flying from the thing they feared, and some Seeking the object of another's fear

And others, as with steps towards the tomb, Poured on the trodden worms that crawled beneath, And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death, And some fled from it as it were a ghost, Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath

But more, with motions which each other crossed, Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw, Or birds within the noonday ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And, weary with vain toil and funt for thirst,
Heard not the fountains whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst, Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told Of grassy paths, and wood lawns interspersed

With overtreining elms, and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood,—but
they

Pursued their serious folly as of old

And, as I gazed, methought that in the way The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June When the south wind shakes the extinguished day, And a cold glare, intenser than the noon

But my cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars Like the young moon

(When on the sunlit limits of the night Her white shell trembles amid crimson air, And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might),

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of her dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair

So came a charrot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape, Crouching within the shadow of a tomb. And o'er what seemed the head a cloud like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom Tempering the light Upon the chariot beam A Janus visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder winged team

The shapes which drew it in thick lightenings

Were lost —I heard alone on the air's of stream

The music of their ever moving wings
All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded Little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,

Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun

Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been, or will be done So ill was the car guided—but it passed With solemn speed majestically on

# ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[The standard edition of Shelley's works prise and poetry is that by Mr H Buxton Forman (4 vols. 1876-80 new ed. of the poetry, 1892-93). Of the poetry there are editions by Mr W M Rossetti (1878 new ed 1894) Professor Dimden (1891), Professor Woodberry (Boston U S 1892). Mr Shepherd collected the prose works (1888), and Dr Garnett edited a selection from the Letters (1882). Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley appeared in 1886 (new ed 1896) and there are books on Shelley's life by Medwin (1847), Hogg (1858) D F MacCarthy (1872) J Nymonds (1878 and ed 1897) J C. Jeaffreson (1885), Mr W M Rossetti (1886) and Mr W Sharp (1887). See also the Mentarials by Shelley's daughter in law Lady Shelley (1894). The Journey of E E Williams (1903) the bibliography of Shelley by Mr Forman (1882), and the Lexical Concordance by Mr F S Ellis also the article on Mary Wolfstone craft Shelley at page 519, and the lives of her there noted J

### Byron

George Gordon Byron, sixth Lord Byron of Rochdale, was born in Holles Street, London, 22nd January 1788. The original form of the name was Burun After the Norman Conquest the family held extensive property in Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire. The estate, however, that is most associated with the poet's name, Newstead, was granted to Sir John Byron by Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries. The barony dates back to 1643, when Sir John Byron was created Lord Byron of Rochdale in recognition of his services to the Royalist cause. It was the poet's great uncle, the fifth lord—'the wicked Lord Byron'—who (born

in 1722, and died in 1798) killed in an eccentric kind of duel his neighbour and relative Chaworth, the grandfather of Mary Chaworth, one of several girls who won the poet's boyish love, and yet, as some of his censors would say, had the good luck It was this same 'wicked to escape marrying him Lord' who sold the Lancashire estates the 'wicked' characteristics of the family blos somed vigorously in Byron's father, Captum John Byron After having seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, he borrowed her money, then eloped with her, then did what the world called making reparation to her-that is, completed his wrongdoing by binding her in marriage to a scamp like himself Of this marriage the only child who lived was Augusta, born in 1782, she died Between Byron and this as Mrs Leigh in 1851 lady there was a deep attachment, as some of the Captain Biron's second best of his poems show wife, Catherine Gordon, was Byron's mother, whom the captain married for her fortune from his mother, who was heiress of the Gordons of Gight, that Byron inherited that propensity to fat which, with his lameness and his impecuniosity, combined to form a life-drama of a peculiar and fantastic kind To his mother's irrational conduct may be traced many of the unfortunate incidents which flowed from these disasters When we consider that the malformation in his feet, with which from birth he was afflicted, could easily have been cured had it not been for his mother's amazing folly-first, in submitting him to the torturing hand of a quack, and, afterwards, in allowing him to run about, box like, when the feet were under proper medical treatment—the filial affection that he evinced towards her was one of the most charming of his characteristics. Often in Fate's awards there seems to be a vein of actual cynicism and fat and impecuniosity could not have worked more disastrously upon any man's heart and soul than they did upon Byron's In regard to his lameness, owing to his sensitivity upon the subject, an enormous deal has been written that need never have been written, and it is of a most contradictory Trelawny, for instance, in the first edition of his Recollections of Shelley and Byron, averred that Byron's two legs were withered at the knees This, as the present writer told Trelawny when he was living in Pelhani Crescent, some few years before his death, could not be for a moment believed by any man who knew what swimming meant, if the story of Byron's swimming the Helles pont is not a myth. To swim for any distance by striking out with only one leg is difficult enough, but to swim across the Hellespont without the use of legs is impossible. No doubt, however, the statement about the withered legs was a slip of Trelauny's pen, for afterwards, in the later edition of the Records, published in 1878, he says that the legs were not 'withered' at all, that the lameness was 'caused by the contraction of the

back sinews preventing his heels resting on the ground and compelling him to walk on the fore part of his feet,' except this defect, according to frelanny's revised account of the matter, Byron's feet were perfect. The fict that there are many other descriptions by eve witnesses of his hine ness which do not in the least agree with either of Trelauny's contradictory statements, or with themselves, is another proof of the impossibility of learning the exact truth about anything concerning the personality of a man Byron has been dead hardly eighty years, and we do not know, and never shall know, how much and how little he suffered from lameness, and yet his lameness was the central fact of his life

Mrs Byron retired to Aberdeen, where she brought up her son on an income of £150 (afterwards £135) a year. To be born lame—to be obliged to starve one's self in order to keep " down one's fit-to pass one's childhood in the i tantalising atmosphere of the aristocratically connected family-to pass it there in penury, and afterwards to succeed to a poverty struck peerige " must needs have had an enormously disturbing and demoralising effect upon any character, unless the character were of a peculiarly heroic mould 1 But upon Byron, in whom personal vaniti and aristocratic prejudice were grote-quely combined with something of the hourgeois feeling about impecuniosity, its effect was disastrous-nearly rumous. As to imperumosity a man of the true patrician temper simply feels the inconvenience of want of money and chafes against it to him it never occurs, as it does to the fourgeois, that the accident of poverty is a disgrace. And yet Byron was patrician born and a poet to boot it is very curious

Seven years after his futhers death, on the decease of his great uncle, the fifth Lord Byron before mentioned, Byron during his minority succeeded to the peerage and became a ward of Chancery His mother took him to Lngland In 1801 he was sent to Harrow There is no room here to touch upon that period, except to remark that at school his attention seems to have been divided between scholastic studies and his desire, intensified if not originated by his lameness, to play the part of athlete, and that he even essayed to play cricket, though, according to one eye-witness, he was obliged to advertise the infirmity which cursed his life by engaging another boy to run for him In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, he stayed there three years or thereabouts, and formed some important friendships. Here, too, he tried to play the part of athlete, and, handicapped b) spiteful destiny as he was, succeeded British art of sparring was then at the height of its glory, and his passion for emulation induced lum to patronise the ring-as he would have patronised anything that was fashionable, for, like his idol Bonaparte, he, while believing him self the despiser of human opinion, was the slave of it But at this early date another ambition seems to have seized him—the desire of appearing in print, although, according to Moore, his aspiration was to print a small volume and bring it out in the approved aristocratic way for private circulation. In November 1806 a volume of poems of his, called *Fugitive Pieces*, was published by Ridge of Newark. The volume was immediately suppressed by the advice of Byron's friend, the Rev. J. T. Becher, on account of the license of some stanzas in one of the poems. This was the poem '10 Mary,' a poem which shows how early the idea of posing as the wild oats sowing



LORD BYRON

From the Portrait (1825) by R Westall RA in the National Portrait Gallery

young gentleman-it one time sentimental, it another time cynical, whether Childe Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Don Juan-came to Byron rhyming often saves the young poet from doing the naughty things which songless youngsters actually do And, to be just to Byron, he seems to have been not very guilty of true erotic mischief a little foolish rhyming about it very It is, however, unpleasantly likely sayed him suggestive of Byron's indelicacy that the lady to whom he afterwards addressed *The Dream*, and whom he seems to have really loved, was named Mr Becher saved one copy of the book from destruction, and afterwards a few copies were reprinted for private circulition. It is singular how ignorant of the book writers upon Byron seem to be. As the great ambition of young men of Byron's class was to be the shining lights at such clubs as the Pugalistic, the Owls, or Fly by-Nights, Byron of course had to belong to these

It was this unfortunate weal ness of his clubs that led him to pretend to far more vice than he ever practised, and it is this that makes it so im mensely difficult to form a veil-based opinion upon the impulses of character that really and truly governed his life. At the time of life when in a general vay the true poet is listening to a music to which the fine gentlemanism of his time was deaf, he wanted to be thought not only a dandy lile Brummell, but a very wicked dandy regard to this volume Iugitive Pieces, it is to students of Byron as a metricist of special interest, because it vas in this very poem 'To Mary' that he showed a promise of metrical skill which, until he came to write in the congenial ollava rima, lic It is written in the stanza invented never fulfilled by Ben Jonson, and afterwards used by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, D. G. Rossetti, and finally by I ord Tennyson in In Memorium There is no more difficult stanza than this Owing to the rhymc-interval between the first line and the fourth, it suggests the slowness of movement of the Petrarchan quatrain, but the lines are too short to carry the stateliness of the sonnet. even Tennyson visible to reconcile the ear to its trotting effect. Coleridge, in the following quatrum in Christabel, showed us that the only way to remove this trotting effect is to hurry the movement from the first line to the fourth by cutting off the first syllable of the second and third lines, and so maling them trochaic

Yea, she doth smile and she doth veep, I if e a youthful bermitess, Beauteous in a wildernes, Who, praying always, prays in sleep

Yet, it must be said that Byron handles the metre with a certain amount of success

In 1807 appeared Hours of Idleness, 'a series of poems, original and translated, by George Gordon, 1 Lord Byron, a Minor,' containing a few of the poems from the suppressed volume, among which ' the objectionable lines 'To Mary' were not in The very name, Hours of Idleness, 15 an indication of the poet's besetting weakness-the desire to win the poet's crown, and yet to pretend that he was too much of a patrician to care to win it. It vas furiously attached (by Brougham, as Byron came to believe) in the Edinburgh Very likely the attack vas answerable for Byron's astonishing literary career The origin and composition of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, i hich was published about a year after the Edinburgh article, will explain vhy, as an attack upon the Edinburgh Review, the poem is a fraud About the time that he was publishing Hours of Idleness he had been engaged in writing a satire upon contemporary poets now took his satire from his desk, revised it, and prefived to it some vigorous abuse of Jeffrey, and after the lapse of several months had it printed. This is why there is so little said about

Scotch reviewers and so much about English Had Hours of Idleness fallen dead from the press, as it would otherwise have done, the partly-written satire upon contemporary poets might, indeed, have seen the light, but that too would have fallen dead. But an attack upon the redoubtable 'buff and blue' b a joung lord who showed that he was game at ole the sporting instinct in the public mind The attention it ittracted caused him at once to turn into literary channels the personal force and the passion of emulation in him which were so unconquerable, and which must have exercised themselves somewhere. Fuglish Bards and Scotch Reviewers did attract very considerable attention, and Byror saw that there i is a career before him as a satirist if not as a poct At that time touring over Europe vas still called 'travelling,' and still formed an important part of a patrician's educa-Poor as he was, he determined to travel, and, indeed, he seems to have liad a genuine zest for The ordinary route of the grand tourist as partially closed owing to the state of Europe brought about by the Napoiconic wars. He began to read about Persia and India and the Last generally, where he aspired to go. With money borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest he left England on 11th June 1809, accompanied by an intimate friend, Mr Hobliouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), his valet Fletcher, his old butler Murray, and a son of one of his tenants, Robert Rushton The last of these represents the 'page' who figures in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage Byron vent to Spain, then to Malta, then to Greece and the Agean. For nearly two years he i as on the Continent, writing the first two cantos of Childe Harold After a while the butler and the page had been sent back to England from Gibraltar, and again, after a while, Hophouse had left him at Zea He then vent to Athens, and for about a vear passed through those adventures of romance and debauchery—some of which may be real, though most of them no doubt, are apocryphilwith which he perversely contrived to make his name associated. Fine gentlemanism in its every development is only another name for vulgirity, but it was unfortunate for Byron that he lived at a period when a peculiarly ofiensive form of the sulgarity in question, that of the Regence, was in vogue. Almost every "rong thing that he did came from his desire to show off the vices of the man of fashion. At that time gentil ty and devilry were synonymous terms. Among the stories con cerning his adventures on the Continent which he allowed to be circulated vas one to the effect that during this time he rescued a girl from being sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea for infidelity to her master The story (which forms the subject of The Giaour) may be apocryphal, as are so many stories about Byron, but he was full of the passion of adventure, and had physical courage enough for anything

After his return to England he showed to his friend Dallas, at the end of October 1811, in his lodgings in St James' Street, his paraphrase of the Ars Poetica ('Hints from Hornce') Dallas asked him if he had not any other thing to show, he confessed to having written two cantos of Childe Harold, a poem of which he had great It seems, from Dallas's account, to have been with the greatest hesitation that he ventured upon publishing them Their success was prodigious. They had not been in the market many days when he woke one morning and found himself famous. Defective as these two cantos are, it should not be a matter of surprise to the student of poetry that the poem was a great success. The original name of the poem was Childe Burun, which he only changed to Childe Harold by the advice of friends Therefore to deny, as he afterwards did, that he intended the hero to be taken for himself was idle. As to the wild oats sowing at Newstead, however, which figures in Childe Harold, this, it may be assumed, was of the same imaginary kind as the 'sowings' described in the lines 'To Mary' Very likely the only one among the wild and lawless things enumerated in the poem achieved by Byron and his companions was drinking wine from the skull of a monka very cheap exploit and very silly knew through that instinctive sagacity which was one of his many endowments, that with the rank-worshipping Anglo Saxon race there is no idea so fasciniting as that of a young nobleman sowing his wild onts, and that this idea becomes still more fascinating when the young nobleman can be exhibited in a state of pensive melancholy on account of the harvest All the women and many of the men went mad about the mysterious hero of the poem. Women are more enslaved by vogues than are even men, and Byronism spread over the land like a fever among them Caroline Lamb's infatuation was perhaps no more wonderful than that of the 'White Lady' who, after his death, haunted Newstead, described by Washington Irving Apart from the poorness of the thought and the commonness of the verbal texture of the verses, Childe Harold, from the metrical point of view, is of little worth hold no place among the important poems of the It is a first principle of metrical art that whenever the struggle becomes very apparent between the metrical bars of any passage and that natural emphasis of thought or emotion which we call the sense rhythm, there is artistic failure. Hence, although fine poets will sometimes ignore the great subject of harmony between metre and motive, yet the history of poetry shows that without this harmony no poem-not even a strong poem in other respects-can take its place as a classic. In choosing the Spenserian stanza for Childe Harold, By ron would have been no doubt quite right if he could only have mastered the

metre. The music of this stanza, though elegiac—the music common to all decasyllabic quatrains—is rendered far more subtle than that of Gray's Elegy (for instance) by the fourth line being made to rhyme with the fifth and seventh, and by the closing Alexandrine. In fact, the structure is so elaborate that, like the sonnet of octave and sestet, the Spenserian stanza will admit scarcely any complexities of syntax, scarcely any inversions, and scarcely any enjambement. If these artistic licenses are indulged in, as they are in Byron's Spenserians, the power of the Alexandrine at the close is lost, and the entire stanza becomes a schemeless tangle of nine rhymed lines.

Byron was never able to counteract the involution of the rhyme arrangement by achieving the simplicity of syntax before alluded to, and by throwing an unequivocal stress on the rhyme This is why in Childe Harold the poetic life, such as it is, in each stanza seems struggling and iridescent, as a fish in a net Why, then, had so defective a poem as Childe Harold so enormous a vogue? This is not so difficult a question to answer as at first it appears to be. Childe Harold depicts a character which seems to be real, and tells a life story in a peculiar way. Apart from the fact that it was published at a time when eyes of a painful and passionate anxiety were directed to the Continent, there is in the poem itself something that may be called new in the poetic literature of England, or, rather, there is a blending of two different kinds of poetry that had never been so successfully blended before Between the personal outpourings of the lyrist and those other kinds of poetry which may, perhaps, be classified as objective, there are many points of difference, and perhaps none of them is more notable than this, that while in the case of the writer of objective poetry the only question that can without impertinence be asked concerning the poet's work is simply 'Is it good?' in the case of the lyrist it is not only legitimate to inquire (within decent bounds) under what circumstances was the work produced, but such an inquiry adds an enormous interest to the poem A poem addressed to 'Thyrza,' for instance, may be beautiful in itself, and very fascinating, even though 'Thyrza' be, as Moore declared, an abstraction, but if it is believed by the reader that the Thyrza addressed was a real womana lovely girl, say, of humble life, who passionately loved a poet of superior rank, and whom the poet passionately loved-the poem seems to come straight from the bereaved poet's heart, and consequently what before was interesting becomes more interesting still. And suppose the reader were to believe, as Professor Minto believed, that the lovely girl in question had wandered with the poet dressed as his foot-page, how absorbing then does the interest become! For although lyrical poetry, like all other poetry, is an art, it should always seem to be inspired by an emotional

every light and shade of tenderness, intelligence, languor, passion—mixed, of course, with scorn. The last was a very important element of Byron's success. The poet knew well how mankind loves to be scorned. To add to the charms of this adored and adorable creature, it was generally believed that he was the most unhappy being then in London, and that this unhappiness was remorse on account of certain mysterious, immoral escapades with women, European and Asiatic

This melancholy of Byron's has been much Not only Lady Byron, but Goethe, discussed Scott, Madame de Stael, and many others seem to have taken it seriously-seem to have believed that it was the basis of his nature we of a later date have ample evidence of the way in which Byron posed as being unhappy, consequently his misery does not wring our hearts as it wrung the hearts of our grandfathers and grandmothers. We know that some years after this period of his great London triumph, when he was sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, a suggestive dialogue took place between the two Byron placed himself opposite to the sculptor, but at once began to put on a different expression from that usual to him Thorwaldsen asked him to sit still, and said, 'You need not assume that look.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron When the bust was finished he said, 'It is not at all like me my expression is more unhappy? We further know that at a still later date, when West was painting him at Leghorn, the poet assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, 'as though,' said West, 'he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold' unhappiness of the man who is anxious that his unhappy expression should be secured in his portruit does not cause us to feel very anxious about him If, however, he was so unhappy as he seemed, it should always be remembered in regard to man that his chief sign of being superior to other creatures is his genius for being unhappy, and that, while the physical conditions which can make a human being comfortable are few, the physical conditions that can make him miserable are countless they may be leanness, fatness, lack of height, excess of height, but very likely fut is the most potent of all. No wonder, then, that the main causes of Byron's misery seem to have been fit and shortness of money With regard to fat, he, with a heroic self-restraint such as vanity alone can command, set to work to reduce it, and although he did undoubtedly live in pre Banting days, he managed in a degree to keep it down by living mainly upon biscuits and sodn-water, but it is very likely that his remedies weakened his constitution, robbed it of its power of resisting the attacks of disease, and so shortened Of course, lind it not been for Byron's colossal vanity, the tragedy of fat would not have been so appalling, but it made his life a kind of martyrdom Melancholy, however, is very much a matter of contracted habit If Byron had not been lame, and if he had not had the predisposition to fit, and if he had been born to means adequate to the expectation of rank and position, there is no reason to suppose that we should have heard so much about his melancholy. Such an anomalous position as that in which Byron found himself would surely have made any man melancholy, and such a masterfulness and pride as Byron's would have intensified it. For a man so proud as Byron to be obliged to expose at every turn the impecuniosity that he felt so keenly must have been a very bitter experience it should not be forgotten that when Byron's impecuniosity came to an end, and he had as much money as he needed, his melancholy seems to have been considerably modified, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt, who depicts him at Pisa while writing Don Juan in the least of melancholy moods, dressed in the jaunty fashion suited to the writing of such a jounty poem, lounging about in the courty and, and singing an air out of Rossini

It must not be supposed, however, that Byron's detachment and theiturnity were less fascinating than his melancholy and his amours and supposed There is no doubt whatever that silence really is as golden as the proverb affirms it to be, it is a mistake to suppose that in society women are impressed as men are by brilliant talkers When Lady Morgan speaks of Byron as cold, silent, and reserved, she enumerates the very qualities which impress women most to have been this kind of detachment and difficulty of finding the small-talk of the drawing-room that had so much to do with Napoleon's power of overawing women. Byron, of course, had native wit enough to be a brilliant society man detachment, however, did not come from any subtle design, it was the result of intense self consciousness and egoism Of every poet it may, fortunately, be said that his mind to him a kingdom is, and that the smaller the poet the bigger to him seems that kingdom satisfaction with his own kingdom saves him, as a rule, from society-worship. But Byron was an exception to this generalisation, he was not content to reign over his little kingdom craved the recognition of the fashionable world Hence his desire to figure as the young lord suffering from the terrible satiety that follows hedonism, wandering over Europe and painting all the scenes through which he wandered. And it must be remembered that what the public loves its poets to show is poetic melancholy, or, rather, poetic 'sourness of temper' It was Carlyle who said that Byron was 'only a sulky dandy,' on the other hand, an admirer of the Chelsea sage himself spoke of him as 'scowling at the century' Both Byron and Carlyle knew how dearly the nineteenth century loved to be scowled at, and, except Carlyle, there never was a more accomplished scowler than Byron Lady Caroline Lamb tells us that

tantly comes forward in favour of Byron is Among all the tests of a Trelawny himself gentleman this is an infallible one the gentleman is the only man who 'can be travelled with;' especially, he is the only man one can go to sea with without a certainty of disaster Trelawny is perfectly conscious of this. 'Few friendships,' says he, 'can stand the ordeal by water, when a vacht from England with a pair of these thus tried friends touches, say, at Malta or Gibraltar, you may be sure that she will depart with one only.' And the reason is obvious, for, says he, with his usual politeness to the sex, 'You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her? And now see what he says about Byron 'I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron, he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship, when appealed to he answered,"Do as you like" How many companions of this kind are there in this island?' Therefore the failure of the Byron marringe was not, as his been so often assumed, brought about by the fact of Byron's not having been a gentleman

Marringe generally either makes or mars a man It seems quite clear that if Byron had made his selection from the whole fashionable world of London he could not have made a more unfortunate choice. The great charm of English patrician women, marking them off from the middle class, is that 'cheery pessimism' before alluded to, in which there is a certain soupçon of Bohemianism This may, perhaps, in a general was make them more adapted to be the companions of a poet than the daughters of the bourgeouse In Biron, as in Sheller, there was a great deal of Bohennanism, and he tied himself in wedlock to the most strait Liced and priggish woman in the whole fashionable world of the Regency most worthy and respectable lady she was, no doubt, but she was steeped in a peculiar atmosphere of bourgeois Puritanism—the only woman, perhaps, who was so steeped in the whole Melbourne set, or, indeed, in the whole patriciate of that time Disaster was mevitable, irritation between them soon began. The squalid impecumosity into which Lady Byron found herself plunged must have been one cause. On 15th November Byron was obliged to sell his library There were nine executions in the house in the space of twelve months. But here again fat, we may be sure, formed an integral part of the tragedy It was impossible for a man like Byron whose diet, owing to his propensity to fit, was obliged to be biscuits and soda water, to dine dix after day with a lady who seems to have liad what another husband might have called 'a pleasing perchant for food! Very irritating must this 'pleasing feneral to have been to a starting man with the perfume of the lady's rich viands in his nostrils. In an equal degree must have suffered the poor lady who was soon obliged to take her meals alone.

On the 10th of December of the same year Lads Byron gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Augusta Ada. On the 16th of the following January she went with the child, with the consent and, indeed, wish of Byron, to stay with her relations at Kirkby Mallor. Byton was to follow her there. but before this could be he received intimation of the movement for separating him from his uife. On the 2nd of February a proposition was made to him by Lady Byron's father, Sir R Noel, that there should be an amicable separation Byron at first flath refused to consent to this, but at last yielded, still cherishing the hope that there would eventually be a reconciliation. The actual charges brought against Byron by his wife That they were have always been a mystery grave, very grave, is made evident by the attitude of both Lushington and Romilly Let the mystery rest What is it all to us, to whom the poet has given Don Juan, the Ission of Judgment, and Buppos Up to quite lately the inquisitive ones have been thinking that some further light would be thrown upon this matter, for it was said that Lord Broughton drew up 'a full and scrupulously accurate account' of the affair, intending to publish it, but yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him by friends of the families, and withheld it. At his death he bequeathed one copy of the document to his daughter (Lady Dorchester) and the other to the trustees of the British Museum, with a mass of unpublished letters, with directions that it was not to be made public until 1900. This time has since expired, but the papers disclosed nothing about Byron, and so the matter remains mystery rest we repeat-rest unsolved

Then came that grotesque revolt of the society butterflies which was certain to come sooner or He who had been adored was now ostracised by the senseless crowd who had adored him-adored him for the very vices which, as ther now alleged, caused them to shun him Some of the same ladies who, according to the Countess Guiccioli, used to send him letters offering themselves to him on any terms-letters of which that lady, as she told Lord Malmesbury, possessed a box full-would now pour out of a room with shuddening shoulders and faces aghast as soon as he entered it. Byron was such a worldling that one cannot give him the sympathy that would have been given to another poet. The true poet indeed, has no place in that galler Ever since the accession of George the First, the English bere moude, which under the Tudors and the Stewarts was more brillian, and artistic than any other Court societ in Europe, has been annexed by Philistia, and never was it more contempable than under the Regence What the ignorant, martistic, fashionable corld of England

have the world believe. In 1822 Shelley was drawned and Byron, Irchwny, and others were p esent at the cremation of the body on the shore Fon what Irelanny told the present writer, Byron on this occision comported limitelf in the mirror that was to be expected of him this time livron joined Leigh Hunt in a newspaper called the Liberal which was a failure same year he left Pisa for Genoa, and there pur sued his literary labours, still with unswerring energy. During the seven years that chapsed from his abandonment of England to his death, tac nort he produced was enormous in quan If the quality had been equally great, his position among the nineteenth century poets would not have been the uncertain one that he now holds. For in regard to the question of quantity and quality poetic critics seem to be divided Some contend that there are two kinds of poetic genus—the senius which has the power of expressing itself in quintessential forms, and the senius which, licking this power, manifests itself in markellous fecundity, producing a kind of literature more diffuse, but still of a comparatively high class Others iffirm that in poetry quality is everything, quantity nothing—that the few fragments which we have of Sappho will be as fresh as when they were first written centuries after Byron's mass of work so much of which is only second rate, has been forgotten. The third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold, however, written at this time, are greatly superior to the first and second cantos, but even here Byron shows no power of 'using the sieve for noble words' which Dante speaks of If there is invitrath in the canon of criticism that 'while eloquence is heard, poetry is over heard,' these two cantos consist of eloquence rather than of poetry. Let so rich is our literal ture that in any other poetry save that of Gregoe and that of England it would take a high rank The vorl at this period included many of his dramas Marfrel, Cair, Marino Faliero The

D formed Transformed, Sardanapalus, Werner,

if he knew did he really enjoy that solitary communing with Nature in her holiest moods, in her most secret recesses, of which he talks so much? It is true that no man without having passed some important period of his life with Nature alone, undisturbed by the distractions of an active social life, ever yet got from her all that she has to give But had Byron such an experience? Upon the question of solitude and its effects upon his mind he has been very voluble, but whether solitude is good for man or harmful depends upon individual character Whether among the beauties and wonders of Nature man's soul eats poison or wholesome food depends upon the soul that feeds Where there is health of body-where there is a clean memory, a well-stored mind, and a genuine passion for Nature-solitude, either in those leafy dingles of England whose fascination when fully known makes this island the Paradise of the world, or by the seashore or among the great European hills, widens the soul and makes tender the heart But upon Byron's frivolity and cynicism, or affected cynicism, it had no influence apparently, he remained a worldling to the last. His love of the sea, however, was genuine And no wonder, for while swimming in the ocean billows the lame man was a true athlete and no sham. On deck the martyr to fat was no more trammelled by fleshly conditions than other men

It is impossible to exaggerate the slovenliness of Byron's work at the worst, it is bid enough in his rhymed verse, but in his blank verse it is intolerable. Yet, as regards the best portion of his poetry—that written in the ottava rima some of our most thoroughly equipped critics are apt to do him less than justice. In comparing him with Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, we should not forget that there are two kinds of 'narrative poetry' The temper of the one is idealistic, the temper of the other is realistic. In the former kind of narrative the poem depends largely upon the beauty of the poetic form, as in fulian and Maddalo, The Revolt of Islam, The Eve of St Agnes, Isabella, Lamia, and especially in Christabel In the latter it depends upon a more externally truthful representation of the life of Nature and the life of man, as in Marmion and as in the serious portions of Don Juan In its own line Don Juan is as successful as are the poems of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley in theirs fuan does exactly what it sets out to do, it competes with prose narrative in lucidity and in truthfulness of representation, and yet it remains a To demand also that it shall be steeped in the moonlight magic of Christabel, or in the rich poetic dyes of Keats's Lamia or Eve of St Agnes, is as absurd as to demand that these last-named poems should touch life as closely as Don Juan touches life In such a richly coloured picture of fury life as that going on in Madeline's moonlit chamber the puerile talk of the lovers is not, and should not be, challenged by any true reader of poetry, but in a poem so closely touching life as Don Juan such talk would seem imbecile. The Vision of Judgment and Don Juan are ebullient of life. They have all the idiomatic spring of living speech, and yet, deficient as they are in artistic excellence, they are not, as we have said, so deficient as to be undeserving of the name of poetry

In that debatable land between poetry and prose where the poetic sieve is not used, Byron has no peer save Scott, and although his imagination was immeasurably behind Scott's, there are passages in Don Juan which show the genuine seeing power The shipwreck scene is one of these That this famous scene is not comparable with such concentrated vision as is found in Shakespeare's sea painting in the opening of The Tempest is true. The sea-painting in The Ancient Mariner, too, is so far above it that the two pictures can scarcely be com-But it is not enough to say against Byron's sea-picture that the scenic business was a mere collection of actual recorded incidents which had occurred in actual shipwrecks, a man without an imagination or with a feeble imagination might have collected all these details, and might have marshalled them with as much dexterity as Byron has done, and yet have failed to fuse them-have failed to inform them with dramatic life say, therefore, as so many critics have said, that Byron was without imagination would be wrong, though it would be right to say that his imagination was not of the first class. And the episode of Haidée which follows the shipwreck is so beautiful and so full of life that it is difficult to imagine the time when it will not be read with the deepest interest. Underlying all the cynicism and disagreeable swagger which is so offensive in Don Juan, Byron shows in this episode (and shows, perhaps, for the first time) that he had a true feeling for the pathos of woman's relations to man -her trustfulness, her ignorance of masculine guile and sin, the fatality that attends her love when she gives, as she so often does give, more than she receives And yet even here the reader, perhaps, feels that the good work as regards the use of the sieve for noble words' ought to have been better

It would be hard to exaggerate the splendour and triumph of Don Juan And here we touch upon the very core of Byron's poetic work mere fact that almost all the best portion of that work is written in ottava rima, the stanza which especially lends itself to the use of a diction common to verse and prose, is alone sufficient to indicate his place among poets Every stanzaic arrangement of lines, as has been said in discussing Childe Harold, has its metrical meaning, the instinctive understanding of which is necessary to every poet who works in it. Although Fairfax and Kerts and others have used the ottava rama for entirely serious poetry, its metrical motive is what may be called jountiness, and this makes it very

himself, he succumbed, and he died 19th April in that year. His body was brought to England and buried close to Newstead, in the little church of Hucknall-Torkard.

.If the time is not even yet come for speaking with any confidence as to Byron's final place in the poetical literature of England, it is because the force which may be called the genius of personality is as effective for a time in keeping a poet alive as the most perfect exercise of artistic In the popular imagination he is still, as a figure, more striking than any other in the galaxy of illustrious poets among whom he lived And even among people of culture, though a deal of the magic associated with his name has faded away, a considerable remnant of that magic is vital still To that great mass of intelligent people who read prose with avidity, but who read poetry only under the stress of the voice of authority, Byron is the only name among the poets of his period who is known at all, unless we except Scott, whose fame as a poet gains enormously by his fame as a prose writer Any fresh incident connected with Byron's life, any fresh anecdote related concerning him, is at once circulated in every newspaper and read with avidity, not by students of poetry merely, but by people to whom the names of Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats are mere names critics still explain this by affirming that Byron's poetry is finer than that of his contemporaries, but these are few and of very little importance, for Ruskin, with all his genius, was an extremelybad critic of poetry By far the larger number of critics, and these are among the best equipped, now hold the opposite opinion—the opinion so strenuously put forward vears ago by Landor Some, indeed, go so far as to affirm that Byron's verse is not poetry at all, but a third something between poetry and prose. The view taken by the present writer is midway between these two

It is not necessary to go to the length of Landor in depreciation of the poet in order to see how excessive are Matthew Arnold's laudations of him Arnold goes even so far as to speak of him in the same breath with Dante

In criticising Byron it must never be forgotten that there is the poetry of art and the poetry of impulse, and that the great masters have both. No competent English critic, except Matthew Arnold, has ever claimed for Byron that he is to be ranked among the great misters. And Arnold's exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry may very likely be traced to his reverence for the opinion of Goethe. There is every reason for understanding, without accepting, Goethe's views upon this subject. Apart from the fact that no foreigner can really judge of the finer and more subtle effects of English poetic-art, it must be remembered that the countrymen of Goethe do not use the words Dichtkunst, Dichtung, and Dichter in exactly the same way

as English critics use the corresponding words 'poetic art,' 'poetry,' and 'poet' In England the idea of perfect artistic verse is always included in the idea of poetry

Now, although much of Byron's work is only poetry in solution, and suffers terribly when it is criticised as poetry, it can be fairly and justly estimated under the head of Dichtung Dichtung can include a vast mass of material which, according to the English definition of the word poetry, can only be called 'worldly verse.' This is why, notwithstanding certain recent well-meaning and praiseworthy efforts to reinstate Byron in the position he once held, his rank in the courts of universal criticism still remains, and will always remain, below that of his five great contemporaries

Moreover, this has to be said, that brilliant as is his best work-Don Juan, the Vision of Judgment, and Beppo-it would be difficult to say what is the message to his fellow-men of a poet whom such work represents Not that we can expect any poets to be fully adequate to these modern ages of the world Yet it is the artist's paramount duty to represent, not, indeed, the accidental forms, but the temper and the spirit of his time. To perform this duty in the grand but simple age of Pericles, to perform it in the age of Dante and even in the age of Shakespeare, there was requisite not much more than poetic genius, to perform it in the time of Byron something more was required, something which is not commonly found alongside the power of song save in the greatest namesthe wide intelligence and the keen sagacity that enable men to pierce through the complex conventions beneath which the heart of the age palpitates at one time as much as at another, and to see, even in the darkest days, where lies that eternal core of beauty of which, as Spenser teaches, physical beauty is but the type and the token-to see that, in the deepest of all senses, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty' Shelley taught, in the Prometheus Unbound, the sublimity of resignation before those great inscrutable powers -conscious or unconscious-in the grip of which Man is and must always remain helpless Wordsworth taught the noble effects upon the human mind and soul of grzing into the eyes of Nature as she lies dreaming of Man's destiny Coleridge, although he in his more precious work like the Ancient Mariner, Christabel, and Kubla Khan, cannot be said to have taught, or to have attempted to teach, any set ethical lesson, yet, inasmuch as his beautiful pictures impress the mind with the near presence of those powers of the unseen world which govern, while they seem not to govern, all that is seen, suggests, perhaps, a truth that is greater than all taught a kind of Sufistic beauty-worship which is far more profound in its teaching than is generally His words above quoted remind us supposed that even his, the most purely artistic of all

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Shall they not flow, when many a day In these, to me, deserted towers. Ere called but for a time away, Affection's mingling tears were ours? Ours too the glance none saw beside, The smile none else might understand, The whispered thought of hearts allied, The pressure of the thrilling hand, The kiss, so guiltless and refined, That Love each warmer wish forbore Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind, Ev'n Passion blushed to plead for more The tone, that taught me to rejoice, When prone, unlike thee, to repine, The song, celestial from thy voice. But sweet to me from none but thine The pledge we wore-I wear it still, But where is thine?—Ah I where art thou? Oft have I borne the weight of ill, But never bent beneath till now! Well hast thou left in life's best bloom The cup of woe for me to drain If rest alone be in the tomb. I would not wish thee here again But if in worlds more blest than this Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere, Impart some portion of thy bliss, To wean me from mine anguish here Teach me-too early taught by thee 1 To bear, forgiving and forgiven On earth thy love was such to me, It fain would form my hope in Heaven 1

#### From 'The Island,'

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he Follow'd her track beneath her native sea Was as a native's of the element. So smoothly-bravely-brilliantly she went, Leaving a streak of light behind her heel, Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel. Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase, Torquil, the nurshing of the northern seas, Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease Deep-deeper for an instant Neuha led The way-then npward soar'd-and as she spread Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks, Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks. They had gained a central realm of earth again, But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain Around she pointed to a spacious cave, Whose only portal was the keyless wave, (A hollow archway by the sun unseen, Save through the billows' grassy veil of green, In some transparent occan holiday, When all the finny people are at play,) Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes, And elapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise, Led him to where the rock appeared to jut, And form a something like a Triton's hut, For all was darkness for a space, till day Through clefts above let in a sobered ray As in some old cathedril's glimmering aisle The dusty monuments from light recoil, Thus sadly in their refuge submarine The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

### Stanzas to Augusta

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hith declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find,
Though thy Soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the Love which my Spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in Thee

Then when Nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine,
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from Thee

Though the rock of my last hope is slivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me
They may crush, but they shall not conteinn,
They may torture, but shall not subdue me,
"Tis of Thee that I think—not of them

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mnte, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of Thee.

From the wreek of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,
Deserved to be dearest of all
In the Desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of Thee

### Fare thee Well!

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel
Would that breast were bared before thee
Whiere thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placed sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again



'Twas such a night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time,
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order

(From Act in 50. 4)

# Speech of Nemesis in 'Manfred.'

Shadow ' or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,

Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part

Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,

Which return'd to the earth,

Reappear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worest

Redeem from the worm

Appear '—Appear !

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

(From Act is so, 4)

#### Julia's Letter

'They tell me 'tis decided you depart
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain
I have no further claim on your young heart,
Mine is the victim, and would be again
To love too much has been the only art
I used,—I write in haste, and if a stain
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears

'I loved, I love you, for this love have lost
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,
And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,
So dear is still the memory of that dream
Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem
I trace this serawl because I cannot rest—
I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart,
Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange
Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange
Men have all these resources, We but one—
To love again, and be again undone.

'You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,
Beloved and loving many, all is o'er
For mc on earth, except some years to hide
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core
These I could bear, but cannot cast aside
The passion which still rages as before,—
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No,
That word is idle now—but let it go

'My breast has been all weakness, is so yet,
But still I think I can collect my mind,
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,
As roll the waves before the settled wind,
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—
To all, except one image, madly blind,

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole, As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul

And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,

'I have no more to say, but linger still,

And yet I may as well the task fulfil,

My misery can scarce be more complete,

I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill,

Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,

And I must even survive this last adieu,

And bear with life, to love and pray for you!'

(From Don Juan, Canto!)

### Juan and Haidée

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood and senses dim,
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and himb,
And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life,
For Death, though vanquished, still retired with strife

His eyes he open'd, shut, again nuclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness, he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it Death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen
A lovely female face of seventeen

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth Seem'd almost prying into his for breath, And, chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth Recalled his answering spirits back from Death, And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe Each pulse to animation, till, beneath Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh To these kind efforts made a low reply

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung
Around his scarce clad limbs, and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung,
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillowed his death like forehead, then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm,
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too

And lifting him with care into the cave,

The gentle girl and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,

And more robust of figure,—then begun
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave

Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fur

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel, and in her air

There was a something which bespoke command, As one who was a Lady in the land

Her hair, I said, was auburn, but her eyes
Were black as Death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew,
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun, Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make its sigh Ever to bave seen such, for she was one Fit for the model of a statuary,

(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)

(From Den Tuan, Canto ii)

## From 'Don Juan.'

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition,
And mother, brother, guardian she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,
And asking now and then for east off dresses

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill, Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded, Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still, With the far mountain crescent half surrounded On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill Upon the other, and the rosy sky, With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hirden'd sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest, and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright,
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight,
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above
Such kisses as belong to early days
Where heart, and sool, and sense in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the polse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length

By length I mean duration their, endured

Heaven knows how long -- no doubt they never
reckon'd,

And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second
They had not spoken, but they felt allured,
As if their souls and hips each other beel on'd,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness,
The silent ocean, and the starlit bry,
The twilight glow, which momently gre y less
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sty
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,
They felt no terrors from the night, they were
All in all to each other—though their speech
Was broken words, they thought in language there
And all the borning tongues the passions teach
I ound in one sigh the best interpreter
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall

Hudee spoke not of seruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer d any, she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd,
She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate lil e a young bird,
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,
And she was worshipp'd after nature a fashion—
Their intense souls, into each other poured,
It souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—
But by degrees their senses were restored,
Again to be o'creome, again to dash on,
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidee's heart
Felt as if never more to beat apart

Alas' they were so young, so beautiful,
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour
Was that in which the Heart is always full,
And, having o'er itself no further power,
Prompts deeds Eternity cannot annul,
Bot pays off moments in an endless shower
Of hell fire—all prepared for people giving
Pleasure or pain to one another living

Alas for Juan and Haidée! they were
So loving and so lovely—till then never,
Excepting oor first parents, such a pair
Had run the risk of being damned for ever
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygran river,
And Hell, and Porgatory—but forgot,
Just in the very crisis she should not.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
Gleam in the moonlight, and her white arm clasps
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps

She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs, He hers, until they end in broken gisps, And thus they form a group that's quite antique, Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,
Sustain'd his head upon her bosoin's charms,
And now and then her eye to Heaven is east,
And then on the pale check her breast now warms,
Pillowed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants
With all it granted, and with all it grants

An infant when it gazes on the light,

A child the moment when it drains the breast,

A devotee when soars the Host in sight,

An Arab with a stranger for a guest,

A sailor when the prize has strack in fight,

A miser filling his most hoarded chest,

Feel rapture, but not such true joy are reaping,

As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved
All that it hath of life with us is living,
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving,
All it hith felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,
Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving
There lies the thing we love, with all its errors
And all its charms, like Death without its terrors

The lady watched her lover—and that liour
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power,
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,
She and her wave worn love had made their bower
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
And all the stars that crowded the blue space,
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this,
Haidée was passion's cluld, born where the sun
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle eyed daughters, she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing She had nought to fear,
Hope, care, nor love beyond—her heart beat here
(From Canto 11)

## From 'Childe Harold.'

I see before me the Gladiator lie

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower, and now
The arena swims around lum—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hall'd the wretch
who won

(From Canto iv)

## Sonnet on Chillon.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind,
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind
Chillon' thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard '—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God

(From The Prisoner of Chillon.)

### From 'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte'

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend both fallen so far

### Saul

Thou whose spell can raise the dead, Bid the Prophet's form appear, 'Samuel, raise thy buried head! King, behold the pliantom seer!'

Earth yawned, he stood the centre of a cloud Light changed its hue, returng from his shroud Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye, His hand was withered, and his veins were dry His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there Shrunken and sinewless, and ghistly bare, From hips that moved not and unbreathing frame, Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came. Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak, At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted? Who is he that calls the dead? Is it thou, O King? Behold, Bloodless are these limbs, and cold Such are mine, and such shall be Thine to morrow, when with me Ere the coming day is done, Such shalt thou be, such thy Son Fare thee well, but for a day, Then we mix our mouldering clay Thou-thy race, he pale and low, Pierced by shafts of many a bow, And the falchion by thy side To thy heart thy hand shall guide Crownless-breathless-headless fall, Son and sire-the house of Saul!'

## THEODORE WATTS DUNTON

[The standard edition of Lord Byron's Poetical and Prose Works is that issued in 1898-1904 in thirteen volumes by Mr Murray the poems edited by Mr Ernest Hartiey Coleridge, the letters and journals by Mr Rowland E Prothero This edition contains many hitherto anpublished additions, thus whereas Moore gave in the Life (1830) 561 of Byron's letters, this gives 1198]

### Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood was born on the 23rd of May 1799, at No 31 the Poultry, in the City of London, where his father was a publisher Thomas Hood the elder, a Scotsman born near Errol, midway between Perth and Dundee, was originally bound apprentice to a bookseller in Dundee, but soon found his way to London He had some turn for authorship, and even wrote a couple of novels now forgotten, so that his more distinguished son was

born 'with ink in his blood' To Thomas Hood the publisher and his wife, daughter of an engraver, were born a family of six children, two four sons and daughters. whom Thomas was the second son A tendency to consumption on the mother's side, fatal to three of her children and ultimately to herself. was at the root of those complicated disorders which made the life of Thomas Hood 'one long disease.' The father died after a few days' illness in 1811, when Thomas was only twelve years old, leaving the widow and re maining children in reduced circum stances

THOMAS HOOD
From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

In his Literary Reminiscences, published in the first series of Hood's Own, Hood tells us that he owed his earliest instruction to two maiden ladies. of the name of Hogsflesh, that he was then sent to a suburban boarding school (the 'Clapham Academy' of his famous Ode), and ultimately to a day school at Clerkenwell After the age of thirteen or fourteen his own keen and catholic love of reading was the foundation of that singular versatility and resource which marked both his poetic and his humorous vein. Through the influence of a friend of the family he was placed in a merchant's counting house in the City, but his health proving unable to stand the confinement to the desk, he was shipped off to Dundee, where he lived among his father's relations from 1815 to The threatened consumption was for a time

warded off—the boy led the healthiest of outdoor lives in fishing and boating, he had ample leisure besides for reading and sketching, and he began to practise his pen both in verse and prose in the pages of local newspapers and magazines. In 1818 he returned to London with his health apparently re established, and entered the studio of his uncle, the engraver—After a short apprenticeship of only two years he began to work on his own account, until he discovered where lay the true field for his genius—About the same time,

n young man of two-and-twenty, he was appointed sub-editor of the London Magazine

Nothing more propitious for Hood's genius could have happened It emancipated him for ever from the engraver's desk, and it threw him at once into a society of writers best fitted to call forth all that was best in him He now found himself in daily companionship with such men as Procter, Cary, Allan Cunningham, Quincey, Hazlitt, and, above all, with Charles. Lamb, with whom a close friendshipsprang up, destined to be one of the best in-

fluences of Hood's literary life. It was, however, the intimacy with John Hamilton Revnolds, whose sister he married three years later, that more than all the rest served to encourage and train Hood's poetic faculty John Keats had died early in 1821, the year that Hood joined the magraine, and it does not appear that they ever met, but Reynolds had been the close friend and disciple of Keats, and Hood passed at once under the same fascinating influence. Between July 1821 and July 1823, besides other and lighter contributions to the London, Hood wrote and published in the magazine some of the finest of what may be called the poems of his Keatsian period-Lycus the Centaur, the Two Peacocks of Bedfont, the Ode to Autumn, and others-poems which have never materially increased Hood's

fame with the ordinary reader, chiefly because Hood the humourist appeals to a larger audience than Hood the poet, and the world is always in disposed to allow credit to a writer for gifts of very And although in the class of sub opposite kinds jects, and in the very titles of these poems, as well as in turns of phrase and versification, the influence of Keats is unmistakable, the poems show quite as markedly the result of an ear and taste formed upon a loving study of the narrative poems of And 'over all there hung' a tender Shakespeare melancholy observable in all Hood's serious verse, engendered in a personality on which from the beginning there rested the shadow of impending fate. In spite of real and original poetic quality, these poems, issued anonymously, fulled to attract notice, and when in 1827 he produced them with others of still finer quality in book-form, the volume fell all but dead from the press

A different fate attended an earlier venture in 1825, when Hood and his brother-in law Reynolds published (also anonymously) the little volume entitled Odes and Addresses to Great People While writing serious poetry in the London it had fallen to Hood's lot to act as 'comic man' or humorous chorus to the magazine, and as such to invent facetious answers to correspondents, real or imaginary Among these he had inserted a bur lesque Ode to Dr Kitchener, exhibiting a verbal wit of quite different flavour from the ordinary The success of this trifle seems to have suggested a collection of similar odes, to which Reynolds contributed a few, but Hood's was far the more conspicuous share, revealing a wealth of humorous ingenuity that at once attracted notice wrote attributing the book to Lamb as the only writer he knew capable of the achievement book passed rapidly through three editions, and practically determined the chief occupation of Hood for the remainder of his short life. His musical melancholy verse had brought him no recognition, his first facetious efforts had gained him an audience at once, from that day forth for twenty years of anxiety and struggle the vein thus opened was to be worked, in health and in sickness, with the grain and against the grain For Hood had married in 1824, contrary to all counsels of pru-The marriage with the sister of his friend Reynolds was one of truest affection, but Hood had no means of support but his pen, and his health was already matter of serious anxiety, soon there were strained relations with the Reynoldses, and in the end came a complete estrangement from Hood's early friend and brother-in-law Odes and Addresses were followed in 1826 by the first series of Whims and Oddities, where Hood first exhibited such graphic talent as he possessed in these picture puns of which he seems to have been the inventor, he said of himself that, like Pope's 'tape tied curtains,' he was 'never meant to draw' A second series of Whims and Oddities appeared in 1827, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, followed without delay by two volumes of National Tales, the least characteristic and noticeable of Hood's writings. In 1829 he edited The Gem, one of the many fashionable annuals then in vogue—a remarkable little volume, for besides Charles Lamb's 'Lines on a Child dying as soon as born,' written on the death of Hood's first child, it gave to the world Hood's Eugene Aram, the first of his poems showing a tragic force of real individuality

Hood and his wife left London in 1829 for a cottage at Winchmore Hill, a few miles to the north, and there he schemed the first of those comic annuals which he produced yearly and single-handed from 1830 to 1839 In 1832 he left Winchmore Hill for an old fashioned house at Wanstead in Essey, forming part of the historic mansion of Wanstead House, and the romantic scenery of the park and neighbourhood furnished him with a background for his one novel, Tylney Hall, written during the next two years, and published in three volumes in 1834—a story of a conventional melodramatic type, with an underplot of cockney life and manners, not without many touches of Hood's peculiar charm, but on the whole a failure He never repeated the experi-

ment of prose romance In 1834 the failure of a publisher plunged Hood into serious money difficulties by which he was hampered for the rest of his life. After the birth of his second child, a son, in January 1835, and Mrs Hood's dangerous illness, the family settled for two years at Coblenz, and for the next three at During these five years Hood, struggling against the slow progress of a fatal disease, con tinued to produce his Connc Annuals and other lighter matter, and schemed his Up the Rhine, a humorous account of the proceedings of an English family in Germany, told in letters, and too obviously imitated from Humplirey Clinker Published in 1839, this at once hit the public taste, but seems to have brought little profit to its author, who, apparently destitute of all business faculty, suffered throughout his career from the misfortunes or the superior sagacity of his publishers The sufferings of Hood during these five years were very terrible, and are only hinted by his son and daughter in their Memoir of their father In an unpublished letter to his wife in April 1840, written during a temporary visit to England from the house of his generous friend, the first Charles Wentworth Dilke, he writes 'I find my position a very cruel one-after all my struggles to be, as I am, almost moneyless, and with a very dim prospect of getting any, but by the sheer exercise of my pen What is to be done in the meantime is a question I ask myself without any answer but -Bruges Jul At the very moment of being free of Bailey, am I tied elsewhere, hand and foot, and by sheer necessity ready to surrender myself that slave, a bookseller's hack !'

By the kindness of friends Hood was enabled to

return to England, with security from his creditors, in 1840 Disease of lungs and heart was now so far advanced that the fatal issue was only a question of time, but he continued to struggle on bravely and cheerfully for five years longer. In 1841 he was offered by Colburn the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine at a salary of £300 a year, a post which he filled for two years, when, a difference arising with the proprietor, he resigned the editorship, and in January 1844 started a new periodical of his own, Hood's Monthly Magazine, destined to be his last literary venture. Meantime in the Christmas number of Punch (1843) had appeared 'The Song of the Shirt,' and in Hood's Magazine, during its brief career, there followed 'The Haunted House,' 'The Lay of the Labourer,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' proving that, as the darkness of his own prospects deepened, the sympathies with his kind deepened also, and quickened his finest genius. Only a few months after the starting of the magazine a notice to the subscribers had to tell that the health of the editor was rapidly failing Towards the end of the year his friends used their interest with the Government, and in November Sir Robert Peel wrote announcing a pension to Mrs Hood on the Civil List of £100 a year In the number of the magazine for February 1845 appeared Hood's last contribution, the touching lines, prophetic of his approaching end, beginning

> Farewell life-my senses swim, And the world is growing dim,

and ending

O'er the earth there comes a bloom, Sunny light for sullen gloom, Warm perfume for vapours cold— I smell the rose above the mould!

After three more months of increasing pain and distress, Thomas Hood died at Devonshire Lodge, Finchley Road, on the 3rd of May 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. His devoted wife, broken in health with the long attendance on her husband, survived him only eighteen months

Hood produced in twenty-four years an amount of prose and verse one-half of which at least the world might willingly let die. Of the other half, all the serious poetry is remarkable, and a small portion of first-rate excellence. Lyrics such as the 'Song of the Shirt,' the 'Bridge of Sighs, 'Eugene Arım,' the song beginning 'I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,' and the 'Ode to Melancholy' are of an assured immortality humorous verse-and in the best of it, as in 'Miss Kilmansegg,' are often blended poctry, pathos, and even real trigic power—is of a kind that Hood absolutely created. Not only was he the most prolific and successful punster that ever used that form of wit, but he turned it to purposes of which no one had ever supposed it capable. It became in his hands the most natural and obvious vehicle for all his better gifts. The truth is, he brought |

to it the transfiguring power of real imagination, and, instead of its degrading whatever object it touched, in his hands it ministered to the noblest ends. Even in the 'Song of the Shirt,' when his deepest sympathies were involved, he uses the pun with almost magical effect, as where the poor needlewoman, confined to her squalid garret when all nature is beckoning her forth, exclaims

While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And tunt me with the spring!

It was Hood's misfortune that the necessity of writing for bread compelled him to write constantly below his better genius. But he has left sufficient to found a durable fame as a writer of rare individuality, who, using a discredited method, made it delightful by the imagination of a true poet and the humanity of a genuine lover of his kind

The Bridge of Sighs.

Oue more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care, Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing,
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing—

Touch her not scornfully Think of her mournfully, Gentle and humanly, Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful,
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, One of Eve's family— Wipe those poor lips of hers Oozing so clammily

Loop up her tresses Escaped from the comb, Her fair auburn tresses, Whilst wonderment guesses Where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the ranty
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran,— Over the brink of it, Picture it—think of it, Dissolute Man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair '
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them,
And her eyes, close them
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring Thro' muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fix'd on futurity

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest —
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour!

## The Song of the Shirt

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

'Work! work! work!
While the coek is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'Oh, Men, with Sisters dear 1
Oh, men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt

'But why do I talk of Death?

That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags,
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work '
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime '
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd
As well as the weary hand

in the simplicity and intensity of many of his unforgettable brief lyrics and epigrams, like the lines on Rose Aylmer and the quatrain beginning, 'I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.' Yet Mr Sidney Colvin's definition of Landor as a classic writing in a romantic age' is not to be accepted without qualification The classic calm of his pose does not avail to hide in him the rebellious individualism which is a main and essential characteristic of the romantic movement and spirit. He is really as much an insurgent in temper as Shelley or Byron, the mutinous pugnacity of his life is mirrored in the audacious and extravagant paradox too often displayed in The writer who belittled Plato and Napoleon and extolled Alfieri as the greatest man of his time had certainly not the true classic serenity which sees life steadily and sees it whole. He glorified Milton ('It may be doubted if the Creator ever created one altogether so great'), found Spenser tedious, and by no means fully sympathised with Wordsworth or his romantic He was no sustained or systecontemporaries matic thinker, his thoughts are essentially opinions and prejudices, and hence it comes that the reader often wearies of him ere he ceases to admire Admiration, indeed, will never be wanting to Landor so long as nobility of style and of nature keeps its power to charm Browning said he owed more to him than to any contemporary

Many of Landor's detached fragments, both in prose and verse, are current 'Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked, 'Religion is the elder sister of philosophy,' 'It is a kindness to lead the sober, a duty to lead the drunk, ' 'Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off,' 'Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age' But no saying of his is perhaps oftener quoted than the picturesque and rather mixedly metaphorical remark about his own standing as an author 'I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select, I neither am nor ever shall be popular'

## Rose Aylmer

Ah, what avuls the sceptred race, Ah, what the form divine! What every virtue, every grace ! Rose Aylmer, all were thme.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes May weep, but never see, A night of memories and of sighs I consecrate to thee.

### Years After

'Do you remember me? or are you proud?' Lightly advancing thro' her star trimm'd crowd, Innthe said, and look'd into my eyes. 'A jes, a yes to both for memory Where you but once have been must ever be, And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise? No, my own love of other years ' No, it must never be Much rests with you that yet endears, Alas! but what with me? Could those bright years o'er me revolve So gay, o'er you so fair, The pearl of life we would dissolve And each the cup might share You show that truth can ne'er decay, Whatever fate befalls, I, that the myrtle and the bay

I wonder not that youth remains With you, wherever else she flies Where could she find such fair domains, Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass, Cut down and up again as blithe as ever, From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass Like little ripples in a sunny river

Years, many parti colour'd years, Some have crept on, and some have flown, Since first before me fell those tears I never could see fall alone. Years, not so many, are to come, Years not so varied, when from you One more will fall when, carried home, I see it not, nor hear Adien

Well I remember how you smiled To sec mc write your name upon The soft sea sand,—'O! what a child! You think you're writing upon stone!' I have since written what no tide Shall ever wash away, what men Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide And find Ianthe's name again

## To Southey

Indweller of a peaceful vale, Ravaged erewhile by white hair'd Dane, Rare architect of many a wondrous tale, Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain !

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow, And see methinks the lake below Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair And radiant than the purest waters are, Even when gurgling in their joy among The bright and blessed throng, Whom on her arm recline The beauteous Proserpine With tenderest regretful gaze, Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas I that snows are shed Upon thy laurel'd head, Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs ! Malignity lets none Approach the Delphic throne, A hundred lane fed curs bark down Fame's hundred But this is in the night, when men are slow

To raise their eyes, when high and low, The scarlet and the colourless, are one Soon sleep unbars his noiseless prison,

And active minds again are risen, [the sun Where are the curs? dream bound, and whimpering in

[tongues

At fife s or lyre's or tabor's sound
The dance of yonth, O Southey, runs not round
But closes at the bottom of the room
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,
Where the weary sit them down,

And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.

We harry to the river we must cross,

And swifter downward every footstep wends,
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss
Of balf their faculties and half their friends I
When we are come to it, the stream
Is not so dreary as they deem
Who look on it from haunts too dear,
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air

No firmer breast than thine liath Heaven

To poet sage or hero given

No heart more tender, none more just

To that He largely placed in trust
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the eternal throne,
And bear in God's own voice 'Well done.'

Not, were that submarine
Gem lighted city mine,
Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand,
Not, were all Syracuse
Pour'd forth before my muse,
With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre
Brightening the path with more than solar fire,
Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

## On Southey's Death.

Friends, hear the words my wandering thoughts would say, And cast them into shape some other day, Sonthey, my friend of forty years, is gone, And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone

## To the Sister of Elia.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile 'Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years, Far worthier things than tears. The love of friends without a single foe

Unequalled lot below I

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine, For these dost thou repine?

He may have left the lowly walks of men, Left them he has, what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes Of all the good and wise?

Though the warm day is over, yet they seek Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks he bids thee rest

### Tamar and the Sea-nymph.

'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher 'Twas pleasant, and I loosen'd from my neck The pipe you gave me, and began to play O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art! It always brings us enemies or love Well, I was playing, when above the waves Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend, I, sitting still, survey'd it with my pipe Awkwardly held before my lips half closed Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine! I cannot wait describing how she came, How I was sitting, how she first assumed The Sulor, of what happen'd there remains Enough to say, and too much to forget. The sweet deceiver stepp'd upon this bank Before I was aware, for with surprise Moments fly rapid as with love itself Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed, I heard a rustling, and where that arose My glance first lighted on her nimble feet. Her feet resembled those long shells explored By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight Would blow the pungent powder in the eye. Her eyes too ! O immortal gods! her eyes Resembled-what could they resemble? what Ever resemble those? Even her attire Was not of wonted woof nor yulgar art Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire pod, Her girdle the dove colour'd wave serene 'Shepherd,' said slie, 'and will you wrestle now, And with the sailor's hardier race engage?' I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived How to keep up contention could I fail By pressing not too strongly, yet to press? 'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem, Or whether of the hardier race you boast, I am not daunted, no, I will engage.' 'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?' 'A sheep,' I answered 'add whate'er you will.'
'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return Our hided vessels in their pitchy round Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue Within, and they that lustre have imbibed In the sun's palace porch, where when unyoked His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave Shake one and it awakens, then apply Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear, And it remembers its august abodes, And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there. And I have others given me by the nymphs, Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have, But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend, This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.' Now came she forward eager to engage, But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd, And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive. Her bosom seem'd, enclosed in haze like heaven, To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined Above her knee she drew the robe succinct, Above her breast, and just below her arms. 'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound, If struggle and equal strength should so construm? Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake, And, rushing at me, closed I thrill'd throughout And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold Again with violent impulse gush'd my blood,

And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd, I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein, Slinke my unsteady swimming sight in air I et with unyielding though uncertain arms I clung around her neck, the vest beneath Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined Often mine springing with eluded force Started aside and trembled till replaced And when I most succeeded, as I thought, My bosom and my throat felt so compress'd That life was almost quivering on my lips Yet nothing was there painful these are, signs Of secret arts and not of human might, What arts I cannot tell, I only know My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd, I was mdeed o'ercome-with what regret, And more, with what confusion, when I reach'd The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried, 'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.' She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip, And eyes that languish'd, lengthening, just like love. (From Gebir)

### Hannibal and the Dying Roman.

Surgeon Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus I must die then! The gods he praised!

The commander of a Roman army is no captive

Hannibal (to the Surgeon) Could not be bear a sea soyage? Extract the arrow

Surgeon He expires that moment Marcellus It pains me extract it

Hannibal Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive

(To the Surgeon) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as lie may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Mircellus Hannibil, give me thy hand-thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion

(To the Surgeon) Go, friend, others want thy aid, several fell around me.

Hannibal Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least O what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the cllow, and even to smile I

Marcellus Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, 'Marcellus, is this thy writing?'

Rome loses one man she hath lost many such, and she still both many left

Hannibal Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shime the ferocity of my countrymen Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge, the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required in a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus Hannibal, thou art not dying Hannibal What then? What mean you?

Marcellus That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. Mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent, and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf hes defaced the semblance of a general, but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much let me rest this mantle oppresses me

Hannbal I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring

Marcellus Take it, Hannibal It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last, in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country), it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us. There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either

Hannibal What?

Marcellus This body

Hanmbal Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready

Marcellus I meant not so My strength is failing I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine, but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family

Hannibal You would ask something else I perceive an inquietude not visible till now

Marcellus Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together

Marcellus Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal A few dying he about—and let them he—
they are Tuscans The remainder I saw at a distance,
flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared
a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded
They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his
horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their

courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus I have suppressed it long enough My son—my beloved son 1

Hannibal Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus He would have shared my fate—and has not Gods of my country beneficent throughout life to me, in death snrpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks. (From Imaginary Conversations)

### Chatham and Chesterfield

Chesterfield It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same side in politics, yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative, they are mentioned as being truly excellent, I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your pene trating view of manners and morals, for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect, which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhor tations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples Let us, how ever, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

Chesterfield Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan

Chatham Willingly, my lord, but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no cliange in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove

Chesterfield I do not admire Mr Locke

Chatham Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers

Chesterfield If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors

Chatham Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield Pray assist me.

Chatham Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn, yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be

covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears, then, to me that elegance in prose composition is mainly this a just admission of topics and of words, neither too many nor too few of either, enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still, enough of illustration and reflection to change the postnre of our minds when they would tire, and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise, but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield I see not that you are

Chatham My ear is well satisfied with Locke I find nothing idle or redundant in him

Chesterfield But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham The danger is, that few will be led by them for enough most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide

Chesterfield What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around, but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present, I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several semps of commentary, these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation

Chatham Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning less reflection, less lessure, in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato

Chatham And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not spanngly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare?

Chesterfield I should look npon it as upon a wonder, not to say a mirrele Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry

Chatham His words are these 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

Chesterfield Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to naseal who had

bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language, who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever vet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admira tion as ever lie had gazed upou lier

(From Imaginary Conversations)

### William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

Peterlorough The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cresar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desde Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two-the real and the ideal nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage, it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who rend negligently and idly I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho yet probably a very in different one might do it, for we cannot master our funcies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity. a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring

You I riends are no less adverse to representation by

painting than by acting

Penn We do not educate our youth to such profes sions and practices Iliou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter

Peterborough Nearly, but not quite I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest, I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family pieture by Vandyke, when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the terrs and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Pathfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumpli the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art

(From Imaginary Conversations)

## Aspasla at the Theatre

How fortunate' to have arrived at Athens, at dawn, on the twelfth of Llaphebolion. On this day began the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre is thrown open at

What a theatre! What an elevation! What a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demi gods and gods !

It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs, but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!

I will now tell you all No time was to be lost, so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy, who came over with his mother from Lemnos ness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted, and he left me on the steps My heart sank within me, so many young men stared and whispered, yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun), every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked toward the stage, and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a counte nance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination had conceived. I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the cham pion of the human race, with his antagonist Zens, and his creator Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries thow often hath his vulture torn our breasts 1 how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half renounced the religion of our fathers l Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then Promethcus stood between us. He had resisted in silcuce and disdain the cruellest tortures that Almightiness could inflict now arose the Nymphs of Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us, and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity, and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled

(From Pericles and Aspasia)

The standard Life of Landor is by John Forster (2 vols 1869), and there is an admirable sketch by Mr Sidney Colvin in the 'English Men of Letters series (1881) to him also we owe Selections from Landor (1882) Stephen Wheeler's Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor (2 vols. 1897-99) includes a bibliography, and reference may be made to Evans s Landor, a Critical Study (1892) and to essays by Lord Houghton, Mrs Lynn Linton (Fraser's Magazine, July 1870), and Mr Swinburne -Landor's youngest brother, Robert Eyres Landor (1781-1869), studied at Oxford for forty years was a model clergyman in Worcestershire, but wrote several tragedies and poems. Landor's grandson A H Savage Landor, became Lnown as a traveller amongst the Amos of Japan, and in Tibet (1893-98).

Edwin Atherstone (1788-1872) was born at Nottingham, and died at Bath He was a friend of the painter Martin, and wrote Martinesque epics and romances, among them The Last Days of Herculaneum (1821), The Fall of Nineveh (in thirty books, 1828-68), and Israel in Egypt (1861), his chief poem, and the historical romances The Sea-Kings in England (1830) and The Handwriting on the Wall (1858) Though praised by contemporary critics for vigour, power, splendid diction, and truly poetical feeling, they are one and all completely forgotten

James Henry Leigh Hunt, poet and essayist, was born at Southgate in Middlesex, 19th October 1784 His father, a West Indian, who at the time of the American war espoused the British interest with so much warnth that he had to leave the New World and seek a subsistence in the Old, took orders in the Church of England, and was for some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate His son-named after mother pupil, Mr Leigh-was educated at Christ's Hospital till his fifteenth year. "I was then" he says, "first deputy Grecian, and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb The reason was that I hest tited in my speech. It was understood that it Greenn was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the Church afterwards, and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be! Leigh wis then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers under the appropriate title of Jurentia He has himself described this volume in 1801 as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805 his brother John started a paper called The News, and the poet went to live with him and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years after wards they established The Examiner, a weekly journal conducted with great ability. Then, as throughou, his life, Hunt was a stout Radicil, but unfortunitely lie ventured some violent strictures on the Prince Resent, terming him 'a fit Adoms of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprison ment in 1813. His captivity was not without its bright side He had much of the public sympaths, and his friends-Byron and Moore imong them-were attentive in their visits One of his two rooms on the 'ground floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study 'I pripared the walls with a trellis of roses, I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky, the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds, and when my bool cases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pranoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lainb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a

thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr. Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the Parnaso Haliano while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this ministure piece of horticulture.

Mio picciol orto, A me sei vigna, e cimpo, e selva, e prato —Barrii My Intle garden,

To me thou 'et vinevard, field, and wood, and meadow.



LHGH HUNT From an Fagraving after Hayter

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were living with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm chair, and affect to think myself hundreds, of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherrytree, which I twice saw in blossom?

The poet was not so well fitted to battle with the world or apply himself to worldly business as to dress his garden and nurse poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. His habits were careless and unbusiness like, he was too facile a borrower,

and there can be no doubt, in spite of Dickens's denials, that he is the original of Harold Skimpole in Bleak House He himself confessed that he never knew the multiplication table. On leaving prison he published his Story of Rimini (1816), the tale of Paolo and Francesca in verse, afterwards altered, but without improvement. He set up a little weekly paper, The Indicator (1819-21), on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, The Feast of the Poets (1814) and Foliage (1818) In 1822 he went to Italy with his wife and seven children to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish The Liberal, a quarterly review containing a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism This connection proved a failure. Shelley, on whose advice he had gone out, was drowned soon after his arrival, and Hunt was one of those present at his cremation The Liberal did not sell-it ran through only four numbers (1822-23), Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership, and Hunt found that 'my noble friend,' to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded Unluckily Hunt, after his return to England in 1825, published Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries (1828), in which his disappointment found vent, and this was construed into ingratitude life for the next twenty years was spent in precarious journalism, the profits of which did not always avail to keep the bailiffs out of the Several weekly periodicals which he edited-The Companion (1828), the Chat of the Week (1830), The Tatler (1830-32), and Leigh Hunt's London Journal (1834-35)-had but an evanescent success. The last of these, perhaps the most characteristic and popular of them all, obtained at the time the generous praise of Dr Robert Chambers, who addressed to Hunt a congratulatory letter extolling his 'kind nature,' and describing him as 'the friend of all man-In 1835 Hunt produced and dedicated to Lord Brougham his anti-war poem of Captain Sword and Captain Pen, which was followed in 1840 by a drama entitled A Legend of Florence, and in 1842 by a narrative poem, The Palfrey Through Macaulay's influence he became a con tributor to the Edinburgh Review, whose editor, however, the ponderous Macvey Napier, objected to the chattiness of his style, and offended him by asking for something 'gentleman-like' from his pen The chief of Hunt's many later works were Sir Ralph Esher, a novel (1832), Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar (1840), which gave the occasion of Macaulay's well-known essay, the interesting Autobiography (1850), and The Old Court Suburb (1855), a delightful sketch of Kensington, where he lived from 1840 to 1850 For ten years before his death on 28th August 1859 the pecuniary distresses so disagreeably described by Carlyle had been at least illeviated by pensions from the Shelley family and the Civil List

Leigh Hunt's great and unrealised ambition was to be a poet His most elaborate effort in verse, the Story of Rimini, shows him utterly inadequate to the treatment of a noble and passionate theme, and justifies to some extent the attacks of the Blackwood critics and other Tory reviewers, who so mercilessly ridiculed the faults in taste committed by the 'Cockney poet.' Hunt has no dignity and often very little delicacy as a poet, but his verses as a rule show good spirits, good humour, and a lively if rather too luxurious fancy It is as an essayist and critic, however, that he is read and gratefully remembered papers in the Indicator and Companion show, of course, nothing to be compared with the rare and poignant genius of Lamb or the keen and brusque virility of Hazlitt, but their familiar bonhomie and mild enthusiasm give them an individuality and a humbler charm of their own As a critic, again, while neither luminous nor penetrative, Hunt has the merit of genuine and zestful appreciativeness and of a saving catholicity of taste. Despite the frequent triviality of his egotistic prattle, his honest love of literature becomes contagious, and of few critics can it be said that their books have done so much as the Indicator and Companion, the volumes on Imagination and Fancy and Wit and Humour, and the Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla to spread a love and an understanding of good poetry

### May Morning at Ravenna.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green,
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about,
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out,
A balmy briskness comes npon the breeze,
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees,
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil,
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—
Breathes like a bright eyed face, that laughs out openly

Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing The birds to the delicious time are singing, Darting with freaks and snatches up and down, Where the light woods go seaward from the town, While happy faces, striking through the green Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen, And the far ships, lifting their sails of white Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light, Come gleaming up, true to the wished for day, And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay

Already in the streets the stir grows loud, Of expectation and a bustling crowd. With feet and voice the gathering hum contends, The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends, Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun

(From Rumini)

# To T L H., six years old, during a Sickness

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day s annoy
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to pruse.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pun and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid,
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are the things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now,
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow,
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed

Ah ' first born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too.
My light, where'er I go,
My bird when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his faee is gone'—'is gone,'
To feel impatient hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,
Ah! I could not endure
To whisper of sneh woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so'

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, 'We've finished here'

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass,

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass,
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine, both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts, and both seem given to earth

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Fo ring in thoughtful ears this natural song— Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!— Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold I receding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said 'What writest thou?' The vision rused its head, And with a look made of all sweet record, Answered 'The names of those who love the Lord' 'And is mine one?' said Abou 'Nay, not so,' Replied the angel Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still, and said 'I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow men The angel wrote, and vanished The next night It came again with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blest,

### My Books

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest

Sitting last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me-to wit, a table of high piled books at my back, my writing desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet-I began to consider how I loved the anthors of those books how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making ine love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my Spenser, my Theocritus, and my Arabian Nights, then above them at my Itnlian poets, then behind me at my Dry den and Pope, my romanees, and my Boccaccio, then on my left side nt my Chaucer, who lay on a writingdesk, and thought how natural it was in C L to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm chairs into the back room with the books in it, where there is but Would I were there, with both the chairs one window properly filled, and one or two more besides! 'We lind talk, sir,'-the only talk capable of making one forget

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables, if a melaneholy thought is importunate, I give mother glance at my Spenser. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that

Leigh Hunt

feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers (From The Indi at r) Leigh Hur a life is best read in his own AutoLiography (nen ed by In sen 1860 annitated ed by Ingpen, 1912) and in the myragraphs by Mr Cosmo Monkhouse in the 'Great Writers' encs (1873) and by Mr Brimley Johnson (1995). His bibliography is exhat sixely treated in the elaborate I is of the B ritings of Il il sars Han ift and Loga Hunt compiled by Alexander Ireland in 1663 while selections from his Correspondence were published by his an Thornton Hunt, in 1862. His poetical works were collected by Moxon in 1881 and a selection appears in the series of 'Canterbury P'ets. Many of his prose writings, including

be, I think I should feel still more distrait in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the gentroa profusion of pen ink, and paper. I should

the Aut wereight were reprinted in a convenient series of seven ve'umes by Mes is Smith Fider & Co. But there are many selec-

tions from the prose works, more or less comprehensive Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), satirist, was born at Weymouth, the only child of a London bliss merchant, who died three years afterwards His boyhood was passed at Chertsey, and for six

and a half years he went to a private school on Englished Green, but from thirteen he was selfeducated, growing up an accomplished scholar The cluef events of his uneventful life were the loss of his first love (1808), his under secretary ship to Sir Home Popham then commanding the fleet before Flushing (1808-9), his close friendship with

Shelley, whom he first met in Wiles in 1812, during one of his many walking tours, his employment from 1819 to 1856 in the office of the East India Comprint as clerk, correspondent, and chief examiner, his retiring with a pension of £1333, his marriage in 1820 to the 'Beauty of Carnaryonshire,' who bore lum one son and three daughters, and died in 1852 after twenty six years of all health, and the important part he bore in the introduction of iron steamships to Castern waters (1832-40). In 1823 he had taken a cottage for his mother at Halliford on the Thaines, and here he himself died, iged His literary ictivity extended over more than half a century Of his half dozen booklets of verse, published between 1804 and 1837, the best, RI adadaphne, offers nothing so good as some of the gry lyrics scattered throughout his seven 'novels' -Headlong Hall (1816), Melincourt (1817), Night

mare Alber (1818, its hero is Shelley), Maid Murian

(1822), The Misfortunes of Elphin (1829), Crotchet Castle (1831) and Gryll Grange (1860) And these 'novels' are interesting chiefly as a study of character-the author's own, in Thomas Love Periods a Kabelaisian pagan of the eighteenth century, epotistic protean, we have the Alpha and Onical of his writings. These mirror his lilings -- for nature, music, the classics, madeiri, and good lning generally, and his stronger, if exaggerated divides-for field sports, tobacco, reviews, political corony, all things Scotch and American, ind of these all for Lord Brougham. They leave on one the in pression that the little he did not know was to he mind no worth I nowing, that because le had no been at a university and was not

religious, therefore Oxbridge and heaven were outside of his universe and irrelevant to it. They may still find admirers in the cultured few, but the steely wit and erudition of their dialogues can never touch the great heart of the people They are—trite though it sounds—'caviare to the general'

## The War-song of Dinas Vawr

The mountain sheep are sweeter, But the valley sheep are fatter, We therefore deemed it meeter To carry off the latter We made an expedition, We met an host and quelled it, We forced a strong position, And killed the men who held it

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing
Fierce warnors rushed to meet us,
We met them, and o'erthrew them
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them, and slew them

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us,
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us
He fled to his hall pillars,
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off

We there, in strife bewildering, Spilt blood enough to swim in We orphaned many children, And widowed many women The eagles and the ravens We glutted with our foemen, The heroes and the cravens, The spearmen and the bowmen

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us,
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus

(From The Missortunes of Elphin )

### Landscape-gardening

Mr Milestone This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste, thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these natrimmed boughs.

Miss Tenorina The sweet romantic spot! How beau tifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

Miss Graziosa. Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

Mr Milestone You' are right, Miss Graziosa your taste is correct—perfectly en règle Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—

adorned Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve there winds a gravel walk here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps, disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry there are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper, here a laurustinus, there a spruce fir, here a larch, there a lilae, here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal the banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

Squire Headlong Magical, faith 1

Mi Milestone Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the moun tain ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, is you see,



THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

with ivy and moss, and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides

Miss Tenorina O how beautiful! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade!

Mr Milestone Beautiful, Miss Tenorina. Hideous Base, common, and popular Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it

Squire Headlong Miraculous, by Mahomet!

Mr Milestone This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees

Miss Tenorina What a delightful spot to read in on a

He holds his domin on over the forest, and its horned multi ade of charen-deer, and its swinish multitude or prasanto of wild boars, by right of conquest at I force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free con ent of his archers, their virtual representrives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyran's and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their resigned and rative dwelling place,' we should mor can's neight adminish them, with point of arrow. that they have no hing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have

ro they, withil, my bles ing?-my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal ble sing? Do I not give thanks when they are well reasted and smoking under my now? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksky has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim So does Robin With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it William raised contributions. So does Robin From

ulion bo h? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both -b-cause they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor and therein is Robin illegitimate, Scarlet and John, though in all else he is true prince

are they not peers of the forest?-lords temporal of Sher vool? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate

their lanner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical.

> Lady when need calls, best them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies titlie. I ven

> It is tax by redempion, and tithe by commutation Your William and Richard can cut and come again. but our Robin deals with shippers subjects that come

constitute a court, except a fool and a laurente? For the fool his only use is to make filse I naver merry by art and it are true men, and are merry by nature. I or the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink such for his prins. We

What then?

What need we, then, to

so do ne. Mass'-ne take all at once

no twice to his exchequer

and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommun cate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r

# Winter Scenery Waterfalls in Frost.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles, the rocks sheeted with frozen form, formed by the flying spray, and the water that cores from their sides congented into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

(From Letter written in Bales)

### Truth to Nature essential in Poetry

Miss Ilex Few intry perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakespeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Words worth, Coleradge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

The Re Dr Opimian \ \ \text{ there is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season

Bring the rathe primrore that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine,
With cowships wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And diffedilhes fill their cups with tears,
To deck the hareate hearse where Lycid hes.'

And at the same time he plucks the bernes of the myrtle and the avy

Miss liex Very beautiful, if not true to Linglish seasons, but Milton might have thought himself justified in mil-ing this combination in Arcadia Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale

'Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among, I woo, to hear thy even song, And missing thee, I walk unseen. On the dry smooth shaven green'

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the press is mown

The Rev. Dr. Opinian. The old Greek poetry is alway true to nature and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I talle no pleasure in poetry that will not

Mr. Ma. Berrevalale. No poetry is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applanded a mea and very taking at first sight.

\*The night-dew of heaven, though in rilence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the soft where he sleeps And the text that we shed, though in secret it rolls Shall long keep his memory green in our smale."

I'm it will not bear analyse. The dense the cause of the year in, but the tear is not the cause of the memory the memory is the cause of the tear.

TA R- Dr Over n Th to we insecured in me

offensive to me than even filse imagery. Here is ore in a son, which I have often heard with displeasors. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he per higher and higher he repeats Litedia r t but excluse is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean stall, was excelling the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more cellus at the top than he had been at the bottom.

Mr Mac Borrowlate I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed

The Rev Dr Opimian I do not look for profound knowledge, but I do expect that poets should under stand what they talk of Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholar-ship in the world would not have produced 'Fam o' Shanter,' but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image or a misused worl. What do you suppose these lines represent?—

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise, One sitting on a crimison scarf unrolled—

A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes, Brow bound with burning gold

[IRBNESON'S Dream of Fair Homen ]

Mr Mac Borrowdale I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo

The Re Dr Ofimian Vet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our mo t popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous granning l'thiop! Moore led the way to this perveision by demonstrating that the Lyyptian women must have been be nutiful because they were 'the country women of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sorof counter demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the I gyptimes. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus The Ptolemus were Greeks, and whoever will look at their penealism, their coms, and their medals will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says-and all antiquity confirm him-was 'the most superlatively beautiful of wonen, splended to see and delightful to hear. I or she was emmently accomplished, she spoke many landages. with grice and ficility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty (From G all Cronger)

# The Sleeping Venus

The Ker Dr. F. h. 4. The child alaba ter hear on the mantelpiece, Mr Crotchet, and these large f, ares in the melies—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent

Mr Crot ket Venus sir rollin more, sie Just Venus

TreTe Dr I to ? May I ask you, sir who they are there?

We Co. Fet. To be leaded at, six just to be leaded at the reason for instituting in a performing. I we being in it at all from the paper on the walls and the dispers of the carriers even to the books in the black of which the rank erect at part is the appearance of the book.

The Re De L'i Ver tie in Ai en

any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like----

The Rev Dr Folltott I do not like the sort of person at all the sort of person I like, as I have already im plied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner

Mr Crotchet Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxiteles, as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova one of whom, an Italian countess, being asked by an English lady, 'How she could bear it?' answered, 'Very well, there was a good fire in the room'

The Rev Dr Folltott Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it. The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs Folliott.—— Sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliott. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel, but all he could get from the exem plary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and long petticoats

Mr Crotchet Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost too much for Gilbert Folliott. The force of the spell was in the drapery

The Rev Dr Follott Bless my soul, sir!

Mr Crotchet Give me leave, sir Diderot —

The Rev Dr Follott. Who was he, sir?

Mr Crotchet Who was he, sir? The sublime philoso pher, the father of the encyclopædia, of all the encyclo' predias that have ever been printed

The Rev Dr Folliott Bless me, sir, a terrible progeny I they belong to the tribe of Incubi

Mr Crotchet The great philosopher, Diderot—
The Rev Dr Folltott Sir, Diderot is not a man after
my heart Keep to the Greeks, if you please, albeit this

Sleeping Venus is not an antique.

Mr Crotchet Well, sir, the Greeks why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models?

The Rev Dr Follott Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the argumentum ad hominem Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova?

Mr Crotchet Yes, sir

'God bless my soul, sir' exclaimed the Reverend Dr Folhott, throwing himself back into a chair and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation, but, by miscalculating his impetus, he overbalanced his chair, and laid limself on the carpet in a right angle, of which his back was the base (From Crotchet Castle)

See Sir Henry Cole's collected edition of Peacock's works with a preface by Lord Houghton and a Memoir by his granddaughter (3 vols 1875), Dr R Garnett's edition (10 vols 1891-92), ulso au article by Spedding in the Edunburgh Review for July 1875, and estays by Mr Gosso (Ward's English Poets, and ed 1883), Professor Sainisbury (Essays, 1890), and Mr R. H. Stoddard (Under the Evening Lamp, 1892)

F H GROOME

Sydney Smith (1771-1845), one of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of bis age, was born at Woodford in Essex, 3rd June. He was one of the three sons of an eccentric and improvident gentleman, who out of the wreck of bis fortune was able to give his family a good education The opinion that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the mother than the father is illustrated by this remarkable family, for the mother, Maria Olier, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or The eldest son, Robert—best known by his Eton nickname of Bobus-was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law, Courtenay, the youngest, went to India,



SYDNEY SMITH
After a Drawing by Sir G Hayter

and acquired great wealth and reputation as a judge and an Oriental scholar After five years at Southampton, in 1782 Sydney was sent to Winchester, where he rose to be captain of the school, and whence, having first spent six months at Mont Villiers in Normandy, in 1789 he pro ceeded to New College, Oxford There he gained a fellowship, but of only £100 per annum, and was cast upon his own resources. He obtained in 1794 a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain The squire of the parisb, Mr Beach, four years afterwards engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to Weimar out, but 'before we could get there, says Sydney Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years? He preached occasionally at an Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgn, he returned to England to marry at Cheam a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker The bride's brother, one of Pitt's Lords of the Admiralty, was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pur were far from brilliant But the wife had a small fortune of her own, and she realised £500 by the sale of a necklace her mother had given her The Wiltshire squire added £750 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the sordid ills of poverty Literature also furnished an addiwere averted The Edinburgh Review was tional resource. started in 1802, and it was Sydney Smith who was the original projector

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray-late Lord Advocate for Scotland-and Lord Brougham, all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey I proposed that we should set up a Review, this was acceded to with acclamation I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review motto I proposed for the Review was, Tentu musam meditamur avena-"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmed" But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line, and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success?

A not unimportant feature in the scheme was that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet of sixteen printed pages In 1804 Sydney Smith went to London, officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square His sermons were eminently popular, and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806 at the Royal Institution, and published after his death, raised his reputation In Holland House and other select circles his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous, and his contributions to the Edinburgh Review brought him much Celat, though their liberal tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power During the short Whig administration in 1806-7, he obtained the living of Foston-le Clay in Yorkshire, and here he wrote his most amusing and powerful Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley (1807) The success of the Letters was immense—they ran through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such irresistible argument had been indited in such masterly political irony.

The Yorkshire clergyman, not content with his clerical work and his literary undertakings, became a farmer next. And having in his youth made some studies in medicine, he occasionally doctored It was his aim to make his poorer parishioners the most of his situation in life, and no man with a tithe of his talents was ever a more contented practical philosopher Patronage came slowly About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age, and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding party considerations, gave him a prebend at Bristol 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favour he enabled him in 1829 to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somerset. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for him a prebendal stall at St Paul's political agitation about the Reform Bill drew from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and several short but pronouncedly liberal speeches, in one of which, delivered at Taunton in 1831, the famous Mrs Partington was introduced

Like Swift, Sydney Smith seems almost never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly Though he was a professed joker and convivial wit—'a dinerout of the first lustre,' as he himself described Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not come in as haturally as if it had been struck out or remembered at the moment it was used In his latter years Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton He thought the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded, he took up the defence of the rights of Dean and Chapter with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times none too friendly to his old Whig associates The Letters contain some admirable portrait painting, bordering on caricature, and a characteristic variety of rich illustration In 1839 the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of £50,000 'in my grand climacteric, I became unexpectedly a rich man? This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds, and

when Pennsylvania and other states sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St Paul's took the field, and by a petition and a series of letters roused all Europe against the repudiating states His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections A representative Englishman, manly, fearless, independent, practical, he strove in season and out of season to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely refor-No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had some of the wit of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after his death was published A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church Smith discharged with diligence his public and clerical duties, and was much annoyed when persons of a devouter temper assumed that he was indifferent to the creed he professed or was a scoffer at religion Certainly his jests were hardly consistent with a reverent temper, his intimate friends were neither religious nor orthodox, and he himself was frankly and outspokenly hostile to mysticism and fanaticism, to evangelicalism and Methodism (he said Methodists and evangelicals were 'numerous and nasty vermin'), to Puseyism and transcendentalism

### Mrs Partington,

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height-the waves rushed in upon the bouses-and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean The Atlantic was roused, Mrs Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. • She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, hnt she sbonld not have meddled with a 1empest (From a Speech at Taunton in 1831)

# From Peter Plymley's Letters

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor bas he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [Spencer Perceval], they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest, and though they reflect the highest houour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this

time, however, the best informed clergy in the neigh bourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation, and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers, and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head piece for the Spanker gun vessel, it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined

### From 'Wit and Humour

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit will bear repetition, -at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility as a bottle of cham pagne that has been opened three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the dark ness of the cellar To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umhrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep-walks made in the mind, it must not be a comparison of colour with colour, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar, but it must be something removed from common appreliension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought-things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtlety and quickness.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visita tion, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of light ning and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or I am so much of a contrary way of just proportion thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully, to the study of wit as he might to the study of mathematics, and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in ideas as in roords. but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another, but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I

James and Horace Smith, extraordinarily clever, lively, and amusing authors in both prose and verse, were sons of an eminent legal prac-



JAMES SMITH
From an Figraving after the Portrait by Lonsdale

titioner in London, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and noted for his accomplishments. Both James (1775-1839) and Horatto (usually Horace, 1779-1849) were educated at Chigwell in Essex, and for this retired 'school-boy spot' James ever retained a strong affection. After school days James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and in 1812 suc ceeded to the business, as well as to the post of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humourist -delighting in parodies, dramatic dialogues, and current criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to The Pic-nic newspaper, afterwards merged in The Cabinet He wrote for the London Review, a short lived journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle that every writer's name must be appended to his critique, and next became a constant writer in The Monthly Mirror, where there appeared a series of parodies and poetical imitations, Horace in London, the joint work of the brothers of the pieces are sprightly and humorous, many only trifling and tedious To London he was as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter, or quote Dr Johnson's dogma "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence "" He did sometimes condescend to go as far as Yorkshire to stay with friends But when at a country house he excused himself from joining in a stroll by asking his host to note the gouty shoe he wore, the host only said, 'You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements'

The Rejected Addresses, 'one of the luckiest hits in literature,' appeared in 1812, having kept James and Horace busy for six weeks directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken it the opening of the new building, and a casual hint from the secretary of the theatre suggested to the witty brothers a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The work was ready by the opening day, but, marvellous to record, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be found, although the authors asked nothing for At length John Miller, a dramatic copyright publisher, undertook to publish and give half profits, should there be any In an advertisement prefixed to the twenty-second edition it is put on record that Mr Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright for £131 in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled contributions were imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, and Crabbe Horace



HORACF SMITH
From an Engraving after the Portrait by J J Masquerier

contributed imitations of Dr Johnson, Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W T Fitzgerald (the extravagant adulation and fustion of whose Loval

Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow, Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe John Richard William Alexander Dwyer Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire, But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues, Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy Up as a corn cutter—a safe employ, In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred—At number twenty seven, it is said—Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head He would have bound him to some shop in town, Bnt with a premium he could not come down Pat was the urchin's name, a red haired youth, Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth

Silence, ye gods ' to keep your tongues in awe, The muse shall tell an accident she saw

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat,
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers 'Take my handkerchief'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line'
'Take mine,' cried Wilson, 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band,
Upsoars the prize, the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat

## The Baby's Début -By W W (Wordsworth)

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter

My brother Jack was nine in May, And I was eight on New Year's Day, So in Kate Wilson's shop Papa (he's my papa and Jack's) Bought me, last week, a doll of wax, And brother Jack a top

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg, And tie it to his peg top's peg, And bang, with might and main, Its head against the parlour door, Off flies the head, and hits the floor, And breaks a window pane This made him cry with rage and spite, Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth '
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted flown the street
I saw them go one horse was hlind,
The tails of both hing down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber room
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes, Came in at six to black the shoes (I always talk to Sam) So what does he but takes and drags Me in the chaise along the flags, And leaves me where I am

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these, and, goodness mc'
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town! The carpet, when they lay it down, Won't hide it, I'll be bound And there's a row of lamps, my eye! How they do blaze! I wonder why They keep them on the ground

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away, hut Mr Thing
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said 'Go on, my pretty love,
Speak to 'em, little Nan

'You've only got to curtsey, whisp er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp, And then you're sure to take I've known the day when bruts not quite Thirteen got fifty pounds a night, Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?

And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?

Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!

They smile, they nod, I'll go my ways,

And order round poor Billy's chaise,

To join them in the pit

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Splanx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnou's statue, which at sunnse played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priesteraft never owns its juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob a nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Qaeen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
II as any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy princial race was run

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green,
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows,
But prithee tell is something of thiself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house,
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have riseu—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persián conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memuon fell asunder?

Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has erumbled

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold
A heart his throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky check have rolled
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning

Why should this worthless tegument endure, If its undying guest be lost for ever? Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure In living virtue, that, when both must sever, Although corruption may our frame consume, The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

The Rejected Addresses were edited, with Memoirs, by Epes Sargent (New York, 1871) and P Fitzgerald (1890), Arthur H Beatan published a joint life of the two brothers—James and Horace Smith (1899), and see also Timbs s Lives of the Wits and Humonrists (1862) There is a good paper on the Smiths in the first volume of Hayward's Essays (1858), and an account of the real Rejected Addresses may be found in Blackwood's Magazine for May 1893.

Theodore Edward Hook (1788-1841) was born in London, the second son of the Vauxhall composer James Hook (1746-1827), by his first wife, the beautiful Miss Madden His education



THEODORE HOOK.

From the Portrait by E U Eddis in the National Portrait
Gallery

was almost limited to a year at Harrow and matriculation at Oxford, but he early achieved celebrity as a playwright, a punster and matchless improvisatore, and as a practical joker—his greatest performance the Berners Street Hoax (1809), which took in the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Gloucester, and hundreds of thousands of lowher victims 1805 he composed a comic opera, The Soldier's Return, overture and music, as well as dialogues and songs, being entirely by himself. It was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, Catch Him Who Can, which showed Liston and Mathews at their best, and had a great run Hook then produced in rapid succession a series of musical operas-The Invisible Girl, Music Mad, Darkness Visible, Trial by Jury, The Fortress, Tekeli, Exchange no Robbery, and Killing no Murder Some of these

and his scurrility in controversy, can only partly be excused by reason of the defects of his education, and much of his cleverest work is now all but unread and unknown

### An Adventurer

'My dear Johnny,' said the respectable widow Brag to her son, 'what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple chasing, for hunting, lord hunting, n wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to Old Nick, and jon getting dipped instead of your candles '

'Mother,' said Jack, 'don't talk so foolishly ' You are of the old school-excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand the business is safe enough You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights, -no, thanks to my enlightenment.

I flatter myself I soar a little ligher than that

'No nonsense, Johnny '' said Mrs Brag have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?'

'Take my advice, my dear mother,' said Jack, 'and I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father in law, -marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom-straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir about husband, who does not mind grahbing, and hasa t a nose '-

'Hasn't a nose?' interrupted Mrs Brag

'I don't mean literally, said Jack, 'but sportingly,does not mind the particular scent of tallow-you understand? Let him into the tricks of the trade you will still be queen bee of the hive, -make him look after the drones while you watch the wax '

'And while you, Johnny, lap up the honey,' said the

queen bee.

'Do what you like,' said her son, 'only marry-"marry come up," as somebody says in n play

'But, John,' said Mrs Brig, 'I have no desire to

change my condition 3

'Nor I that you should,' said Jack, 'but I wish you would change your name. As long as "Brag, wax and tallow chandler," sucks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shop front, like so many malefactors expirting their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or the family

'Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'you are a silly fellow What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a hunting with, and all the rest of it, like yon, and are really glad to see yon, it is for yourself alone, and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you What difference is it to them how you get your thorough bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?-they won't give you any new ones when they are gone '

'It is all very well talking,' said Johnny, 'but I never should show my free amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry

If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop-" pretty mould of a horse" tingles in my ears-"sweet dip of the country" sets me doubting, and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers nt Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.'

'And what now, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'do you think these lords take you for, if not for a tallow

chandler?'

' In independent gentleman,' said Jack.

'That is to say,' replied his mother, 'a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon '

'They look upon me as an agreeable rattle,' said John 'One that has often been in the watchman's hands,

too,' said the old lady

'I talk big and ride small,' said Jack, 'I am always up with the liounds-never flineli at anything-am the pride of the field wherever I go-and in steeple chases of infinite value?

'And very little weight, my dear Johnny,' interrupted lus mother

'One of my dearest friends,' continued Brag, 'Lord Tom Towzle, n dcuee of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the "Travellers'"

'What' nders for respectable houses?' said Mrs Brag,

'and a very proper club, too'

'Respectable houses!' said Jack 'Poh! not a hit of it! What! higmen in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no ' the "Trivellers'"-par excellence'

'Par what?' said Mrs Brig 'What' d'ye mean the fine Club house in Pall Mall which you showed me the

outside of last King's birth night?'

'The same, said Brig 'Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says-told the plain unvarnished-I never could have qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the "Travellers', "-in course I said jes-straight up, right down, and no mistake Well, then he asks me if I could qualify,—so not quite understanding him, he says, "Have you ever been in Greece?"-" I es," said I -I might have added "up to the elbows often," didn't though Had him dead Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me

'If you could but get into a club, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'where they uses gas, and get 'em to give it up and try oil on illumination nights, I'd say something to you -them Travellers has oil as it is But what I think

is, somebody is sure to find you out, Johnny '

'Time enough,' said Jack 'I'm going it now smooth and soft across the country, increasing my acquaintance, fulling into the society of elegant females-women of fushion, with beautiful faces and liberal hearts, -intro duced to three last week-proud as peacocks to every body else, delighted with me, -met them at Ascot-cold collation in the carriage-champagne iced from London, -got on capital-never was so happy in my life-hottest weather I ever felt, spirits mounted-I was the delight of the party-told them half a dozen stones of myself, and made them laugh like cockatoos, but I was bundled nll of a heap by the Marquis of Middlesdale, who had been at luncheon with the king, and who, in passing the barouche, gave me a smack on the back you might have heard to Egham, and eried out, "Jack, this is a melting day, isn't it?"'

'He meant it, Johnny, depend upon it,' said Mrs

obviously not intended to deceive His originals Barham found everywhere and anywhere, French contes being occasionally drawn on The legends were first collected into a volume in 1840, and the third series was published in 1846, with a brief memoir, an eighty-eighth edition of the whole by the author's daughter, Mrs Bond, appeared in 1894 A collection of Ingoldsby Lyrics was issued in 1881, comprising political skits, parodies, occasional pieces, family poetry, songs, epigrams, poetical epistles, and other miscellanea from various sources—some of them published in one or other of the editions of the Legends, some printed in Barham's Life, and some exhumed from old magazines—so that



RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM
From an Engraving after the Portrait by Lane.

the Legends and the Lyrics contain all of Barham's poetical work his son thought worth preserving The famous 'parody' of The Burial of Sir John Moore—

Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or groat, And he looked confoundedly flurried, As he bolted away without paying his shot, And the landlady after him hurried—

is not really a parody of the poem, but a burlesque piece with a few points imitated, in a measure very skilfully resembling that of the original. There are two or three skits or satires in which the method of 'The house that Jack built' is ingeniously applied, with all the cumulative repetitions, to such subjects as the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. It was published in 1824, when Wolfe's authorship was still debated and the poem was being attributed to Byron, Campbell, and others (see Vol. II p 788),

and Barham's jeu d'espret was declared to be the only 'true and original' version, the work of 'Dr Peppercorn' The following were described as 'the last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby'

## As I Laye A-Thynkynge

As I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye,
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberle chynynge brighte

With his hauberke shynynge brighte, And his gallaut heart was lyghte, Free and gaye,

As I laye a thynkynge, he rode upon his waye

As I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge, Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!

There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free.

As I laye a thynkynge, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge, Merne sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe,

> A lovely Mayde came bye, And a gentil Youth was nyghe, And he breathed mane a syghe And a vowe.

As I laye a thynkynge, her heart was gladsome now

As I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge, Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne,

> No more a Youth was there, But a Maiden rent her haire, And cried in sadde despaire, 'That I was borne!'

As I laye a thynkynge, she perished forlorne

As I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge, Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar,

There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire.

As I laye a thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a thynkynge, a thynkynge, a thynkynge, And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier,

That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the swan
Doth appear,

As I laye a thynkynge,—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking, O, merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes, While soaring to the skies, 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise, As to her nest,

As I laye a thynkynge, her meaning was exprest —
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,'—

'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
'HERE IS REST!'

The Life and Letters of Barham was published by his son, the Rei R. H D Barham, who was also Hook's biographer (2 vols. 1870, 3rd ed. 1880, 1 vol. ed. 1893).

concerning poetic imagination. I have not been able to raise my mind to the subject, farther than this, that imagination is the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces—that is, images—individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions. This I do comprehend, and I find the most beautiful and striking illustrations of this faculty in the works of Wordsworth himself

The incomparable twelve lines, 'She dwelt among the untrodden vavs,' ending, 'The difference to mel' are finely imagined. They exhibit the powerful effect of the loss of a very obscure object upon one tenderly attached to it. The opposition between the apparent strength of the passion and the insignificance of the object is delightfully conceived, and the object itself well portraved.

September 12th —This was a day of rest, but of enjoy ment also, though the amusement of the day was rather social than arising from the beauties of nature.

I wrote some of my journal in hed. After my break fast I accompanied Mr Wordsworth, Mr Hutton, and a Mr Smith to look at some fields belonging to the late Mr Wordsworth, and which were to be sold by anction this evening. I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' Mr Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, 'Is it true—as I have heard reported—that Mr Wordsworth ever wrote verses?'

### A Feast of the Poets.

Afril 4th (1823)—Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge Lainh, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of vers unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this after noon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish I ainb, next to whom he was placed.

Rem -Of this dinner an account is given in Moore's Life, which account is quoted in the Ithenaum of April 23rd, 1853 Moore writes - April 4th, 1823 Dined at Mr Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party ridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the London Magazine) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr Robinson, one of the minora sidera of this constellation of the Lakes, the host lumself, a Macenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a elever fellow, certainly, but full of villamous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute Some excellent things, however, have come from him' Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a clever man, and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree—this admirable person

is dryly noticed as 'the poor woman who went mad in a diligence,' &c Moore is not to be blamed for thisthey were strangers to him. The Athenaum reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks 'The tone is not to our liking,' and it is added 'We should like to see Lamb's account' This occasioned my send lng to the Athenaum (June 25th, 1853) a letter by Lamb to Bernard Barton - DEAR SIR,-I washed for I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, you yesterday Colendge, Rogers, and Tom Moore, half the poetry of England constellated in Gloueester Place. It was a delightful evening! Coloridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine It is a he that poets are envious. I have known the best of them, and can speak to it that they give each other their ments and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am seribbling a muddy epistle with an aclung head, for ve did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry! It was hippocrass rather?

Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore when he could not articulate very distinctly 'Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?'—sming the action to the word, and hobnobling Then he went on 'Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after' Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb's amusing manner. Moore's talent was of another sort, for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small tall, and especially in singing he was supreme, but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could be feel Lamb's humour.

Besides these five hards were no one but Mrs Words worth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary I amb, and Mrs Gilman I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

### Goethe at Welmar

August 2nd (1829) - A golden day! Voigt and I left Jena before seven, and in three hours were at Weimar Having left our cards at Goethe's dwelling house, we proceeded to the garden house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware, by the present of medals from him, that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected Let I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park, to which he retires for solitude from his town house, where are his son, his daughter in law, and three grandchildren He generally eats and drinks alone, and when he invites a stranger, it is to a tête-à tête This is a wise sparing of his strength Twenty seven years ago I thus described him - In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity, a penetrating and insupportable eye-"the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command "-a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expres sive lips, which when closed seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body, there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air' Now I beheld the same eye, indeed,

but the evebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful com pression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop Then he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, now he was all courtesy 'Well, you are come at last,' he said, 'we have waited years for you How is my old friend Knebel? You liave given him youth again, I have no doubt.' his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings one, the well known panoramic view of Rome, the other, the old square engraving, an imaginary restoration of the ancient public buildings Both of these I then possessed, but I have now given them to University Hall, London spoke of the old engraving as what delighted him, as showing what the scholars thought in the fifteenth The opinion of scholars is now changed like manner he thought favourably of the panoramic view, though it is incorrect, including objects which cannot be seen from the same spot

I had a second chat with him late in the evening We talked much of Lord Byron, and the subject was renewed afterwards. To refer to detached subjects of conversation, I ascertained that he was unacquainted with Burns's 'Vision'. This is most remarkable, on account of its close resemblance to the Zuagnung (dedication) to his own works, because the whole logic of the two poems is the same. Each poet confesses his infirmities, each is consoled by the Muse—the holly leaf of the Scotch poet being the 'veil of dew and sun beams' of the German. I pointed out this resemblance to Frau von Goethe, and she acknowledged it.

This evening I gave Goethe an account of De Lamen nais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us by the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, 'No donbt all truth comes from God, but the Chnrch! There's the point. God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly, and that's a language these Spitzbuben don't understand' Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked, 'The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werter that set the fashion' smiled, and said, 'That's partly true, but it was never perceived by the critics that Werter praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad But reviewers do not notice such things' I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian was the contrast with his own nature,' Goethe replied 'He loved soft and melancholy music. Werter was among his books at St Helena.'

We spoke of the emancipation of the Catholics Goethe said, 'My daughter will be glad to talk about it, I take no interest in such matters' On my leaving him the first evening, he kissed me three times. (I was always before disgusted with man's kisses.) Voigt never saw him do so much to any other

He pressed me to spend some days at Weimar on my return, and, indeed, afterwards induced me to protract my stay I was there from the 13th of August till the 19th

The three volumes of the Diary (of which there was a new edition in 1872) contain but gleanings from a plentiful crop garnered in upwards of a hundred MS volumes of Diary, Journals of tours, Letters Reminiscences and Anecdotes, preserved in Dr Williams's library in Gordon Square, London.

John Wilson Croker (1780-1857), the last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the Quarterly Review, was born at Galway, the son of the Surveyor-General of Customs and Excise in Ireland Educated at Portarlington and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1800 he entered Lincoln's Inn, but in 1802 was called to the Irish Bar His first literary attempts were satirical—Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage (1804) and An Intercepted Letter from Canton (1805), a satire on certain politicians and magnates in Dublin These trifles were followed by Songs of Trafalgar (1806) and A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present (1807), a pamphlet advocating Catholic emancipation Entering Parliament for Downpatrick (1807), he in 1809 warmly defended the Duke of York over the Mary Anne Clarke scandal, and was rewarded with the post of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until he retired in 1830 with a pension of £1500. In 1809 he published anonymously The Battles of Talavera, a poem in the style of Scott, on which Wellington remarked that he had never thought 'a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining? In the same style Mr Croker commemorated The Battle of Albuera (1811), apparently the last of his poetic efforts. He was now busy with the Quarterly Review, which he had helped to found in 1809 His articles were mainly personal or historical—attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or rectifications of dates and facts regarding public characters and events He it was who, as the reviewer of Keats's Endymion in September 1818, incurred Byron's famous catechetical criticism

Who killed John Keats?, I, says the Quarterly, So savage and Tartarly, 'Twas one of my feats

The article in three pages of abuse styles Keats a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype? Lady Morgan's Italy was despatched in the same trenchant style. One of Croker's most brilliant 'feats' in this way was his success in mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of Evelina was published She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date, but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn in Norfolk, had the parishregister examined, and found that she was baptised in June 1752, and consequently, instead of being a youthful prodigy, was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when Evelina appeared. Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon, he had the French registers examined, and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper

that the Duke of Wellington (who was seriously annoyed by the mistimed reminiscence) had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809, Two of the later conand at Waterloo in 1815 tributions to the Review by Croker made considerable noise - those on Macaulay's History and Moore's Memoirs In Macaulay's case, Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms They were countrymen and college acquintances, and when Lord John Russell pub lished the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous friend of the dead man would have abstained from harsh comments plied the scalpel unsparingly, the editor remarked on the critic's 'safe malignity,' and Croker retaliated by showing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of Lord John in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters and soliciting favours at his hands Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed, and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage at-arms. Disraeli satirised him in Coningsby as 'Rigby,' the jackal of 'Lord Monmouth' (Hertford), and Macaulay, as is well known, 'detested him more than cold boiled veal' Yet Croker did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II He wrote Stories from the History of England for Children, which served as a model for Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, and he collected some of his contributions to the Review as Essays on the Early Period of the French Revo-At his death he was preparing an edition of Pope's works, which passed into the hands of the Rev Whitworth Elwin Croker's publications numbered nearly a score, and his Correspondence and Diaries were edited by Louis J Jennings (3 vols 1884) George Croly (1780-1860) was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, fiction, exegetical and polemical theology, politics, &c. Born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, he took orders in 1804, and coming in 1810 to London, was appointed rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, in He wrote industriously for Blackwood's

carefully arranged to appear on the occasion of the

third Napoleon's visit to England, and so mortify

the new dynasty In the same spirit Croker assailed

Soult when he visited this country-recounting all

his military errors and defeats, and reminding him

Magazine and the reviews, and showed from the commencement versatility and a decided literary His-somewhat Byronic-poems include Paris in 1815, a description of the works of art in the Louvre (1817) The Angel of the World (1820), Catiline, a tragedy (1822), Poetical Works

(2 vols 1830), and The Modern Orlando, a satirical poem (1846) He edited the works of Jeremy Taylor and the poems of Pope The most important of his theological works is The Apocalypse of St John, a new Interpretation (1827), but he published also on providence, baptism, the papal aggression, and the deceased wife's sister, while his historical writings include a series of Sketches, n Character of Curran, The Political Life of Burke, and The Personal History of King George the Fourth There were also books on the Holy Land, a history of the defence of Hamburg against Davoût, and three volumes of Tales of the Great St Bernard-a series of stories supposed to be told to relieve the monotony of imprisonment by bad weather at the hospice, the Englishman, the Italian, and the rest of the storm-stayed travellers each telling his tale The romances Salathici (1829) and Marston, Soldier and Statesman (1846), are sharply contrasted in subject as in other things -the latter a tale of modern public life, the former the part of the story of the Wandering Jew and his trigic adventures till after the siege of Salathul was greeted on its appear-Jerusalem ance by the Athenaum (then but two years old) as 'one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth, and was by other reviews compared with the most powerful of Shakespeare's dramas. It is strongly conceived and has many powerful passages, the style in many places being obviously modelled on De Quincey Byron, whom he was believed to have attacked in a 'Letter of Cato,' sneered at him as the 'Reverend Rowley Powley,' and spoke, not maptly, of the 'psalmodic amble' of his Pegasus A brief memoir by his son was prefixed to Croly's Book of Job (1863)

## Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land, When Athens was the land of fame, This was the light that led the band, When each was like a living flame, The centre of earth's noblest ring, Of more than men, the more than Ling

Yet not by fetter, nor by speur, His sovereignty was held or won Teared-but alone as freemen fear, Loved-but as freemen love alone, He waved the sceptre o'er his kind By nature's first great title-mind !

Resistless words were on his tongue, Then Eloquence first flashed below, Full armed to life the portent spring, Minerva from the Thunderer's brow! And his the sole, the sacred hand, That shook her ægis o'er the land

And throned immortal by his side, A woman sits with eye sublime, Aspasia, all his spirit's bride, But if their solemn love were crime, Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age
He perished, but his wreath was won,
He perished in his height of fame
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die,
Her conquest was Posterity!

### The French Army in Russia.

Magnificence of ruin ' what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders pomp afar '
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came,
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame, [name
Blood will have tenfold blood What are they now? A

Homeward by hundred thousands, column deep, Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood When mighty torrents from their channels leap, Rushed through the land the haughty multitude, Billow on endless billow, on through wood, O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale, The death devoted moved, to clangour rude Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail, Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Agun they reached thee, Borodino' still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay,
In vain the startled legions burst away,
The land was all one naked sepulchre,
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the lioof and wheel their passage tear, [drear
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering

The field was as they left it, fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate,
The camion flung dismantled by its port,
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moseow's golden zone,
[on.
But death was at their heels, they shuddered and rushed

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale! As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds, That from the north in sullen grandeur sail Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods Upon the wild horizon, and the woods, Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill, As the gusts sweep them, and those upper floods Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill, That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gize,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze,
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
I win by a skeleton, the crime of man,
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in might, before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil,
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel,
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In singuine light, an orb of burning steel,
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun,
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves The legions fly,
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour,
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by

(From Paris in 1815)

Satan from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence
'Satan dilated stood —Milton

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep The billows of the burning deep, Above thee lowers the sullen fire, Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire, And on thy sleepless vision rise Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand,
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne,
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere

Thy forehead wears no diadem
The king is in thy eyeball's beam,
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but Heaven

Charles Calcb Colton.—A once popular collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820-22 under the title of Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who Think, six editions of it appeared within a twelvemonth. The history of its author conveys a moral probably more striking than even the best of his maxims Rev Charles Caleb Colton (c. 1780-1832) passed in 1796 from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and in 1801 obtained a fellowship and the college living of Prior's Portion near Tiverton, in 1818 that of Kew and Petersham A great fisherman and sportsman generally, he was eccentric to a degree, for a time he carried on a wine-merchant's business, and he would go abroad in military dress About 1823

gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and for a time he lived in America and in Paris In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000 For fear of a surgical operation he shot himself at Fontamebleau 28th April 1832 Besides Lacon, he published a satire on hypocrisy, a poem on Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and one or two trifles. His somewhat pretentious moralising is exemplified in such shorter extracts from Lacon as 'Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost,' 'Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase,' and these longer ones

# Mystery and Intrigue

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a tumpike, so these gentlemen ride their high bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by paths, lanes, and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into, divers and sundry errors committed and opportunities neglected whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enter prise But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested that it was victo nous in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy, the night to be very dark, the water to be very deep, and the bottom to be very muddy And it is another plain fact that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

#### Magnanimity in a Cottage

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-demal as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great, a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave, a spectacle as stupeadous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural, and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Charles Waterton (1782-1865), born at Walton Hall, Wakefield, and educated at the Roman Catholic college of Stonyhurst, went out about 1804 to Denierara to manage some family estates, and determined in 1812 to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana, to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali (Curari) poison, and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America? He made two more journeys, amidst difficulties unspeakable, through Brazil and Guiana-in 1816 and 1820-and in 1825 published his most entertaining Wanderings in South America, the North west of the United States, and 'In order to pick up matter for the Antilles natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge, a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurkingplaces, climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires, and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before' The python and cayman made much noise and amusement at the time, and the conquest of the cayman was made the subject of a caricature Waterton had long wished to obtain one of the huge (non-venomous) Coulacanara snakes, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den He advanced towards him stealthily, and with his lance struck him behind the neck and fixed him to the ground

A Snake Story

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head fore most into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the dea, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered This was the moment to secure him So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times

Next day Waterton killed the snake, which was fourteen feet long and enormously thick. The cay man or alligator was found on the Essequibo after three days' waiting and seeking, and caught with a shark hook baited with a large fish. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows, but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen'. The men pulled with a will, and out he came at last, the modern St George standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the dragon's throat.

# How to catch a Cayman.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw lie was in a state of fear and perturbation, I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back, thus they served me for a He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfort able It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride-'Delphini insidens, vada cærula sulcat Arion' The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was, like the python's skin, added to the curiosities of Walton Waterton's next work was Essays on Hall Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author (three series, 1838-57, ed. by J G Wood, 1878) count of his family-an old Roman Catholic line that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII downwards-is a quaint, amusing chronicle, and the notes on the habits of birds show minute observation and vivid characterisa tion (sometimes after the manner of White of Selborne), as well as the kindly, genial spirit of the eccentric squire. The ancient wanderer died from a fall when carrying a log in his own grounds (as Abyssinian Bruce from a fall down his own staircase), and was buried with all the ceremony prescribed by himself between two favourite oaks beside a lake in his own park. There is a Life of him by Richard Hobson (1865)

Ann and Jane Taylor were members of an English Nonconformist family so distinguished through five generations in literature and art as to have been made the subject of researches in heredity by Mr Gulton Their father, Isaac Taylor (1759–1829), the second of four Isaacs, was, like his father before him, an engraver of some eminence. He had an uncle, Charles Taylor (1756-1821), who edited Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, and another, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works The father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and in 1796 became pastor of an Independent congregation at Colchester, in 1811 at Ongar-whence the famous kin became known as 'the Taylors of Ongar' (as distinguished from 'the Taylors of Norwich,' see Vol II p 712) His wife (born Ann Martin) had literary impulses, and published Maternal Solicitude (1814), The Family Mansion (1819), and other tales, and a series of educational works The daughters, Ann (1782-1866) and Jane (1783-1824), were born in London, but brought up from 1786 at Lavenham in Suffolk, where their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their allotted tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses They began their literary career in 1798 by contributing to a cheap annual, The Minor's Pocket-Book, the publishers of which induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children. Accordingly in 1804-5 there appeared Original Poems for Infant Minds, which were followed by Rhymes for the Nursery (1806), Hymns for Infant Minds (1810), Rural Scenes, City Scenes, &c. The hymns, somewhat analogous to Dr Watts's, were highly popular, were praised by men as eminent and as unlike one another as Dr Arnold and Archbishop Whately, and are still familiar-'My Mother' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star,' can surely never become obsolete in the nursery Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale, Display (1815), and of Essays in Rhyme (1816) and Contributions of Q Q. Ann married in 1813 a Congregational minister, the Rev Joseph Gilbert (1779-1852), who settled at Nottingham in 1825, and published The Christian Atonement, &c., a memoir of him was written by his widow. When she also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of The Dolomite Mountains, Cadore, or Titian's Country, &c., published in 1874 Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs Gilbert (Ann Taylor) Each of the accomplished sisters has bequeathed to the Christian Church at least one hymn of universal acceptation, Mrs Gilbert having written 'Great God, and wilt thou condescend,' Jane Taylor's best known is 'Lord, I would own thy tender care.' brother, Isaac Taylor (1787-1865), became still more distinguished as an author, a notice of him will be found at page 244 For a recent notice of

Jane Taylor, see Mrs L B Walford's Twelve English Authoresses (1892)

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle'
By ANN TALLOR

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen '
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt,
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me'
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its speed—the Engine goes!

On whom first fell the amazing dream? Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam, His fury to crush to mortal rule, And wield Leviathan as his tool! The monster, breathing disaster wild, Is tamed and cheeked by a tutor child, Ponderous and blind, of rudest force, A pin or a whisper guides its course, Around its sinews of iron play. The viewless bonds of a mental sway, And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower, To knowledge, the plighted boon—is Power!

Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fleeces of England's fields,
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors,
'Tis the many fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With its flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of you arched cave beneath,
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight,
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day,
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused, His soul through the unknown leagues transfused, His perilous bark on the ocean strayed, And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed, On the solitude strange and drear, did shine. The untracked ways of that restless brine, Till at length, his shattered sail was furled, Mid the golden sands of a western world! Still centuries passed with their measured tread, While winged by the winds the nations sped, And still did the moon, as she watched that deep, Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep, And sore farewells, as they hove from land, Spake of absence long, on a distant strand

She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage, She laughs in her speed at the war they wage, In queenly pomp on the surf she treads, Scarce waking the sea things from their beds Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud, She glances on, in her glory proud,

A few bright suns, and at rest she lies, Glittering to transatlantic skies! Simpleton man! why, who would have thought To this, the song of a tea kettle brought!

> The Squire's Pew By Jane Taylor.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane,
It makes the faded erimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again
The window's Gothie framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and fleur de lis,
And now the worm hath done her part
In minucking the chisel's art

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring,
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt
Prayer book with brizen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a hily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone,
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold

Outstretched together are expressed He and my lady fair, With hands uplifted on the breast, In attitude of prayer, Long visaged, elad in armour, he, With ruffled arm and bodiec, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below

And now the polished, modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate,
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew

Mary Russell Mitford, the graphic and sympathetic portrayer of English country life in its happiest aspects, was born at Alresford, Hampshire, 16th December 1787 Her father, a selfish, extravagant physician (without practice), for her tenth birthday bought her a lottery-ticket, which drew a prize of £20,000, hereupon she was sent to a good school at Chelsea, and Dr Mitford built himself a big house near Reading Hither Mary returned in 1802, and here in 1810 she, long an omnivorous reader, produced her first volume, Miscellaneous Poems Christina, Blanche of Castile, and Poems on the Female Character followed, but attracted little notice. Meanwhile she and all about him were suffering for her handsome and accomplished father's reckless and selfish extravagance and high play 'His wife's large fortune, his daughter's, his own patrimony all passed through his hands in an incredibly short space of time, but his wife and daughter were never heard to complain of his conduct, nor appeared to admire him less? In 1820 the family had to move to a cottage at Three-Mile Cross, and Miss Mitford had now to write for its support, she was content to slave that her unconscionable father might have utterly useless luxuries—and he took them without scruple, she overtaxed her strength and literary gift by her perverse and blameworthy devotion to the reprobate, and her selfdenial was even misunderstood and misjudged as grasping and miserly. In 1823 was produced her tragedy of Julian, dedicated to Macready, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character? But Julian ran only eight nights, Foscari ran fifteen, and Rienzi, her best and most successful play, was acted forty-five times, and was sold to the number of four thousand copies. Charles I and other dramatic pieces had their vogue, but Miss Mitford's triumph was to be won on other fields. Her best work began as a serial in 1819 in a magazine, and in 1823 appeared in volume form as Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, to which four other volumes were added, the fifth and last in 1832 one,' said Henry Chorley, 'now knows Our Village, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses, so delightfully described in its pages will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the Lady's Magazine But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished -to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales, and the result was that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen, that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration, and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' The book, as Chorley said, has become really a classic, has 'created a school of minute home landscape painters in pen and ink analogous to that of the Cuyps and Holbeins of the Low Countries,' and founded a fashion in literature, Charles Lamb, Christopher North, and Harriet Martineau recognised in Our Village a new and delightful branch of art, and Mrs S C Hall took thence her impulse for the Sketches of Irish Character Mrs Richmond Ritchie speaks of Our Village as 'one of the books that are part of everybody's life as a matter of course' Miss Mitford's intimate friend, Miss Barrett, called her 'a sort of prose Crabbe in the sun.' Her keen observation and shrewdness, her generous and gentle wisdom, her humour, her original turns of thought and expression, the singular clearness and purity of her style, are all equally apparent in her work. Mrs Richmond Ritchie admires it less for 'its actual descriptions and pictures of intelligent villagers and greyhounds' than for 'the more imaginative things, the sense of space and nature and progress which she knows how to convey, the sweet and emotional

chord she strikes with so true a touch' Belford Regis (1835) is a novel with much work cognite to Our Village, and passed through three editions In 1837 Miss Mitford received a pension of £100, in 1842 she was at last relieved of the burden (which, though she never said so, she must have felt was no light one) of her father Though suffering from ill-health for many years, she continued her literary pursuits In 1852 she published Recollections of a Literary Life, largely autobiographical, and full of delightful glimpses of her contemporaries, famous or unknown, in 1854 canie her last book, Atherton and other Tales A plainlooking little woman with a 'wonderful wall of forchead, she knew nothing of the mysteries of cress and was wholly indifferent on the subject, so that it at times needed the charm of her dear and venerable face, her genial smile and lovable ways, to make her visitors forget the extraordinary simplicity of her attire She died on the 10th of January 1855 in her little house at Swallowfield, whither she had moved in 1851

#### A Sunset

What a sunset! how golden! how beautiful! The sun just disappearing, and the narrow liny clouds which a few minutes ago lay like soft vapoury streaks along the horizon lighted up with a golden splendour that the eve can scarcely endure, and those still softer clouds which floated above them wreathing and curling into a thousand fantastic forms as thin and changeful as summer smoke, now defined and decpened into grandeur and edged with ineffable, insufferable light! Another minute and the brilliant orb totally disappears, and the sky above grows every moment more varied and more beautiful as the dazzling golden lines are mixed with glowing red and gorgeous purple, dappled with small dark specks and mingled with such a blue as the egg of the hedge To look up at that glorious sky, and then to sparrow see that magnificent picture reflected in the clear and lovely Loddon water, is a pleasure never to be described and never forgotten My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write of it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of nature, and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense before the meanest and the lowliest of His creatures

(From 'The Dell in the second volume of Our Village)

# Tom Cordery the Poacher

This human oak grew on the wild North of Hamp shire country, a country of heath and hill and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men calling rat catcher, hare finder, and broom maker, a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would undoubtedly have pursued till his death had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings, was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards' 'Net he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the gaine on M—— Common as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice at Bow Street

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of con



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD
From the Portrait by John Lucas in the National Portrait Gallery

tinuing his slow and steady speed that seemed nothing less than miraculous Neither man, nor horse, nor dog could out tire him He had a bold, undauated presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know In his youth he had fought more what fear meant battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and dis I have known him take up a huge gusts of humanity adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Mednsa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placedity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion line that overspread all his features, his very hair was Everybody liked Fom Cordery sunburnt too He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind, the very dogs knew him, and loved

Wrs Hemans was born at Liverpool, Felicia Dorothea Browne, on the 25th of September 1793. Her father was a merchant, who after some reverses removed in 1800 with his family to Gwrych near Abergele in North Wales, and there Felicia was inspired by a new love of nature. A volume of Poems (1808) proved far from successful, but was followed that same year by England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism, which called forth more than one letter from Shelley In 1812 she published The Domestic Affections, and other Poems, and the same year was married to Captain Hemans, an Irish officer who had served in Spain continued her studies, acquiring several languages and still cultivating poetry In 1818, after she had borne him five sons, Captain Hemans went off to Italy, and they never met afterwards Mrs Hemans obtained a prize of £50 offered by a patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she produced a poem on The Sceptic In June 1821 she secured the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for a poem upon Dartmoor Her next effort was a tragedy, the Vespers of Palermo, which when produced at Covent Garden in December 1823 was not successful, though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young 1826 appeared what was generally accounted her best poem, The Forest Sanctuary, and in 1828 Records of Woman, later collections were Lays of Leisure Hours and National Lines In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and received a warm welcome from Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and the Scottish literati, Scott's parting words 'There are some whom we are memorable meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and you are one of these' In 1830 appeared her Songs of the Affections The same year she visited Wordsworth, and, deeply impressed by the beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere, heartily sympathised with Wordsworth's own enthusiasm 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy' From 1809 to 1827 she had lived near St Asaph, and then for four years at Wavertree, Liverpool, now, in 1831, she went to reside in Dublin, where one of her brothers, Major Browne, was chief commissioner of police. The education of her five boys occupied much of her time and attention, ill health pressed heavily on her, and she soon fell into premature decay In 1834 ap peared her little volume of Hymns for Childhood and a collection of Scenes and Hymns of Life, Thoughts during Sickness were in the form of Her last, dictated to her brother on a Sunday three weeks before her death, was this

# Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending, Through England's primrose meadow paths, their way Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending, Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day, The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound, yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness

She died on 16th May 1835, aged forty-one, and was buried in St Anne's Church, Dublin On her tomb are these lines from one of her own dirges

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Sonl to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die

Mrs Hemans was not a profound or subtle poet, but had the true poet's gifts of grace, sweetness, and tenderness Her poems, as Scott hinted, 'have too many flowers for the fruit,' the longer poems, and especially the tragedies, are unquestionably insipid and tedious But some of her shorter pieces and lyrics are perfect in sentiment and pathos, 'The Child's First Grief' ('O call my brother back to me'), 'The Better Land,' 'The Treasures of the Deep,' the pieces quoted below, and 'Casabianca,' which belongs to a somewhat different category, are still found in school books, and will keep her memory green while the language endures One of her hymns, 'He knelt, the Saviour knelt,' is in common use, and 'Lowly and solemn,' from a poem on Sir Walter Scott's funeral day, is frequently sung as a hymn

#### From 'The Voice of Spring'

I come, I come! ye have called me long, I come o'er the mountains with light and song, Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth, By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves opening as I pass

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers By thousands have burst from the forest bowers And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes, Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains. But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom, To speak of the ruin or the toinb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh, And called out each voice of the deep blue sky, From the night bird's lay through the starry time, In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime, To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes, When the dark fir bough into verdure breaks

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain, They are sweeping on to the silvery main, They are flashing down from the mountain brows, They are flinging spray on the forest boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come '
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew bright eye
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay



MRS HI MANS
From the Bust by Angus Fletcher in the National Portrait Gallery

Away from the dwellings of careworn men, The waters are sparkling in grove and glen, Away from the chamber and dusky hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth. Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains, And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft wings borne, I e may press the grape, ye may bind the corn, For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

## The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of Lngland,
How beautiful they stand '
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream

The merry Homes of Ingland '
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move timefully along
Same glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of Ingland!

How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chine
Floats through their woods at morn

All other sounds, in that still time,

Of breeze and leaf are born

The cottage Homes of England the By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks.
And round the hamlet fanes
Through glowing orchards forth they people Lach from its nook of leaves
And fearless there the lowly sleep.
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of I nglan!

Long, long, in list and hall,

May hearts of native proof he reared

To guard each hallowed wal!

And green for ever be the grove,

And hight the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit loves

Its country and its God!

#### The Graves of a Household.

They grew in hearity, side by side,
They filled one home with glec.
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea

The same fond mother bent at night
O or each fur sleeping brow
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West, By a dark stream is laid— The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls he deep
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed Above the noble slain He wrapt his colours round his breast, On a blood red field of Spain

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played Beneath the same green tree, Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent knee They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

Besides her sister's Memoir of Mrs Hemans in the seven volume edition of her works published in 1839, there are Memorials by H F Chorley (1836), recollections by Mrs Laurence (1836), the Poetical Remains, with a Memoir by Delta (1836), and the Poetical Works with Memoir by W M Rossetti (1873) See also Espinasse's Lancashire Worthies (1874) Mrs C. J Hamilton's Women Writers (1892), and Mrs L. B Walford's Twelve English Authoresses (1892).

Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802-38), better known as 'L E L,' from the initials which were her nom de guerre, is reputed to have been, with the possible exception of Moore only, the most popular English poet in the period between Byron's decline and Tennyson's rise. But at the present day the most approved anthologies of English Lyrics and English Verse give no specimen of her work, and there are histories of modern English literature that do not even mention her name, to hardly any English writer has Fame proved so fickle. Among her poetical works were The Fate of Adelhide (1821), The Improvisatrice (1824), The Troubadour (1825), The Golden Violet (1827), The Venetian Bracelet (1829), and The Vow of the Peacock (1835) She wrote two or three novels, beginning with Romance and Reality (1830), Ethel Churchill (1837) was her most successful There was also a tragedy on Castruccio Castracam (1837), but 'L E L' was perhaps best known and beloved for her innumerable contributions to the Literary Gazette, edited by her warm friend Jerdan, and other magazines and She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, and was the daughter of an army-agent Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry, and after her father's death she not only maintained herself but assisted her re lations by her literary labours Unkind tongues caused the breaking off of an engagement (said to have been with John Forster), and in 1838 she was married to George Maclean, the governor of what is now part of the Gold Coast Colony, and in the same year she sailed for Cape Coast Castle with her husband She had spent barely two months in her African home, but had resumed her literary work, when one morning, after writing overnight some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was found dead in her room, having in her hand a bottle from which she was reported to have swallowed an overdose of poison as a relief from spasms Her friends at home did not all accept this, the official verdict. It was known that she was disappointed in her husband's character (though as an administrator he was energetic and successful), and she felt lonely and unhappy in her married life. The doubt has never been dispelled Athenaum obituary of 'Mrs Maclean' in the first week of January 1839 recognised that her ceaseless composition had 'necessarily precluded the thought and cultivation essential to the production of poetry of the highest order Hence, with all her fancy and feeling, her principal works strong family likeness to each other in their recurrence to the same sources of allusion and the same veins of imagery-in the conventional rather than natural colouring of their descriptions, and in the excessive though not unmusical carelessness of their versification' The critic greeted her last published verses, 'The Polar Star,' printed after her death in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, as an earnest of deeper seriousness, wider knowledge, and more careful technique Her novels resemble her poems in being stories of sentiment, 'and reflect in some degree the conversation of their authoress, which sparkled always brightly with quick fancy and a badinage which astonished those matter-of fact persons who expected to find in the manners and discourse of the poetess traces of the weary heart, the broken lute, and the disconsolate willow-tree which were so frequently her themes of song' Her fluency was a truly fatal gift, the very variety of her subjects and of her measures is suspicious, the sentiment, whether poetically far-fetched or commonplace, is usually conventional, and in her Troubadours and Laras, her Hindoo Brides and Bayadères, her Lays of Scottish and Spanish minstrels and German minnesingers, there are echoes of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Moore, along with notes that suggest her less popular contemporary, Mrs Hemans, and anticipations of Longfellow She remains a landmark in the history of popular taste in literature and its vagaries Her poems are seldom bought and seldomer studied, but 'L E L' is still largely represented in quotation books, and fragments of her verse still float about disembodied, such as

> Dreams of truth, The Eden birds of early youth That make the loveliness of love

Genius, like all heavenly light, Can blast as well as bless the sight

It is deep happiness to die, Yet live in love's dear memory

O, silence is Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss

How often woman's heart must turn To feed upon its own excess Of deep yet passionate tenderness! How much of grief the heart must prove That yields a sanctuary to love!

#### Sappho's Song

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute

It was my evil star above,

Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong,
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart are flame,
It is thy work, thou faithless one '
But, no '—I will not name thy name,

Sun god! lute, wreath are vowed to thee!

Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

#### A Poetical Portrait

Ah! little do those features wear The shade of grief, the soil of care, The linir is parted o'er a brow Open and white as inountrin snow, And thence descends in many a ring, With sun and summer glistening Yet something on that brow has wrought A moment's cast of passing thought, Musing of gentle dreams, like those Which tint the slimbers of the ro c Not love, -love is not yet with thee, -But just a glimpse what love may be A memory of some last night sight When flitting blush and drooping eye Answer'd some youthful cavalier, Whose words sank pleasant on thine car, To stir, but not to fill the heart -Dreaming of such, fair girl, thou art -Thou blessed season of our spring When hopes are angels on the wing, Bound upwards to their heavenly shore, Alas ' to visit earth no more Then step and laugh alike are light. When, like a summer morning bright, Our spirits in their mirth are such As turn to gold whate'er they touch The past '-'tis nothing-childhood's day Has roll'd too recently away, For youth to shed those mournful tears That fill the eye in older years, When Care looks back on that bright leaf Of ready smiles and short lived gricf The future '- 'tis the promised land, To which Hope points with prophet hand, Telling us fairy tales of flowers That only change for fruit-and ours Though false, though fleeting, and though vain, Thou blessed time, I say again -Glad being, with thy downcast eyes, And visionary look that lies Beneath their shadow, thou shalt share A world where all my treasures are-My lute's sweet empire, fill'd with all That will obey my spirit s'eall, A world lit up by fancy's sun! Ah! little like our actual one

On the Picture of a Child screening a Dove from a Hawk.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,
Ay, screen it if you may —
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
Will scare the hawk away

That dove will die, that child will weep,—
Is this their destine?
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil thing must be

Ay, moralise,—is it not thus

We've mourn door hope and love?

Alt there are tears for every eye,

A hawl for every dove

#### The Polar Star

A star has left the kindling of v—
A lovely northern light,
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night

I miss its bright familiar face It was a friend to me, Associate with my native place, And those beyond the sea

It rose upon our 1 nglish sky,
Shone o'er our English land
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends Soon on a foreign shore, How can I but recall the friends That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I hear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says, We meet again—

Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the vorth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sail surprise
That none looked up with me

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
The radiant place unknown.
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone

Farewell' ah, would to me were given A power upon thy light' What words upon our English heaven Thy loving rays should write

Kind messages of love and hope Upon the rays should be Thy shining orbit should have scope Scareely enough for me.

Oh, finey vain, as it is foud,
And little needed too
My friends, I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you

\*L. E. L. s. Life and Remains, published by Laman Blanchard in two volumes in 1841, reached a second edition in 1855, and William Bell Scott brought out an edition of her poems, with a Memor in 1873. A French estimate of her may be found in Le Fèvre Deumier's Cellbritts Anglasses (1895)

Anna Jameson (1794-1860), art critic, the eldest of the four daughters of Brownell Murphy, miniaturist, was born at Dublin and brought up in England at Whitehaven, at Newcastle, and in or near London From sixteen a governess, in 1825 she married Robert Jameson, a barrister, who from 1829 held appointments in Dominica and Canada They never got on well together, and from that date, with the exception of a dismal visit to Canada (1836-38), she lived apart from him Her numerous writings include The Diary of an Ennuyée (1826), memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy, Loves of the Poets (1829), Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns (1831), Characteristics of Women (1832), Beauties of the Court of Charles II (1833), Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad (1834), Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada (1838), Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony (1840) Works so various cannot all be of like temper or equal interest, but there was good ground for Professor Wilson's warm eulogium on Mrs Jameson as 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers, full of feeling and fancy, a true enthusiast with a glowing soul' Her most famous contributions to literature were in the department of art criticism, and her Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art (1842) and Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London (1844) were long standard works Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters and Memoirs on Art, Literature, and Social Morals (1845 and 1846) gave more scope to her literary gifts and artistic sympathies But she is now mainly remembered as authoress of Sacred and Legendary Art (2 vols 1848), dealing with the evangelists, apostles, and other scriptural characters, with the early saints and doctors, as represented in art. To this succeeded Legends of the Monastic Orders (1850), practically a second series, Legends of the Madonna (1852), a third, and The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art, a fourth, which was finished after her death by Lady Eastlake So that her magnum opus constituted a history of Christian art, and of the Church through art, down to the seventeenth century Her Commonplace Book was issued in 1854, and her niece, Geraldine Macpherson, published Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson in 1878 She took a keen interest in philanthropic enterprises, warmly supported the Sisters of Mercy, promoted the training of nurses, and, before most of her contemporaries, advocated the thorough education of women so as to qualify them for various employment.

Mrs Jameson's work has not quite lost either its value or its popularity, though new art canons have had their vogue and Raphael has yielded the palm to Botticelli. Her criticism is some of it out of date, and at her best and even for her own day her technical knowledge of art was very defective. She was an art critic of the pre-Ruskinian period, and of quite pre Morellian methods and principles

Her legends she took from the obvious sources, quite uncritically, as in duty bound-from the Legenda Aurea, from Ribadeneyra, or from Alban Butler, as was most convenient or picturesque, her historical equipment was that of an accomplished, sympathetic, well read, and industrious but not profoundly or really learned woman Her sensibilities often ran away with her judgment, or she wandered off into the history of the picture and then talked of all it suggested to her rather than of the picture itself Therein lies part of her charm, she wrote out of the fullness of her heart, and became one of the most popular and attractive teachers on subjects for which the movement associated with Tractarianism had prepared the English public. Her technical weakness in nowise affects the beauty of her stories, her work was for many much more than a history Longfellow wrote 'God bless you for this book! How very precious it is to me! Indeed, I can hardly try to express to you the feelings of affection with which I have cherished it from the first moment it reached us It most amply supplies the cravings of the religious nature'

### Sir Gerard Noel.

Our Chef de Voyage-for so we chose to entitle him who was the planner and director of the excursion-was one of the most accomplished and most eccentric of human beings even courtesy might have termed him old at seventy, but old age and he were many miles asunder, and it seemed as though he had made some compact with Time, like that of Faust with the Devil and was not to surrender to his inevitable adversary till Years could not quench his vivacity the last moment nor 'stale his infinite variety' He had been one of the Prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox, and could play alternately blackguard and gentle man, each in perfection, but the high born gentleman ever prevailed He had been heir to an enormous in come, most of which had slipped through his fingers unknownst, as the Irish say, and had stood in the way of a coronet, which somehow or other had passed over his head to light on that of his eldest son. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff, but his self complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity The eccentricities of this singular man ındefatıgable. have been matter of celebrity, but against each of these stories it would be easy to place some act of benevolence, some trait of gentlemanly feeling, which would at least neutralise their effect He often told me that he had early in life selected three models after which to form his own character and conduct-namely, Dc Grammont, Hotspur, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and he cer tainly did unite, in a greater degree than he knew him self, the characteristics of all three On looking round after Donna Anna's song, I was surprised to see our Chef de Voj age bathed in tears, but, no whit disconcerted, he merely wiped them away, saying, with a smile, 'It is the very prettiest, softest thing to cry to one's self!' Afterwards, when we were in the carriage, he expressed his surprise that any man should be ashamed of tears 'For my own part,' he added, 'when I wish

to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I dine alone, order a mutton cutlet cutte à point, with a bottle of Burgundy on one side and Ovid's Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other And so I read, and eat, and cry to myself' And then he repeated with enthusiasm—

'Hane tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse Nil milu rescribas, attamen ipse veni,'

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines

(From the Memoirs of Mrs Jameson )

It was shortly after her husband's departure for the West Indies that Mrs Jameson made a tour on the Coatment with her father and her father's patron, the Sir Gerard of the above reminiscence

### From the 'Commonplace Book.'

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of So thought our Saviour when He traight the multitude in parables A good elergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian seholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian-I was then about seven years oldand I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness All I learned was soon forgotten, but a few years after wards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Janes's works-his Persian Grammar-it revived my Orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem-one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East The beautiful apologue of 'St Peter and the Cherries,' which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well known example. This fable I allude to was some thing similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market place And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground. and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man And those who stood by looked on "Faugh " said one, stopping his with abhorrence nose, "it pollutes the air" "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it" "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving !" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the white ness of his teeth 1" Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog," and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way'

I can recall at this hour the vivid yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern

story It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say saturical things, and so much nobler to be beingo and merciful, and I took the lesson so home that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

#### From the 'Legends of the Madonna'

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private-of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which spring up in the Middle Ages (where they have not been despoiled or descerated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion line reference to the Madonna-her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries-whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelies ing, time serving artists, one of the most degraded that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve of best-all that fanatieism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea-so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections-so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded

#### From 'The Loves of the Poets'

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman lins been evalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was mented, that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction, that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else, for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Herven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day If the worship be out of date and the idols east down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of parpose and feeling, their raptures were feigned, their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eelipse another-one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient hrightness, but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired, the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise, she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No, it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, listingly defied in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

#### Venice

It is this all perviding presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the déepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice, but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences, it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pietures false and nnsatisfactory—to me at least. the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his At every moment I was reminded of him But how has he painted Venice 1 Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype. or by some bad conscientious painter-some fellow who gives ns eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance, we can not deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies-the trans parent gleaming waters-the bright green of the vine shadowed Traghetto-the freshness and the glory-the dreamy, aerial, fantastie splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal, even his skies and water-and is that Venue? 'But,' says my friend, 'if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures! True, I may seek it, hut shall I find it? Venice is like a dream-but this dream upon the canvas, do you call this Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective -so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of bright ness-where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light, Timer, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice-breathe the same air-go to Titim there is more of Venice in his 'Cornaro Family' or his 'Pesaro Madonna' than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor Beautiful they are, I must needs say it, but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry-petrifae tions, materialities 'We start, for life is wanting there!' I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice been said, for instance, 'Put down the church of St Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous? here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches, I have always been of Mr Westmacott's principles and party, always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple, and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very aeme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste, but here the impression is fir different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Fran !- man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike-suspended, as it were, so far above us that we cannot concern how they came there,

or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell At whatever hour I visited those churches-and that was almost daily-whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies-man and steed, and trampled Turk, or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddlefix me as if faseinated, and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, 'Good heavens! how came they there?' And not to forget the great wonder of modern times-I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice, as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the siren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things,' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of Murray's Hand book, but I cannot-I To me that tremendous have no sympathy with them bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more, to great sources of thought one yet Those persons, methinks, must be strangely greater prosaie au fond who can see poetry in a Gothie pin nacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic canseway and its seventy five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier, nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them I see a future fraught with hopes for Venice-

> 'Twining memories of old time With new virtues more sublime!'

To the last extract, which is from 'The House of Titian in her Memoirs and Essays (1846), Mrs Jameson adds in a foolnote Guardi gives the local colouring of Venice better than Canaletti Bonnington better than either, in one or two examples that remain to us.' See also the Commonplace Book (1854) and the Life of her by her niece above mentioned The series of the Sacred and Legindary Art volumes were republished in handsome form in 1889 and 1890.

Mary Somerville (1780-1872) was a worthy younger contemporary of Caroline Herschel, and was perhaps the most remarkable woman of her time She attained to all but the very highest proficiency in physical science, was a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, received the approbation and esteem of Laplace, Humboldt, Wollaston, Playfair, Herschel, and other eminent contemporaries, and at the age of ninetytwo was still engaged in solving mathematical problems! Born in her uncle's manse of Jedburgh, she was the daughter of Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-Admiral of the Red, Lord Duncan's captain at the battle of Camperdown in 1797 Brought up at Burntisland, she had before she was fourteen studied Euclid and Algebra, but concealed as much as possible her acquirements In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, son of a Russian admiral, and himself Russian consul in London Captain Greig died two years after their union, and in 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr William Somerville (1769-1860), Inspector of the Army Medical His father, the minister of Jedburgh, was author of two historical works-histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne,

and of memoirs of his own Life and Times, in which the old man records with pride that Mary Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service, and that she had long lived in his family and was occasionally his pupil Somerville, whose second husband warmly fostered her studies, attracted notice by experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum Lord Brougham then asked her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge a popular summary of the Mécanique Céleste of Laplace When her manuscript was submitted to Sir John Herschel, he pronounced it a book for posterity, and quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended Mrs Somerville herself modestly said of it, 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' When she consented to publish it as an independent work, her version of The Mechanism of the Heavens (1831) fixed her reputation The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her When Mrs Somerville met Laplace by Chantrey in Paris, the great geometer (who did not live to see the English version of his great work) is reported to have said, 'There have been only three women who have understood me-yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything' 'I was Mrs Greig,' said the modest little woman 'So, then, there are only two of youl' exclaimed Laplace. In 1834 Mrs Somerville published The Connection of the Physical Sciences, giving a sum mary of the phenomena of the universe, which in her lifetime reached a ninth edition Physical Geography (1848) was chiefly written in Rome. Eighteen years after her Physical Geography, Mrs Somerville published two volumes On Molecular and Microscopic Science (1866) She still continued her scientific studies, and in January 1872 a visitor wrote 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if anv, persons of Mrs Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study' For many years she lived with her family at Florence, where slie was as assiduous in the cultivation of her flower garden and of music as of mathematics Robert Peel - of all Prime-Ministers since the days of Halifax the most attentive to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. In her old age Mrs Somerville had amused herself by writing her reminiscences, which were published in 1873 by her daughter as the Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville, admirable like her scientific writings not merely from the interest of the matter, but for their clear and lively style. She thus describes the twelvemonth that she passed at Musselburgh

### School Methods in 1790

At ten years old I was sent to a boarding school kept by a Miss Primrose at Musselburgh, where I was utterly The change from perfect liberty to perpetual restraint was in itself a great trial, besides, being natu rally shy and thmid, I was afraid of strangers, and although Miss Primrose was not unkind she had an habitual frown, which even the elder girls dreaded My future companions, who were all older than I, came round me like a swarm of bees, and asked if my father had a title, what was the name of our estate, if we kept a carriage, and other such questions, which made me first feel the difference of station However, the girls were very kind, and often bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had; to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary, not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but as an exercise of memory to remember their order of succession Besides I had to learn the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient Our religious duties were attended to in a remarkable way. Some of the girls were Presbyterians, others belonged to the Church of England, so Miss Primrose cut the matter short by taking us all to the kirk in the morning and to church in the afternoon. In our play hours we amused our selves with playing at balls, marbles, and especially at 'Scotch and English,' a game which represented a raid on the debatable land, or Border between Scotland and England, in which each party tried to rob the other of their playthings. The little ones were always com pelled to be English, for the bigger girls thought it too degrading

#### A Recollection of the Campagna

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome, the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning or in the glory of the setting sun, I was never tired of admiring, and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild flowers. On one side of this field ran the aqueduct, on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field All at once we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop so sudden and so rapid that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing

still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove, dividing, rushed like a whirl wind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven. Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spiriti,' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches, their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettatura' or evil eye, which they have inhented from the early Romans and, I believe, Etruscans consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the ineet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till lic was out of sight Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and dueked in a pool, so the Jettatura was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the cval eye.

Eliza Fletcher (1770-1858) was the daughter of a Yorkshire yeoman and land-surveyor at Oxton near Tadcaster, and against her father's wish married Archibald Fletcher (1746-1828), a Perthshire Highlander, who as an advocate in Edinburgh was conspicuous amongst the early reformers-was indeed called 'the father of burgh reform'-and acted as counsel for some of 'the Friends of the People' tried for sedition The Fletchers were intimates of Henry Erskine, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, and the Edinburgh Review set, and Mrs I letcher's Autobiography gives interesting glimpses of them, of the poets Campbell and Grahame, of Mrs Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, and other literary personages of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century was not published till 1875 Thus she records her impressions when a friend brought her 'to read for the first time Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads '

Never shall I forget the charm I found in these poems It was like a new era in my existence. They were in my waking thoughts day and night. They had to me all the vivid effects of the finest pictures, with the enchantment of the sweetest music, and they did much to tranquillise and strengthen my heart and mind, which bodily indisposition had somewhat weakened. My favourites were the 'Lines on Tintern Abbey,' the 'Lines left on a Yew Tree at Esthwaite Lake,' 'The Brothers,' and 'Old Michael,' and I taught my children to recite 'We are Seven' and several others.

Anne Marsh-Caldwell (1791-1874), the daughter of James Caldwell, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and born at Linley Wood, Staffordshire, married in 1817 the junior partner of the forger Fauntleroy, and in 1834-57 produced a score of novels—the best Two Old Men's Tales, Enulia Wyndham (1846, new ed 1888), and Norman's Bridge In 1858 she succeeded a brother in the Linley Wood property, and resumed the name Caldwell

Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), the greatest of Scottish nineteentli-century divines, was the son of a shipowner and general merchant at Anstruther in Fife, and at the age of twelve was sent to the college at St Andrews, where he showed a strong predilection for mathematical studies In 1803 he was ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. In addition to his parochial labours, he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects, he became an officer of a Volunteer corps, he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day, and his interests lay elsewhere than in religious work. Bereavement and severe illness brought about a change of temper, and in preparing the article 'Christianity' for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, he for the first time saw the incalculable importance of realising the vital truths of the Christian faith Kilmany Chalmers, now heart and soul a minister of the Word, removed to Glasgow, to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St John's in 1819. Here his principal sermons were delivered and pub lished, and his fame as a preacher and author spread over Europe and to America His appearance and manner were not prepossessing ncute observers-John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—described his peculiarities minutely His voice was neither strong nor nielodious, his gestures were awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, he also read his sermons from the manuscript, so that one wondered wherein lay the charm of his oratory 'The magic,' says Cockburn in the Memorials of his Time, 'hies in the con centrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by showing the intellectual power that overcomes them, and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy' A writer in the London Magazine give a graphic account of Chalmers's appearance in London 'When he visited London the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented It was a time of strong political feeling, but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard Cunning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door The elder in attendance stood close by the pew Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self evident propositions

neither in the choicest language nor in the most "If this be all," said Canning impressive voice to his companion, "it will never do" Chalmers went on-the shuffling of the congregation gradu-He got into the mass of his ally subsided subject, his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy, and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England", In Glasgow Chalmers laboured incessantly to combat the appalling ignorance and immorality of his parishioners, and he organised a system of Sabbathschools and pauper management which attracted great attention He believed the ideal system was to 'revivify, remodel, and extend the old parochial economy of Scotland,' so fruitful of good in rural He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient, but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned In 1823 Chalmers removed to St Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College, and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh In 1843 the evil consequences of patronage brought about the crisis that had long been preparing between the 'moderate' and 'evangelical' parties in the Church of Scotland Chalmers resigned his chair, and with nearly five hundred ministers left the Established Church to form the Free Church of Scotland, of which he was the main organiser and leader As Principal of the New College, the Divinity hall of the Free Church, he wielded a powerful influence for the last four years of his life

His collected works fill thirty four volumes (nine of them posthumously published) Amongst them are volumes devoted to Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, Moral Philosophy, Commercial Discourses, Astronomical Discourses, Congregational Sermons, Sermons on Public Occasions, Tracts and Essays, Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, On Church and College Endowments, On Church Extension, Political Leonomy, The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poorrate, Lectures on the Romans, Institutes of Theology, Prelections on Butler's Analogy In all Chalmers's writings there is great energy, earnestness, copiousness, reiteration, with a vast variety of illustration The style is far from being correct or elegantit is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means attractive phraseology, though these blemishes are more than redeemed by his burning zeal, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing vigour of his mind But the charm of the spoken word has not survived on the printed page, Chalmers's work cannot be said to have endured as literature

### On Cruelty to Animals

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the fields are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do Theirs is the distinct cry of pain Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it bruse, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision or the herce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body lile ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do They possess the same feelings, and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs, or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye, and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just slirink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same senticit apparatns, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and inmitigated painthe agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to dic, their only fellowship is with suffering, for in the prison house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence, and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

#### Insignificance of this Earth

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though you sky

were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever-an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness-what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar, the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them, and what are they who occupy it? universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It has at the mercy of the A breath of wind tears it from its slightest accident stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished, and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us But these elements exist. The fire which riges within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth-and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this-may explode it into frag The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us, it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within It may hurry our the limits of chance and probability globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution -and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and

These are changes which may happen in a single anstant of time, and against which nothing known in the

present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude and silence and death over the dominions of the world

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man, and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal, that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention, that He marks all my thoughts, that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me, and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprchend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glones of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw and every comfort which I enjoy

Chaliners 5 son in law Dr Hanna, prepared the Memoirs (4 vols. 1849-52), with a Selection from his Correspondence (1853) and there are smaller books by Dr Fraser (1881) Mrs Oliphant (1893) and Professor W G Blaikle (1897).

Lord Brougham was one of the most voluminous and versatile contributors to the Edinburgh Review Like Jeffrey, he was born in Edinburgh, but his father was a north of Eng land man, Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall in Westmorland, who, sojourning in Edinburgh, lodged with a widowed sister of Dr Robertson the historian, and married her daughter eldest son, Henry, born 19th September 1778, was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, tells a characteristic story about him 'Brougham made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class to differ from Fraser, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity The master, like other men in power, maintained his own in fullibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself But Brougham re that the affair was over appeared next day loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been This made Brougham famous throughwrong out the whole school' From the High School, Brougham entered the University of Edinburgh, and applied lumself so assiduously to mathematics that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection,

and Colours of Light In 1798 he published there a paper on porisms, and, as Campbell the poet recorded, the best judges were astonished at such papers from a youth of twenty Brougham studied law, and was admitted in 1800 to the Scottish Bar, at which he practised till 1807 1803, besides co operating zealously in the Edinburgh Review, he published an elaborate Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers, in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. As a Whig he was debarred from hopes of promotion in Scotland, and he therefore went south and scttled in London After a diplomatic mission to Lisbon, he joined the English Bar, where he was soon distinguished for unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons

In the course of his ambitious career Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey, but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was crratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct, amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, Free Trade, and law reform He carried a bill making the slavetrade felony, and another repealing the Orders He did much for the London in Council University, Mechanics' Institutes, the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and the Social His most famous pro-Science Association fessional appearance was his defence of Queen Caroline (1820), which lost him the favour of the Crown, but made him a popular idol not loved by the aristocratic Whigs, who, however, found him indispensable, and in 1830 he was made a peer and Lord Chancellor, and assisted greatly in carrying the Reform Bill arrogance, self-confidence, and eccentricity made him unpopular with his colleagues He went out with the Whigs in 1834, and on their return was shelved, never holding office again. He still laboured unceasingly as a law reformer, and carried on an amazing industry in writing books on mathematics, physics, metaphysics, history, theology, He wrote at least one novel (Albert and law Lunel, or The Château of Languedoc, a philoso phical romance, designed as a monument to his dead daughter), which he soon carefully suppressed, there is hardly a department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions But his works have little permanent value. As critic he ranks below his associates Jeffrey and Sydney Smith His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's Hours of Idleness, in the first twenty numbers of the Review he wrote eighty articles His style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant, and his time vas afterwards too largely devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age either in scientific knowledge or literary information, though in his sketches of modern statesmen were sometimes found new facts and lettersto which other writers had not access Rogers said of him, 'There goes Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise,' it was O'Connell who jeered, 'If Brougham knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything,' Mr John Morley has not scrupled to call him 'a man of encyclopædic ignorance.' He was a great orator and debater, but he carried declamation and invective beyond reasonable bounds Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa and lived part of every year) on the 7th of May 1868 Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his Life and Times, which were published in three volumes in 1871 These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer, he actually caused to be printed in full there, as his own production at the age of thirteen, what was immediately recognised as a verbal translation of Memnon, ou la Sagesse Humaine, a characteristic work of Voltaire in his prime! His vanity and prejudices are very conspicuous, but the work discloses many of the springs of political movements and includes valuable letters and other Some of his speeches were very carefully prepared the peroration of the speech at the end of Queen Caroline's trial he is said to have written and rewritten no less than fifteen times.

### Peroration of the Last Speech for Queen Caroline.

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling, and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered except by the means of these twoprinciples? Nay, there are instances in which plotshave been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail venerable witnesses have been brought forward-v hen persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain-they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles, by the cyidence break ing down where it was not expected to be sifted, by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poctically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded, 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes,

that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments. But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, where disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarish tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure-evidence inadequate to prove a debt-impotent to deprive of a civil right-ridiculous to convict of the lowest offencemonstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parlia mentary sentence, an ex post facto law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I I do earnestly beseech you to take pray you to pause heed I You are standing upon the brink of a precipice, then beware 1 It will go forth your judgment, if sen tence shall go against the queen But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reach ing its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this eatistrophe—save yourselves from this penl, rescue that country of which you are the orna ments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it save the Crown, which is in jeopardy, the Aristoeracy, which is shaken, save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne You have said, my Lords, you have willed-the Church and the King have willed-that the queen should be deprived of its soleimi service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the ments of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

# On Law Reform.

The course is clear before us, the rice is glorious to You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the ageconqueror of Italy-humbler of Germany-terror of the North-saw him account all his inatchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win-saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memor 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand? You have vanquished him in the field, strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of Peace ' Outstrip him as a langiver, whom in arms you orerenne! The lustre of the Regeney will be celipsed by the more solid and enduring splendonr of the Reign The pruse which false courtiers feigned for our Lalwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of scriptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus-it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost-that he found Rome of briek and left it of marble, a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cherp, found it a scaled book, left it a living letter, found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor, found it the two edged sword of eraft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

(Frem Speech in Parliament in 18 8)

Amongst his one hundred and thirty three works (11 vols 1855-61, without the Autobiography, 1871, and ed. 1873) are a Discourse on Natural Theology an edition of Paley, a translation of Demos thenes Peri ton Stephanou Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III, Political Philosophy, Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III, History of Ingland and France under the House of I ancaster, besides select cases, speeches, and tracts on scientific subjects and law reform

John, Lord Campbell (1779–1861), Lord Chancellor of England, was a son of the parish minister of Cupar-Fife, but he could trace his descent from the Earl of Argyll who fell at Flodden, and, through his mother, from the fourteenth-century Regent Albany He studied for the ministry at St Andrews University, became (1798) a tutor in London, joined Lincoln's Inn (1800), read law and acted as reporter and dramatic critic to the Morning Chronich, and was called to the Bar in 1806 His mist prius 'Reports' (1808) brought him into notice, and by 1824 he was leader of the Oxford circuit A King's Counsel in 1827, Whig MP successively for Stafford and for Dudley, he was made Solicitor-General and knighted in 1832 Attorney General in 1834, he was defeated at Dudley, but returned for Edin-Created Lord Campbell (1841), he was for six weeks Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and became successively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1846), Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench (1850), and Lord Chancellor of England A courteous and painstaking judge, as a legislator he carried through Parliament statutes on defamation, compensation for death by accident, and against obscene publications. His I ives of the Chief-Justices (1849-57) and of the Lord Chancellors (1845-47) liave become, in spite of their notorious faults, a part of English literature, though readable and full of novel and entertain ing matter and good stories, they are disfigured by the obtrusion of himself, and in the later volumes by ungenerous misconstruction, the as signment of base motives and an inaccuracy convenient for his own arguments. He horrowed freely without acknowledgment, what looks like malice is probably at times only carelessness, and

it has been argued in pallition of his unkindest cuts that he had become blunted in his own feel Professor Gardiner and Mr Bass Mullinger, speaking with deliberation in their Introduction to English History, say the Lives of the Chancellors is throughout 'wanting in a due sense of the obliga tions imposed by such a task, is disfigured by un blushing plagrarisms, and, as the writer approaches his own times, by much unscrupillous misrepre sentation.' No doubt the uncomplimentity thee dotes and stinging remarks added to the vivacity Repeating Arbuthnot's bon met on of the Lives Curll's biographies, Sir Charles Wetherell declared of Campbell that 'his noble and biographical friend had added a new terror to death? the supplementary volume of the Chancellors (vol. vii.), published after Campbell's death, his characteristic faults are seen at their vorst

The following from his Life of Brough im will show the tone which irritated the subjects of his biographies and their friends

As a specimen of his 'Introductions I give an extract from that to his 'Speech at the I werpool I lection in t812'. [In the extract a parliamentary colleague of Brougham's is said to have 'abhorted the spirit of intrigue which not rarely gave some inferior man or some busy meddling woman probably unprincipled a sway in the destiny of the party fatal to its success and all but fatal to its character'!

If all this were true, it surely comes very ungraciously from one who had been a member of the Whig party above twenty years and who, within two years had passionately wished to continue in it. The It's he so uncourteously refers to is evidently Lady Holland, the wife of his friend Lord Holland, his early patron on his first coming to London—at whose hospitable bould I have often met him. Although Lady Holland e reanily had considerable influence in Whig councils. I do not believe that it was ever exercised against Brougham. But he was of a different opinion, and he would never after wards speak to her, for although he could forgive Lord Melbourne, he could not forgive her, who was supposed to have been Lord Melbourne's adviser in excluding him

In the session of 1838 Brougham carried on serv active hostilities against Lord Melbourne's Government, still showing Radical colours, but more and more sympathising and coming to an implied understanding with the Duke of Wellington, Lord I yndhurst, and the Tornes. They accused us of a disposition to revolutionise both Church and State from the proposed measure about Church Rates, and the practical admission of Roman Catholies to a fair share of power and patronage in Ireland, whereas Brougham still denounced us as Reac tionaries, Finalists, and Moek Reformers because we resisted for the present any further organic change. Being taunted by Lord Melbourne for his bitter oppo i tion to those with whom he had so long aetcd, and whom he had so zealously patronised in the year 1835, when he was no longer in office and they were pursuing the same policy as at present, he insisted that they had diverged, while he was marching strught forward

It is possible that he had worked himself into the behef that he was acting consistently and from purely disinterested motives, but, if so, he stood alone in this

belief, for all the rest of montand agreed the revenue was the mampring of his conduct, and that his only consideration was his vide might most spite at I damine those by whom he had been ill used. The Radicals making great play against the Covernment boths ones sition which Mini ers offered to the ballo -- although he was one of the framers of the Peform Bill who had peremptonly objected to the proposal of his collergies Lord Durham and Sir James Graham to almit the billot, and so late as his famous Scotti h 'Process,' complaining of the incressorable Ladients, Le Lad into mate I an opinion that rather 100 much had I een done su the way of mnovement-he is a expressly recommended the follot, and told the Lords that "unless that Lori ships inside up, their mirds either to this remove or some measure of the sort for the prote-ties of electors it would be entried again tallem. The time appeared to him to be come when son thing must be done. The sooner, therefore, the r I ord hips made up their in eds. to some such measure at this the letter it would be for The Tories did no a vally cheer, hat if explosed by their radiant countenances at I problem eye with what delight they heard observation which had such a ten lenes to dispurs or the Whip , to depute the Converte ment of I bord upport and is accelerate their own return to power. Although they and their irregular ally appeared on opposite. Its of the House, there was between them durin, the il trate a quick interchance of nod and winks and wreathed under followed by much approximate tallers and cord all place from when the deliate was over

The great prectical increase of the session was the Pill for the Better Government of the Consider There had been an open rebellion in I ower Canada ar Las Legislative Assembly hall thrown of allegrance to the I ngh h Crown. The in argents had been defeated and tranquillity had been restored. But a climb, e in the male of ruling the colons valuations allowed to be onlike pensable, and there was a necessity for emferring extraordinary powers on Lord Darlean, who in the energet cr had patriotically agreed to great as Covernor Lives the Dake of Welling on and Lord Lyndhurst concurred in the principle of the bill, althou, It they easy ned some of its details. I at Broagham funously apposed the bill, and every clause of it-las animosits on this occasion being sharpened by a special printee for cred by him against Lord Darham who in the year 1874 had charged him with having become a very cool Keformer, and 'little better than a Conservative'. In a great speech upon the subject which, according to his custom he published as a painphlet, with a Preface praising him self and vilifying others, he gave a narrative of the measures of the Government at home to meet the spirit of insubordination in Canada, and lie thus censural, their maction in the summer of 1837 . This somewhat cumbrous jocularity may have been produced by pure patriotism, but I must confess it seems to me rather an cbullition of envy, and that the pseudo-patriot was resenting his own exclusion from the luximous banquet sprend for the famished Whigs at the accession of Queen **Victoria** 

The I res have passed through many editions both in Pritain and in America. Lord Campbell's wife a daughter of Lord Abinger was created Baroness Stratheden (1839). There is a Life of the Chancellor by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hard castle, containing autobiographical materials diary and letters (1831).

Henry Hallam (1777-1859), son of the Dean of Wells, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Stamps, a well paid office which, with his private means, secured him a sufficient income and allowed him to withdraw from legal practice and prosecute those studies on which his fame rests 'Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek, as Byron called him, was an early and important contributor His View of the State to the Edinburgh Review of Europe during the Middle Ages (1818), a series of dissertations on European history from the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century, at once gave him a front rank amongst English historians, and procured for him the honours of D C L and F R S In 1827 he published The Constitutional History of Eugland, from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II, and in 1837-38 an Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries With vast stores of knowledge and indefatigable application, Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, though somewhat lacking in vivacity, colour, warmth, and His Introduction to the Literature of Lurope is a great monument of his erudition, though it-is impossible for any man to be infallible on such a wide field, and his judgments on literature were less original and less permanently valuable than his epoch making work in constitutional history. He insisted on the necessity of studying the original sources of history, and helped to found an English historical school His works must still be consulted by the student, though they can hardly be popular with the general reader His views of political questions were those generally adopted by the Whig party, but though stated with calmness and moderation, they provoked Southey and all Tories and High-Churchmen to wrath, and, on the other hand, secured Macaulay's enthusiastic laudation was peculiarly a supporter of principles, not of men, and was eminently judicial and judicious in his estimates, though somewhat insular in his sympathies and outlook In the Literature of Europe, though there too we seem to deal with shades rather than with living men of like passions with ourselves, there is at times something more of feeling and imagination, a more sympathetic tone, than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpas sioned tenor of Hallam's historic style. Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him, they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam-the subject of Tennyson's In Memoriam-died in 1833, and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the Bar, in 1850 Hallam wrote a memoir of his eldest son, prefixed to a collection of his literary remains

in prose and verse privately printed in 1833, the poems were republished in 1893. Sir Henry Maine wrote a memoir of the second son, ultimately published with the remains of his brother

## Italy in 1492

All around, in Lombardy and Romagna, the lamp of liberty had long since been extinguished in blood. The freedom of Siena and Genoa was dearly purchased by revolutionary proscriptions that of Venice was only a name. The republic which had preserved longest and with greatest purity that vestal fire had at least no relative degradation to fear in surrendering herself to Lorenzo de Medici. I need not in this place expanse upon what the name instantly suggests, the patronage of



From an Engraving in the British Museum by S Cousins, after
Thomas Phillips, R.A

science and art, and the constellation of scholars and poets, of architects and painters, whose reflected beams cast their radiance around his head. His political reputation, though far less durable, was in his own age as eonspieuous as that which he required in the history Equally active and sagacious, he held his way through the varying combinations of Italian policy, always with credit, and generally with success Florence, if not enriched, was upon the whole aggrandised during his administration, which was exposed to some severe storms from the unscrupulous adversaries, Sixtus IV and Ferdinand of Naples whom he was compelled to As a patriot, indeed, we never can bestow upon Lorenzo de' Mediei the meed of disinterested virtue He completed that subversion of the Florentine republic which his two immediate ancestors had so well prepared The two councils, her regular legislature he superseded by a permanent senate of seventy persons, while the gonfalonier and priors, become a mockery and pageant to keep up the illusion of liberty, were taught that in exercising a legitimate authority without the sanction of their prince, a name now first heard at Florence, they

incurred the risk of punishment for their audicity. I ven the total dilapidation of his commercial wealth war repaired at the cost of the State and the republic disgracefully screened the bankruptes of the Mether In But, compared with the statesmen of his my . we can reproach I orenzo with no hemons einne. He had many enemies, his descendants had many more, but no unequivocal charge of treachers or assas mation has been substantiated against his memory By the side of Galeazzo or I udovico Sforza, of I ordinand or his on Alfonso of Naples, of the Pope Sixtus IV, he shine with unspotted listre. So much was lorenzo e teemed ly his contemporaries that his premature death has frequently been considered as the cause of the c unhappy revolutions that speedily ensued, and which his foreight would, it was imagined, linve been able to prevent an opinion which, whether founded in probability or otherwise, afters the common sentiment about his character

If indeed Lorenzo de Medici could not have changed the destines of Italy, however premature his death in appear if we consider the ordinary duration of human existence, it must be admitted that for his own welfare perhaps for his glory, he had hived out the full in a ure of his time. An age of new and uncommon revolutions was about to an elamony the earliest of which the temporary downfall of his family was to be recloued. The long contested succession of Naples was again to involve Italy in var. The ambition of strangers was once more to desolate her plants.

So long as the three great nations of I proper vere unable to put forth their natural strength thio igh internal separation or foreign war, the Italians lind so little to dread for their independence that their policy was altogether directed to regulating the domestic balance of power among themselves. In the latter part of the fifteenth century a more enlarged view of I urope would have manifested the necessity of reconciling petty animosities and sacrificing petty ambition in order to preserve the nationality of their governments, not by attempting to melt down Lombards and Neapolitans, principalities and republies, into a single monarchy, but by the more just and rational scheme of a common federation. The politicians of Italy were abundantly competent, as far as cool and clear understanding could render them, to perceive the interests of their country But it is the will of Providence that the highest and surest wisdom, even in matters of policy, should never be unconnected with virtue. In relieving hims If from an immediate danger, Ludovico Sforza overlooked the consideration that the presumptive heir of the Ling of France claimed by an ancient title that principality of Milan which he was compassing by usurpation and But neither Milan nor Naples was free from other claimants than Irance, nor was she reserved to enjoy unmolested the spoil of Italy A londer and a londer strain of warlike dissonance will be heard from the banks of the Danube and from the Mediterranean The dark and wily Terdinand, the rish and lively Maximilian, are preparing to hasten into the lists the schemes of ambition are assuming a more comprehensive aspect, and the controversy of Neapolitan succession is to expand into the long rivalry between the houses of I rance and Austria But here, while Italy is still untouched, and before as yet the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps, we close the lustory of the Middle Ages (From the State of Europe )

opinion, was entirely other in e. It is spine another question whether the parliament were just first in their tenstance to the ling's legal authority. In we now contend that when Hotham by their command shot the gates of Hull against his source a, when the militia was called out in different courses by an ordi nance of the two Houses, bolt of which preceded by several weeks my levying of force for the king, the bonds of our constitutional law were by them and their servents snapped asunder, and it would be the more pedantry and chicano of political exhibits to inquire, even if the fact could be better a certained, whether at I dgehill, or in the minor skirmishes that preceded, the first carbane was discharged by a cava her or a roundhead. The aggressor in a war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force

But, whether we may think this war to have originated in the king's or the parliament's aggression, it is still evident that the former had a fur eause with the nation a cause which it was no plain violation of justice to defend. He was supported by the greater part of the Peers by full one third of the Commons by the principal body of the gentry, and a large proportion of other classes. If his adherents did not form, as I think they did not, the majority of the people, they were at least more numerous, beyond comparison, than those who demanded or approved of his death. The steady,

deliberate perseverance of so considerable a body in any cause takes away the right of punishment from the conquerors, beyond what their own safety or reasonable indemnification may require. The vanquished are to be judged by the rules of national, not of municipal law Hence, if Charles, after having by a course of victorics or the defection of the people prostrated all opposition, had abused his triumph by the execution of Lssex or Hampden, Fairfax or Cromwell, I think that later ages would have disapproved of their deaths as positively, though not quite as vehemently, as they have of his own. The line is not easily drawn, in abstract reason ing, between the treason which is justly punished and the social schism which is beyond the proper boundaries of law, but the civil war of England seems plainly to fall within the latter description. These objections strike me as unanswerable, even if the trial of Charles had been sanctioned by the voice of the nation through its legitimate representatives, or at least such a fair and full convention as might, in great necessity, supply the place of lawful authority But it was, as we all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who, having forcibly expelled their colleagues from parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal I cannot perceive what there was in the Imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unfairness and inhumanity in its circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction, and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology

In discussing each particular transaction in the life of Charles, as of any other sovereign, it is required by the truth of lustory to spare no just animadversion upon his faults, especially where much art has been employed by the writers most in repute to carry the stream of public prejudice in an opposite direction. But when we come to a general estimate of his character, we should act unfairly not to give heir full weight to those peculiar circumstances of his condition in this worldly seene which tend to account for and extenuate his failings station of kings is, in a moral sense, so unfavourable that those who are least prone to servile admiration should be on their guard against the opposite error of an uncandid There seems no fairer method of estimating the intrinsic worth of a sovereign than to treat him as a subject, and to judge, so far as the history of his life enables us, what he would have been in that more private and happier condition from which the chance of birth has excluded him I ried by this test, we cannot doubt that Charles I would have been not altogether an ammble man, but one deserving of general esteem, his firm and conscientious virtues the same, his devin tions from right far less frequent than upon the throne It is to be pleaded for this prince that his youth had breathed but the contaminated air of a profligate and servile court—that he had imbibed the lessons of arbi trary power from all who surrounded him-that he had been betrayed by a father's culpable blindness into the dangerous society of an ambitions, unprincipled favourite To have maintained so much correctness of morality as his enemies confess, was a proof of Charles's virtuous dispositions, but his advocates are compelled also to

own that he did not escape as little injured by the poisonous adulation to which he had listened. Of a temper by nature, and by want of restraint, too pas sionate, though not vindictive, and, though not erucl, certainly deficient in gentleness and liumanity, he was entirely untit for the very difficult station of royalty. and especially for that of a constitutional king impossible to excuse his violations of liberty on the score of ignorance, especially after the Petition of Right, because his impatience of opposition from his council made it unsafe to give him any advice that thwarted His other great fault was want his determination of sincerity-a fault that appeared in all parts of his life, and from which no one who has paid the subject any nttention will pretend to exculpate him indeed who know nothing but what they find in Hume may believe, on Hume's authority, that the king's contemporaries never deemed of imputing to him any deviation from good faith, as if the whole conduct of the parliament had not been evidently founded upon a distrust which on many occasions they very explicitly declared. But, so for as this insucerity was shown in the course of his troubles, it was a failing which untoward circumstances are apt to produce, and which the extreme hypoensy of many among his ad versaries might sometimes palliate. Ten personages in lustory, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed and commented upon as Charles, it is perhaps a mortifying truth that those who have stood highest with posterity have seldom been those who have been most accumtely known

(From the Constitutional History)

# Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience, the memory of hours misspent, the ping of iffection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or electimistances, peculiarly teaches these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into a it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gizing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gatety of faney, though not of manners, on the follies of the It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary encumstances, it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned guety and extravagance. In Lear it is the firsh of sudden inspiration neross the meongruous imagery of madness, in Timon it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy These plays all belong to nearly the same period 1s You Like It being usually referred to 1600, Tirron to the same vent, Measure for Measure to 1603, and Lear to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in Macbeth and the Tenfest, much of moral speculation will be found by he has never returned to this type of character in the personages (From the Literature of Lurofe)

### Blind Milton's Memories

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traccs, of older poetry which we perceive in Paradise Lost, it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654, and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into a hich the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him gave leisure for inimortal Then the remembrance of early reading occupations came over his darl and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds Then it was that the Muse was truly his, not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memors, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Lumpides, and Homer, and Tasso, sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the soluce of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from bools, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early verrs once give them-they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its pover, what it will easily receive and indebbly retain I know not, indeed, whether an elucation that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life. (From the Literature of Eurofe)

Hallam has no found a detailed biographer the facts of his life inult be sought for in the obstuary notices of the Times the Royal Society's Fransactions and Mignet's Volice Historique read to the French Academy of Sciences Harriet Martineau's Biographic call Sketones and similar brief articles. There have been many editions in Labridgments of his works

Richard Whately (1787-1863), Archbishop of Dublin, was born in London, fourth son of Dr Joseph Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, who was vicar of Widford, prebendary of Bristol, and lecturer it Gresham College From a private school at Bristol, Richard in 1805 passed to Oriel College, at Oxford he gained the prize for the English essay (1810), and vas elected a Fellow of Oricl (1811), where Copleston, Davidson, Arnold, Keble, and Hawlins were already Fellows, and Newman and Pusey were to be ere long In his Apologia Nev man has recorded that it was Whately who opened his mind and taught him how to think and reason Become one of the college tutors (1815), he wrote for the Encyclopædia Metropolitana what he afterwards expanded into his popular treatises on Logic (1826) and Rhetoric (1828) He had in irried in 1821, and accepted the living of Haless orth in Suffoll, and he had already given the world the first proof of his characteristic humour in Historie Doubts relative to Napoteon Bonaparte (1819)—an ingenious attempt to redure to an absurdity Hume's position that no testimony is sufficient to prove a miracle. In 1822 he delivered the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, on the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion

In 1825 he was appointed Principal of St Alban's Hall, and in 1829 Professor of Political Economy, but had only given a few lectures when in 1831 lie was made Archbishop of Dublin Whately, though a strong logician, had little of the speculative faculty, had no faith in metaphysics or dogmatic theology, read little but a few favourite authors, knew little French and no German, and contemned classical researches as much as he did modern art. But his acute intellect enlightened every subject that he touched, and his powers of exposition and illustration have hardly ever been surpassed A Liberal in religion and in politics, he may be counted one of the founders of the Broad Church party rational in temper, sober and impartial, he was a resolute opponent of the Tractarian movement, but to the Evangelicals he seemed little better than a Latitudinarian, for he supported Catholic emancipation and concurrent endowment, and laboured long, but in vain, to establish a system of unsec tarian religious instruction. Still worse, he was more than suspected of holding unsound views on future punishment and the Sabbath question, and of being somewhat Sabellian on the nature and attributes of Christ, he was always an outspoken denouncer of Calvinism His caustic wit, abrupt nianners, and fearless outspokenness brought him no little unpopularity, but the sterling honesty of his nature, his charity, justice, and sagacity, gained lum many friend-hips of unusual permanence and warmth, and conquered for him the respect of all Of his books may be named Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion (1825), Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul (1828), Thoughts on the Sabbath (1830), Christian Lvidences (1837), Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith (1839), The Kingdom of Christ Delineated (1841), and his edition of Bacon's Essays, with annotations not unworthy of the text (1856), as well as Paley's Evidences and Moral Philosophy

### From the 'Historic Doubts'

Now this is precisely the point I am tending to, for the fact exactly accords with the above supposition, the dis cordance and mutual contradictions of these witnesses being such as would alone throw a considerable shade of doubt over their testimony It is not in minute circumstances alone that the discrepancy appears, such as. might be expected to appear in a narrative substantially true, but in very great and leading transactions, and such as are very intimately connected with the supposed hero For instance, it is by no means agreed whether Bona parte led in person the celebrated charge over the bridge of Lodi (for celebrated it certainly is, as well as the siege of Troy, whether either event ever really took place or no), or was safe in the rear, while Augereau performed the exploit the same doubt hangs over the charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo It is no less uncertain. whether or no this strange personage poisoned in Egypt a hospitalful of his own soldiers, and butchered in cold blood a garrison that had surrendered multiply instances, the battle of Borodino, v hich is represented as one of the greatest ever fought, is unequivocally

claimed as a victory by both parties, nor is the question decided at this day. We have official accounts on both sides, circumstantially detailed, in the names of supposed respectable persons professing to have been present on the spot, yet totally irreconcilable. Both these accounts may be false, but since one of them must be false, that one (it is no matter which we suppose) proves incontro vertibly this important maxim that it is possible for a narrative, however circumstantial, ho cever steadily maintained, however public and however important the event it relates, however grave the authority on which it is published, to be nevertheless an entire fabrication.

Many of the events which have been recorded were probably believed much the more readily and firmly from the apparent caution and hesitation with which they were at first published—the vehement contradiction in our papers of many pretended French accounts, and the abuse lavished upon them for folsehood, exaggeration, and gasconade But is it not possible—is it not indeed perfectly natural—that the publishers of known falsehood should assume this cautious demeanour and this abhor rence of exaggeration in order the more easily to gain credit? Is it not also very possible that those who actu ally believed what they published may have suspected mere exaggiration in stories which were entire fictions? Many men have that sort of simplicity that they think themselves quite secure against being deceived provided they believe only part of the story they hear, when per haps the whole is equally false. So that perhaps these simple hearted editors, who were so vehement against lying bulletins and so wary in announcing their great news, were in the condition of a clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew because he has beat down the price, perhaps from a guinea to a crown, for some article that is not really worth a groat

With respect to the character of Bonaparte, the dis sonance is, if possible, still grenter. According to some he was a wise, humane, magnanimous hero-others paint him as a monster of cruelty, meanness, and perfidy, some, even of those who are the most inveterate against him, speak very highly of his political and military abilityothers place him on the very verge of insanity allowing that all this may be the colouring of party prejudice (which surely is allowing a great deal), there is one point to which such a solution will hardly apply If there be anything that can be clearly ascertained in history, one would think it must be the personal courage of a military man, vet here we are as much at a loss as ever int the very same times and on the same occasions he is described by different writers as a man of undaunted intrepidity and as an absolute poltroon

What, then, are we to believe? If we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Bonapartes, if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any

It appears, then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Bonaparte are generally believed ful in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information, secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood, and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points

Another erreumstance which throws additional sus picion on these tales is that the Wling party, as they are

called—the warm advocates for liberty, and opposers of the encroachments of monarchical power-have for some time past strenuously espoused the cause and vindicated the character of Bonaparte, who is represented by all as having been, if not a tyrant, at least an absolute despot One of the most forward in this cause is a gentleman who once stood foremost in holding up this very man to public execution-who first published, and long maintained against popular incredulity, the accounts of his atrocities in Lgypt Now, that such a course should be adopted, for party purposes, by those who are aware that the whole story is a fiction, and the hero of it imaginary, seems not very incredible, but if they believed in the real existence of this despot, I cannot conceive how they could so forsake their principles as to advocate his cause and enlogise his character

After all, it may be expected that many who perceive the force of these objections will yet be loth to think it possible that they and the public at large can have been so long and so greatly imposed upon, and thus it is that the magnitude and boldness of a fraud become its best support the millions who for so many ages have believed in Mahomet or Brahma lean, as it were, on each other for support, and not having vigour of mind enough boldly to throw off vulgar prejudices and dare be wiser than the multitude, persuade themselves that what so many have acknowledged must be true. Put I call on those who boast their philosophical freedom of thought, and would fain tread in the steps of Hume and other inquirers of the like exalted and speculative genius, to follow up fairly and fully their own principles, and, throwing off the shackles of authority, to examine carefully the evidence of whatever is proposed to them, before they admit its That even in this enlightened age, as it is called, a whole nation may be egregiously imposed upon, even in matters which intimately concern them, may be proved (if it has not been already proved) by the following instance. It was stated in the newspapers that a month after the battle of Trafilgar an English officer, who had been a prisoner of war, and was exchanged, returned to this country from I rance, and, beginning to condole with his countrymen on the terrible defeat they had sus tained, was infinitely astonished to learn that the battle of Trufalgar was a splendid victory he had been assured, he said, that in that battle the English had been totally defeated, and the I rench were fully and universally persunded that such was the fact Now, if this report of the belief of the French nation was not true, the British public were completely imposed upon, if it were true, then both nations were at the same time rejoicing in the event of the same battle as a signal victory to themselves, and consequently one or other at least of these nations must have been the dupes of their Govern ment, for if the battle was never fought at all, or was not decisive on either side, in that case both parties were deceived. This instance, I conceive, is ab olutely demon strative of the point in question

'But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? Must their not trust their senses?' I would not disparage either the everight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Bonaparte—nay, more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came alongside of a man-of war, on whose deck they saw a man in a

coeled hat, who, they were told, was Bonaparte is the utmost point to which their testimony goes. How they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused we are not told did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and nuthentic history? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions, if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumplantly show the very house which the ghost haunted, the iden tical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistable land of evidence. Having asserted that the eldest son of Ldmund Mortimer, Farl of March, was stolen by a beggar woman, 'became a brief layer when he came to age,' and was the father of the supposed Incl Cide, one of his companions confirms the story by saying, 'Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it, therefore deny it not?

Much of the same kind is the testimony of our brave countrymen, who are ready to produce the sears they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. That they fought and were vounded they may safely testify, and probably they no less firmly believe what they were told respecting the cause in which they fought, it would have been a high breach of discipline to doubt it, and they, I conceive, are men better skilled in hand high a musket than in sifting evidence and detecting imposture, but I defy any one of them to come forward and delare, on his one incordings, what was the cause in which he fought under whose commands the opposed generals acted, and whether the person who issued those commands did really perform the mighty achievements we are told of

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the nir of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale, and that is, the nationality of it

Bonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, except Englar d, in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, by England, his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, except the Luglish, and with them it is just the reverse, twice, and tyrce only, he is personally engaged against an English commander, and both. times he is totally defeated, at Aere and at Waterloo, and, to crown all, England finally crushes this tremen dous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the English he surrenders lumself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It may be all very true, but I would only ask, if a story had been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed hears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and the Ancid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, A neas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Bonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to chlinnee the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather suspicious in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case, should be produced?

There are onewhat rainting Memoirs of Whately by W. J. Fitzpatriel (2 vols. 1864), the authoritative Life and Correst and ence is by Miss I. Jane Whately (2 vols. 1896).

William Whewell (1794-1866) was the son of a Lancaster joiner, who intended him to follow his own trade, but he was early distinguished for intellectual aptitudes, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at I measter he qualified at Heversham School for an exhibition at Trinity College Cambridge. Entering Trinity College in 1812, he graduated as second wrangler in 1815, became a Fellow in 1817, and in 1819 published a Irentise on Mechanics - He vas ordained priest in 1826 In 1828-32 he was Professor of Mineralogy, in 1838-55 Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity, and from 1841 till his death he was Master of Frinity At Cambridge, in the Royal Society, and at the British Association he was equally distinguished, while his scientific works gave him a European fime After contributing largely to reviews, in 1833 he published his learned and eloquent Bridgewater Treatise on Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology But his greatest work vas his History of the Inductive Sciences (1837), followed in 1840 by The Philosophy of the Inductive In 1853 he issued anonymously Of the Plurality of Worlds an Lssay (doubtless one of the ablest of his worls), in which he opposed the now popular belief, maintaining that the earth alone among stars and planets is the abode of intellectual, moral, and religious creatures—long cherished convictions which, he said, had graduilly grown Like Clialmers and Brewster, his friend Sir James Stephen thought the plurality of worlds was a doctrine which supplied consolation and eomfort to a mind oppressed with the aspect of the sin and misery of the earth But Whewell replied 'To me the effect would be the contrary I should have no consolution or comfort in thinking that our earth is selected is the aspecial abode of sin, and the consolution which revealed religion offers for this sin and misery is, not that there are other worlds in the stars sinless and happy, but that on the earth an atonement and reconciliation Thus doctrine gives a peculiar were effected place to the earth in theology It is, or line been, in a peculiar manner the scene of God's agency and presence. This was the view on which I " orked ' In opposition to Dean Mansel, who held that a true knowledge of God is impossible for man, Dr Whenell said 'If we cannot know anything about God, revelation is in vain cannot have anything revealed to us if we have It is of no power of seeing what is revealed no use to take away the yeal when we are blind? Works on morals were his Elements of Merality (1845), Lectures on Systematic Morality (1846),

Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England (1852), and Platonic Dialogues for English Readers (1859-61) And innumerable scientific memoirs, sermons, and miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse were thrown off by the versatile, polymathic, and indefatigable Master of Probably, as Sir John Herschel said, 'a more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was never accumulated by any man' 'Knowledge is his forte and omniscience is his foible,' was Sydney Smith's epigram on Whewell, and there are many anecdotes illustrating his claim to something more nearly approaching omniscience than is found amongst mortals once in a mil-He died ten days after being heavily lenntum thrown from his horse

See Billiam Whenell an Account of his Writings (2 vols. 1876) by I Todhunter, and the Life and Correspondence by Mrs Stair Douglas (1881).

George Grote (1794-1871), born at Clay Hill near Beckenham in Kent, was educated at the Charterhouse, and in 1810 became a clerk in the bank founded in 1766 by his grandfather (a native of Bremen) in Threadneedle Street. He remained there thirty-two vears, devoting all his leisure to literature and political studies, a 'philosophical Radical' and a friend of the two Vills, he threw himself ardently into the cause of progress and political freedom. In 1820 he married the highspirited Harriet Lewin, of Beylev, in 1822 concented the idea of his History of Greece, and in 1826 mercilessly dissected Mitford's History in the Westminster Review Head of his bank by 1830, in 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London. During his first session he brought forward a motion for the adoption of the ballot, and continued to advocate the measure in keenly argumentative speeches until he retired from parliamentary life in 1841. In 1843 he retired from the hanking-house also, and devoted himself exclusively to literature, mainly to the great History of Greece (12 vols 1846-56) He was elected Vice-Chancellor of London University (1862), foreign associate of the French Academy (1864), and President of University College (1868) In 1865 he concluded an elaborate work on Plato and the other Companions of Sociates, which, with his (unfinished) Arastotle, was supplementary to the History His brilliant and accomplished wife was throughout his literary and political life a sympathetic and stimulating helpmate Grote was buried in Westminster Abbey

The History of Greece was hailed as a truly philosophical work. It commences with the early legendary history of Greece, and closes with the fall of 'free Hellas and Hellenism' under the immediate successor of Alexander the Great. The first two volumes were not published till 1846, but at least as early as 1827 Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Greek history—the expedition of the Argonauts

and the wars of Thebes and Troy-he treated as mere poetical inventions Of the Homeric poems, he held that the Odyssey is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentra tion of interest upon one prime hero under well defined circumstances,' whereas the Iliad 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions' Both poems he fixes at the same age, and that age anterior to the First Olympiad. In the region of authentic history, Grote endeavoured to realise the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by a modern and English standard constant aim-not always attained or attainable -was to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition, passing lightly over merely picturesque and romantic episodes He traced with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy, of which he was an ardent admirer, and some of the Athenian institutions heretofore condemned he warmly defended Ostracism, hanish ment without accusation or trial, he conceived to have been necessary for thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders, this exceptional measure was, he held, guarded from abuse by precautions such as that the concurrence of one fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot Demagogues and sophists he vindicated. comparing the former to our popular leaders of the Opposition, and the latter to our teachers and professors Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he held to have been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and especially by Aristophanes, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' said Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them, no man will take the measure of a political Englishman from *Punch* or of a Frenchman from Charivari' Even the story of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand is retold by Grote with surprising freshness, and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles and Alcibindes-whom he insisted on spelling Periklés and Alkibiadês, a method somewhat pedantically applied throughout (as in Sôkratês, Aristeidês, and the like, though Dionysius and Klearchus retained the Roman -us) In the later volumes important sections deal with the career of Epaminondas, the struggles of Demosthenes against Philip, and the success of Timoleon From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Greenn political freedom and selfaction, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish

'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy. Grote's learning was sound, his research extensive and minute, but he was somewhat too confident in his capacity to discover the causes of all things, too ready to apply to Greek life and speculation his universal Benth imite standard. And his sympathies were as pronouncedly democratic as Mitford's had been aristocratic. Sydney Smith sarcastically said. 'Mr Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man, and if the world were a chess board, would be an



GEORGE GROTI...
From a Photograph by Messrs Maull & Fox.

important politician. His main historic achieve ment was the explanation and vindication of the Athenian democracy, which most former British historians had grossly misunderstood In his admiration of Athens, however, he was prone to underrate other Hellenic developments, and the in justice of his treatment of Alexander the Great has been noted by later writers like Professor Mahaffy His style, like his thought, is vigorous, his presentment lucid rather than sympathetic, and there is some lack of that geniality which draws one to a favourite author But the History shed much new and clear light on Greek history, marked an epoch in the study, and superseded the recently published and scholarly work by Thirlwall, it was careful, comprehensive, accurate, and not unfair in judgment, though not without constant and obvious bias

#### Constitutionalism.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to Aristotle

impracticable, to establish a ling who vill reign with out governing-in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect-exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption-receiving from every one un measured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a linox n law-surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait naistcoat is what an I nglishman has in his inind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greel's thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conecived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community expo ed to his oppressions, and their fear and hatred of him vas measured by their reverence for a povernment of equal law and free speech, with the ascendency of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democ racy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Gre ce And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greel mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of di sension. We cannot construe or criticise at by reference to the feelings of modern Lurope, still less to the very peculiar feelings of Lingland respecting kingship, and it is the application, sometimes explicit and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair

## Xenophon's Address to the Army

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the inidst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impressible mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conseious helplessness seized inponall, few came to the evening injuster, few lighted fires to cook their suppers, every innally down to rest where he was, yet no man could sleep for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact that not a single man among them had now either authority to command or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficults as well as of hazard. A new, self lindled light and self originated stimulus was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every way capable of effort, and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military

costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin, but that if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only it the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation pronounced this last word one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze, immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver, and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach every man who agrees with me hold up his hand' All held up their hands, all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in rusing the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Nerves-how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shown themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers, and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made As for Arreus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a The enemy were superior in horsemen, but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevuling against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers those were indeed difficult to be crossed in the middle of their course, but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remun poor it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any displedient indi viduals, and let us thus show the enemy that we have

ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has any thing better to suggest, let him come forward and state it, for we have all but one object—the common safety?

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction, for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed, every man held up his hand \enophon then moved that the army should break up immediately and march to some well stored villages, rather more than two miles distant, that the murch should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre, that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van, while kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank, and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear guard

#### Dion

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion his ambition was by no means purely self seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B C., Dion was twenty one years of age in 387 BC, when the elder Dionysius, liaving dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks Standing high in the favour of his brother in law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired, as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B C was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans, the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves. With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion, just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired

the attrchment and influenced the sentiments of Epami nondas at Thebes But Plato's power of worling upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a inistery of political and social topics, and a charm of cloquence to which the Pythagoreans were strangers The stirring effects of the Sokratic tall, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communica tive aptitude of his mind, and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation. greater perhaps in 387 BC, when he was still mainly the Sokratic Plato, than it became in later days after he had imbibed to a certain extent the mystieism of the Pythagoreans Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius, accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment, unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion, he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syricuse, had been as free as Athens He learned to ablior the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subse quently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instru ments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering It was his first wish to cleans. Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitu tional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotie legislator like Lykurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred npon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fushioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence

Grote's minor works were published by Professor Bun in 1873 and Fragments on Ethical Subjects in 1876—Mrs Grote (1793-1873) wrote a Memoir of Ars Scheffer (1860) a volume of Collected Papers in Prose and Verse (1862) books on the Philosophical Radicals of 1832 (especially Molesworth) and on the political events of 1831-32, and The Personal I ife of George Grote (1873).

Adam Sedgwick (1785-1873), born at Dent vicarage in north-west Yorkshire, after being a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became Woodwardian Professor of Geology (1818), canon of Norwich (1834), and vice master of Trinity (1847). His best work was on British Palacocic Fossils (1854), he trenchantly attacked The Vestiges of Creation and Darwin's Origin of Species. See his Life and Letters by Clark and Hughes (2 vols 1890).

D1 Thomas Arnold of Rugb, (1795-1842), who in many ways influenced the thought and life of England, holds his place in literature mainly in virtue of his History of Rome A native of East Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where his father was collector of customs, he was educated at Winchester, and afterwards it Oxford, being elected a scholar of Corpus in 1811 and a Tellow of Oriel in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, teaching pupils, and in his twenty fifth year he settled at I alcham near Strines in Middleses where he tool pupils, married, and spent nine vears of happiness and study He took priest's orders in 1828, and in the same year he was appointed to the headmastership of Rught School He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only rused Rughy School to exceptional eminence and success but introduced an inestimable change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who evercised a recognised authority over the junior pupils and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confi-His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unccasing. On Sunday he prenched to them, 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy! His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him Out of doors Arnold had also his battles to fight He was a Liberal in politics, and a keen Church reformer To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed, the Church, he said meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers Nothing could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters, and the civil power was more able than the clergy not only to govern but to fix the doctrines of the Church These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends. His liberalism shocked the mass of the devout, and his reverent religious spirit puzzled those more 'advanced' than he was In 1841 he was nomi nated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his apparently robust health promised a long succession of professorial triumphs, as well as of general usefulness He had purchased For How, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Lake country, spending all his spare time there, and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he had an attack of angina pectoris, and died next morning (12th June)

Arnold's works give but a faint idea of what he accomplished—he was emphatically a man of action, but his writings are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and

independent in thought. His History of Rome, which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic War (3 vols 1838-42), his Oxford Litures on Modern History, and a history of the later Roman commonwealth (reprinted from the Encyclopædia Metropolitana), were published after his death, and he edited Thucydides Six volumes of his Sermons, chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, were also printed, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics In the History of Rome -the first two volumes especially-he very closely follows Niebuhr, expanding the theory that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part fabulous, as being founded on popular songs or lays chanted by minstrels or recited by imaginative chroniclers at Roman banquets His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events, thereby giving later historians an example apt to prove dangerous to the historic spirit.

### Scipio

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions I'wo hundred years later the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism, he re tained no more of enthusiasin than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degrada tion. But Scipio could not be like Cresar His mind rose above the state of things around him, his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere, and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen-admired, reverenced, but not loved But he could not shake off all the influences of his time the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome, the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers, were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cresar Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to beheve, yet repelled by palpable folsehood -crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrist is ever close at the door-it breaks out desperitely, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history, characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be

comprehended, and still less explained to others genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius, a self idolatry, natu ral enough when there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs, a self-dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be un essential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer, the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector, of the truly noble, because unselfish, hero, who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others who lives for his rela tions, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, nmid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose Lis father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought or desire or deed from their pledged service to his country

#### Hannibal.

If Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause is no unworthy image of the unyielding magninimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome- As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio limself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the common wealth, and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama This we should the more carefully bear in inind, because our tendency is to ad mire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world For great men can only nct permanently by forming great nations, and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enhandled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communi cated it, and the nation when he is gone is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life, when the charm has ceased the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battleof Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty

years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phoenician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every rice and language into an organised empire, and prepare them for becoming when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Lurope.

### The Siege of Genoa

In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont, their list victory of Possano or Genola had won the fortress of Com or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the vers extremity of the plain of the Po, the I rench ching to Italy only by their hold of the Riviers of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genor Napoleon had just returned from I gypt, and was become larst Consul, but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without-everything was to depend on his The strength of his army made it im own pertinacity possible to force it in such a position as Genoa, but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine, and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander in chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting trade right and Lft along the Riviera was effectually cut off . It is not at once that the in habitants of a great city, accustomed to the duly sight of well stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity, or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine But the shops were emptied, and the store houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun Spring returned, and clothed the hill sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited for a very different object ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the dis tress of the people, but the lives and strength of his gurison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy, not the momentary death of buttle or massiere, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of familie. Infants died before their parents' eyes, husbands and whee lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been started to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had niready de scended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humainty can endure!

An Edinburgh reviewer said all Arnold's works were 'proofs of his ability and goodness' yet the story of his hie is worth them all and that story has been told to admiral to purpo e by Dean Stauley in his I tie of Arnold (1845) 12th ed. with additions 1881, newed 1900). See also Findlay's Arnold of Kingly (1897), Sir Joshua Fisch on Thomas and Matthew Arnold and their Influence on Finglat Education (1897) and the Riggly idyll Tom Brevius Schoollays by Thomas Hughes Charles H Pearson has somewhat trenchantly criticised the 'Arnold tradition, and insisted on certain defects in the Riggly system, see his I tie by Stebbing (1900). Matthew Arnold the poet and critic, was Dr Arnold's eldest son his second, Thomas, father of Mrs Humphry Ward wrote on his torical subjects and literature and as a good Catholic helped to edit a Catholic Dictiviary.

Connop This I wall (1797-1875), born at Step ney, from the Charterhouse passed in 1814 to Trimty College, Cambridge, and after a distin guished course was elected a Fellon. He was called to the Bar in 1825, but in 1827 took orders, having two years before translated Schleiermacher's Lisas on St Luke, then re garded as alarmingly 'rationalistic' His return to Cambridge was marked by the translation, with his friend Julius Hare, of Niebulie's His tory of Rome (1828-32), and their Philological Museum (1831-33) contained some remarkable papers, among them Thirlwall's 'On the Irony of Sophocles' He petitioned and wrote (1834) in favour of the admission of Dissenters to degrees. The Master of Trinity, Dr Wordsworth, called on him to resign his assistant tutorship, which he did under protest Almost immediately lie was presented by Broughani to the Yorkshire hving of Kirby-Underdale Here lie wrote for Lardner's Cyclopædia his History of Greice (1835-47, improved ed 1847-52) Scholarly, learned, and accurate, as well as dignified in style, the work marks an enormous advance on Matford and ranks amongst English classics, but it was in large measure superseded for the general public by Grote's (published in 1846-56) In 1840 I ord Melbourne rused Thirlwall to the see of St For thirty four years-till his resigna-David's tion-he laboured with the utmost diligence in his diocese, building churches, parsonages, and schools, and augmenting poor livings. His eleven Charges remain an enduring monument of breadth of view - the first a catholic apology for the Tractarians He joined in censuring Lssays and Reviews, but was one of the four bishops who refused to inhibit Colenso, and he was as a Latitudinarian regarded with suspicious alarm, alike by High Churchmen and Evangelicals He supported

the Maynooth grant, the admission of Jews to Parliament, and alone amongst the bishops the disestablishment of the Irish Church Perowne edited his Romains, Literary and Theological (1877-78), Perowne and Stokes his Letters, Literary and Theological (1881), and Dean Stanley the beautiful series to a young lady—the Letters to a Friend (1881)

## Aristophanes against Socrates

Euripides, however, occupies only a subordinate place among the disciples and supporters of the sophistical school, whom Aristophanes attacked | The person whom he selected as its representative, and on whom he endeavoured to throw the whole weight of the charges which he brought against it, was Sorrates Clouds, a comedy exhibited in 423, a year after the knights had been received with so much applause, Socrates was brought on the stage under his own name, as the arch sophist, the master of the freethinking school. The story is of a young spendthrift, who has involved his father in debt by his passion for horses, and having been placed under the care of Socrates, is enabled by his instructions to defraud his ereditors, but also learns to regard filial obedience and respect, and piety to the gods, as groundless and antiquated prejudices, and it seems hardly possible to doubt that under this character the poet meant to represent Alcibiades, whom it perfectly suits in its general out line, and who may have been suggested to the thoughts of the spectators in many ways not now perceived by the reader It seems at first sight as if, in this work, Aristophanes mitst stand convicted either of the foulest motives or of a gross mistake. For the character of Soemtes was in most points directly opposed to the principles and practice which he attributes here and elsewhere to the sophists and their followers. Socrates was the son of a sculptor of little reputation, and him self for some time practised the art with inoderate success. But he abandoned it that he might give himself up to philosophy, though his income was so scanty that it scareely provided him with the means of subsistence. In his youth he had made himself master of every kind of knowledge then attainable at Athens which his narrow fortune permitted him to acquire, and he purchased the lessons of several of the learned men who came to sojourn there at a price which he was never well able to spare. Let when his own talents had attracted a crowd of admirers, and among them some of the wealthiest vonths he not only demanded no reward for his instructions, but rejected all the offers which they made to relieve his poverty already seen some specimens of the manner in which he discharged the duties of a soldier and a citizen how he brived the fury of the multitude and the resentment of the tyrants in the cause of justice. It is not my intention here to speak of the place which he holds in the history of Greek philosophy. But we have already had occasion to mention his contests with the sophists, and we have ample evidence that his discourses as well as his life were uniformly devoted to the furtherance of piety and virtue. Let in the Clouds this excellent person appears in the most odious as well as ridiculous aspect, and the play ends with the preparations made by the father of the misguided youth to consume him and his school. The wrong done to him appears the more flagrant on account of its fatal consequences. The wish which the poet intimates at the close of his play, with an carnestness which almost oversteps the limits of comedy, was fulfilled, though not till above twenty years later, after the restoration of the democracy (B.C. 399), when Socrates was prosecuted and put to denth on a charge which expressed the substance of the imputations east on him in the Clouds, and Aris tophanes was believed by their contemporaries to have contributed mainly to this result

there are two points with regard to the conduct of Aristophanes which appear to have been placed by recent investigations beyond doubt. It may be considered as certain that he was not animated by any personal malevolence toward Socrates, but only attacked him as an enemy and corrupter of religion and morals, but, on the other hand, it is equally well established that he did not merely borrow the name of Socrates for the representative of the sophistical school, but designed to point the attention and to excite the feelings of his andienec against the real individual The only question which seems to be still open to controversy on this subject concerns the degree in which Aristophanes was acquainted with the real character and aims of Socrates as they are known to us from the uniform testimony of his intimate friends and disciples. We find it difficult to adopt the opinion of some modern writers, who contend that Aristophanes, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of the difference between Socrates and the sophists, might still have looked upon him as standing so completely on the same ground with them that one description was applicable to them and him true, as we have already observed, that the poet would willingly have suppressed all reflection and inquiry on many of the subjects which were discussed both by the sophists and by Socrates, as a presumptions encrorch ment on the province of authority But it scenis in eredible that if he had known all that makes Sociates so admirable and amiable in our eyes, he would have assailed him with such vehement bitterness, and that he should never have qualified his satire by a single word indicative of the respect which he must then have felt to be due at least to his character and his intentions.

But if we suppose what is in itself much more con sistent with the opinions and pursuits of the comic poet, that he observed the philosopher attentively indeed, but from a distance which permitted no more than a superficial acquaintance, we are then at no loss to understand how he might have confounded him with a class of men with which he had so little in common, and why he singled him out to represent them. He probably first formed his judgment of Socrates by the society in which he usually saw him have known that his early studies had been directed by Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras, that he had both himself received the instruction of the most eniment sophists, and had induced others to become their hearers that Furipides, who had introduced the sophistical spirit into the drama, and Alcibiades, who illustrated it most completely in his life, were in the number of his most intimate friends. Socrates never willingly stirred beyond the walls of the city, and lived almost wholly in public places which he seldom entered without forming a circle round him mid opening some discussion connected with the objects of his philosophical researches, he readily

accepted the invitations of his friends, especially when he expected to meet learned and inquisitive guests, and probably never fuled to give a speculative turn to the conversation Aristophnies himself may have been more than once present, as l'Into represents him, on such occasions but it was universally notorious that where ever Socrates appeared some subtle disputation was likely to ensue, the method by which he drew out and tried the opinions of others without directly delivering his own, and even his professions-for he commonly described himself as a seeker who had not yet dis covered the truth-might easily be mistal in for the sophistical scepticism which denied the possibility of finding it Aristophanes might also, either immediately or through hearsny, have become acquainted with expres sions and arguments of Socrates apparently contrary to the established religion. And, indeed, it is extremely difficult to determine the precise relation in which the opinions of Socrates stood to the Greek polytheisin He not only spole of the gods with reverence, and conformed to the rites of the national worship, but testified his respect for the oracles in a manner which seems to imply that he believed their pretensions to have some real ground. On the other hand, he acknowledged one Supreme Being as the framer and preserver of the universe, used the singular and the plural number indicriminately concerning the object of his adoration, and when he endeavoured to reclaim one of his friends who scoffed at sacrifices and divination, it was, according to Nenophon, by an argument drawn exclusively from the worls of the one Creator We are thus tempted to imagine that he treated many points to which the vulgar attached great importance as matters of indifference, on which it was neither possible nor very desirable to arrive at any certain conclusion that he was only careful to exclude from his notion of the gods all aitri butes which were inconsistent with the moral qualities of the Supreme Being, and that, with this restriction, he considered the popular mythology as so harmless that its language and rites might be innocently adopted The observation attributed to him in one of Plato's carly works seems to throw great light on the nature and extent of his conformity to the State religion Being asked whether ac believes the Attic legend of Boreas and Orithuia, he replies that he should indeed only be following the example of many ingenious men if he rejected it and attempted to explain it away, but that such speculations, however fine, appeared to him to betoken a mind not very happily constituted, for the subjects furnished for them by the marvellous beings of the Greek mythology were endless, and to reduce all such stories to a probable form was a task which required much leisure. This he could not give to it, for he was fully occupied with the study of his own nature. He therefore let the e stories alone, and acquiesced in the common belief about them

The motives which induced Aristophanes to bring Socrates on the stage in preference to any other of the sophistical teachers are still more obvious than the causes through which he was led to confound them together. Socrates, from the time that he abandoned his hereditary art, became one of the most conspicuous and notorious persons in Athens. There was perhaps hardly a mechanic who had not at some time or other been puzzled or diverted by his questions. His features were so formed by nature as to serve with scarcely any

exaggeration for a highly laughable mast. His usual mien and gait were no less remarkably adapted to the comic stage. He was subject to fits of absence which seem now and then to have involved him in ludierous mistakes and disasters. Altogether his exterior was such as might of itself have tempted another poet to find a place for him in a coincidy.

(1 rom the History of Greece)

Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806-63) was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the Bir in 1831 Entering into public life, he filled various govern ment offices, and was MP for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor boroughs. He served on several commissions, and in 1839 succeeded his fither is Poor Liw Commissioner in a time of keen controversy on poor law methods succeeded Mr Glidstone is Chancelior of the Exchequer under Pilmerston in 1855-58, when he showed much resource in meeting defects and outlays caused by the Crimean war, and in Lord Palmerston's second administration (1859) he wanted his claims in favour of Mr Gladstone, becoming Home Secretary in 1859-61, and then, sore against his own wishes, War Secretary was for about three years (1852-55) editor of the Edinburgh Review In accomplished classical and German scholar, Sir George (who succeeded to the bironetcy on his father's death in 1855) investigated the early history of Greece and Rome along with the views of the German commen tators, and in reviewing the theory of Niebuhr in An Inquiry into the Credib lity of Early Roman History (2 vols 1855), attacked tilke Niebulir's method and its results All attempts to extract real history from the picturesque narratives of the early centuries of Rome (largely based, as Nichular held, on ballad and poetised legends) he concerned to be nugritory, and he examined anew the primitive history of the nations of Italy Dionysius, Livy, and the other ancient historians had no authentic materials for the primitive ethnology and the early national movements of Italy, and modern inquirers have still less chance of arriving at sife conclusions on the subject. Hence, with perhaps too sweeping scepticism, he dismissed the results not only of the uncritical older historians, but those of the learned and sagacious Germans, Niebuhr and 'The legends are mere shifting Otfried Muller clouds of mythology, which may at a distance deceive the mariner by the appearance of solid land, but disappear as he approaches and examines them by a close view? But it cannot be said that modern research accepts all Niebuhr's contentions or maintains his theory in fall, and in so far at least Cornewall Lewis's criticism has been justified

Lewis was a shrewd and sober minded politican of great administrative ability, a laborious student, and a voluminous writer. It is difficult to realise how he found time, in the midst of official and

public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies-for he was not merely acute and critical, but indefatigable in research and widely read was more gifted as a conversationalist than as a writer, his style being rather sensible than distinguished Among his works are treatises on the Romance Language, on the Use and Abuse of Political Terms, on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion, on the Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics, on the Irish Church Question, on the Government of Dependencies, on the Astronomy of the Ancients, and a Dialogue on the Best Form of Government He was a frequent contributor to the Edinburgh Review, Fraser's Magazine, the Philological Museum, the Law Magazine, and Notes and Queries His most unlucky literary enterprise was an edition in 1846-59 of a collection of fragments palmed off on the British Museum as lost fibles of the third-century Greek fabulist Babrius, almost immediately proved to be spurious He was not a secker after populanty, was perhaps a little paradoxical, and was the inventor of the mot that 'life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements.'

#### On Niebuhr

He [Niebuhr] divides the Roman history into three periods. I The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2 The mythico historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings and the first fourteen years of the republic. 3 The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to any one of these periods, they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of the siege of Veil. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundation for any historical inference.

I or solving the problem of the early Roman Instory the great desideratum is to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction, and, if any parts be true, of explaining how the records were preserved with fidelity until the time of the earliest historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribines, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the Tabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Ven, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Sam nite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and encrusted with legendary additions, but that they never theless contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends and where the fiction begins, and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired, and therefore we are not

assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical originated

See his Letters (1870) the Life of Grote (1873) Bagehot's Literary Studies (1879), and Mr Raleigh's edition of the Political Terms (1898)

Charles Merivale (1808–93) was the son of John Herman Merwale, translator, poet, and Commissioner of Bankruptcy, he was born in London, studied at Harrow, Haileybury, and St John's College, Cambridge, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848-70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863-69), and Dean of Ely (from 1869) At Cambridge he was an athlete and oarsman, as well as a prize poet and one of the 'npostles' commemorated by Tennyson He took orders in 1833, by which time he had developed a keen interest in his life work, the study of Roman At this subject he worked industriously while he remained at Cambridge, but it was not till after he had settled in his country rectory that he began to publish, in 1850, a History of the Romans under the Empire, which he completed in 1862 'Mr Merivale's undertaking,' said a critic in the Edinburgh Review, 'is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon He comes, therefore, between "mighty opposites"; 'A man of infinite dry humour and quaint fincy,' according to Edward FitzGerald, lie was a scholar and Churchman of the older school, and his History was a sound and solid piece of work. It would have been improved had its author relied less exclusively on printed documents and taken ad vantage of numismatics, epigraphy, and cognate The main defect of the work, according to some critics, is that it is throughout too fixourable to the emperors and to Imperialism, but compared with the Cæsarism of Mommsen and his school it is mild and fair The same tendency somewhat mars the historical value of the brilliant sketch The Tall of the Roman Republic (1853), perhaps the most popular of all the Dean's writings, among which are also comprised a one volume school history of Rome and some lectures on early Church Instory, including his two courses of Boyle Lectures (1864-65) on the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the northern nations He edited Sallust, contributed to the Saturday Review, and was a most accomplished writer of Latin verse His translation of Homer into English rhymed verse was not one of his successes

### On the Emperor Augustus

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health and almost constant bodily suffering, but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His liair was light, and

his/cyes blue and piercing, he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affectéd to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person, but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured The weak ness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapyde in early life, he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most scrious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of From that time, although constantly hable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding, and dying at the age of seventy four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitu tion, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rivil, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero he had not the vivacity and natural spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be in stituted between lumself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspec tion, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by during adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest, therefore, with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery, but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemportries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra, he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny, and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cresar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple On the most solemn occasions he was distin guished by no other dress than the robes and insigma of the offices which he exercised, he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity ren dered customary and decent In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recog nised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Liennus Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum, which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurions fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would be relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private These stones are not without their importance, as showing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely dif ferent the ideas of the nation were with regard to the position occupied by the Cresar and his family from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step son of the emperor and participating in the eminent functions of the tribuni tian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes, but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having The accused proved that he squandered his patrimony had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children, and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud 'Another time, Cresar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves? Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

Dean Merivale's nephew Herman Charles, son of the permanent Under Secretary for India, was a successful playwright and novelist See the Dean's privalely printed Autohography (a fragment) and letters, edited by his daughter Judith (1899)

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868) was the third son of an eminent London physician, Sir Francis Milman, and, educated at Greenwich, Eton, and Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1812 he gained the Newdigate with his Belinders Apollo, best of Oxford In 1815 a Fellow of his college, prize poems in 1816 he became vicar of St Marv's, Reading, in 1821-31 Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1835 rector of St Margaret's, Westminster, and a canon of Westminster, and in 1849 Dean of St Paul's His tragedy of Fazio, with a Florentine plot, was published in 1815, and was afterwards acted with success at Covent Garden In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, The Fall of Jerusalem, and to this succeeded three other dramas, Belshazzar (1822), The Martyr of Antioch (1822), and Anne Boleyn (1826), but none of these was designed for the stage. For his 'heroic' or narrative poem on the defence of Britain against the Saxons, Samor, Lord of the Bright City (1818), he took the plot

from Holmshed and Harrison, Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Emrys and Uther, Druids and Vikings, are amongst the characters of a poem with many fine passages In virtue of Nala and Damayanti and other Poems translated from the Sanskrit (1834), he has claims to be remembered as an early interpreter of Indian thought and life to Englishmen Dean Milman published also an edition of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, with notes and corrections, which remained the standard one till the publication of Mr Bury's (see Vol II p 552), and as against Gibbon, the editor seemed more conservative and orthodox than in some of his own historical methods and results also produced an excellent edition of Horace, with a Life of the poet. He undertook to assist his friend Bishop Heber in arranging a series of hymns for the Christian year, and besides giving other valuable assistance, contributed several of the most admirable from his own pen, such as 'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' and 'When our heads are bowed with woe' When Heber received the first mentioned he wrote to Milman 'A few more such hymns and I shall need not to wait for the aid of Scott and Southey! In his hymns and other poems Milman showed abundance of pregnant thought, taste, dignity, tenderness, and metrical skill, but he lacks the dramatic spirit, the warmth of passion and imagination, necessary to vivify his classical or historical lore into tragedy or epic of perennial charm His fame rests on his historical writings, the earliest of which, the History of the Jews, was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829, 4th edition, 1866), and created consternation among the ortho dox as being rationalistic

Milman in his own words, had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as concerns its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning? He took up ground much less usual in the first half of the nineteenth than in the first decade of the twentieth century, the History of the Jews was, according to Dean Stanley, the first decisive inroad of German theo logy, the first indication that the Bible could be studied like another book 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England prehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christi anity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many, I know not, how far, I know still less Avertat omen Deus' Milman's History of Christianity to the Abolition of Paganism (1840) nas followed by the magnum opus, The History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V (6 vols 1854-56) 'No such work,' it was truly said, 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature - none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation' This high praise has been echoed by a host of critics from Prescott to Lecky The book has been called 'a complete epic and philosophy of medieval Christendom,' and is really a great work in most of the essentials of history, though modern research has mentably modified many of its conclusions Macrulry, agreeing that the matter was excellent, somewhat hypercritically voted the style 'very much the reverse. Yet the very candour, catholicity, and frank application of honest and reverent critical method, hitherto too rare in the sphere of Church history, again provoked in some quarters the charge of 'rationalism' The last work of Dean Milman was his St Paul's Cathedral (1854-56, completed by his son and published in 1868), the church over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which he was buried Articles on Erasmus, Savonarola, and other subjects contributed to the Quarterly were published as a volume in 1870

## The Burning of the Temple

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon, that day was almost past Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intend ing the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on, the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly n wild and terrible ery was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, inounting on the shoulders of one of his comrides, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch The flames sprang up at once Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple Titus rushed down with the utmost speed he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire, his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion The legionaries either could not or would not hear, they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part

of the edifice, and then hurned to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands, they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar, the steps of the Femple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery, he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office, but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatlable hope of plunder The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames, they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door, the whole hulding was in flames in an iustaut. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman-what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano another the buildings fell in, with a tremeudous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss The 100fs of cedar were like sheets of flame, the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light, the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others seewling unavailing vengeance shouts of the Koman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagra tion and the thundering sound of falling timbers echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights, all along the walls resounded screams and wailings, men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indis criminate carnage The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermina John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Afterwards they fled to a part of the Romans below wall, about fourteen feet wide, they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mur, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalar plunged headloug into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The trea suries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid np—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part

of the outer closster, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God com manded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people The soldiers set fire to the building every soul perished The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins, they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud ncclamations saluted Titus as Emperor Their joy was not a little enlianced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value (From the History of the Jews)

## The Emperor Henry IV at Canossa.

On a dreary winter morning, with the ground deep in snow, the King, the heir of a long line of emperors, was permitted to enter within the two outer of the three walls which girded the castle of Canossa He had laid aside every mark of royalty or of distinguished station, he was elad only in the thin white linen dress of the penitent, and there, fasting, he awaited in humble patience the pleasure of the Pope But the gates did not unclose. A second day he stood, cold, hungry, and mocked by vain hope. And yet a third day drugged on from morning to evening over the unsheltered head of the discrowned King Every heart was moved except that of the representative of Jesus Christ Even in the pre sence of Gregory there were low, deep murmurs against his unapostolic pride and inhumanity. The patience of Henry could endure no more, he took refuge in an adjacent chapel of St Nicholas, to implore, and with tears, once again the intercession of the aged Abbot of Clugny Matilda was present, her womanly heart was melted, she joined with Henry in his supplications to the Abbot 'Thou alone canst accomplish this,' said the Abbot to the Countess. Henry fell on his knees, and in a passion of grief entreated her merciful interference. To female entreaties and influence Gregory at length yielded an ungracious permission for the King to approach his presence. With bare feet, still in the garb of penitence, stood the King, a man of singularly tall and noble person, with a countenance accustomed to flish command and terror upon his adversaries, before the Pope, a grey haired man, bowed with years, of small unimposing stature.

The terms exacted from Henry, who was far too deeply humiliated to dispute anything, had no redeeming touch of gentleness or compassion. He was to appear in the place and at the time which the Pope should name to answer the charges of his subjects before the Pope him self, if it should please him to preside in person at the If he should repel these charges, he was to receive his kingdom back from the hands of the Pope. If found guilty, he was peaceably to resign his kingdom, and pledge himself never to attempt to seek revenge for his deposition. Till that time he was to assume none of the ensigns of royalty, perform no public act, appropriate no part of the royal revenue which was not necessary for the maintenance of himself and of his attendants, all his subjects were to be held released from their oath of allegance, he was to banish for ever from his court Rupert Bisbop of Bamberg and Ulric Count of Cosheim,

with his other evil advisers, if he should recover his kingdom, he must rule henceforward according to the counsel of the Pope, and correct whatever was contrary to the ecclesiastical laws. On these conditions the Pope condescended to grant absolution, with the further provision that, in case of any prevarication on the part of the King on any of these articles, the absolution was null and void, and in that case the princes of the empire were released from all their oaths, and might immediately proceed to the election of another king

The oath of Henry was demanded to these conditions, to his appearance before the tribunal of the Pope, and to the safe conduct of the Pope if he should be pleased to cross the Alps. But the King's oath was not deemed sufficient, who would be his compurgators? The Abbot of Clugny declined, as taking such oath was inconsistent with his monastic vows. At length the Archbishop of Bremen, the Bishops of Vercelli, Osnaburg, and Zeitz, the Marquis Azzo, and others of the princes present, ventured to swear on the holy reliques to the King's faithful fulfilment of all these hard conditions

But even yet the unforgiving Hildebrand had not forced the King to drink the dregs of humiliation. He had degraded Henry before men, he would degrade him in the presence of God, he had exalted himself to the summit of earthly power, he would appeal to Heaven to ratify and to sanction this assumption of unapproachable superiority.

After the absolution had been granted in due form, the Pope proceeded to celebrate the awful mystery of the Euclianist He called the King towards the altar, he lifted in his hands the consecrated host, the body of the Lord, and spoke these words 'I have been accused by thee and by thy partisans of having usurped the Apostolic See by simoniacal practices-of having been guilty, both before and after my elevation to the Episcopate, of crimes which would disqualify me for my sacred office. I might justify myself by proof, and by the witness of those who have known me from my youth, whose suffrages have rused me to the Apostolic See. But to remove every shadow of suspicion, I appeal from human testimony to divine. Behold the Lord's body, be this the test of my innocence acquit me by His judgment this day of the crimes with which I am charged, if guilty, strike me dead at once,' He then took and ate the consecrated wafer ensued, he stood unscathed in calm assurance sudden burst of admiration thrilled the whole eongrega-When silence was restored he addressed the King 'Do thon, my son, as I have done! The Princes of the German Empire have accused thee of crimes hemous and capital, such as in justice should exclude thee not only from the administration of public affairs, but from the communion of the Church and all intercourse with the futhful to thy dying day. They eagerly demand a solemn trial But human decisions are liable to error, falschood, dressed out in eloquence, enslaves the judgment, truth, without this artificial aid, meets with contempt. As thou hast implored my protection, act according to my counsel. If thou art conscious of thy innocence, and assured that the accusations against thee arc false, by this short course free the Church of God from scandal, thyself from long and doubtful trial Take thou too the body of the Lord, and if God avouches thy innocence, thou stoppest for ever the mouths of thy accusers I shall become at once the advocate of

thy cause, the assertor of thy guiltlessness, thy nobles will be reconciled to thee, thy kingdom restored, the fierce tumult of civil war which destroys thy empire be allayed for ever ' (From Latin Christianity)

## Jerusalem before the Siege

And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy
That Ruin's merciles, ploughshare must pass o'er
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city
As on our olive crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron it our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet place,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,

With cool and verdant gardens interspersed, Here towers of war that frown in massy strength, While over all hangs the rich purple eve, As conscious of its being her last farewell Of light and glory to that fated city And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke Are melted into air, behold the Temple In undisturbed and lone serenity, Finding itself a solemn sanctuary In the profound of heaven! It stands before us A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles! The very sun, as though he worshipped there, Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs, And down the long and branching porticoes, On every flowers sculptured capital. Glitters the homage of his parting beams By Hercules I the sight might almost win The offended majesty of Rome to mercy

### Summons of the Destroying Angel to Babylon.

The hour is come ' the hour is come ' With voice Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee, Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river, That flowest exulting in thy proud approach To Babylon, beneath whose shadows walls, And brazen gates, and gilded palaces, And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks, Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens I do arrest thee in thy stately course, By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain, And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time, One of His holy streams, to lave the monnts Of Paradise. Thou hear st me thou dost check Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief His headlong squadrons Where the unobserved Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound, I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength, And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha, Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling The omnipotent command ! While, far away, The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved, Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high Its foaming surface like a whirlpool gulf, And boils and whitens with the inwonted tide

But silent as thy billows used to flow, And terrible, the hosts of Elam move, Winding their darl some way profound, where man Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor ur from hewen Breathed Oyc secret and unfathomed depths, How are ye now a smooth and royal way For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow slaves And ministers of the Eternal purpose, Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm, Ye come, and spread your binners, and display Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white Beneath the admiring moon Come on the gates Are open-not for banqueters in blood Like you! I see on either side o'erflow The living deluge of armed men, and ery, 'Begin, begin ! with fire and sword begin The work of wrath ' Upon my shadowy wangs I pause, and float a little while, to see Mine human instruments fulfil my task Of final rain Then I mount, I fly, And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds, That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds, That live along the interminable space, Take up Jehovnh's everlasting triumph ! (From Belshazzar)

## A Fair Recluse

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven, Lake maiden on a louely pilgrimage, Moved the meck star of eve, the wandering air Breathed odours, wood and waveless lake, like man, Slept, wear, of the garish, babbling day

But she the while from human tenderness Lstranged, and gentler feelings that light up The check of youth with rosy joyous smile, like a forgotten lute, played on nlone By chance earessing airs, anid the wild Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew, A lonely child, by not one human heart Beloved, and loving none nor strange if learned Her native fond affections to embrace Things senscless and inanimate, she loved All flowerets that with rich embroidery fair Lnamel the green earth—the odorous thyme, Wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared To mourn their fading forms with childish tears. Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop I ringing the crystal stream, the sportive breeze that wantoned with her brown and glossy locks, The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank, ere dawn Wnndering, and wandering still at dewy eve, By Glenderamakin's flower empurpled marge, Derwent's blue lal e, or Greta's wildering glen

Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid Soothing the child with simple tale or song Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears, I fie's sins and sorrows better I nown the voice Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud Blithe earolling, and wild melodious notes Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint By moonlight, of the lone might warbling bird Nor they of love inconscious, all around Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes That tenant wood or rock, dun roc or deer,

Sunning his dappled side, at moontide erouched, Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy

(I rom Samor)

### Apostrophe to Britain

Land of my birth, O Britnin ' and inv love, Whose air I breathe, whose earth I tread, whose tongue My song would speak, its strong and solemn tones Most proud, if I abase not Beauteous isle, And plenteous! what though in thy atmosphere Float not the taintless luxury of light, The dazzling azure of the southern skies? Around thee the rich orb of thy renown Spreads stainless and unsulfied by a cloud Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine, And softer climes excel thee in the line And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers, Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds, Thou in the soul of man, thy better wealth, Art richest nature's noblest produce thou, The immortal mind in perfect height and strength, Bear'st with a prodigal opulence, this thy right, Thy privilege of chunte and of soil, Would I assert nor, save thy fame, invoke, Or nymph, or muse, that oft 'twas dream'd of old By falls of waters under haunted shades, Her cestasy of inspirition pour'd O'er poet's soul, and flooded all his powers With liquid glory so may thy renown Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire

(From Samor)

Reginald Heber (1783-1826), Bishop of Calcutta, was son of the rector of Malpas in Cheshire, and half-brother of Richard Heber the famous bibliophile, whose collection numbered nearly 150,000 volumes. In 1800 he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, and in his first year won the university prize for Latin hexameters In 1803 he secured the Newdigate by his poem of Palestine, pronounced the best prize poem the university had produced, parts of it were set to music by Dr Crotch Before reciting it in the theatre of the university Heber read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford When Scott, praising the verses on Solomon's Temple, said he had not noted that no tools were used in building it, Heber retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the famous lines

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung, Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung Majestle silence '

In 1805 he grined the prize for the English essay, and was elected to a fellowship at All Souls', soon after he went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, and on his return in 1807 he became rector of Hodnet in Shropshire. He appeared again as a poet in 1809 with Europe, or Lines on the Present IVar (in Spain) He discharged the duties of a parish priest with unostentatious fidelity and application,

published a volume of poems in 1812, and in 1815 was Bampton Lecturer on the Personality and Office of the Comforter He was an occasional contributor to the Quarterly Review, and in 1822 wrote a Life of Jeremy Taylor Contrary to the advice of friends, he accepted in 1823 the difficult post of Bishop of Calcutta, in 1826 at Trichinopoly he died suddenly of apoplery in his bath, but he had already had ample time to prove his enthusiasm, his energy, and his discretion and tact as administrator The lively, witty, and lovable bishop did much to promote the use of hymns in the Church of England, which had heretofore adhered mainly to the metrical psalms, and left hymns to Methodists and Independents With Dean Milman's help he arranged the hymns in a series adapted to the Church service of the year, and of his own hymns, which he had begun to publish in a religious journal in 1811, several are known by heart to millions of English 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' Christians 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' 'Lord of mercy and of might,' 'By cool Siloam's shady rill,' and 'The Son of God goes forth to war' The pathetic elegy on his child, 'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,' is only less well known than Heber's hymns, which are usually much more ornate in diction than those of Watts and Cowper His works comprised fragments of a poem on The World before the Flood, and of a masque, Gwendolen, three cantos of a Morte d'Arthur, and (included in the first collected edition of the Poetical Works, 1841, but omitted in most reprints) a 'serio comic oriental romance' in verse-practically a panto nume—on Blue-beard, in 1902 described in the Edinburgh Review as 'the best comic poem, after the Ingoldsby Legends, ever written by a clergyman' It opens by Fadlallali, Fatima's ambitious father, saying

Good neighbour, be quiet 1 my word is a law,
I have said that my daughter shall wed the Bashaw

And at sight of the presents Ayesha is converted to the same side, and thus persuades her sister

Do look at the things the Bashaw has sent! Such silks, and such kincobs, such collars of pear!! She looks like a Pen far more than a gir!, And I, her poor bride maid, by all am confess'd As sweetly though not so expensively dress'd Come keep up your spirits! do, Fatima, do! I don't think his whishers so frightfully blue

The following is one of several 'Bow-Meeting Songs,' and was 'sung at Hawarden Castle in Flintshire, the seat of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart.'

## The Bow-Meeting

By you castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,
The genius of Cambria stray'd pensive and slow,
The oak wreath was wither d her tresses adorning,
And the wind through its leaves sigh'd its murmur of woe.

She grzed on her mountains with filial devotion,
She gazed on her Dec as he rolled to the ocean,
And, 'Cumbria! poor Cambria!' she cried with emotion,
'Thou jet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!

'Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all heary,
As proudly my warriors have rushed on the foe
But feeble and funt is the sound of their glory,

For time, like thy tide, has its obb and its flow Even now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading, The sands and the shallows thy course are invading, Where the sail swept the surges the sea bild is wading, And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!

'Sinile, smile, ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,

Whose heather hes dark in the morn s dewy glow!

A time must await yow of tempests and showers,

An autumn of mist, and a winter of snow!

For me, though the whirlwind has shivered and eleft me,

Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,

Yet Saxon—proud Saxon—thy fury has left me

Worth, valour, and beauty, the harp and the bow!

'Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruined and riven,
The wallflower and woodbine so lavishly blow,
I have seen when your banner waved broad to the
heaven,

And kings found your faith a defence from the foe, O loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,
For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,
Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,
Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the
bow!

## Palestine Fallen

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn, Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn! Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne, Where the wild desert rears its eraggy stone? While suns unblest their angry lustre fling, And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring? Where now thy pomp, which kings with entry viewed? Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued? No martial myriads muster in thy gate, No suppliant nations in this temple wait, No prophet bards, the glittering courts among, Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song But lawless Force and meagre Want are there, And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear, While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins hid, Tolds his dank wing beneath the try shade.

### Ganora at Carduel.

So was she pleased herself who sought to please,
Till on a day when all the court would ride
To drink in Cattrieth's woods the cooler breeze,
And rouse the dun deer from Terwathlin's side,
It chanced the queen within her bower to bide,
As one in boisterous pastime rarely seen,
Who little loved the hunter's eruel pride,
Or maddening shout that rends the forest green,
Or their poor quarry's groan the bugle notes between.

Loth was her lord to miss, that livelong day,
Her soft sweet glances and her converse sweet,
Yet cared he not to cross her purposed stay,
And forth he fared, but still with ling'ring feet

And back vard look, and 'Oh, when lovers meet

How bless'd,' he thought, 'the evening's tranquil hour,

I rom care and cumbrous pomp a glad retreat ''

Not since his youth first quaff'd the cup of power,

Had Arthur praised before the calm sequester'd bower

And forth he fared, while from her turret high

That smiling form beheld his hunter crew,

Pleased she beheld, hose unacquainted eye

Found in each varying scene a pleasure new

Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,

Nor custom pall d the gloss of royalty

Like some gay child, a simple bliss she drew

From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every broider'd garb that swept in order by
And sooth it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume, and crest, and tassel vildly blending
And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Mark dithe gay squadron through the copse descending,
The greyhound, with his silken leash contending
Wreathed the lithe neck, and, on the falconer's hand,
With restless perch and pinions broad depending,
Lach hooded goshav k kept her cager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,

The mellor bugle pour'd its plaintive tone,
That echo joy'd such numbers to repeat,

Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan
While histening far from forth some fallow brown,
The symbol ploughman left his work undone,
And the glad schoolboy from the neighbouring town
Sprang o er each prisoning rail, nor reck'd his master s
froy n

Her warm cheek pillow'd on her wory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganora lep her stand,
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound, and, on the brown hill's bent,
Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen
Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,
As one yho, spell bound, on some hunted green
Beholds a faery show, the twilight elms between

That plaintive bugle's well remember d tone
Could search lice inmost heart with magic sway,
To her it spoke of pleasures past and gone,
And village hopes, and friends far, far away,
While busy memory's scintillating play
Moel d her weak heart with visions sadly dear,
The shining lakelet, and the mountain grey
And who is he, the youth of merriest cheer,
Who waves his eagle plume and grasps his hunting spear?

As from a feverish dream of pleasant sin,
She, starting, trembled, and her mantle blue,
With golden border bright, and silver pin,
Round her wet check and heaving bosom drew,
Yet still with heavy cheer and downcast view,
From room to room she wander'd to and fro,
Till chance or choice her careless glances threw
Upon an iron door, whose archivay low,
And valves half open flung, a gorgeous sight might show
It was a hall of cos best garniture,

With arras hung in many a purple fold,
Whose glistening roof was part of silver pure,
And sill en part, and part of twisted gold,

With arms embroider'd and achievements old,
Where that rich metal caught reflected day,
As in the hours of harvest men behold
Amid their sheaves a lurking adder play,
Whose burnish'd back peeps forth amid the stubble grey

And, in the midst, an altar richly dight
With ever burning lamps of silver pale,
And silver cross, and chalice heavenly bright,
Before whose beam a sinful heart might quill,
And sinful cye to bear its beauty fail.
It was, I ween, that gracious implement
Of heavenly love, the three times hallow'd Grayle
To Britain's realm awhile in mercy lent,
I'll sin defiled the land, and lust incontinent

Strange things of that time honour'd urn were told,
For youth it vout in aged limbs renev,
And I indle life in corpses deadly cold,
Vea, palsy varmth, and fever coolness drew,
While faith knelt gazing on its heavenly live.
For not with day's reflected beam it shone,
Vor fiery radiance of the taper's blue,
But from its hollow rim around was thrown
A soft and sunny light, eternal and its own

And many a riven lielin around was liung,
And many a shield reversed, and shiver'd spear,
And armour to the passing footsteps rung,
And crowns that paymini kings were wont to wear,
Rich crowns, strange arms, but shatter'd all and sere,
Lo' this the chapel of that table round,
And shrine of Arthur and his warriors dear,
Where vent'rous knights by secret oaths were bound,
And, bless'd by potent prayers, their foemen to confound.

Nor less the scene such solemn use became,

Whose every wall in freshest colours dight,
Display'd in form, in feature, and in name,
The lively deeds of many a faithful knight,
And told of many a hardly foughten fight
Against the heathen host in gory field,
Of those who reap renown with falchion bright,
Or list in war the ponderous axe to wield,
Or press the courser's flank with spear and shield

(From Morte d Arthur)

Ganora is Guinevere. Carduel or Caer-Luel is Carlisle

## From Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove, Listening the nightingale 1

If thou, my love, vert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In carcless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind

I miss thee when by Gungr's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer, But miss thy kind approving eye, Thy meck attentive ear

But when of morn or eve the star Belields me on my I nec. I seel, though thou art distant far, The prayers ascend for me

Then on! then on! where duty leads, My course be one and still. O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads, O'er bleak Almorah's hill

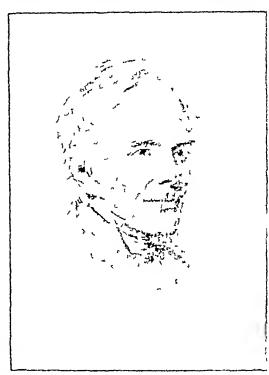
That course, nor Delhu's kingly gates, Nor wild Malwah detain, For sweet the bliss us both awaits By yonder western main

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say, Across the dark blue sea, But ne cr were hearts so light and gay As then shall meet in thee '

This greeting to his wife was quoted by Thuckeray with warm appreciation. Heber's wife published his Ise, with a relection from his letters (2 vols. 1830) and a narrative of a journey from Calcula to Bombay and there is a shorter Lafe of him by Dr George Smith (1803).

John Kehle (1792-1866), author of The Christian Year, was born at Fairford, Gloucester shire the son of the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Coln St-Aldwynds. At the early age of fourteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and liaving taken a double first in classics and mathematics, was in 1811 elected to a fellow ship at Onel He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate The publication of The Christian Lear (1827), and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed Professor of Poetry About the same time the Tractarian at Oxford movement began, taking its first impulse from a sermon on national apostusy preached by Keble on the 14th July Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble and Pusey were cluef advisers and counsellors. Keble wrote some of the more important fracts, inculcating 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real inture of the sacriments and the danger of independent speculation? In 1535 he became vicir of Hursley near Winchester. In 1846 he published a second volume of poems. Lyra Innocent un and he was author of a Late of Wilson Bishop of Sodor and Man (1563), and editor of in edition of Hookers Keble's poetry shows great delicaes and purity of thought and expression, prosaic sometimes and feeble, it curies with it an apostolic air and wais its way to the heart Mer his death appeared a much pared volume of Letters !

sermons, besides collections of his papers and reviews, Studia Sacra, and other pipers theory of poetry—that it is the vehicle for the expression of the poet's deepest feelings, controlled by a certain reserve—was explained in an interesting article in the British Critic in 1838 on Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Seeth, and was worked out at length and illustrated by in examination of the chief Greek and Latin poets in his Latin lectures delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1831-11) was only in deference to the wishes of his friends and not without much distidence that in 1827 he published The Christian Year, or



IOHV YIBIT From a Drawing (1863) 1) G. Fiel mind. K.A., in the National Po trait Gallery

Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays at I Helicity's throughout the Year. The influence of this volume was not very great at first, but its excellence visrecognised by true critics, and later on, when the Practirian movement had made us water well known, and had surred a deeper interest in its theme, it had an influence which can scarcely be overrated. For though some of the parms in rather obscure and somewhat constructed and artificial, as though written to comple a the senies, yet the grener number have a permise bay of inspiration in them, the lose of home life and of nature, a calming, spotting sense of the e er present line of God, a submer of sell, a sifering, and a sad undersore of grief for the noral and spiritual degeneracy of the Church are 5 mas, of Sprittual Course, twelve volumes of prioched a serking characteristics. More even than his lin

works he influenced the Oxford movement by his saintly, affectionate, generous, and chivalrous character. Keble College, founded at Oxford in 1870, is a permanent monument to his memory. In the *Christian Year* we find suggested by the text, 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth, and they left off to build the city' (Gen. XI. 8), the following

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love
With hilling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

For opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glades should sleep
The relies dear to thought,
And wild flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless time has wrought

Another text (Prov xiv 10) suggests

Why should we funt and fear to live alone, Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our ovin, Knows half the reasons why we simle and sigh!

Lach in his hidden sphere of joy or woe

Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart,

Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,

Hues of their own, fresh borroy ed from the heart

## Second Sunday after Christmas

When the poor and needy seel water and there is none and their tongue faileth for thirst. I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them —/fr vii 17

And wilt Thou hear the forced heart
To Thee in silence cry?
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart
Out of the restless cyc,
Wilt Thou forgive the wayward thought,
By kindly woes yet half untaught
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt for many a languid prayer
Has reached Thee from the wild,
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,
Cast down her fainting child,
Then stole apart to weep and die,
Nor knew an angel form was nigh,
To show soft waters gusling by
And dewy shadows mild

Thou wilt—for Thou art Israel's God,
And Thine unwerned arm
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,
The hidden rill to charm
Out of the dry unfathonied deep
Of sands, that he in hifeless sleep,
Save when the scorehing whirlwinds heap
Their waves in rude alarm

These moments of wild writh are Thine—
Thine too the drearier hour
When o'er the horizon's silent line
Fond hopcless fineies cower,

And on the travel'er's listless way Rises and sets the unchinging day, No cloud in heaven to slake its ray, On earth no sheltering bower

Thou wilt be there, and not forsalle,

To turn the latter pool

Into a bright and breezy lake,

The throbbing brow to cool

Till left awhile with Thee alone

The wilful heart be fain to own

That He by whom our bright hours shone,

Our darl ness best may rule

The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung
The deart pelican to day
Securely leaves her young,
Reproving thanl less man, who fears
To journey on a few lone years,
Where on the sand Thy step appears,
Thy crown in sight is hung

Then, who didst sit on Jeeob's well
The weary hour of noon,
The languad pulses Then canst tell,
The nerveless spirit tune
Then from Whose ero's in anguish burst
the cry that own d Thy dying thirst,
To Thee we turn, our Last and lirit,
Our Sun and soothing Moon

From darkness, here and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up Larth's darl glade,
The gate of Heaven unclose?

## The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity

The vision is yet for an appointed time but at the end it shall speak, and not lie though it tarry wait for it because it will rurely come, it will not tarry —Hal it 3

The morning mist is cleared away,

Yet still the face of heaven is gray.

Nor yet the autiminal breeze has stirred the grove,

Finded yet full, a paler green

Skirts soberly the tranqual scene,

The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or mal e the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mend,
The lesson of sweet peace I read
Rather in all to be resigned than blest

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn
Or by some holy death bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened car
Of her whom heaven is teaching how to mourn

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered lives and sere, its lot be east

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,
The appulling Future as it never draws
This spirit calmed the storm to inect,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the eternal Cause

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what GoD will do,
As our the Church the gathering twilight falls
No more he strains his wi that eye,
If chance the golden hours be high,
By youthful Hope seen bearing round her walls

I are d from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise
There seel his answer when the world reproves
Contented in his dual hing round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east the eternal morning moves

There are Laves of Keble by Sir J. Coloridge (1863) and the Res. Walter Lock (1874), one also Principal Sharps I ssay (1816) and his Studies in Peetry in I I hidrophy (1872)

George Finlay (1709-1875), the lustorian of Greece from the Roman conquest on, was the grandson of a well I nown Glasgow merchant and nuplies of Kirkman Linlas, the city's MP, but was born at Paversham in Kent, where his father, in officer who had served in the West was inspector of the Indies and Holland Covernment powder-mills He was educated for the Scottish Bar at Glasgow, Gottingen, and Ldinburgh but, filled with Philhellenic ardour, was moved to join Lord Byron and other enthusinsts in the Greek rehellion. After the peace he bought a property near Athens and, having vainly exhausted his means and endusiasm on the political and agricultural regeneration of his adopted country, he devoted himself to historical studies, and as advocate and historian of the modern Greeks did more for their cause than most of the Philhelienes His claims for compensation from the Greek Government, as well as those of Don Pacifico, were the cause of Ford Palmerston's famous demonstration against Greece in 1850. Ultimately he acted as Itmis correspondent it Athens, and there he died

His great History was written and published piecement in seven volumes between 1843 and 1861 as Green under the Romans, The Byzant re I mfire, Byzantine and Greek Limpres Metic al Greek at I Itel zond, Greeke under the Ollon in and Levetian Donitation, and The Great Revoluthe whole was reissued by the Clarendon Pres in 1877 under Mr Torers editorship, as a community History of Greet from the Komin Conquest to the Present Time, D.C. 176 to 1 1. 186] It was long before the great ments of his work were recognised by the world but gradually students in all countries admitted its connect and pe manent value. The clust German authorities have arrised as powerful style, as state manlike insight and philosophical spirit. Links showed throughout a vicorous, independent, and impart if

mind, his great mera according to his movrecent aditor in tricing the course of events consists in his bodier, below the si fice and endemouring to discover the secret inducious at work? His disappointment at the non-real street of the hopes for Greece he founded on the establishment of its independence—the cause for which he give his patrimon, and his his-fed him it times to speak and write bitterly and sare estically of the modern Greeks. His work, the only work of consequence in English on the visc abject with which it deals may be regarded as the contmurtion of Gibbon But Gibbon though he dealt with some part of the period are airded the Byzan time Linpire 'rather as a per on which to I am, his general survey of the time than as describing of study for its own sake. I inlivedid much to show that Gibbon's attitude was unfor, and to render for ever impossible the old, un-ympathetic, depreciatory view of Byzantine history

## The Capture of Constantinople

On the day before the assiult the empror role round to all the posts occupied by the garrien and encouraged the troops to expect victors by his chee fuldemember. He then visited the Church of St Sophia already deserted by the orthodox where with his attendants he partool of the hole sacrament according to the Latin form. He returned for a short time to the imperial palace that he might test for a short time, and on quitting it to take his station at the great larach, he was so overcome by the certainty that he should never again behold those present that he turned to the members of his household, many of whom had been the compan ons of his vonth, and columnly a led them to paidon every offence he had ever given them lears burst from all present as Constantine mounted his hor can I role lowly forward to meet his fate

The contrist between the city of the Chri irus and the camp of the Mohammedan was not encouragn; Within the walls an emperor in the decline of afe commanded a small and disunited force with thenty leaders under his orders, each at the head of an almost independent band of Greek, Genoe e Veneura er Callan So slight was the te which boind these soldicr virious chiefs together that even when their were preprime for the hard assuit the emperious of high to use all his ruthorty and per onal influent to privent Guistiniani and the Grand Dulle Notaras for n coming to blows. Guis minin demanded to be supplied with some additional guils for the defence of the great I reach, in t Nothers, who had the oment central over the reallers. premptordy refused the demand

In the larksh camp, on the other hand perfectives prevailed and a young architemal the waven on concentrated in his hand, the most despitement of the energy of that arms to the hisher pich of entropies and the white plantage of that arms to the hisher pich of entropies, the sultan produced the destination of the transformation of the standard of the white planter of the sultan produced building. The day of the course and the produced building that the Original of the course of the produced building a some large and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the course of the fire are all interests and the course of the fire are all interests an

suspended from the flagstaffs of the batteries, and from the masts and yards of the ships, and were reflected in the waters of the Propontis, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus The whole Othoman encampment was resplendent with the blaze of this illumination. Yet a deep silence prevailed during the whole night, except when the musical cadence of the solemn cliant of a thousand voices calling the true believers to prayers reminded the Greeks of the immense numbers and strict discipline of the host which was waiting eagerly for the signal of attact

On the 29th May [1453], long before the earliest dawn, the assault commenced both by land and sea. Column after column marched forward, and took np their ground before the portions of the wall they were ordered to The galleys, fitted with towers and scaling platforms, protected by the guns on the bridge, advanced against the fortifications of the port. But the principal attack was directed against the breach at the gate of St Romanos, where two flanking towers had fallen into the ditch and opened a passage into the interior of the city The gate of Charsias and the quarter of Blachern were also assailed by chosen regiments of janissaries in over The attack was made with daring whelming numbers courage, but for more than two hours every point was successfully defended. In the port the contest appeared favourable to the besieged, and even on the land side their valour was for some time successful columns followed one another in an incessant stream, and if one battnion fell back to reform its ranks, another rushed forward to take its place and renew the assault The defenders were at last fatigued by their exertions, and their scanty numbers were weakened by wounds Unfortunately, Giustiniani, the protostrator or marshal of the army, and the ablest officer in the place, received a wound which compelled him to retire on board his ship to have it dressed Until that moment he and the emperor had defended the great breach with advantage, but after his retreat Sagan Paslia, observing that the energy of the defenders was relaxed, excited the bravest of the janissaries to mount to the A chosen company led by Hassan of Ulubad (Lopadion), a man of gigantic frame, first crossed the ruins of the wall, and their leader gained the summit of the dilapidated tower which flanked the breach The defenders made a desperate resistance and many of his followers were slain, but the janissaries had secured the vantage ground, and fresh troops poar ing in to their aid, they surrounded the defenders of the breach The emperor fell amidst a heap of slain, and a column of janissaries rushed into Constantinople over his lifeless body

About the same time another corps of the Othomans forced an entrance into the city at the Gate Kerkos, which had been left almost without defence, for the besieged were not sufficiently numerous to guard the whole line of the fortifications, and their best troops were drawn to the points where the attacks were fiercest. The corps that forced the Gate Kerkos took the defenders of the Gate Charsias in the rear, and over powered all resistance in the quarter of Blachern.

Several gates were then thrown open, and the victorious army entered Constantinople at several points. The cry that the enemy had stormed the walls preceded their march. Senators, priests, monks, and nuns, men, women, and children, all rushed to seek safety in St Sophia's.

A prediction current among the Greeks flattered them with the vain hope that an ingel would descend from heaven and destroy the Molinmmedans in order to reveal the extent of God's love for the orthodox. St Sophia's, which for some time they had forsal en as a spot profuned by the emperor's attempt at a union of the Christian world, was again revered as the sanctuary of orthodoxy, and was crowded with the flower of the Greek nation, confident of a miraculous interposition in favour of their national pride and ecclesiastical prejudices

The besiegers, when they first entered the city, fearing lest they might encounter serious resistance in the narrow streets, put every soul they encountered to the sword. But as soon as they were fully aware of the impossibility of any further opposition, they began to make prisoners. At length they reached St Sophia c, and rushed into that magnificent temple, which could with case contain about twenty thousand persons The men, women, and children who had sought safety in the church were divided among the soldiers as slaves, without any refer ence to their rank or respect for their ties of blood, and hurried off to the camp, or placed under the guard of commides, who formed joint alliances for the security of their plunder The ecclesiastical ornanients and church plate were poor indeed when compared with the immense riches of the Byzantine cathedral in the time of the Crusaders, but whatever was movable was divided among the soldiers with such colority that the mighty temple soon presented few trices of having been a Chris tian church. The sack of this great cathedral was marked by many deeds of rapacity and erucity, but it was not stained by the infamous orgies and wanton insults with which the Crusaders had disgraced their victory in 1204.

While one division of the victorious army was engaged in plundering the southern side of the city, from the Gate of St Romanos to the Cliurch of St Sophia, another, turning to the port, made itself master of the warehouses that were filled with merchandise, and surrounded the Greek troops under the Grand Duke Notaras. The Greeks were easily subdued, and Notaras surrendered himself a prisoner

About midday the Turks were in possession of the whole city, and Moliammed II entered his new capital at the Gate of St Romanos, riding triumphantly past the body of the Emperor Constantine, which has con cealed among the slain in the breach he had defended The sultan rode straight to the Church of St Sophia, where he gave the necessary orders for the preservation of all the public buildings. Even during the license of the sack, the severe education and grave character of the Othomans exerted a powerful influence on their conduct, and on this occasion there was no example of the wanton destruction and wilful conflagrations that had signalised the Latin conquest. To convince the Greeks that their orthodox empire was extinct, Moham med ordered a moolah to ascend the bema and address a sermon to the Mussulmans, announcing that St Sophia was now a mosque set apart for the prayers of the true believers To put an end to all donbts concerning the death of the emperor, he ordered the body of Constantine to be sought amongst the slain, and after it had been identified by the Grand Duke Notaras, the head was exposed to the inhabitants of the capital, from whence it was afterwards sent as a trophy to be seen by the Greeks of the principal cities in the Othoman Empire.

The body was interred with due ceremony at a spot which is still pointed out, and where the Othoman sultans keep alive a striking memorial of their an cestor's victory by maintaining a lamp constantly burning over the remains of the last Christian emperor of Constantinople.

Colonel William Mure (1799-1860) of Caldwell in Ayrshire, who was educated at Westminster, Edinburgh, and Bonn, represented Ren frewshire in Parliament, commanded in the militia, and was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, was the author of a learned work, A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece (5 vols 1850-57, unfinished) He travelled in Greece, and in the Journal of his tour (1842) engaged in the Homeric controversy, especially as to the localities of the Odyssey A competent scholar devoted to Greek literature for twenty years, he brought to his Critical History political opinions directly opposite to those of Mr Grote, maintained that both Iliad and Odyssey were originally composed substantially as we still have them, and argued strenuously for the unity and authenticity of the Homeric poems

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes sketches, however, could have been little more than out lines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the Iliad and Odyssey, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of unitative art this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weak ness, or eccentricity is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop them selves by their own language and conduct. It is this among his many great qualities which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class, nor, with the single exception perhaps of the great English drama tist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and seves. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are in dividually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes him self spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the Odyssey, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own nnaided powers That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible Still less credible is it that the different parts of the Iliad, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions-thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering according to the same single type of heroic grandear-can be the production of more than a single mind Such evidence is perhaps even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree

in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental person ages than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might without any concert have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V, but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falsialis, Pistols, Birdolphs, Quicklys—were in credible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the Iliad and Odissey are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector

John Colin Dunlop (c 1785-1842), son of a poetical Lord Provost of Glasgow (see Vol II p 808), studied there and at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and from 1816 till his death was Sheriff of Renfrewshire His History of Fiction from the Earliest Greek Romances till the Novels of the Present Age, published in 1814, could not from the nature of the case be a perfect work, nor does it stand on the higher level of literary criticism But, improved in a second edition (3 vols 1816), it was in the German annotated translation (1851) described as the only work of its kind, and it contains a vast amount of sensible, if at times somewhat superficial, information He wrote also a History of Roman Literature (3 vols 1823-28), Mimoirs of Spain from 1621 to 1700 (2 vols 1834), and a volume of translations from the Latin Anthology (1838)

Sir William Francis Patrick Napier (1785-1860) was a descendant of Napier of Merchiston, brother of Sir Charles the conqueror of Sindh, and cousin of Admiral Sir Chailes Napier, who bombarded Acre and commanded in the Baltic in the war against Russia in 1854 Born at Celbridge, County Kildare, the son of Colonel the Hon George Napier and his second wife, Lady Sarah Bunbury (daughter of the Duke of Richmond and at one time the object of a romantic passion on the part of the young George III), he entered the army at fifteen, and as an officer in the famous Light Division greatly distinguished Immself in the Peninsular war, of which he was to write the splendid record, The History of the War in the Pininsula and in the South of France from the year 1807 to the year 1814 (1828-40) Napier, unlike most earlier British authors, showed the same admiration for French as for English heroism, his proof-sheets were read by Marshal Soult. The book immediately gave Napier high rank amongst English writers and historians, superseded Southey's and other works on the same subject, was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and took a permanent place as an English classic. Mr Oman, in rewriting the history of the Peninsular war (1902), fully recognises the merits of 'the immortal six volumes of the grand old soldier,' but insists, with evidence, that in this all-important contemporary narrative the personal element counts for too much, and that Napier's sympathies and

enmities have coloured the whole work. He was a bitter enemy of the Tories of his own day, and is not a trustworthy guide either on the English or Spanish politics of the time. He was strongly prejudiced against Canning and Castlereagh, and cherished the hallucination 'that Bonaparte was a beneficent character thwarted in his designs for the regeneration of Europe by the obstinate and narrow-minded opposition of the British Government' He is always unfair to the Spaniards, and invariably minimises their successes and exag-But 'as a narrator of the gerates their defeats incidents of war he is unrivalled no one who has ever read them can forget his soul stirring descrip tions of the charge of the Fusilier brigade at Albuera, of the assault on the great breach at Badylos, or the storming of Soult's position on the Rhune. These and a hundred other cloquent passages will survive for ever as masterpieces of a vigorous English prose' Apier, who was a generous and hot tempered man, a keen controversialist, an accomplished printer and sculptor, wrote, beside his magnum opus, an account of The Conquest of Scinde (1845), a somewhat too eulogistic and one sided Life and Ofinions of Sir Charles Napur (1857), and a history of his brother's administration of Sindh

#### Albuera

Houghton's regiments reached the height under a heavy cannonade, and the Twenty ninth, after breaking through the fugitive Spaniards, was charged in flank by the French lancers, yet two companies, wheeling to the right, foiled this attack with a sharp fire, and then the third brigade of the second division came up on the left, and the Spanish troops under 71, as and Ballesteros at last moved forward. Hartman's artillery was now in full play, and the enemy's infintry recoiled, but soon recover ing, renewed the fight with greater violence than before. The cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, the peals of musl ctry were incessant, often within pistol shot, yet the close formation of the French emburrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them an inch of ground or a moment of time to open their ranks Their fighting vas, however, fierce Stewart was twice wounded, Colonel and dangerous Duckworth was slain, and the intrepid Houghton, having received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the very act of cheering on his men. Still the stringgle continued with unabated fury Colonel Inglis, twenty two officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy who had mounted the hill, fell in the Tifty seventh alone, the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one third were standing in any ammuni tion failed, and as the English fire slaci ened a French column was established in advance upon the right flank The play of the guns checked them a moment, but in this dreadful crisis Beresford wavered! Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde move ment, he now sent Alten orders to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to take, with his Germans

and the Portuguese artillery, a position to co er a retreat by the Valverde road. Lut while the commander was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge had urged Cole to advance with the fourth division, and then riding to the third brigade of the second division which, under the command of Colonel Abercrombie, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die was thus east, Beresford acquiesced, Alten received orders to retake the village, and this terrible battle was continued

The fourth division was composed of two brigades one of Portuguese under General Harvey, the other, under Sir William Myers consisting of the Seventh and Twenty third Regiments, was called the fusileer brigade Harvey's Portuguese were immediately pushed in bety een I umley's dragoons and the hill, where they were charged by some French cavalry, whom they heat off, and mean time Cole Ind his fusiliers up the contested heighthis time six gins were in the enemy's po se sion, the whole of Werle's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the Trench, the remnant of Honcliton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was happed with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillers on the upper parts of the hill, and behind all, Hamilton's Portuguese and Alten's Germans, now withdraying from the bridge, seemed to be in full retreat Soon, however Cole's first leers, fluided by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under Colonel Hav I shawe, mounted the hill, drove off the lancers, recovered five of the capture I guns and one colour, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, precisely as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, assuing from the mids' of the smole and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's nineres, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victors, they wavered, hesitated, and then somiting forth a storm of fire, liastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while n fearful discharge of grape from all their artiller, whistled through the British ranks killed, Cole and the three colonels Lllis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, recled and staggered like sinling ships, but suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and impesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field, in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving fire indis eriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry sudden burst of unlisciplined valour, no nervous enthu siasm weakened the stability of their order their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shool the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous eroud, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irreme diable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like

a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep—the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!

#### Badajos

All this time the tumult at the brenches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle eom menced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal showed them that the French were ready, yet no stir was heard and darkness covered the breaches Some hay-packs were thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, five hundred in all, de seended into the ditch without opposition, but then a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The rumparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side, on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava, it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and nowder barrels.

For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, the men flew down the ladders, or, disdaming their aid, leaped reckless of the depth into the gulf below, and at the same moment, amidst a bluze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in and de seended with a like fury There were only five ladders for the two columns, which were close together, and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counter guard of the Triuidad was filled with water from the inundation, into that watery share the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered Those who followed checked not, but, as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach and instantly covered with men, jet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the rumparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks Thus buffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder eusned, for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach, many also passed between the ruelin and the counter guard of the Trinidad, the two divisions got mixed, the reserves, which should have remuned at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward and all cheering vehiciently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the rouring of gans from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and hornd explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual elatter of the muskets made a maddening din

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins, and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which feet being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the snecess of their stratagem and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small eylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hall when they were discharged. Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but always the sword blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the lussing shells and thunder ing powder barrels exploded uncersingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, hundreds more were dropping, still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and, sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the rums, and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, and men fell so far from the shot that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily and who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies and the slaughter would have continued

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other and preserved some degree of mili tary array, but now the turnult was such that no com mand could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations order was im possible! Officers of all ranks, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by sudden madness and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of a huge dragon belching forth smoke and slame In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the Forty third, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed, wherever his voice was heard his soldiers had guthered, and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fital ruins that when one behind him in falling plunged a bayonet into his back he complained not, but, continuing his course, was shot dead within a vard of the sword blades. Let there was no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers until two hours passed in these vain efforts had convinced the troops the breach of the Trinidad was in pregnable, and as the opening in the curtain, although

less strong, was retired and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the soldiers did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts and aiming their shots by the light of the fire balls which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, 'cohy they did not come into Badajos'

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawl ing about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a siekening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the engineers was observed by Lieutenant Shaw of the Forty third making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Shaw immediately collected fifty Santa Maria bastion soldiers of all regiments and joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of that breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers led their gallant band with a rush up the ruins, but when they had gained two thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! With inexpressible cool ness he looked at his watch, and saying it was too late to carry the breaches, rejoined the masses at the other attack. After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission, for of the riflemen on the glacis, many, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, buffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and, too few in number, entirely failed to quell the I rench musketry

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, ordered the remainder to retire and re form for a second assault, he had heard the eastle was taken, but, thinking the enemy would still resist in the town, was resolved to assaul the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion, the French fire never slackened, a cry arose that the enemy was making a sally from the distant flanks, and there was a rush towards the ladders. Then the grouns and lamentations of the wounded who could not move and expected to be slain increased, and many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd

All this time Picton was lying close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Purda keras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge thus the town was girdled with fire, for Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalading the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river and reached the I rench guard house at the barrier gate undiscovered, the

ripple of the waters smothering the sound of their foot steps, but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, the French sentinels, discover ing the columns, fired, and the British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way The Portuguese, panic stricken, threw down the scaling ladders, the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch, but the guiding engineer officer was killed, there was a cunette which embarrassed the column, and the ladders proved too short, for the walls were gene rally above thirty feet high. The fire of the enemy was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders

Fortunately some of the defenders had been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, discovering a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and drew others after him until many had won the summit, and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, their numbers augmented rapidly, and half the Fourth Regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the French from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

In the last of these combats Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, was covered with so many wounds it was wonderful that he could survive, and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, ened out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops who had not been stopped by the strong barrier, the deep ditch, the high walls, and the deadly fire of the enemy, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some men over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the Thirty-eighth as a reserve, and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, two hundred strong, arose and with one close volley destroyed them, then the pume ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches But the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield the portion of the Fourth Regiment which had entered the town was strangely situated For the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated and no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whispers were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spamards, while the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town In their progress they captured several mules going with ammuni tion to the breaches, yet the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with

lamps a terrible enchantment seemed to be in opera tion, they saw only an illumination and heard only low whispering around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder Plainly, however, the fight was there raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse by attack ing the rumparts from the town side, but they were re ceived with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered, desultory combats took place Veillande and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers and entered San Christoval, which was surrendered next morning upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Sonierset, for that officer had with great readiness pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, this noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater mis fortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism indeed, were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence, but madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were dis played Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamenta tions, groans, shouts, imprecations, the lussing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled, the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of t

Five thousand men and officers fell in this siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thou sand five hundred had been stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Pieton, were wounded, the first four severely, six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred! And how deadly the breach strife was may be gathered from this the Forty third and Diffy second Regiments of the light division lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be considered that this frightful carriage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square, that the slain died not all suddenly nor by one manner of death—that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water—that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trainpled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions, that for hours this destruction was endured without slirinking and the town was won at last. Let these things be considered, and it must be admitted a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men, the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily—shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of

the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Ninety fifth, who penshed on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portu guese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifle man who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword blides, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepulity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the hardiness of Terguson of the Forty third, who, having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, his former hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, the third time wounded? Nor would I be understood to select these as pre eminent, many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known, for in such a tumult much passes unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw, but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos

When the extent of the night's havor was made known to Lord Wellington the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

The following outburst on Byron—intercalated in Napier's defence of his brother—shows the historian of the Peninsular war in another light

## On Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious duliness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him moun tain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the himman heart, gave up their poetic secrets, and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound, and when it ceased they sorrowed

Sir John Kincaid (1787-1862) was one among several of Wellington's soldiers who wrote picturesque memoirs of their services under him in the Napoleonic wars Born near Falkirk, he held a lieutenant's commission in the North York Militia, but in 1809 enlisted in the old 95th-the present Rifle Brigade—as a volunteer In the ranks at first, but afterwards as a heutenant, he served through the Peninsular war from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and fought also at Quatre Bras and Waterloo After the peace he rose to be a captain in 1826 and Yeoman of the Guard in 1844, and was knighted in 1852 In 1830 appeared his Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, describing in familiar and unsystematic fashion,

but with wonderful spirit and vividness, his experiences in the Peninsular and Belgian campuigns Kincaid had a genuine literary gift, and his book ranks first in a group of camp memoirs wherein the next best is probably the *Recollections* (1848) of 'Rifleman' Harris, a private of the 95th during the campaigns of Vimeiro and Corunna The following glimpse of Waterloo is from Kincaid

#### The Riflemen at Waterloo

The sileneing of these guns was succeeded by a very extraordinary scene on the same spot A strong regi ment of Hanoverians advanced in line to charge the enemy out of La Haye Sunte, but they were themselves charged by a brigade of cuirassiers, and, excepting one officer on a little black horse, who went off to the rear like a shot out of a shovel, I do believe that every man of them was put to death in about five seconds brigade of British light dragoons advanced to their relief, and a few on each side began exchanging thrusts, but it seemed likely to be a drawn battle between them, without much harm being done, when our men brought it to a crisis sooner than either side anticipated, for they previously had their rifles eagerly pointed at the cuiras siers, with a view of saving the perishing Hanoverians, but the fear of killing their friends withheld them, until the others were utterly overwhelmed, when they in stantly opened a terrific fire on the whole concern, sending both sides to flight, so that, on the small space of ground within a hundred yards of us, where five thousand men had been lighting the instant before, there was not now a living soul to be seen

It made me mad to see the curressiers in their retreat stooping and stabbing at our wounded men as they lay on the ground. How I wished that I had been blessed with Omnipotent power for a moment, that I might have blighted them!

The same field continued to be a wild one the whole of the afternoon. It was a sort of daelling post between the two armics, every half hour showing a meeting of some kind upon it, but they never exceeded a short scramble, for men's lives were held very cheap there

For the two or three succeeding hours there was no variety with us, but one continued blaze of musketry. The smoke hung so thick about that, although not more than eighty yards asunder, we could only distinguish each other by the flashes of the pieces

I shall never forget the scene which the field of battle presented about seven in the evening. I felt weary and worn out, less from fatigue than anxiety Our division, which had stood upwards of five thousand men at the commencement of the battle, had gradually dwindled down into a solitary lot of skirmishers. The 27th Regi ment were lying literally dead, in square, a few yards behind us My horse had received another shot through the leg, and one through the flap of the saddle, which lodged in his body, sending him a step beyond the The smoke still hung so thick about us that we could see nothing I walked a little way to each flank, to endeavour to get a glimpse of what was going on, but nothing met my eye except the mangled remains of men and horses, and I was obliged to return to my post as wise as I went.

I had never yet heard of a buttle in which everybody was killed, but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively im

patient under the time similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective vis a vis, for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the 27th) and two living ones, and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views, but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice

Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears—it was Lord Wellington's long wished for orders to advance, it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near—we took it up by instinct, and charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men begin to cheer him, but he called out, 'No cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory.''

This movement had carried us clear of the smole, and, to people who had been for so many hours en veloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived It was a fine summers evening, just before sunset The Trench were flying in one confused mass Entish lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as fir as the eve could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Allinnee, but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their rain was complete Artillery, baggage, and everything be longing to them fell into our linnds After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the

Selections from the Memoirs of Kincaid, Harris, and others were edited by the Rey W. H. Fitchett under the title of Wellington's Men (1900).

James Silk Buckingham (1786-1855), traveller and lecturer, was born, a farmer's son, at Flushing near Falmouth, and went to sea before he was ten. After years of wandering, he in 1818 started a journal at Calcutta, whose strictures on the Indian Government led to its suppression (1823) In London he established the Oriental Herald (1824) and the Athonaum (1828), which he edited for a year or two, selling his interest in it ultimately to John Sterling From 1832 to 1837 he was member for Sheffield, and then travelled for four years in North America He was projector of the British and Foreign Institute (1843-1846), and president of the London Temperance League (1851) Between 1822 and 1855 he published nearly a score of volumes of travel (in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Assyria, America, as well as in Western Europe) and many political treatises, besides two volumes of an Autobiography, of which the third and fourth never appeared

James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862) was long accounted the most successful of modern tragic dramatists Born at Cork, he was the son of a respected teacher and author of a dictionary, a first cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the boy, after being trained mainly in his father's school, was successively an ensign in the militia, a medical student, an actor, a schoolmaster, an actor again, and from about 1844 an occasional Baptist preacher, fierce in denunciation of Catholicism His first play, Caius Gracchus, was performed at Belfast in 1815, the next, Virginius (1820), which had a good run at Covent Garden, was based on the familiar story of Virginia Knowles afterwards brought out and Applus William Tell (1825), in which Macready achieved a triumph, The Hunchback (1832), The Love Chase (1837), and other pieces Several of his pieces are still standard acting plays For more than a dozen years he enjoyed a civil list pension of £200. To a considerable knowledge of stage effect he united a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring which, if at times too florid, set off familiar images and illustrations. His style was formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to extravagance, he frequently violated Roman history and classical propriety, ran into conceits and affected metaphors, and had little sense of humour, his blank verse is mostly wooden and irregular, never in very perfect rhythm, and the style is not seldom stilted These faults were counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing situations and plots, romantic, not too improbable, though usually somewhat conventional, by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life, and by the infusion of not a little warm feeling and some real poetry He had a happy knack of utilising commonplaces or paradoxes for his purposes-thus 'It follows not because the hair is rough, the dog's a savage one,' 'What ment to be dropped on fortune's hill? The honour is to mount it, 'When fails our dearest friend, there may be refuge with our direst foe?

## From 'Virgintus'

[Appius Claudius, with whom is his client Caius Claudius, ascends the tribunal as Numitorius, Icilius, Virginius with his daughter, and the rest enter ]

Apprus Well, Claudius, are the forces At hand?

Claudius They are, and timely too, the people Are in unwonted ferment.

App There's something twes me at The thought of looking on her father!

Upon her, my Appius! I'x your gaze upon The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it Till they are thuse Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

Tirguius Does no one speal? I am defendant here Is silence my opponent? I it opponent

That trues its provess 'gunst the honour of

To plend a cruse too foul for speech! What brow Shameless gives front to this most valuant cause,

A girl, yet lacks the wit to know that he Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear-And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve To stammer forth the signal

App You had better, Virginius, wear another kind of carnage, This is not of the fashiou that will serve you I'm The fashion, Applies! Applies Claudius, tell me The fishion it becomes a man to speak in Whose property in his own child—the offspring Of his own body, near to him as is His hand, his arm-yea, nearer-closer far, Knit to his heart-I say, who has his property In such a thing, the very self of himself, Disputed-and I'll speak so, Applus Claudius, I'll speak so-Pray you tutor me!

Claudius I If you lay claim to any interest In the question now before us, speak, if not, Bring on some other cause

Claud Most noble Applus-

And are you the man That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me, And I will give her to thee.

Claud She is mine then

Do I not look at you?

Your eye does, truly, But not your soul I see it through your eye Shifting and shrinking—turning every way To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye, So long the bully of its master, knows not To put a proper face upon a he, But gives the port of impudence to falsehood When it would pass it off for truth Your soul Dares as soon show its face to me Go on, I had forgot, the fashion of my speech May not please Applus Chudius Claud I demund

Protection of the December !

You shall have it App Doubtless ! Vir

App Keep back the people, Lictors I-What's Your plea? You say the girl's your slave Produce Your proofs

My proof is here, which, if they can, Claud Let them confront The mother of the girl-Numitorius Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me

To speak

Man, I must speak, or else go mad! And if I do go mad, what then will hold me From speaking? She was thy sister, too! Well, well, speak thou I'll try, and if I can, Be silent

[Retures Num Will she swear she is her child? I ir To be sure she will—a most wise question that ! Is she not his slave? Will his tongue he for him-Or his hand steal-or the finger of his hand Beel on, or point, or shut, or open for him? To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run, Sing, dance, or wag her head do anything That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear I What mockery it is to have one's life In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick ! Is it to be endured? I do protest Against her oath !

No law in Rome, Virginius, Seconds you If she swear the girl's her child, The evidence is good, unless confronted By better evidence. Look you to that, Virginius I shall take the woman's oath Virginia Icilius! Fear not, love, a thousand oaths Icilius Will answer her You swear the girl's your child, App And that you sold lier to Virginius' wife, Who passed her for her own Is that your oath? Slave It is my oath App Your answer now, Virginius [Brings Virginia forward Here it is! Is this the daughter of a slave? I know 'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by The shoot you know the rank and order of The stem Yet who from such a stem would look For such a shoot. My witnesses are these-The relatives and friends of Numitoria, Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain The burden which a mother bears, nor feels The weight, with longing for the sight of it Here are the ears that listened to her sighs In nature's hour of labour, which subsides In the embrace of joy -the hands, that when The day first looked upon the infant's face, And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it, And blessed her for a blessing Here, the eyes That saw her lying at the generous And sympathetic fount, that at her ery Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl To cherish her enamelled veins Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower-The very flower our bed connubial grew-To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends, Have I not spoke the truth? Women and Citizens You have, Virginius App Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that! You're very ready for a tumult, citizens Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!-We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters, And wish not for another Vir Troops in the Forum ! App Virginius, have you spoken? If you have heard me, I have, if not, I'll speak again App Virginius, I had evidence to give, Which, should you speak a hundred times again, Would make your pleading vain Your hand, Virginia ! Stand close to me Aside App My conscience will not let me Be silent 'Tis notorious to you all, That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me The guardian of his son This cheat has long

Been known to me. I know the girl is not

I should have done my client unrequired.

Vir Don't tremble, girl ' don't tremble.

Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

Join your friends, Icilius,

The justice

Aside

[Aside

Nay, Virginius,

And dear society, may be allowed

A little time for parting Let me take

Virginius' daughter

And leave Virginia to my care.

Vir

App

I feel for you, but though you were my father, The majesty of justice should be sacred-Claudius must take Virginia home with him! Vir And if he must, I should advise him, Appius, To take her home in time, before his guardian Complete the violation which his eyes Already have begun -Friends! fellow citizens! Look not on Claudius-look on your Decemvir' He is the master claims Virginia 1 The tongues that told him she was not my child Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase, Except by making her the slave of Claudius, His client, purveyor, that caters for His pleasure-marl ets for him, picks, and scents, And tastes, that he may banquet-serves him up His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed, In the open, common street, before your eyes-Frighting your daughters' and your matrons cheeks With blushes they ne'er thought to meet-to help him To the honour of a Roman maid ' my child ' Who now chings to me, as you see, as if This second Tarquin had already coiled His arms around her Look upon her, Romans! Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted Before her father's eyes !-- He is but one. Tear her from Appius and his I ictors while She is unstained - I our liands! your liands! your hands! Citizens They are yours, Virginius keep the people back-App Support my Lictors, soldiers! Scize the girl, And drive the people back Down with the slaves! [The people male a show of resistance, but upon the advance of the soldiers retreat and leave Icilius, Virginius and his daughter in the hands of Applus and his party ] Deserted '-Cowards' trutors! Let me free But for a moment! I relied on you, Had I relied upon mysclf alone, I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you-Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only To rush upon your swords Tir Icilius, peace l You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies, Nerveless and helpless Take Icilius honce, App Away with him! Icil [Forced away ] Tyrant 1 Virginia! Scprrate Virginius and the girl -Dclay not, slaves Fir Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius It is not very easy Though her arms Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which She grasps me, Applus-forcing them will hurt them, They'll soon unclasp themselves Wait but a little-You know you're sure of her! I have not time To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors Vir Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not My child, she hath been like a child to me For fifteen years. If I am not her father, I have been like a father to her, Appius For e'en so long a time. They that have lived For such a space together, in so near

The maid aside, I pray you, and confer A moment with her nurse, perhaps she'll give me Some token will unloose a tie so twined And knotted round my heart that, if you break it So suddenly, my heart breaks with it

Look to them, Lictors. Virginia

Do you go from me?

Do you leave? Father! Father!

No, my child-Vir

No, my Virginia-come along with me.

Virginia Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?

Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you I bless you! My father ' my dear father l Art thou not

My father?

[Virginius, looking anxiously round, sees a butcher's stall.]

Vir This way, my child-No, no, I am not going To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee App Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not

Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!-Well, have you done?

Short time for converse, Appius, Vir But I have.

App I hope you are satisfied

Vir I am-

I am-that she is my daughter !

Take her, Lictors I App [Virginia, shrieking, falls half dead upon her father's shoulder

Vir Another moment, pray you. Bear with me A little-'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man' Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it Long -My dear child ! My dear Virginia! There is only one way to save thine honour-'Tis this. Stabs her

Lo, Applus, with this innocent blood I do devote thee to the infernal gods! Make way there I

AppStop him! Seize him! Vir

If they dare To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them thus Way there ! Way ! It rushes in amongst them

knowless Dramatic Works were collected (3 vols.) in 1843 of a Life by his son (1872) only twenty five copies were printed.

Basil Hall (1788-1844), writer of travels, was born in Edinburgh, the son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, chemist and founder of experimental Basil entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded a sloop in the naval escort of Lord Amherst's mission to Peking, visiting Corea, then a region hardly known, and described for the first time in his Voyage of Discovery to Corea (1818) He also wrote a Journal on the Coast of Chili, Peru, and Mexico in 1820-22, Travels in North America in 1827-28, a vivacious work whose free criticisms of things American gave great offence in the United States, and Fragments of Voyages and Travels (1831-40) Schloss Hainfeld (1836) was a semi-romance, and Patchwork (1841) a collection of tales and sketches Hall died insane in Haslar Hospital

Bryan Waller Procter ('Barry Cornwall,' 1787-1874) was born at Leeds, and educated at Harrow, with Byron and Peel for schoolfellows Articled to a solicitor at Calne, about 1807 he came to London to live, and in 1815 began to contribute poetry to the Literary Gazette 1816 he succeeded by his father's death to about £500 a year, and in 1823 married Basil Montagu's step daughter, Anne Benson Skepper He had meanwhile published four volumes of poems, and produced a tragedy, Mirandola (1821), at Covent Garden, the success of which was largely due to the acting of Macready and Charles Kemble. Procter was called to the Bar in 1831, from 1832 to



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER From the Bust by G J H Foley, R.A, in the National Portrait

1861 was a Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy In 1857 a windfall came to Procter and other poets Mr John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society and author of a Rhymed Plea for Tolerance, bequeathed over £140,000 in legacies to friends and writers whom he admired Thus to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a sum of £4000 was allotted, to her husband, £6500, and to Procter also £6500 Procter's works, published under the pseudonym 'Barry Cornwall' (a faulty anagram of his real name), comprise Dramatic Scenes (1819), A Sicilian Story and Marcian Colonna (1820), The Flood of Thessaly (1823), and English Songs (1832), besides memoirs of Edmund Kean (1835) and Charles Lamb (1866) The poems are rarely more than studies or graceful exercises, harmonious echoes of bygone and contemporary singers Yet 'Barry Cornwall' will

be remembered as the man whom every one loved—that company including a hundred of the greatest of the century. His daughter Adelaide earned an independent right to a place in such a cyclopedia as the present (see below). His Bryan Waller Procter an Autobiographical Fragment, was edited in 1877 by Coventry Patmore, and the Academy for 17th March 1888 had a long article on Mrs Procter.

### Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean 1 ever sounding sea! Thou symbol of a drear immensity! Thou thing that windest round the solid world Like a huge animal, which, downward harled From the black clouds, hes weltering and alone, Lushing and writhing till its strength be gone. Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep Thou speakest in the east and in the west At once, and on thy heavily laden breast Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife. The earth hath nought of this no chance or change Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare Give answer to the tempest wakened air, But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range At will, and wound its bosom as they go Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow But in their stated rounds the seasons come, And pass like visions to their wonted home, And come again, and vanish, the young Spring Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming, And Winter always winds his sullen horn, When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn, Dies in his stormy manhood, and the skies Weep, and flowers sieken, when the summer flies Oh ' wonderful thou art, great element, And fearful in thy spleens humours bent, And lovely in repose, thy summer form Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves Make music in earth's dark and winding caves, I love to wander on thy pebbled beach, Marking the sunlight at the evening hour. And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach-Eternity-Lternity-and Power

#### Marcelia.

The shallow brook It was a dreary place That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn And widened all its music died away, And in the place a silent eddy told That there the stream grew deeper There dark trees Funereal-cypress, yew, and shadowy pine, And spicy cedar-clustered, and at night Shook from their melaneholy branches sounds And sighs like death 'twas strange, for through the day They stood quite motionless, and looked, methonght, Lake monumental things, which the sad earth From its green bosom had cast out in pity, To make a young girl's grave. The very leaves Disowned their natural green, and took black And mournful hue, and the rough brier, stretching His straggling arms across the rivulet, Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching

With his tenacious leaves, straws, withcred boughs, Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which Swam with the current, and with these it hid The poor Marcelia's death bed Never may net Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope, For not a fish abides there. The slim deer Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath The brook, and panting flies the unlioly place, And the white heifer lows, and passes on The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds Go higher up the stream And yet I love To loster there and when the rising moon Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks Red and dilated through the evening mists, And chequered as the heavy branches sway To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen, And fancy to myself that a sad voice, Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere For some misdeed The story goes that some Neglected girl-an orphan whom the world Frowned npon-once strayed thither and 'twas thought Cast herself in the stream You may have heard Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved A wealthy man who marked her not He wed, And then the girl grew sick, and pined away, And drowned herself for love.

## An Invocation to Birds

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air, Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits Lie down with the wild winds, and ye who huild Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool. And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs For suns to npen, come! O phœnix rare 1 If death hath spared, or philosophic search Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest, Perfect Arahian-lonely nightingale! Dusk creature, who art silent all day long, But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs Until they waken. And thou, cuekoo bird, Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape Material, but dost wander far and near, Like untouched echo whom the woods deny Sight of her love-come all to my slow charm! Come thou, sky climbing bird, wakener of morn, Who springest like a thought unto the sun, And from his golden floods dost gather wealth-Epithalamium and Pindarique song-And with it enrich our ears, come all to me, Beneath the chamber where my lady lies, And, in your several musics, whisper-Love 1

### King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal black wine!
Hurrah for the coal black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal black wine.
Hurrali for the coal black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose
Hurrah for the coal black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah for the coal black wine!

### The Nights

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free,
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain 1

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the bird of the woods its nest,
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick, the weary—rest!

### Song for Twilight

Hide me, Ó twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to morrow!
To night I strive no more,
No more my soul shall soar,
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander,
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul,
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then night, seal thou minc eyes,
In sleep for ever

The Death of Amelia Wentworth.

Marian Are you awake, dear lady?
Anicha Wide awake
There are the stars abroad, I see I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day
What time o' the night is it?

Mar About the stroke

Of midnight.

Amel Let it come. The skies are calm And bright, and so, at last, my spirit is Whether the heavens have influence on the mind Through life, or only in our days of death, I know not, yet, before, ne'er did my soul Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine For that hope's deep completion Marian' Let me see more of heaven There—enough Are you not well, sweet girl?

Mar O yes, but you Speak now so strangely you were wont to talk Of plain familiar things, and cheer me now You set my spirit drooping

Amel I have spoke Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl Look, look above ' the canopy of the sky, Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress A queen might envy that so regal blue Which wraps the world o' nights Alas, alas l I do remember in my follying days What wild and wanton wishes once were mine, Slaves - radiant gems - and beauty with no peer, And friends (a ready host)—but I forget I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt, When I had hope to light me. Have you no song, My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear? There's one I've heard you sing 'They said his eye'-No, that's not it the words are hard to hit 'His eye like the midday sun was bright'. 'Tis so.

You've a good memory Well, listen to me.

I must not trip, I see.

Amel

I hearken Now

## Song

His eye like the midday sun was bright, Hers had a proud but a milder light, Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon Alas I and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war, But hers was fainter—softer far And yet when he of his long love sighed, She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

Mar There is another verse, of a different air, But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,

And his bed was the wild and bounding billow,
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave

Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow

Amel How slowly and how silently doth time Float on his starry journey! Still he goes, And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away Hc rises with the golden morning, calmly, And the moon at night. Methinks I see Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,

Amel

Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men, Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on To morrow I shall be a breathless thing-Yet he will still be here, and the blue hours Will laugh as gaily on the busy world As though I were alive to welcome them There's one will shed some tears Poor Charles! Charles (entering) I am here. Did you not call? Amel You come in time. My thoughts Were full of you, dear Charles Your mother-now I take that title-in her dying hour Has privilege to speak unto your youth There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm My husband has been harsh unto me-yet He 15 my husband, and you'll think of this If any sterner feeling move your heart? Seek no revenge for me You will not ?-Nay, Is it so hard to grant my last request? He is my husband he was father, too, Of the blae eyed boy you were so fond of once. Do you remember how his eyelids closed When the first summer rose was opening? 'Tis now two years ago-more, more and I-I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy! He was my only child How fair he looked In the white garment that encircled him !-'Twas like a marble slumber, and when we Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed, I thought my heart was breaking-yet I lived But I am wears now Mar You must not talk, Indeed, dear lady, nay-Indeed you must not Amel Well, then, I will be silent, yet not so For ere we journey, ever should we take A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well, And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind Our blessings So, in your breast, dear Charles, Wear the remembrance of Amelia. She ever loved you-ever, so as might Become a mother's tender love-no more. Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world Now almost thirty seasons you have been A child to me for one third of that time. I took you to my bosom when a boy, Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish. You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd Will feed upon it, if-but you must niake That heart a grave, and in it bury deep Its young and beaatifal feelings. All that you wish-all, but you cannot die And leave me? You shall see how calmly Death Will come and press his finger, cold and pale, On my now smiling lip these eyes men swore Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky, And yet they must grow dim an hour-ChOh, no ! No, no 'oh, say not so! I cannot bear To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart? Amel No I would caution it against a change That soon must happen Calmly let us talk

When I am dead-

Alas, alas 1

Ch

Not as I wish you had a braver spirit Bid it come forth Why, I have heard you talk Of war and danger-Ah!-[Wentworth enters Mar She's pale-speak, speak , Ch O my lost mother!—How! You here? I am come To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand. Amelia! she faints Amelia! [She dies Poor faded girl 1 I was too harsh-unjust Ch Look! Mar She has left us. Ch It is false. Revive ! Mother, revive, revive ' It is in vain Ch Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint. O mother, mother ! I-I cannot weep Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes, So I might not gaze on her! And has death Indeed, indeed struck her-so beautiful, So wronged, and never erring, so beloved By one—who now has nothing left to love? O thou bright heaven ' if thou art calling now Thy brighter angels to thy bosom-rest, For lo' the brightest of thy host has gone-Departed-and the earth is dark below, And now-I'll wander far and far away Like one that hath no country I shall find A sullen pleasure in that life, and when I say, 'I have no friend in all the world,' My heart will swell with pride, and make a show Unto itself of happiness, and in truth There is, in that same solitude, a taste Of pleasure which the social aever know From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger, And, as the body gains a braver look By staring in the face of all the winds, So from the sad aspects of different things My soul shall plack a courage, and bear up Against the past And now-for Hindustan

This is

Bernard Barton (1784-1849), the Quaker poet, was born in London of Cumbrian parentage. His mother died in bearing him, his father about 1791, and Bernard, brought up by his step mother at Tottenham, and sent to a Quaker school at Ipswich, was from 1798 to 1806 in a shop at Halstead He then went to Woodbridge, married, turned coal and corn merchant, lost his wife (1808), and, after a year as a tutor at Liverpool, returned to Woodbridge as clerk in a bank, there he continued until two days before his death He left a daughter, Lucy, who married Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam Barton more than once thought of giving up business for a literary life. Byron in 1812 remonstrated 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship If you have a profession, retain it, it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Lamb, too, in 1823 wrote to him 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you'll Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap dash

If you have but five headlong upon iron spikes consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed. make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them-come not within their I have known many authors want for bread-some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house-all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers-what not? -rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not -may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship l Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you.' Bernard Barton followed the advice, and managed withal to publish ten volumes of verse between 1812 and 1845-he 'would never believe there could be too much poetry' Several hymns by him are in general use, 'Lamp of our feet' and 'Walk in the light' being the most In 1824 some Quaker friends raised £1200 for him, and in 1846 Peel procured him a pension of £100 a year FitzGerald prefixed an exquisite Memoir to his Remains (1849), and there is also Mr E U Lucas's Bernard Barton and his Friends (1894)

### To the Evening Primrose

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day, Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold, To evening's hues of sober gray, Thy cup of paly gold,

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night breeze chill,
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while, When cares and griefs the breast invade, Is friendship's animating smile In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup, Glist'ning amid its dewy tears, And bears the sinking spirit up Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom Expands to glad the close of day, So through the shadows of the tomb May break forth Mercy's ray

## To my Daughter

Sweet pledge of joys departed! as I lay
Wrapt in deep slumber, I beheld thee led
By thy angelie mother, long since dead—
Methought upon her face such smiles did play
As gild the summer morning A bright ray
Of lambent glory stream'd around her head
I gazed in rapture, love had banish'd dread,
Even as light the darkness drives away
Silent awhile ye stood—I could not move,
Such sweet delight my senses did o'erpower,
When, in mild accents of celestial love,
Thy guardian spoke—'Cherish this opening flower
With holy love, that so the future hour
Shall reunite our souls in bliss above.'

Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849) was born of mixed moss-trooper and yeoman ancestry Masborough, now a suburb of Rotherham, in Yorkshire. A shy and morbid boy, who proved a dull pupil at four different schools, he worked in his father's foundry from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, and threatened to become a 'sad drunken dog,' till the picture of a prim rose in Sowerby's Botany 'led him into the fields, and poetry followed' His Vernal Walk, written at sixteen, was published in 1801, to it succeeded Night (1818), The Village Patriarch (1829), Corn-law Rhymes and the Ranter (third ed. 1831), and other volumes He had married early, and sunk all his wife's fortune in his father's business, but in 1821, with a borrowed capital of £100, he started on his own account as a bar iron merchant at Sheffield, and throve exceedingly, 'making £20 a day sometimes without stirring from his counting-house, or ever seeing the goods he disposed of' Though in 1837 he lost fully onethird of his savings, still in 1841 he was able to retire with £300 a year to a house of his own building at Great Houghton near Barnsley, and there he died In his poems he saw the poor as miserable and oppressed, and traced most of the evils he deplores to the Corn laws he affirmed to be 'the cause of all the crime that is committed, 'agriculturists,' he maintained, 'ought not to live by robbing and murdering the manufacturers' On the other hand, 'Capital has a right to rule the land,' and 'Competition is the great social law of God,' and he was neither anarchist nor collectivist-

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings For equal division of unequal earnings

The Corn laws were denounced by him with a vehemence and a harshness of phraseology which most men cannot but feel as repulsive, even when they are recognised as the outcome of the irritated and inverted sympathies of an angry poet, and he had manifestly little or no humour. But his vigorous verses helped in no small degree to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform, Sternly, the duty of a man born free, Heedless, though ass and wolf and venomous worm Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me

Elliott's imperfect but real endowment largely redeemed his errors of taste his pictures of humble worth, his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent, he wrote from genuine feeling, and often rose to indisputable eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymer was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer Lytton, and Wilson, and became for a while almost as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—of its heights, dales, and 'broad towns'—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes

### To the Bramble Flower

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows, Wild bramble of the brake! So put thou forth thy small white rose, I love it for his sake Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow O'er all the fragrant bowers, Thou needst not be ashamed to show Thy satin threaded flowers, For dull the eye, the heart is dull, That cannot feel how fair, Amid all beauty beautiful, Thy tender blossoms are ' How delicate thy gauzy fall ! How rich thy branchy stem ! How soft thy voice when woods are still, And thou sing'st hymns to them, While silent showers are falling slow, And 'mid the general hush, A sweet air lifts the little bough, Lone whispering through the bush ! The primrose to the grave is gone, The hawthorn flower is dead, The violet by the mossed gray stone Hath laid her weary head, But thou, wild bramble ' back dost bring, In all their beauteous power, The fresh green days of life's fair spring And boyhood's blossomy hour Scorned bramble of the brake 1 once more Thou bidd'st me be a boy, To gad with thee the woodlands o'er, In freedom and in joy

## The Excursion.

Boue weary, many childed, trouble tried '
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live and two that died!
This day drink health from nature's monntain bowl,
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks that crowned you time dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more

The young are with us yet, and we with them Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—The withered bud, the hving flower, or gem! And He will bless us when the world forsakes!

Lo I where thy fisher born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see !
Lo ! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with rused foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children I when the flowers are full of bees,
When sun touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow,
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hith a golden glow,
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky tinged hills to see the storm bird soar

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Bhthe truants in the bright and breeze blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead alive are they—
Of all self buried things the most unblessed
O Morn' to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could, Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field, and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck, and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Lyebright! Ioveliest flower of all that grow
In flower loved England! Flower, whose hedge side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Lyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave,
While yonder, lo, the starting stone chat hops!
While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops,
While black faced cwes and lambs are bleating there,
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red cars and shakes his long dark
hair

### Native Genius

O faithful love, by poverty embraced !

Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste, Thy joys are roses born on Heela's brow, Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow, And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm, Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form, E'en as thy taper gives intensest light, When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night. Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more ! For richest gems, compared with her, are poor, Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile, And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile? Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep, And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep (Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er, Another comes, to wet it as before), Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines, How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines ! Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen, Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green, And your broad branches, proud of storm tried strength, Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length, And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour, The ree born fruit, the frost defying flower Let luxury, siekening in profusion's chair, Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir, And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too! But love and labour, blush not, fear not you l Your children—splinters from the mountain's side— With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide Parent of valour, east away thy fear l Mother of men, be proud without a tear 1 While round your hearth the woe nursed virtues move, And all that manliness can ask of love, kemember Hogarth, and abjure despuir, Remember Arkwright and the peasant Clare Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood notes wild, And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil inured, Endure thinc evils as thou hast endured Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice 1 Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice l See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise, And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes 1 And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue All hearths but thine, let him behold them too, And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo Northumbrian vales! ye saw in silent pride,

Northumbrian vales! ye saw in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity
Seenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue belled paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song

Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Drenmful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye
And lot he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride

O'er grazing herds, lo I slips suspended sail, And Brindley's pruse hath wings in every gale ' The norm came up to drink the welcome shower, The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower, The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam, The bright roach took the fly below the dam, Ramped the glad colt, and eropped the pensile spray, No more in dust uprose the sultry way, The lark was in the cloud, the woodbine hung More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung, And the wild rose, from every dripping bish, Belield on silvery Sherf the mirrored blush, When calmly seated on his panniered ass, Where travellers hear the steel his as they pass, A milk boy, sheltering from the transient storm, Chalked on the grinder's wall an infant's form, Young Chantrey smiled, no critic praised or blamed, And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed 'Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase,

Song from 'Corn-law Rhymes'

Go-be the Phidias of the second Greece ''

Child, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God's will be done!
Mother has sold her bed,
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clamm'd thrice a week,
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best,
Food we had none,
Father, with panting breast,
Groan'd to be gone
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best !
We have no place of rest—
Yes, ye have one!

There are two poor Lives of Ellioti, one by his son in law, John Watkins (1850) and another by January Searle (George S. Phillips 1850) See Carlyle's essay for the Edinburgh of July 1832, and Guest's History of Rotherham (1879)

Helpstone near Peterborough, 13th July 1793, his father was a helpless cripple and a pauper John got some education by his own extra work as a plough boy, from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen he fell in with Thomson's Seasons, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy, at daybreak on a spring morning he walked to Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait till the shops were opened. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the green glades of Burghley Parl he

composed his first piece of poetry, the Morning Walk, and this was soon followed by the Evening Walk and other verses A benevolent exciseman taught writing and arithmetic to the young poet, who continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton in Rutland, he resolved to risk publishing a volume. By hard working day and night he saved a pound to print a prospectus, and a Collection of Original Trifles was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s 6d 'I distributed my papers,' he says, 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen' Seven subscribers in all proposed But one of the prospectuses led to an acquaintance with Edward Drury, a bookseller in Stainford, and through his mediation the poems were published at London by Taylor and Hessey, who purchased them from Clare for £20 The volume was brought out in January 1820 as Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant The attention of the public was instantly awakened, magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour, and soon he was in posses sion of a little fortune Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock, the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life, Earl Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various other contributions were received, so that the poet had a permanent yearly allowance of £45. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young vife by his side-all proud of his now successful genius —he basked in the sunshine of poetical felicity His second venture, The Vitlage Minstrel and other Poems (2 vols 1821), raised his reputation first piece, in the Spenserian stanza, describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life-the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams far in the shade where poverty retires' Clare contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals more careful and polished in diction, but the poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over His discretion was not equal to his fortitude he speculated in farm ing, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties sank into nervous despondency and despair For four years he was an inmate of Dr Allen's private asylum in Epping Forest, whence he escaped only to be taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, and there he dragged on a miserable existence/of twenty years—unvisited by wife, child, or friend, it is said-till May 1864

Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country life. He was a faithful painter of country scenes and occupations, and he noted

every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His imagery, drawn straight from nature, is varied and original, there is often a fine delicacy in his pieces, and not seldom he lights on really happy thoughts

#### What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought,
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of scizing shrinks to nought

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,

That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies,

A cobwch, hiding disappointment's thorn,

Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound? That darl mysterious name of horrid sound?

A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?

Nowhere at all, save beaven and the grave.

Then v hat is I ife? When stripped of its disguise, A thing to be desired it cannot be, Since everything that meets our foolish eyes. Gives proof sufficient of its vanity. This but a trial all must undergo,

To teach unthankful mortals how to prize. That happiness vain man's denied to know,

Until he is called to claim it in the skies.

#### Summer Morning

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook,
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book,

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wal ening charms of early day !

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems,
Split by the willow's wavy gruy,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun, Unnoticed to vulgar eyes, Its silk thread glittering in the sun Art's bungling vanity defies

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burden lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops,
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain

## From 'The Woodman.'

Far o'er the dreary fields the woodland lies,
Rough is the journey which he daily goes,
The woolly clouds, that hang the frowning skies,
Keep winnowing down their drifting sleet and snows,
And thro' his doublet keen the north wind blows,
While hard as iron the cemented ground,
And smooth as glass the glibbed pool is froze,
His nailed boots with clenching tread rebound,
And dithering echo starts, and mocks the clamping sound

#### The Primrose

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green,
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fury flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight,
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring

#### The Thrush's Nest.

The welcome news of sweet returning spring

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched ber secret toils from day to day,
How true she warped the moss to form ber nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay
And by and-by, like heath bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink spotted over, shells of green and blue
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky

# Dawnings of Genius

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a drusy's face,
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise,
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name,

Ideas picture pleasing views to mind, For which his language can no utterance find, Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight, Unfold new charms, and witness more delight, So while the present please, the past decay, And in each other, losing, melt away Thus pausing wild on all be saunters by, He feels enraptured, though he knows not why, And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain, And dwells on something which he can't explain The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed Are bred one moment, and are gone the next, Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain, And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again So have I marked the dying ember's light, When on the hearth it fainted from my sight, With glimmering glow oft redden up again, And sparks crack brightening into life in vain, Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise, Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies

Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart, Its painful pleasing feelings to impart, Till by successless sallies wearied quite, The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight The wick, confined within its socket, dies, Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs

Clare's Life has been written by Frederick Martin (1865) and J L. Cherry (1873). His books were bought from his widow and ultimately presented to the Northampton Museum Mr Norman Gale edited a selection from his poems in 1902

George Darley (1795-1846), poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin, and educated there at Trinity College Against the wishes of his family he took to literature, and launched himself on London, where in 1822 he published The Errors of Ecstasse, a blank-verse dialogue between a mystic and a muse. He became one of the able band of writers for the Loudon Magazine, started in 1820-'the only clever hand among them,' wrote Charles Lamb in 1825-and in its pages, under the pseudonym of John Lacy, his papers on the English dramatists appeared The same magazine published his best story, Lilian of the Vale, which contains the well-known song, 'I've been roaming' Some other tales were in cluded in the volume of Labours of Idleness, issued under the pseudonym of Guy Perceval in 1826 In 1827 appeared Sylvia, or the May Queen, mentioned by Lamb in one of his letters as a 'very poetical poem' Darley afterwards joined the staff of the Athenæum, where he showed himself a severe and captious critic, notably in a savage onslaught on Talfourd's Ion Always shy and recluse in his habits, he was finally a victim of melancholy and nervous depression His poems Nepenthe and The Lammergeyer were circulated privately, and his latter years saw the publication of two dramas, Thomas à Becket (1840) and Ethelstan (1841) Darley was a man of very various accomplishment-a respectable writer on mathematics as well as a keen and erudite critic. and, within a certain ringe, a true poet. A profound student of the older English literature, he

edited Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in 1840, and so greatly was his style influenced by seventeenth-century models that F T Palgrave inserted in the Golden Treasury his beautiful lines beginning, 'It is not Beauty I demand,' as the work of an anonymous writer of that age. His Nepenthe was edited by R A. Streatfield in 1897

### The Loveliness of Love

It is not Beauty I demand, A crystal brow, the moon's despair, Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand, Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours, A breath that softer music speaks Than summer winds a wooing flowers,

These are but gauds—nay, what are hips? Coral beneath the ocean stream, Whose brink when your adventurer slips Full oft he perisheth on them

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft That wave hot youth to fields of blood? Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft, Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn, Poison can breath, that erst perfumed, There's many a white hand holds an urn With lovers' hearts to dust consumed

For crystal brows there's nought within, They are but empty cells for pride, He who the Syren's hair would win Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust, A tender heart, a loyal mind Which with temptation I would trust, Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I Could pour my secret heart of woes, Like the care burthen'd honey fly That hides his marmurs in the rose,—

My carthly Comforter! whose love So indefeasible might be That, when my spirit wonn'd above, Hers could not stay, for sympathy

### Antiquity

Antiquity, thou Titan born 1
That rear'st thee, in stupendous scorn
At all succession, from thy bed
On prime earth's firm foundation spread,
And look'st with dim but settled eye
O'er thy deep lap, within whose span
Layer upon layer sepulchred lie
Whole generations of frail man '

That steady glare not fierce simoom,
Blasting with his hot pinion blinds,
Nor floods of dust thy corse entomb,
Heaped o'er thee by the sexton winds!
Nor temple, tower, nor ponderous town
Built on thy grave can keep thee down,
But still thou rear'st thee in thy seorn,
Antiquity, thou Titan born,
To crush our souls with that dim frown!

(From Nefentke )

### A Mystic's Monologue

Why then, when all is still, wilt thou not rest, My soul, and drink th' oblivion of the scene? Is't not the type of man's eternal state? The symbol of futurity—that safe retreat, Which pitiful Mercy gave for all our woes? Why then not just anticipative joy?

Joy '—joy !—what joy ?——Is joy, defect of woe, Such as vacuity of sense affords?——
What joy—if sleep indeed be temporal death,
Its symbol and its type? Sleep is not joy '
'Tis impercipient 1 Certainly Nor woe!
What is it, then? Mental annihilation——
And death, its antitype, is nothing more

Annihilation!—dark!—and everlisting!—
Why, this were well! I could exchange for this
O' how I long to throw this passion off!—
And what so prompt? so near? The pilfering breeze,
That robs the scented valley of its sweets
And ravishes the poor, defenceless flowers,
Wing'd by velleity, can scarce o'ersweep
A few poor measures of the earth, in the hour
'Tis swift'st, while I—by a little, little step,
And shrewd addition of the coffin sheet,
To keep me from the shivering touch of earth,
Can pass—from world to world! This is most well.

To stand-thus pimon'd, on the outside brink Of the fool's horror, the dull cave of death, That hides away the fleering heav ns-the gaze Of pitiless liearted pitiers,-to stand-Loaden with weighty griefs and sallow cares, Press'd by misfortines innite and acquired, And ere youth's rose hath summer'd on its stalk. Turn'd to a wretched weed, wither'd and pale, Stung by a venomous blast that bites my core, Sickness-which binds me with an aching erown, Encircling with its drowsy weight my head, Last, Poverty, upon a carrion steed, Cheering his bleak dogs, Hunger and Nakedness, With slaughter red mouths, and sharp, remorseless fangs, To tear my flesh, to strip my liouseless form, Lap my cold blood, and hant me to my grave -To stand, I say -this world upon my back, Galling my un atlantic shoulders, these fell dogs Close at my heels pursuing-and the next Small fluxion of the longitude of time, My burthen hurl'd, back to th' injurious skies, My grim tormentors baffled in the teeth, To rest in senseless quiet, joyless case, In the short compass that a corpse can measure, Laid stretch'd upon th' eternal bed of silence, Pent up in futile boards or chok'd with clay Excellent! Ha! ha! ha! ha! I'll do't! I'll do't!-

-Why, what a fool was I To whine, and weep, and play with tribulation, When th' cure hes in a phial or a pill! Now, now, ye hideous band, ye coward crew, That bend your horrors on a wretch like me, Where's your dominion now? your terrors where? Down with that sceptre, thou tyrannic fool, That sways it o'er my health! Stand back-stand back, Yellow eyed Melancholy and black Despair, The gulf is at your foot! And thou, thin Poverty, Charm off thy dogs, and pull thy courser's neek Down to his knee! Insatinte! what? wilt follow me From you dread cliff that breaks the midway air Into you gorge? Perdition gapes beneath, And stretches wider its immoderate jaws For thee and these.

> Ha! ha! ha! ha! Have I appail'd thee, fiend?

Dar'st thou not follow me?

'Tis well! Begone!
There is your cease There my redemption lies
I'll leap't! though sooty hell should grin beneath,
Or thinder roll above, to shake the Mercy seat!

Ha! what a chain was there! Hell-Thunder-God!-Yes, God 1 God 1 The calculating atheist Who reckons on the sleeping bolts of Heav'n, Under the tremor of whose cloudy bed Minor impiety doth walk unblasted, Whispers 'There is no God'-and trembles There is a God! This truth, the gilded heav'ns, Where numberless immensurable bodies roll, Systems on systems, universe on universe, Each comprehending an ubiquity, And all, swung round the centre of infinity By the dread impulse of Omnipotence-Omnipotence declare! This truth, dumb Earth Speaks out! and Ocean, o'er its undulant flood, O'er roaring eddies swallowing the mad billows, And hollow rocks beaten with resonant echoes, This truth-borne on the plural voice o' the waves-Mountain back'd Ocean, heaving to the shout, Prolongs in doubling thunders round its vasty shores.

(From The Errors of Ecstasse)

Thomas Lovell Beddocs was born at Chf ton, 20th July 1803, the eldest son of a well-known physician, by a sister of Maria Edgeworth From Bath grammar school he passed in 1817 to the Charterhouse, and thence in 1820 to Pembroke College, Oxford In 1821 he published The Improvisatore, which he afterwards sedulously suppressed. and in 1822 The Brides' Tragedy, which attracted some notice, and gained him Bryan Waller Procter's friendship In 1825 he went to Gottingen to study medicine, and thenceforth led a strange wandering life, as doctor and democrat, in Germany and Switzerland, with only three visits to England At Basel, eight months before, he had tried to bleed himself to death, and had in consequence lost a leg, when on 26th January 1849 he poisoned himself with curari-Mr Gosse first revealed the story From 1825 Beddoes was engaged at intervals in the composition of a drama, Death's Jest-book, which, with poems and a Memoir by his friend

T F Kelsall, appeared in two posthumous volumes (1850-51) His dramas exhibit no power of characterisation, no ability in the conduct of a plot, but the fullness of thought and image, the tone of music, and the depth of colour are marvellous 'The power of the man,' said Browning, 'is immense and irresistible.' His lyrics, 'If thou wilt ease thine heart' and 'If there were dreams to sell,' are amongst his triumphs

## Wolfram's Dirge

If thon wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep,
And not a sorrow
Hang any terr on your eyelashes,
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea wave washes
The rim o' the sun to morrow,
In eastern sky

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die,
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye,
And there alone, and the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky

### Dream-Pedlary

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose leaf down
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I slinke me down
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy

But there were dreams to sell
Ill didst thou buy,
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking, to die
Dreaming a dream to prize,
Is wishing ghosts to rise,
And, if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?

If there are ghosts to raise, What shall I call, Out of hell's murky haze, Heaven's blue pall? Raise my loved long lost boy
To lead me to his joy —
There are no ghosts to raise,
Out of death lead no ways,
Vain is the call

Know st thou not ghosts to sue?

No love thou hast
Else he, as I will do,

And breathe thy last
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose leaf down

Thus are the ghosts to woo,

Thus are all dreams made true,

Ever to last!

### Dirge

No tears, no siglings, no despair,
No trembling dewy smile of care,
No mourning weeds,
Nought that discloses
A heart that bleeds,
But looks contented I will bear,
And o'er my checks strew roses
Unto the world I may not weep,
But save my sorrow all, and keep
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,
As the great earth and swelling sea—

#### A Crocodile

Hard by the lilied Nile I saw
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,
No bigger than a mouse, with eyes like beads,
And a small fragment of its speckled egg
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout,
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws
Of the great devil beast, like a pale soul
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew
A snowy troculus, with rosente beak
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

## 'Bona de Mortuis'

Ay, ay 'good man,' 'kind father,' 'best of friends'— These are the words that grow, like grass and nettles, Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide, Like toads, among them

Mr Gosse edited Beddoes s Poems in 1890, and his Letters in 1894.

Robert Montgomery (1807-55) was even in his own time generally known as 'Satan Montgomery,' not from any reflection on his character—for he was a much-respected and beloved clergyman, nor from any presumed affinity with the Satanic school—since he stood at the literary and theological antipodes, but from the ill omened name of his most famous poem, and an amiable desire to distinguish him from the even more universally respected James Montgomery 'Satan' had indeed no hereditary right to the name of Montgomery, having been unfortunate in the circumstances of his birth. The natural son of a

clown in the Bath theatre and of a local schoolmistress, he was originally called by his father's name of Gomery till he himself thought well to expand it, for the greater dignity, into the more aristocratic Montgomery, after having begun at a Bath school to distinguish himself by verses that brought him local credit. At seventeen he founded a short-lived weekly paper, at twenty he published The Stage-Coach, a poem, and The Age Reviewed, a satire on his own times Next came The Omnipresence of the Deity (1828), which inside a year ran through eight editions. A volume containing A Universal Prayer, Death, A Vision of Heaven, and A Vision of Hell was treated by Bowles, Crabbe, and Southey as the work of a poet of promise. The Puffiad was accepted as smart sature, the publication of Salan, or Intellect without God (1830), was the crisis of his fortunes The thesis was highly approved by pious people, and the poem ran rapidly through several editions Then arose Macaulay in the might of his wrath, and volunteered to the editor of the Edinburgh Review to do the best satire could accomplish towards annihilating 'a wretched poetaster of the name of Montgomery, who has written some volumes of detestable verses on religious subjects,' which had liad an immense sale through puffing and what we would now call log rolling The review undertaken in this spirit (April 1830) hardly attempted an 'appreciation' of the work, it is remarkable neither for insight nor fair-play But as a characteristic specimen of a scathing exposure of actual dements, Macaulay's skilful and brilli int and effective piece of destructive criticism has become an English classic, and as surely as many of the minor poets of Pope's time are remembered only as they appear in his pillory, so certainly is Robert Montgomery known to new generations by Macaulay's representation of him But it did not at once kill Montgomery's popu The Omnipresence of the Deity reached larity a twenty-eighth edition before the middle of the century, and selections from his works were repeatedly reissued

In the year of the denunciatory review Montgomery went up to Lincoln College and became duly hall marked BA (1833) and MA of Oxford His ordination (1835) and probation as curate were followed by a call to an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow (1836), from 1843 till his death he served a chapel in St Pancras parish. He was a popular preacher, and devoted himself mainly to pastoral and philanthropic work, the only nameworthy poems after Oxford (1831) being The Messiah (1832) and Woman, the Angel of Life, and other Poems (1833)

Montgomery's Devil is unlike Luther's, Milton's, Fielding's, Goethe's, Hauff's, Marie Corelli's, in niany things, and amongst others in that the whole poem of over five thousand lines is one continuous monologue by Satan himself—continuous save for the formal division into three books. And the

sentiments, so far from being like what one might expect from the Prince of Darkness, are for the most part eminently worthy of a sound Christian divine, nine-tenths of the opinions put into Satan's mouth are doubtless those actually cherished by Montgomery in his own proper character In the first book Satan takes a hasty survey of the in habited world, from China, Babylonia, and Egypt to America, making a few suitable remarks on each country, partly descriptive, partly critical Spain the Inquisition is commented on unfavourably, in France the excesses of the Revolution, in the United States slavery Only very rarely the Fallen Angel recalls the fact that he had seen better days He somewhat more frequently hints, as in the second book, that he now finds his account in vice and crime, yet in discussing ambition, pride, envy, avaiice, selfishness, vengeance, hypocrisy, and their evil consequences, he says very much what every good man with a turn for blank verse might say. The third book deals more specifically with the seamy side of English civilisation, progress, commerce, and society—with luxury, selfishness, the trampling down of the poor by those in haste to be rich, the vice of the Court, the shallowness and falseness of social circles, and 'the dark mysteries of life,' and only now and again comes a hint that this state of things is more favourable for the schemes of hell than the maintenance in England of a 'paradisal' purity A sketch of the Cication, the fall of man, and the scheme of redemption is given incidentally. Many of the observations are shrewd, the reflections are often relevant and sensible, and the criticisms just. Occasionally there is eloquence and a certain vigour and felicity of expression and rhythmical swing There are occasional passages distantly resembling Thomson's Seasons, and many much in the key of Pollok's Course of Time But the plan involves inevitable tedium, there is material for many, many edifying sermons, a good deal that is (or is very like) poetry, and not a little bathos, intensified by a free use of the 'poetic diction' Wordsworth's soul abhorred, and by such locutions as 'twinkless stars' for stars that are not shining, 'sumless angels' for the innumerable liost, aidless (unaided), kindless (unkind), viewless, tombless, &c. There is endless repetition, sunrise and sunset, twilight and moonlight, are described over and over again, and Montgomery rings the changes on such phrases as 'darkly wild,' 'fiercely wild,' &c In the dedication he hopes his song may 'not unawake a gentle sigh' Yet there are many passages that explain how Satan passed through many editions while the Course of Time was still popular

### Satan's View of England.

Heaven favour'd land of grandeur, and of gloom, Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills, Though other climates boast, in thee supreme A beauty and a gentleness abound,

Here all that can soft worship elaim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine—the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into pieture clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown pecping o'er the ancient elms,
And steepled cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene

### Satan describes the Sunset

But lo I the day declines, and to his throne The sun is wheeling What a world of pomp The heavens put on in homage to his power ! Romance hath never hung a richer sky,-Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career, As though the clouds held festival, to hail Their god of glory to his western home And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies ! While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light, And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd, Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy At length the Sun is throned, but from his face A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows, That brightens into rapturous farewell ! Then faints to paleness, for the day hath sunk Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes, And Twilight in her nun like meekness comes, The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers, The breeze comes panting like a child at play, While birds, day worn, are couched in leafy bowers, And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals. Yet hallows it, a hush'd enchantment reigns, The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night, While field and forest, fading into gloom, Depart, and myers whisper sounds of fear -A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnised The world I-

### An English National Rejoicing

How gloriously the festive bells resound! Pealing their gladness through the azure night, As though the triumph of ten thousand hearts. In full voiced chorus shook the starry air, And made it joyous music! Now they swell Aloft, in one tempestuous wave of sound, Then faintly die, like war notes on the wind, Then on again! with an ecstatic roar, Thrilling the empire with a brave delight

England hath laul her sceptre on the deep, And with her thunder chased her ocean foes Lake leaves before the breathing of a blast! England hath rear'd her banners on the plain Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world Again shall echo with her haughty name And hence a stormy rapture shakes the isie, Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes, Whether in cities emulously tower'd Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—

Still pouring out the language of the land, With all, those pregentries, and fiery pomps. That hang and glitter from her window'd piles, Emblazed with mottoes, and triumphal scenes.

Not one to whom the name of country clings With spelling fondness but this hour adores. The old men feel the sunshine of far youth Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd. The young,—hip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd, Their very blood seems rippled with delight, So deep the fullness of this warlike joy. Yea, hollow checks of Sadness, and the brows Of Poverty, and lean faced Want itself, Forget their nature in a share of fame.

### The Other Side

Hither, thou frantic Bacchanal ! whose voice Rings loudest, stand upon the hoof scarr'd heath, And say if Heaven on such a scene can smile Here, deep as in thine own crulting land, Night reigns, but not with noon like azurc crown'd, While starry sympathics, all gaily bright, Look down on gladness but with sullen calm, Where Weariness hath toned the wind, and stars Are monraful watchers o'er the trodden dead, In tombless havoc weltering on the plain Each heart that's cold, to other hearts was chain'd, Whose links were out of years of fondness framed. Each eye, now darken'd with celipsing death, Once beam'd the sun of happiness and home, Each of the dead hath flung a shade o'er life, Henceforth to be a feast for agony Mark where the moon her glimm'ring languor throws, What death romance! what visions of the slun !-One calmly brow'd, as though his native trees Had waved their beauty o'er his dying head, Another marred with agonising lines, And dreams of home, yet ling'ring in his face. Now go, and sing the splendour of the war l Go, tell the fortress of the brave and free, How beautiful her patriotic roar Of Victory, shouting o er the new made dead, Like Madness, when she hoots a murderous joy So shall a war fame flourish ever green, And laurell'd History be trumpet tongued, To fire Ambition with a bloody thirst, And keep the world a slaughter house for man l

#### Satan in London

But hail, thou city giant of the world! Thou that dost seom a canopy of clouds, But in the dimness of eternal smoke For ever rising like an ocean steam, Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast And wide thy wonderful array of domes, In dusky masses staring nt the skies ! Time was, and dreary solitude was here, When night black woods, unvisited by man, In howling conflict wrestled with the winds. But now, the storm roll of immingled life Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills With living sound the airy reach of miles! Thou more than Rome! for never from her hearf Such universe awaking spirit pour'd As emanates from thine The mighty globe Is fever'd by thy name, a thousand years,

And silenec hath not known thee 1 What n weight Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scenc Derive, and when the blasting trumpet smites All cities to destruction, who will sink Sublime, with such a thunder crash as thou 1

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high, And thickly wedded, like the ineient trees. That in unviolated forests frown, Myriads of streets, whose river windings flow. With viewless billows of unweary sound, Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd, From morn to noon, from noon to night again, Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—And there is London, Lingland's heart and soul. By the proud flowing of her famous Thames. She circulates through countless lands and isles. Her greatness, gloriously she rules, At once the awe and sceptre of the world.

## Satan describes the Opera.

The second are a sensual tribe, Convened to hear romantic harloss sing On forms to banquet a lascinious gaze, While the bright perfidy of wanton eyes Through brain and spirit darts delicious fire.

## Satan sympathises

In n lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch A dying printer lies His brow shows young And noble, lines of beanty on his face Yet linger, in his cyc of passion gloams A soul, and on his check a spirit light Is playing, with that proud sublimity Of thought, that yields to death but gives to Time A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write Their history in her canonised roll Of martyrs -be it for his epitaph, He lived for genius, and for genius died l So sad and lone '-wall'd in by misery, With none to smooth his couch, or shed the tear That softens pain,-uncheer'd, unwept, unknown, And famish'd by the want of many days,-Hither, Ambition, wisdom breathes in woc

### The Felon's Death.

To die

A malefretor's derth,—to be the gaze,
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,
And chronicle his agony, to live
A ballad hero, in the creaking rhymes
Of vagabonds, and have his felon name
From hip to hip thus vilely bandied out,
For vingar warning,—O ye sinless days
Of childhood, O ye hours of love and home,
And summer dreams, by hannted wood or wild,
And blessings nightly murmur d from the hip
Of parents,—glory of remember'd days!

Of Macaulay's famous review fully a half concerns dishonest reviewers and reviewing io general. In the other he seeks rather laboriously to coovict Monigomery of plagransing from Dryden Pope, Crabbe, Campbell, Scott, and Byroo, does certainly not quote his best passages, and contemptoously and somewhat hyper critically dissects his mixed metaphors and bombastic phrases.

Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839), author of 'We met-'twas in a Crowd,' and hundreds of other popular songs, was the son of a wealthy Bath lawyer, had earls and baronets for cousins, and, as his biographer expressly says, 'was nurtured in the lap of luxury' From Winchester he passed into his father's office, then spent three years at Oxford with a vague view to the Church, but in 1826 married a pretty Irish wife and became a popular poet. Unhappily his own fortune and his wife's were sunk in unprofitable speculations he had to live by literature, and wrote too much, sometimes manifestly against the grain, and spite of his popularity, misfortune and ill health dogged his steps in his later years 'I'd be a Butterfly' was one of his first successes, The Aylmers and A Legend of Killarney were his principal stories in prose Of his thirty-six dramatic pieces, a few may yet be read with a little patience, but even Perfection, produced by Madame Vestris, is forgotten-still more The Proof of the Pudding and Tom Noddy's Secret But most people familiar with collections of 'Standard English Songs' carry in their heads a small anthology of his lyrics-'The Soldier's Tear,' 'She wore a Wreath of Roses,' 'O no, we never mention her,' 'We met-'twas in a Crowd,' 'Gaily the Troubadour touclied his Guitar,' Shades of Evening, close not o'er us,' 'I'm saddest when I sing,' 'Lilla's a Lady,' 'I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree,' and 'The Misletoe Bough' He was probably the most successful song-writer of the age next to Moore—his songs and short poems count by hundreds, for some of his songs he composed the tunes (notably 'The Troubadour' and 'We met') But Sir Henry Bishop set about a hundred and twenty of them to music, and other distinguished and popular composers—Balfe, Sir John Stevenson, Callcott, Barnett, J P Knight, C E Horn, T Cooke-were glad to associate their melodies with his verse. Some of his best were translated into Latin (by Archdeacon Wrangham), French, German, Spanish, and Italian Yet the bulk of his songs are now unsung and unread, and there are well-appointed modern libraries that have no copy of the poems of one whom a contemporary French critic pronounced the English Anacreon In many, doubtless, spite of unmistakable definess, metrical ease, and sprightliness, the sentiment was too sentimental, the ecstasy of joy and grief a shade conven tional even when it was the expression of a real and sincere feeling Of his innumerable society verses, the titles and subjects show that the interest was trifling, the wit forced or commonplace-'This is my eldest Daughter, sir,' 'My Wife is very musical,' 'Not at Home,' 'I must come out next Spring, Mamma,' 'The Black-ball'd Man,' 'The Old Bachelor,' and the persistage about rouging, false teeth, elegant shoes and corns, the effect of dances and of seasickness on ladies' complexions, is a little tire

some, and at times not quite impeccable on the score of good taste. Prayers, elegies, verses, and other like solemnities are rarely but oddly mixed on the same page with jingles about county balls, picnics, Lord and Lady Hogsnorton, and other frivolities. But there is a vein of real and stern satire in 'The Absentee,' written against heartless Irish landlords in the time of the Famine.

And own that Erin is too fair for thee, Deserter! Renegade! and Absentee!

and the pathos, tenderness, and and serious reflection, are often, but not always, quite genuine, spontaneous, and natural, though seldom able to stir other hearts

## Old Age sits bent on his Iron-gray Steed.

Old age sits bent on his iron gray steed.
Youth rides erect on his courser black.
And little he thinks, in his reckless speed.
Old age comes on in the very same track!
Though one seems strong as the forest tree,
The other infirm and winning breath,
If ever youth baffles old age, 'twill be
By rushing into the arms of death

And youth will quaff, and youth will feast,
His lagging foe he il still deride,
Until, when he expects him least,
Old age and he stand side by side
He then looks into his toilet glass,
And sees old age reflected there,
He cries, 'Alas' how quickly pass
Bright eyes, and bloom, and riven har!

### Of what is the Old Man thinking?

Of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

From the midday pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay
And his gray head, moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play
The elder around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff,
Oh! of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear,
'Tis not for his strength declining
He sighs not to linger here
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May day,
And the dear friends lost to him
From the seene before him shrinking,
I'rom the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking
As he leans on his oaken staff

# Lord Harry has written a Novel

Lord Harry has written a Novel,
A story of elegrnt life
No stuff about love in a hovel,
No sketch of a commoner's wife

No trash such as pathos and passion, Fine feelings, expression, and wit, But all about people of fashion Come look at his caps, how they fit

Oh Radcliffe! thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night,
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white
But past are thy terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Convers'd with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full
Of titles—'I give you my word,
My Lady, you're looking delightful,'
'Oh dear' do you think so, my Lord?'
'You've lieard of the Marquis's marriage,
The bride with her jewels new set,
Four horses, new travelling carriage,
And defented a la fourchette'

Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her inns and her outs,
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the Innkeeper's wife,
And reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life

Bayly s works were edited by his widow, with a Memoir (2 vols. 1844), and see Andrew Lang's Essays in Little (1891).

John Abercromble (1780-1844), after Dr Gregory's death the chief consulting physician in Scotland, secured extraordinary credit as an author by two works on The Intellectual Powers (1830) and The Moral Feelings (1833), without psychological value or philosophical insight, but substantially 'sound' and enlivened by illustrations from pathological mental cases The son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, he studied there and at Edinburgh, where from 1804 onwards he rose to eminence in his profession. He wrote also books on the pathology of the brain and Treatle

Sir David Brewster (1781-1868), born at Jedburgh, was educated for the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, but his nervousness disqualifying him for a clerical career, he became editor in 1802 of the Edinburgh Maga zine, and in 1808 of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia He was already deep in optics, the kaleidoscope was invented by him in 1816, and in 1843 and 1844 he improved Wheatstone's cumbrous stereoscope by means of refracting lenses of the chief originators of the British Association (1831), in 1815 he was elected FRS and Copley medallist, in 1818 the Rumford medal was awarded him for his discoveries on the polarisation of light, in 1832 he was knighted, and had a pension conferred upon him, in 1838 he was appointed Principal at St Andrews, in 1849 he was elected a foreign associate of the French Institute, and he was Principal of Edinburgh University from 1859 till the last year of his life Among his works were an edition of Legendre's Geometry, translated by Thomas Carlyle (1822), the standard Life of Newton (1828, enlarged ed. 1855), Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott (1831), Martyrs of Science (1841), More Worlds than One (1854), and treatises on the kaleidoscope and various subjects in optics The Home Life of Brewster, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon (1869, 3rd ed. 1881), is a worthy monument to him

Michael Faraday (1791-1867) was born, a blacksmith's son, at Newington Butts near London, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder He began early to make experiments in chemistry and electricity, and, attending Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, took notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' By Day he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813, in 1827 he succeeded to Davy's chair of Chemistry there, and he was made FRS in 1824, DCL in 1832 In 1831 the first series of his Experimental Researches in Electricity and Physics was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856 For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, eminently popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations, in spite of the fact that the subjects were far from simple or at first sight attractive. He was not merely one of the greatest of discoverers in the realm of physics, but one of the most successful popularisers of science, and well deserved the pension granted in 1835. He was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, a Sandemanian of strong religious feeling and unassuming manners. Tyndall pronounced Faraday the greatest experi mental philosopher the world has ever seen, and classified his principal discoveries under four heads-magno electric induction, the cliemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' said Tyndall, 'I should liken to tlie Weisshorn among mountains-high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Other physicists credit him with at least a dozen discoveries of the first importance in these departments of research In Faraday's opinion, it required twenty years of work to make a man in physical science, the previous period being one of infancy lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday made a memorable remark Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saving to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful.", Among his famous works were his lectures on The Non-metallic Elements and The

Chemical History of a Candle, and the profound treatise on The Various Forces in Nature

## From 'The Chemical History of a Candle'

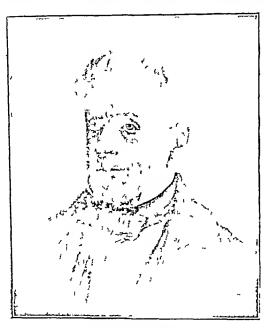
What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially, and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhalc and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat, so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place The air entering, com bines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place we may thus look upon the food as fuel Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion [The figures were shown in a table.] This is indeed a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water, and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles, producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar, or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three fourths of sugar and a little water If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser-a quicker one than the atmosphere, and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced

Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a won derful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid, a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy nine ounces, solcly by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty four hours burns seventy nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combina tion. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere! As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty four hours And where does all this go? Up into the air If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over). is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water, for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air

The standard Life was that by Dr Bence Jones (2 vols 1870), Professor Tyndall had already issued Faraday as a Discoverer (1868 5th ed 1894), Dr J H Gladstone produced a monograph in 1872, and there is a more recent one-volume Life of Faraday by Professor Sylvanus P Thompson (1899)

Sir John Herschel-in full, Sir John Frederick William Herschel (1792-1871)-was the son of that Sir William Herschel who, born in Hanover, came to England as oboist in the band of the Hanoverian Guards, and settling at Bath as organist and music teacher, became a very dis tinguished astronomer, was made astronomer to George III, discovered Uranus and the satellites of Saturn, and added greatly to our knowledge of the nebulæ and the double stars Sir William was assisted in his work with his monster telescope at Slough, and in his great catalogue of stars, by his sister Caroline Lucretia (1750-1848), a most remarkable woman Sir John, born at Slough, was educated at Eton and St John's, Cambridge, where in 1813 he was senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman In 1822 he applied himself especially to astronomy, and helped to re examine the nebulæ and clusters of stars in his fither's catalogues, reporting to the Royal Society observations on 525 nebulæ, clusters of stars, and double stars not noticed by his father His treatises on Sound and Light appeared in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana (1830-31), his Astronomy (1831) and Natural Philosophy in Lardner's Cyclopædia The Astronomy was the most successful attempt that had till then been made to simplify and popularise the study of the science, and was long the standard college manual. In 1834 he visited the Cape to examine the southern celestial hemisphere, the results (1847) completed a survey of the heavens begun in 1825. Made successively a knight, a baronet, and a DCL of Oxford, he was Master of the Mint in 1850-55, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His articles on



ISAAC TAYLOR
From the Drawing by Josiah Gilbert in the National Portrait
Gallery

Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica, were published separately, and his Popular Lectures and Collected Addresses made him well known to the 'general reader' A distinguished chemist, he attained important results in photography and made valuable researches on the undulatory theory of light. He had a lively interest in poetry, and he translated from Schiller and from the Iliad See Miss Clarke's The Herschels (1896)

Isaac Taylor (1787–1865), a copious and popular author on religious philosophy and other subjects, was the son of Isaac of Ongar (see page 174), and assisted him while he was yet an engraver. His bent, however, was literary, he read largely in patristic theology and in philosophy, by 1818 was on the staff of the *Eclectic Review*, and in 1822 published a small work on The Elements of Thought. He lived to be a valued contributor to Good Words in the second

half of the nineteenth century, and published over a score of works, of which the first really successful one was The Natural History of Enthusiasm, published anonymously in 1829 It dealt with a variety of contemporary problems in religion, social conditions, and politics, reached a tenth edition in 1845, and was followed by The Natural History of Fanaticism (1833), Spiritual Despotism, The Physical Theory of Another Life, Ultimate Civilisation, and books against the Tractarian position, against the Essays and Reviews, on Jesuitism, on Methodism, and on The Spirit of Hebrito Poetry Jane Taylor and Ann were his sisters (see page 174), and his son, Canon Israc Taylor (1829-1901), was also an industrious writer, on such subjects especially as Words and Places (1864), The Alphabet (1883), The Origin of the Aryans (1890), as well as on the Memorials of the Taylor Family of Ongar (1867)

## Monkery

The ancient monkers was a system of the most de liberate selfishness That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life that, though the principle remains, its manifestations are suppres ed and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial But the anchoret is a selfist by his very profession, and like the sensualist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reekless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or-to use his favourite phrase-the good of his soul, is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom, but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing him self by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, con cerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is eorban,' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour by a pretended intensity of love to God That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so, too, in front of Cliristianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space. The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences to petrify the heart has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man The anchoret was a disjoined particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishuess, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety, and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common (From The Natural History of Enthusiasm)

Sir William Hamilton (1788-1856), Scottish philosopher, was born at Glasgow, where his father and grandfather held the chairs of Anatomy and Botany, in 1816 he made good his hereditary claim to the old baronetcy which Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston, the commander of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, had abandoned in 1688, rather than take the oath of allegiance After gaining high distinction at to William III Glasgow University, he went in 1809 to Balliol College as Snell exhibitioner, and graduated in 1810 He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1813, but had almost no practice, in 1820 he stood unsuccessfully for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, being defeated by Professor Wilson (see below), next year he became Professor of History 1829 he published in the Edinburgh Review a famous critique of Cousin's doctrine of the Infi nite, this and other articles were collected in 1852 as Discussions in Philosophy and Literature In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Isaac Taylor being an unsuccessful candidate, and on these subjects he lectured in alternate years till the end of his life, gathering around him enthusiastic disciples. His lectures were published in 1859-61 by Mansel and Veitch, his principal work was his edition of Reid (1846, with notes 1862), defending what he believed to be Reid's sound philosophical doctrine of commonsense. Ill health diminished his power of work, but he edited Dugald Stewart's works in 1854-55, and was generally able with an assistant to perform the duties of his class till his death Hamilton began, as Veitch said, the spring time of a new life in Scottish philosophical thought. Vastly more learned than his predecessors, Hamilton studied with equal zeal ancient Greek and Roman, medieval and modern German, He made it his busithought and speculation ness to maintain and, as he thought, complete the traditional Scottish doctrines, derived from Reid and Dugald Stewart, with the help of the limit ing or negative results of the Kantian critique of knowledge Whether this eclectic method was capable of developing a self consistent system may be disputed, but Hamilton gave a great impulse to philosophical thought in Britain He made some contributions to psychology and logic-the quan tification of the predicate' one of them, but in essentials his philosophy is a strenuous assertion of the relativity of human knowledge and the impossibility of reaching a coherent metaphysical view of the universe Scottish philosophy has never produced anything like a real or complete metaphysical system-so far is it from being the case that Scotsmen are naturally metaphysicians In Scotland theological dogma-predestination, teleology, and the like-largely took the place of metaphysics, and philosophy remained mainly inductive, attaining many valuable results both in psychology and morals. In its recoil from the 'ideal system' of Berkeley as extended by Hume

to sceptical assues, Scottish philosophy was too well content to appeal in all difficulties to 'the testimony of consciousness'-1 short and easy method which neither convinced opponents nor secured continuity and completeness for the rational element in mental activity The Scottish 'natural dualism' which rightly maintains, against subjective idealism, that the non-ego or object is given in knowledge, is apt to degenerate, and does usually 'degenerate into a crude metaphysical dualism of mind and matter as two heterogeneous substances ' Hamilton cannot be regarded as having harmonised the discrepancies of Reid or his other predecessors of the Scottish School Dean Mansel carried Hamilton's doctrine of relativity into the theological sphere by denying the possibility of knowing God, and M'Cosh and others tried to rescue the time honoured doctrines of the Scottish School from patent agnosticism But Hamilton, greeted in his time as a great and original thinker, is now without a following, though he remains the most accomplished and the last notable representative of the Scotch philosophy

See Hamilton's Life by Veitch (1869), short Monographs by Veitch (1882) and Monck (1881) J S Mill's Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy (1865) M Cosh's Scottish Philosophy (1874) A Seth's (Pringle Patition's) Scottish Philosophy (1885, 3rd ed 1895)

John Wilson, better known as Christopher North and chief of the 'Blackwood group' than as Professor of Moral Philosophy or poet, was born on the 18th of May 1785, in Paisley, where his father was a wealthy manufacturer. At thirteen the boy was entered of Glasgow University, whence, in 1803, he was transferred to Migdalen College, Oxford Here he was distinguished for his varied intellectual gifts, but even more for his magnificent physique and unparalleled athletic accomplishments. After four years' resi dence at Oxford, having in 1797, on the death of his father, become master of £50,000, he purchased the estate of Elleray, overlooking Win dermere, where he went to live He married, built a house, kept a yacht and boats, enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes, wrote poetry, wrestled and jumped with the dalesmen, and cultivated the society of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, line been blest even up to the dreams of a poet reverses came, his fortune melted away under unjust stewardship, and, after entering himself of the Scottish Bar, he sought and obtained the Moral Philosophy chair-on the strength rather of his multifarious accomplishments and his Tork politics than for his philosophic temper or profundity (Sir William Hamilton being a defeated candidate) By fir his most characteristic work was done for Blackwood's Magazine He was a notable contributor from the beginning in 1817.

and after Lockhart's removal to London in 1826 he became the leading spirit and mainspring of Maga, though not formally called its editor Here he had an admirable vehicle for his extraordinary and exuberant wealth of ideas on all As the presiding genius of the manner of topics Noctes Ambrosiana-assumed to be records of festive gatherings at Ambrose's tavern in Gabriel's Road, with the Ettrick Shepherd and others as convives—he was clearly more in his element than in the professorial desk. Of the seventy one Noctes, forty one were reprinted in his works as Wilson's own When the series began Lockhart was often the author or part-author, sometimes Maginn, and Hogg had, or was allowed to suppose he had, a large share in them, latterly they fell more and more entirely to Wilson, who wrote with extraordinary facility and copiousness Between 1826 and 1852 he contributed over three hundred articles to Blackwood For one number in especial Mrs Oliphant reports him to have written fifty-six out of one hundred and forty-two pages

The contrast between the professor of ethics and the gymnast and cock fighter was not more marked than was the contrast between John Wilson, poet and romancer, and Christopher North, critic and miscellaneous writer In Maga 'Kit North' was a trenchant, and even savage, reviewer and satirist, a humourist vehement, rollicking, and reckless, audacious and luxuriant in diction, at times startling with gleams of profound insight, but often utterly obtuse, per erse, defiant of courtesy, good taste, and good sense. His humour is constantly strained to burlesque and tedious extravaganza, or even degenerates no mere buffoonery He was often generous, but could be unkind and unfair, in a single number of the Noctes he carped at Wordsworth (whom he had been one of the first to praise) and belittled Scott, while he not so unjustly called a less known author a jackass The criticisms sometimes evoked vivacious replies Tennyson's to 'Crusty Christo pher' is well known The outstanding defect, on the other hand, of his poetry (The Isle of Palms, 1812, The City of the Plague, 1816) and of his prose tales (The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, 1822, The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, 1823, The Foresters, 1825) is that he is too uni formly gentle, sweet, tender, pathetic, sentimental. 'Almost the only passions,' or even mankish said Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant are the gentler sympathies of our nature-tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sor-From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which to those who read poetry for amusement merely will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day? In the twenty-four short tales called Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life we find neither the

humours of the kailyard nor the characteristics of a vigorous, shrewd, and self-assertive peasantry, with all the defects of their qualities, but a too utterly Arcadian innocence, simplicity, and piets So likewise in Margaret Lyndsay, the heroine is a humble maiden, whose father, adopting Tom Paine's opinions, is imprisoned on a charge of sedi tion, becomes an utter reprobate, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer—to the gradual ruin and distress of his innocent family, and their banishment from their country home to a city slum Of the strongly contrasted, Bohemian Nocles—now to many all but unreadable—Lord Cockburn said 'There is not so original and curious a work in the English and Scotch languages It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the bacchanalian revel of clever men, and its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times' But it should be added that the Scotch is that of men with a literary training, abounding in doctored English book-words never heard in the vernacular of the Lowlands attained to extraordinary eminence in the republic of letters in his own lifetime, Hallam called him a writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence was as the rush of mighty waters But while his personality is still remembered, even in Scotland the Noctes have lost their extraordinary popularity, the tales are little read, and the poetry quite forgotten In 1837 Wilson was sore stricken by the death of his wife, in 1840 he suffered from a paralytic affection of the right hand, though he still retained his passion for angling, for Tweed and Yarrow, and for the wilder scenery of Rannoch In 1851, when his health was and Loch Ane fairly broken, and he had resigned his professorship, he got a pension of £300 per annum, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3rd of April 1854

# From Lines 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth, Whose happy home is on our earth? Does human blood with life imbue Those wandering veins of heavenly blue That stray along thy forehead fair, Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair? Oh, can that light and airy breath Steal from a being doomed to death, Those features to the grave be sent In sleep thus mutely eloquent? Or art thou, what thy form would seem, The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were sorring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?

What brighter throne can brightness find To reign on than an infant's mind, Ere sin destroy or error dim The glory of the scraphim?

Oh, vision fair, that I could be Again as young, as pure as thee! Vain wish! the runbow's radiant form May view, but cannot brave the storm Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes That paint the bird of Paradise And years, so fate hath ordered, roll Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. Thir was that face as break of dawn, When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn Like a thin veil that half concealed The light of soul, and half revealed While thy hushed heart with visions wrought, Each trembling eyelash moved with thought, And things we dream, but ne'er can speak, Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek, Such summer clouds as travel light, When the soul's heaven hes calm and bright, Till thou awok'st-then to thine eye Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy ! And lovely is that heart of thine, Or sure these eyes could never shine With such a wild yet bashful glee,

## Christopher plays and lands a Tweed Salmon

Gay, half o'ercome timidity I

Springs, summers, autumns, winters-each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown up life, that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread—pass over the enried darling's brow, and look at him now, a straight and strengthy stripling, in the savinge spirit of sport, spring ing over rock ledge after rock ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knce deep or waistband high through river feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his run ning and ringing reel, after a tongue hooked salmon, insancly seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the ser No hazel or willow wand, no half crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexter ous, but a twenty feet rod of Phin's, all ring rustling, and a glitter with the preserving mraish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the luccory and the horn with out twist, knot, or flaw-from butt to fly a faultless taper, 'fine by degrees and beautifully less,' the beau ideal of a rod by the skill of cunning eriftsmin to the senses materialised! A fish-fat, fair, and forty! 'She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd-she is a salmon, therefore to be won'-but shy, timid, capricious, head strong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by hip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last, and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead, or worse than dead, fast fading, and to be reillumined no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perish able things in a world of perishing '-But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the form like a bar of silver bullion, and, relapsing into the flood, is in another

moment at the very head of the waterfull! Give her the butt-give her the butt-or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep !-Now comes the trial of your tackle-and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of eliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards -right up the middle of the main current of the hill born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swins swift, and strong, and deep-and the line goes steady, boys, steady-stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin-danger in the flap of her tail-and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser naterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the coast is clear no tree roots here-no floating branches-for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch In medio tutissimus ibis-ny, non you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right What I another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea cook '-you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds?-Ha! Watty Richie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What, Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles? Tim Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a ane since first he belanged to the Council - Curse that collie! Av! well done, Watty 1 Stone him to Stobo Confound these stirl's -if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels and straight up tail, come bellowing by between us and the river, then, 'Madain' all is lost, except honour' If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then suicide at seven Our will is made-ten thousand to the Foundling -ditto to the Thames Tunuel-ha-ha-my Beauty Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying affoat on the foam as if all further resistnnee now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No faith in female-she trists to the last trial of her tail-sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on the smooth arle spinning sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, hile our own worthy planet Scrope-Bambridge-Maule-princes among Anglers-oh that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphrey? At his retort? By mysterious sym pathy-far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest Fish whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed Purdie stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford Shade of Sandy Govan! Alas! alas! Poor Sandy-why ou thy pale face that melancholy smile? - Peter! The Gast! The Gast! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl-whitening as she nears the sand-there she has it-struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Dinni, Minervi, or Venus-and hes at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demigod angling before the Flood ! (From the Recreations of Christopher Acrth)

Christopher on Wordsworth and Scott

Tickler How can that be?—Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things

North Wordsworth often writes like an idiot, and

never more so than when he said of Milton, 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt npart' I or it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet

Tickler What !- I hat Wordsworth whom Magn cries

up as the Prince of Pocts?

North Be it so, I must humour the funce of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England, whereas his verses are becoming less and less I nown every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure

Tickler I never thought bin more than n very ordinary man -with some imagination, certainly, but with no



JOHN WILSON

From the Portrait by Sir John Waison Gordon P & S A (printed in 1833), in the National Lortrait Callery

grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God ' to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

North And yet, with his creed, what might not n great poet have done?-That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion '- I hat in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling common to all the race the subject matter of poetry is to be sought and found '-I hat enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song '-And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed?-A few ballads (pretty at the best), two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half a dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created-not one incident -not one tragical catastrophe 11e has thrown no light on man's estate here below, and Crabbe, with all -not one tragical catastrophe his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor

Ti kler Good And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold

North Well, well, let them have their own way awhile. I confess that the 'Lyenrsion' is the worst poem, of any character, in the Inglish language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense as well as the sound. The remaining seven thousand three hundred are quite ineffectual. Then what labour the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babal, and all built by a single man.

Aorth Scott's poetry puzzles me-it is often very had

North I recept when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. This versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost concrously—but seldom or never with imp tuosity or grandent. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his pactry is neither rich nor rare. The atmosphere is becoming every moment more oppressive. How stands the Therm?

Tichler Ninety. But then when his nurrial soul is ups and up it is at sight of a spear point or a pennon—then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What each, kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling at be—and God forbid. I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or nuclear—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me—and, envard and eithern though I be—ve, a most intense and insuperable coward, priving bife and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my king or country—yet such is the trumpet power of the song of that son of genus that I start from my old elbow chair, up with the poker, tong, or shovel, no matter which, and flourithing it round my head, ety,

'Charge, Chester, charge' On, Stanley on!
and then, dropping my voice and returning to my pudded
bottom, whaper,

"Were the last words of Marmon!"

North Braso-braso-braso

Tieller I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Notther does the world. The world tall es a poet as it finds him, and seats him above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well, then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment with costs.

North How you can jubber away so, in such a temperature as this, confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

Tickler Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it, for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half canto of slumber

North Did you ever meet any of the Lake Poets in private society?

Tickle: Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out of the worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a Methodist preacher.

North I have seen Chantrey's bust

Tick'er The bust flatters his head, which is not

intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.

North Is he not extremely cloquent?

Tickler I'ar from it. He labours like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Coekney idolaters and his eatechimens at Ambleside and Keswick.

North Not during dinner, surely?

Tickler Yes—during breakfast, limeli, dinner, tea, and supper—every intermediate moment—nor have I any doubt that he proses all night long in his sleep

(From the Aoctes )

## The Shepherd on the Poor-Laws

North Thank heaven for Winter! Would that it lasted nll year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awnkening thunder storms me libel Autumn in her gorgeous bounty and her beau But Winter-dear, cold handed, warm tiful decays hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur elad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, brueing, invigorating days, that screw up musele, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music-thine the long snow silent or hail rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine too-

Shepherd Thine too skatin, and curlin, and grewin, and a' sorts o' decylry amang lads and lasses at rockins and kirns. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! O, Mr North, beef and greens!

North Ies, James, I sympathise with your enthin siasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labour—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis I feel myself immortal.

Shepherd Butcher meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfee' ransom free Martinmas to Michaelmas.

North Paltry thought Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr Ambrose, smash that half ton lump of black diamond till the clumner roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tiekler?—why so glum?

Tickler This outrageous merriment grates my spirits I am not in the mood. Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

North Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

Shepherd I never heard sie even down nonsense, Mr Tiekler, in a' my born days. I met a puir woman ganging along the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o bairns, ilka ane wi'n daud o breid in the tae hiun and a whang o' cheese i the tither, while their cheeks were a' bliwn out like sae many Boreases, wi' something better than wun', and the mither hersel, a weel fur'd hizzie, tearin awa at the fleshy shank o' a mirrow bane, mid wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are two different things, Mr Tiekler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a day, but starvation is seen at night sitting by nn empty aumry and a cauld hearthstane. There's hittle or nie starvation the now, in Seotlan'!

North The people are, on the whole, well off —Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak Dickson's mustard is superb

Shepherd I canna say that I a'thegather just properly understan' the system o' the purr laws, but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' Black-cood's Magazine, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the proceese amount?

North Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debised, and british people?

Shepherd Not they, indeed—they're a powerfu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir laws had better be cut down some two three milhons, but no abolished. The Political Economic creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsels than gaberlunzies—yet grudging a handfu' o' meal to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open ham should be stretched out o' the sudden, unasled and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wisenere shakes his head in cauldrife calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o him on principle

North Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable

Shepherd Scarcely tenable? Wha'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we're from into argument, and that's what I cannot thole at meals. Mr Tickler, there's nac occasion, man, to look sac down in the mouth—everybody kens ye're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melaneholy

Tieller I have no appetite, James

Shepherd Nae appeteet! how suld ye hae an appeteet? A bowl o Mollygo tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion -twn codlins (wi maist part o' a labster in that sass), the first gash o the jiget-stakes -then I'm must sure, pallets, and finally guse-no to count jeclies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many milhon mites in that Campsic Stilton-better than ony Linglish-a pot o' Draught-twa lang shankers o' ale-noos an' thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a chilker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin at Mrs Siddons in the sleep walking seene in Shakespeare's tragedy of Macleth Gin ye had an appeted after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death hunsel, and your stamach insatiable as the grave

Tickler Mr Ambrose, no hughter, if you please, sir North Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Ilera

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But 'tis an old behef,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the splicre of grief,
Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time, And sin, and fate's control, Screne in changeless prime Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forgo,
Lternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so.

### The Cld and the Leper

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go, For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe,

To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand, The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor,

Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure, For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win, His hand was ever bountiful great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear,
In a deep slough the leper lay—none would to help come
near

With a loud voice he thence did cry, 'For God our Saviour's sake,

From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take '-

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down,

For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion, He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account.

Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount

Behind him rode the leprous man, when to their hostelrie

They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully, While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shranl away,

To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay

All at the mid hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept, A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders erept,

Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold

I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find, Through the darf chamber groped he, with very anxious mind,

I ondly he lifted up his voice with speed a timp was brought,

let nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought

He turned him to his chamber, God wo', perplexed sore With that which had be'allen—when lo' his free before, There stood a man all clothed in we ture shining white Thus said the vision, 'Sie pest thou, or wake t thou, S.r. Knight?'—

"I sleep not," quoth Rodingo, "but tell me who art thou, For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"—

'I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee, I am the same poor leper thou say'dst for charity

\*Not run the trial, nor in vain the victory linth been, God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst reheve yestreen

There shall be honour with thee, in buttle and in peace, Success in all thy doing, and plentiful increase

'Strong enemies shall not prevail the greatness to undo. The name shall make men's checks full pale—Christians and Moslem too.

A death of honour shalt thou die, such greet to thee is given,

Thy soul shall part victoriously, and he received in heaven'-

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite,

Rodingo rose and knelt him down—he I nelt till morning light

Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear, He made his prayer right humble, till dawned the morning clear

# The Wandering Knight's Song

'My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star

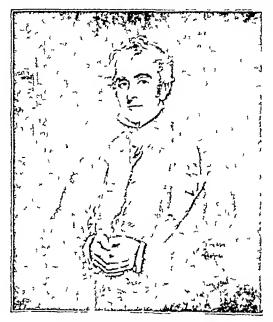
'My journeyings are long
My slumbers short and brol en,
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

"I nde from land to land, I sail from sea to sea, Some day more kind I fate may find, Some right kiss thee

### The Abbotsford Hunt.

The other 'superior occasion' came later in the season, the 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldes son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Altasford Hunt This was a courting field on a large scale, in cluding, with is many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal fivourites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country The Sherift always took the field, but laterly devolved the command upon his good friend Mr John Usher, the ex laird of Tofffield, and he could not have had a more skilful or a better humoured heutenant The hunt tool place (other on the moors above the Cauldshields I och, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala, and we had commonly ere we returned haves enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with such for a weel following The whole then dened at Abbot ford, the Sheriff in the chair, Adam I ergusson croupier, and Dominie Thomson of course, chaptain George, by the way, was hime if an eager partaker in the preliminary sport, and now he would from us with a grice in Birms sphire c, factoric as my arm? beginning with thanks to the Almights, who had given man dominion over the fowle of the rrant the beats of tre tell and expaining on this ext with so lucalent a commentary that South who had been

fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr George! I think we so had everything but the view holla!' The company, whose onset had been thus de ferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number, and sometimes they exceeded forty The feast was such as suited the occasion—a la on of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table, a salted round at the head, while tureous of hare soup, hotelpotch, and cockey leel ie extended down the centre, and such light articles as geese, turkers entire sucking-pig, a singed sheep's head, and the unfaling haggis were set forth by way of side-dishes. Black cocl. and moorfowl, bushels of smpe, thack fuldings, white fuddings, and pyramids of paneakes formed the second Ale was the favourite beverage during dinner,



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART
After the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant

but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they sinted The qurighs of Glenhact were filled brim full, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the lints for hot punch and toddy soon became clamorous or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers—one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd and then the bost ness of the evening commenced in good exruest faces shone and glowed lil e tho e at Camacho's wedding the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, I ou land or Highland, Fergusson and humbler heroes fought their peninsular lattles o'er again, the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow storm the parish scandal perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland triste and every man was knocked down for the song that he sang best or took most pleasure Sheriff Substitute Shortreed-a cheerful, hearty little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infec tions laugh-gree us 'Dick o' the Cow' or 'Now I iddes dale has ridden a raid ' his son Thomas (Sir Walter's assiduous disciple and assistant in Border Heraldry and Genealogy) shone without a rival in 'The Douglas

Triggly and 'The Iwa Corbies,' a weather beaten, still bearded veteran, Caffani Ormistoun, as he was called (though I doubt if his rank was recornised at the Horse Guards), had the primitive preferal of 'Cor den-I nowe,' in sweet perfection, Hope produced 'The Women foll, or 'The Kye comer linne,' and, in spite of many grinding notes centrived to make everylysty delighted, wheth r with the fin or the pathos of his bill of the Melrose doctor sang in epinted tyle a one of Moore's mas expicees, a couple of retired vailors joined in Bould Admiral Dimean upon the high sea , '-and the pallant croapeer crossed the last bowl with 'Alex good ale thou are my darling! Imagine some rmare Pansian smant - our dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidel berg -t here of stray young Lords from Oxford or Cambud, e er perhajs their pam eillere tutor, planted here and there aimeds there has in a relief sethis being their test vi con of the author of Mirrien and I so Fer, and he appearing as heartily of Loine in the seere of if he had been a ventable 'Dandie' him. If the face radiant, his laugh fax a childhood, his chours always results And out proceeded until some only, who had fifteen or to ents indes to ride lorse, legan to resinante that his wife and bairs smould be a time rorely and an about the firds and the Dumples and Holdin were a last lead neighing at the gate, and a was reed that the hour had some for d / as d rad -the arrap cap-to will a bumper all round of the unmitigated recontinuate How the all contrived to get nome in safety. Heaven only knows—but I never heard of any error were not except upon one occa ion, when Jurie Hogg made a bet at starting that he would I ap over his wall eved patients she stood, and broke his not in this experiment of faler vailing and ition. Ore comely postwife, for off im og the hills amused Sir W. Per Ly telling I im, the next time he passed her homes end after ore of these jolly doing, what her husband's first words a creathen he alighted at his own door- Ailie my vonen, I m ready for my bed -and oh lass the gillands adders, I wash I could sleep for a towmont [twelvemonth], for there's only ac thing in this world worth living for, and that is the Abbotsford hunt 17

# Death of Sir Walter Scott.

On Monday he remained in lest, and recined extremely feeble, but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th [July 18,2] he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turk. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake and shaking the plands ve had jut about him from off his shoulders, said-'This is said idleness I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now Take me into my own room, and fetch the leve of my desk. He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse his daughters went into his study opened his writing desk and hid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the half and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work the climir was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thinked us, and said-Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to miself? Sophia put the pen into his hand and he en demoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office-it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks, but composing himself by and by motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the

porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me—'Sir Walter his had a little repose '—'No, Willie,' said he—'no repose for Sir Walter hit in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place.'

With this scene ended our glimpse of drylight Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days lie was in a state of painful irritation, and I saw realised all that he liad himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Crossingry and his paralytic friend. Dr Ross came out from Fdinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest mace of the Clarks' table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognised the Doctor, but, on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once-'Isn't that Kate Hume?' These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced neces sary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and soleinn things, the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never queridous, and very soldom indicative of any angry or resentful Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff, and once or twice he seemed to be ordering 10m Purche about trees few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and 'Burk Sir Walter' escaped him in a melaneholy tone. But commonly what ever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Proplecies of Isaiali and the Book of Job) -or some petition in the litary-or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version), or of some of the inagnificant hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy We very often heard distinetly the eadence of the Dies Irie, and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucein lachrymosa,
Duni pendehat I ilius!

All this time he continued to recognise his drughters, I aidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankful ness. Mr Clarl son, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly night it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that he master had awoke in a state of compoure and consciousness and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His even was clear and calm—evers trace of the wild fire of deliram extinguished. "Lockhart" he

said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you dear, be a good man-be virtuous-be religious-be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie liere. '- He paused, and I said- 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?'-'No ' said lie, 'don't disturb Poor souls! I know they were up all night-God bless you all '-With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards give any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons -They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their pots, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one 1 M, on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day-so warm that every window was wide open-and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its publics, was distinctly audible as the knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his (From the Life of Scott)

#### Athanasia in Prison

Alas I said I to misself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alle vinte hers? I tool the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock, I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct appreliension, licalated no longer to open it. No lump was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wascring glare of deep saffron coloured light, which showed me Its ammous and Athanasia extended on her couch troubled his lind no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquility. I linng over her for a moment and was about to disturb that slumber-perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare "Casus," she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, 'why do you leave me? Stry, Valerius? I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed, the same calm smile vas upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and All in an instant became as quiet without as I approached the wandow, and saw Cottlins standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him, the horsenich drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed a vord I saw the keen blue eye as fiered as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheels, for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and fload linglitness so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the picture of Sylla, and even the blare of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its the oldier had lifted his sword and natural scarlet my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suithenly a deep vilce was heard aimils the deadly silence "Cotiling"-look up Covilius!"

Vurchus the Christian priest, stanling at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stre ched forth his lettered hand as he stake. \*Cotilius \* I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was ear upon the heal. I charge thee, look upon me and has, ere yet the blow he given upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this swood bared against be reled of Casar or a narry of

of Jesus? I charge thee, speak, and for thy soul's sake speak truly'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Pretorian. Instine tively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The elap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given, and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper. Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—streugthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Chius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet'—

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear-and Valerius hung over her, but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down npon her shoulder She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come, but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to he perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again, and theu ouce more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprang from her couch I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth, but I know that ere I had said many words she discovered my menning For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams, but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart 'But Caius, I must not go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon-quite ready

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised, yet many minutes clapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said. 'Take it you must not refuse one token more, this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop, and Athanasia returned again to her flower

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she, 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion flower—'tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are lile trickling drops, and here, look ye, they are all round the flower—Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in

my hand too, Caius, and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me'

I had not the heart to interrupt her, but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly 'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only 'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more snpport to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

(From Valerius)

The standard Life of Lockhart is that of Mr Andrew Lang (2 vols. 1896) See also Mrs Oliphant s William Blackwood and his Sons (1897), and Sir George Douglas s little book, The Blackwood Group (1897).

Thomas Hamilton (1789-1842) produced in The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton (1827) what was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting novels of the day, it is full of vivid sketches of college life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures, and is not complimentary to the social manners of Glasgow citizens and Glasgow collegians (the hero is an Englishman) Son of a Glasgow professor and brother of the philosopher Sir William Hamilton, the author studied at Glasgow As captain of the 29th Regiment he served in the Peninsula, Nova Scotia, and France, and retiring on half-pay, settled at Edinburgh and became one of the Blackwood group He visited the United States, and wrote a lively work on the New World, entitled Men and Manners in America (1833) Cherishing a good deal of aristocratic and insular prejudice, he disliked the democratic government and many of the social habits of the Americans, and his criticisms, unfair rather than ill natured, caused much irritation in America. He was also author of Annals of the Peninsular War

Michael Scott (1789-1835), born at Cowlairs near Glasgow, studied at the university, and then tried his fortune in Jamaica and the West Indies as a planter. In 1822 he was in business in Glasgow. In 1829-33 he contributed to Black wood's the brilliant story of West India life Tom Cringle's Log, showing throughout proofs of the author's personal experiences, keen observation, sprightly temper, and humorous (perhaps too systematically humorous) view of life. His next best contribution to Blackwood's was The Criuse of the

Midge, issued in 1834 and 1835 Oddly enough Scott preserved a rigid incognito, and his authorship was unknown till after his death. Both the stories appeared first in book form at Paris in 1836, and as both have wealth of incident, abundant verve, and a bright and lively style, they have deservedly retained their popularity and been often reprinted. See Sir George Douglas's The Blackwood Group (1897)

Frederick Marryat, born in Westminster, 10th July 1792, the son of an MP, in 1806 sailed as midshipman under Lord Cochrane (Dundonald), and spent some years of dangerous service off the French and Spanish coasts and in the Mediter-He was concerned in no less than fifty engagements, after one of which an officer, who disliked him, seeing his seemingly lifeless corpse, exclaimed, 'Here's a young cock who has done crowing Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' 'You're a liar!' said Marryat faintly, raising his head. Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition, and in 1814, as lieutenant of the Newcastle, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring During the Burmese war (1824) he commanded the Larne, and was for some time senior officer on the station services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours, and he was a Companion of the Bath (1826) and an officer of the Legion of Honour (1833) He retired in 1830, having already commenced a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829 by the publication of Frank Mildmay, the Naval Officer (1829), a nautical tale in three volumes This work partook rather strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for more serious faults year Marryat was ready with other three volumes, presenting a well-compacted and more carefully finished story, The King's Own Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service (1832), a tale of various and sustained interest, was surpassed by its immediate successor, Peter Simple (1834), the most amusing of all the author's works Dealing still in the main with nautical scenes and portraits, Marryat wrote about thirty volumes-amongst them Jacob Faithful (1834), Mr Midshipman Lasy (1836), The Pacha of Many Tales (1836), Japhet in Search of a Father (1836), The Pirate, and the Three Cutters (1836), The Dog Tiend, or Snarleyyow (1837), The Phantom Ship (1839), Poor Jack (1840), and some capital children's books, such as Masterman Ready (1841) and The Children of the New Torest After a trip to America in 1837, he published A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions He was no admirer of the democratic government of America, his Diary was as uncomplimentary as the sketches of

Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall But his notes on traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other eccentricities of the Americans were as rich as his purely fictitious work, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the novelist's creative imagination and love of drollery

In 1830 he had purchased Langham Manor, near the Norfolk coast, and here he settled in 1843. At one time he had a hobby for making a decoy, he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazingground, got his decoy into full working order so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then-drained it again receipts from farming in one year were £154, 2s 9d, his expenditure, £1637, os 6d ' Naturally, he did not die rich, though he had made over £20,000 by his writings, including £8500 during 1832-39 for the first publication of Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Japhet in Search of a Father, The Pacha of Many Tales, Mr Midshipman East, Snarleysow, and the Diary in America In 1847 he applied for service to the Admiralty, and when his request was refused he was so enraged that he burst a blood vessel, and was seriously ill for months The news early next year of the loss of his son in the wreck of his ship hastened his own death at Langham on 9th August 1848, and there he is buried

Quick tempered, extravagant, and over-eager in the pursuit of enjoyment, Marryat was an excellent officer and a generous man, his home was on the sea, unquestionably, and as a writer of sea-stories he has no superior He cannot, it may be, bring fully home to his readers the beauty and the terror of the deep, but for invention, narrative skill, and grasp of character, and especially for richness of humour, he stands first of all those who have dealt with the sea and sailors in prose No doubt his fun often descends to farce, still, setting Dickens aside, there is no English novelist who has awakened heartier and honester laughter His happiest creations, Mr Chucks and Terence O'Brien, Mesty and Equality Jack, and many more, would not unworthily fill places in the gallery of the greatest novelist own varied experiences at sea gave him a large fund of memories to draw from, many of his characters are obviously based on actual persons, and some of the episodes are manifestly autobiographical Marryat's best books betray no sign of struining after effect, the prose is direct, clear, and vigorous, an ideal, in its way, of the narrative of adventure. Nothing, for example, could well be more vivid, yet nothing could well be simpler and more reserved in style, than such a passage as the club hauling of the Diomede (in Peter Simple), whereas is usual in Marryat—the excitement and peril of the moment are brought home in the tersest phrase, by dramatic flashes and apt touches of dialogue. His sea fights, his chases and cuttingout expeditions, are told with irresistible gusto, and with vastly greater artistic skill than Fenimore Cooper's His books have been the delight of

boshood succe they first appeared, and stown ! men can in them renew the jox of youth. The sailors of the Circut War live in his pipes as yields as do Iom Bowling and Hatchway and Pipes in Smollett stories i vividly i come types of Londoners live in the piges of Dickens

The Club hading of the Diomeda !

We had thated a convoy of ve cly to the bettom of the bay the want was very fre hanben we bould on I a

after running them on hore and the suf on the brach even at that time was so prest that they vere certain to prior prior be fore they could be rot ાતિકાર મુખ્યા We were obliged to double reef the topyally 14 centi as no bruted to the wind, and the werther looks t three enmy SEEV In an hour after ward the whole was concret \*1 y with one black cloud which saul so low as noth to touch our mix heads and a ne mendous 467 which appears I to have risen up almost b magic rolled in up in its setting the vessel on a dead lee shore As the night closed in it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried



from arthurning in Policy forcum

with the press of canvas which he was obligat to f for had the real room, we should have but a lying to under storm staysails, but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might claw off shore The seas broke over as we have in the trough, delayin, us with water from the forecastle aft, to the binurcles, and very often as the ship descended with a plun car was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the vlolence of the shock breechings vere rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong clears nailed behind the trunmons, for we hecled over so much when we lurched that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose, it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first hentenant and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night, and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the run, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and gronning of the timbers, I thought that

we must in spatia tax. I on fort, as I had not finer a few of door throught to ther 1, fo 1 felt it my entlety por bed. I find it a nighed nee of come to the fine to be experienced by the hul-though a me to be so he was even to the tree for tunier notion half refer to What water sor to app thing are test are transfer to my 1 12 + + + allower this more a athan of the second antelnative 1 to the color rith which it Aum Fra stin e gr ta +=1 70 7 1 1 111,0

15 24 8 W magging them gard ton in the room

in a cost of a real half on a radical or it form keep her full, all to be perfore all the mater direct hear, quarter n aster?

' Me, and "

\*Thus and no acres, my time. List her a t' & pole or two when whe can be the careful or she'll take the wheel out of as it han be

It really was a very awful sigh-When the ship was in the trough of the sex voice of theme, as I necket but a waste of tunnituens noter. Let when she was form up on the somme of the engrances nate it a then looked down as a near upon a lon sanly en a cline to you, and covered with fam and I enkers "She behaves nobly "ob revel the exprain, stepping aft to the binuack, and looking at the compass, "if the wind does not baille u, we shall weather! The cap un had searcely time to make the observation, when the said shivered and flapped like thunder. 'Up with the beluwhat are you about, quarter mas er?3

'The wind his herded us, sir, replied the quarter-

master, coully

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full she had broken off two points, and the point of land was trilly a little on the lee bow

'We must wear her round, Mr I alcon Hands, wear ship-raily, oh, ready '

"blie has come up again ' cried the master, who was at the binnacle

'Hold fast there a minute. How 's her head now?'

'N N L, as she was lafore the broke off, sir'

'Pipe belay,' said the captain 'Talcon,' continued he, 'if she hreal's off again we may have no room to were indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?

'Yes, sir'

'Jump down, then, and see it double bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See It well done-our lives may depend upon it?

The ship continued to hold her course good, and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails slapped in the wind, and the ship broke off the points as before The officers and serimen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. I uff now, all you can, quarter master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft My lads there is no time for words-I am going to club hand the ship, for there is no room to wear The only chance you have of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision to your stations for tacking ship. Hands by the best hower anchor. Mr Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter master, I cep her full again for stays Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you! About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The exptrain waved his hand in silence to the quarter master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, putching and chopping as the sails were spilling she had lost her way the captain give the order, "I et go the ancher. We will haul all at once, Mr Falcon,' said the captum. Not a word was spoken, the men wen to the fore brace, which had not been manned most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's her I did not go round the other way we should be on have and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would had all the yards at once there appeared to be don't or discent on the countenance of Mr Enleon, and I was atterwards to'd that he had not agreed with the cap am but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion to make are remark. and the event proved that the engineer mas right last the slop was bead to nind, and the captum gave the sand. The yards flew round with such a creaking re to that I thought the rist had gone over the side and the next rionient the wind had except the saits, and the ship which fir a nomen or two had been on an I

even keel, careened over to her runnel with its frice. The capture, who stood upon the weather fairmak rails, holding by the main rigging ordered the below amid hips, looked full at the salls, and then at the cable, which eres broad upon the neather box, and held, the ship from nearing the shor. At lat le cited, 'Cut away the cable' I fen strokes of the nees were helpd, and then the cable flew out of the law e hole in a little of fire, from the ambinee of the fremon, and disappeared under a hupe wave which struct us on the chess tree and deluged us with water for and aft But we were now on the other tack, and the ship regume! her way, and we had evidently increased our distince from the land

'My lads, said the captain to the ship's company 'you have behaved well, and I thank you but I my t tell you honestly that we have more difficulated to get through. We have to weather a point of the lay on this tack Mr Falcon, splice the main brace and call the How s her head, quarter mas er? watch

\*5 W by S Southerly, sir

"Very well, let her go through the water, and the captain, backoning to the master to follow him, west down into the cabin (I som lete Sufe)

## Mr Easy receives the First-Lieutenant

In the meantime Mr Sawhridge, who was not In his umform, had entered, and perceived Jack alone, with the dinner table laid out in the best style for eight a considerable show of plate for even the Iountain Inn, and everything, as well as the apartment itself, according to Mr Saubridge's opinion, much more he for a commander in chief than a midshipman of a rloop of

Now Mr Saubridge was a good officer, one who had really worked his way up to the present rank-that is to say, that he had served seven and twenty years, and he I nothing but his pay. He was a little souted in the service, and certainly had an aver ion to the young men of family who were now fast crowding info it- still with some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers He considered that in proportion as in b increased shipmen assumed a cleaner and more gentleman's appearance, so did they become mole thelet, and it may therefore he easily unagened that his life was raised in this parade and display in a lal who was very shortly to be, and ought three years before to have been, shrinking from his from n. Neverthelies, Sanbridge was a good hearted man although a latte envious of luxury, which he could no prefer I to in dulge In hims-lf

'May I beg to ad, said Jack who was alwass remarkally polite and perthemants in his address in what manner I may be of service to you ??

Tee sing som mer selv finding from the framehotells And may I hap to mak in return, our what is the reason sen have steved on shore thee need a first man her >1

Herenpon Jack, who hi had much z much the perempe the tere of Mr Shutathe a Luto diam, the ce In I taken a cost con of his to a out, layer as hith got I chain to all the I smarth may to med, after a to see me will refeel -

"Ar I pray ikbn ite so ib"

"We cam I will topled S nin reals The are of

his chair 'My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am/the first heutenant of the *Harpy* Now, sir, you have your answer'

Mr Sawbridge, who imagined that the name of the first heutenant would strike terror to a culprit midship man, threw himself back in the chair and assumed an air of importance.

'Really, sir,' replied Jack, 'what may be your exact situation on board, my ignorance of the service will not allow me to gness, but if I may judge from your behaviour, you have no small opinion of yourself'

'Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first heutenant is, and I take it for granted that you do not, by your behaviour, but depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon. In the meantime, sir, I insist upon it, that you go immediately on board.'

'I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request,' replied Jack, coolly 'I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account'

Jack then rang the bell, the waiter, who had been listening outside, immediately entered, and before Mr Sawbridge, who was dumb with astonishment at Jack's impertinence, could have time to reply—

'Waiter,' said Jack, 'show this gentleman downstairs.'

'By the god of war!' exclaimed the first lieutenant, 'but I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bantam, and when once I get you safe on board, I'll make you know the difference between a midshipman and a first lieutenant'

'I can only admit of equality, sir,' replied Jack, 'we are all born equal—I trust you'll allow that'

'Equality—damn it, I suppose you'll take the command of the ship. However, sir, your ignorance will be a little enlightened by and by I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson, and I tell you plainly that, if you are not on board this evening, to morrow morning, at daylight, I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you.'

'You may depend upon it, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome, impertinent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such an ungentlemanly bear'

'He must be mad—quite mad,' exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation 'Mad as a March hare—by God!'

'No, sır,' replied Jack, 'I am not mad, but I am a philosopher'

'A what?' evelaimed Sawbridge. 'Damme, what next?—Well, my joker, all the better for you, I shall put your philosophy to the proof'

'It is for that very reason, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I have decided upon going to sea and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you, and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man'

'By the Lord that made us both, I'll soon make you a convert to the thirty six articles of war—that is, if you remain on board, but I shall now go to the captain and report your conduct, sir, and leave you to your dinner with what appetite you may'

'Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you, but you need not be afraid of my appetite, I am only sorry, as you happen to belong to the same ship, that I cannot, in

justice to the gentlemanly young men whom I expect, ask you to join them I wish you a very good morning, sir'

'Twenty years have I been in the service,' roared Sawbridge, 'and, damme, —— but he's mad—down right, stark, staring mad' And the first lieutenant bounced out of the room

Jack was a little astonished himself. Had Mr Saw bridge made his appearance in uniform it might have been different, but that a plain looking man, with black whiskers, shaggy hair, and old blue frock coat and vellow casimere waisteoat, should venture to address him in such a manner was quite incomprehensible. 'He calls me mad,' thought Jack, 'I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his heutenant.' Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings, and found him at lione he made a very faithful report of all that had happened, and concluded his request by demanding, in great wrath, either an instant dismissal or a court martial on our hero, Jack

(From Mr Midshipman Easy)

### Cheeks and his Captain.

'Well, Mr Checks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to morrow'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom'

'Very good And what is IIIIton about?'—'He has finished the spare lenf of the dining table, sir, he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant'

'A job for the second heutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed place is broken, sir, he is only getting out a chock or two'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the bye, sir, I understand you were not sober last night '—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib boom, I've saved the heel to return'

'Very well, but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir, it will take a hand mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top mast, and make a new one out of the hand mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once And now let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir, but my Lady Capperbar wishes the jeal owises to be painted vermition, she says it will look more rural '—' Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases, but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it What are the rest of the men about?'—' Repairing the second cutter, and maling a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the bye—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I inean?'

'Yes, sir What am I to do, sir, about the eucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so bus; with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship'

'Who dares say that?'-'The first lieutenant, sir'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children, but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens' since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks I shall overlook your being in liquor this stime, but take care. Send the boatswain to me'

(From The King's Own)

Marryat's Life and Letters (2 vols. 1872) was published by his daughter Florence, successively Mrs Ross Church and Mrs Lean, and herself a prohific novelist. See also the sketch by Mr D Hannay in the 'Great Writers' series (1889).

William Nugent Glascock (1787–1847) served with credit in the navy from 1800 till the year of his death, with long intervals of half-pay, during which he produced many good pictures of maritime life and adventures, based largely on his varied experiences affoat in the Bultic and the Mediterranean, off Portugal, Newfoundland, and the West Indies The Naval Sketch-Book (1826), Sailors and Saints (1829), Tales of a Tar (1836), Land Sharks and Sea Gulls (1838), are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour, a rich phraseology, and a cordial contempt for regularity of plot Captain Glascock's Naval Service, or Officer's Manual, passed through several editions, and translated was used in the French, Russian, Swedish, and Turkish services

Edward Howard, a naval heutenant who died still a comparatively young man in 1841, was a shipmate of Marryat's, and his sub editor on the Metropolitan Magazine, and was the author of Rattlin the Reefer (1836), a capital sea-story sometimes published with Marryat's works, and wrongly attributed to Marryat, who was said to have edited it. It was very well received, and was followed by Outward Bound, Jack Ashore, Sir Henry Morgan the Buccaneer, and other stories Several of these are better managed as to fable, particularly Outward Bound, but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glascock's novels He ventured also on a poem, The Centiad (1841) Tom Hood, on whose staff in the New Monthly he served, spoke warmly of his work, and said Howard 'had just felt the true use of his powers when he was called to resign them'

Frederick Chamier (1796-1870) served in the navy from 1809 till 1827, and then produced, in imitation of Marryat, The Life of a Sailor (1832), Bun Brace, The Arethusa, Jack Adams, and Tom Bowling (1841), stories which for a time were very popular, and were mostly reprinted as recently as 1881-90 Count Konigsmark (1845) was a historical romance Captain Chamier continued James's Naval History, recorded his experiences of the French Revolution of 1848, and published in 1855 a painfully facetious book of travels in France Switzerland, and Italy

Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789-1864), editor of the Athinaum, served twenty years in the Navy Pay Office, and on returng with a pension devoted himself wholly to literary occupations He had long been a zealous student of literature, had in 1814-16 edited a continuation of Dodsley's 'old plays,' and had contributed much to the magazines and reviews, especially to the Retio-In 1829 he became part proprietor of the Athenaum (founded by Silk Buckingham in 1828, and owned for a few months by John Sterling and others), and speedily became its supreme and highly effective editor He soon had Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunning ham, Barry Cornwall, Chorley, and George Darley on his staff or amongst his contributors, and from abroad-an innovation in English journalism-he enlisted the services of Sainte Beuve and Jules To ensure perfect impartiality, the editor withdrew from general society, saw as little as possible of authors and publishers, and so long as he edited the paper did not himself contribute to its columns He resigned the editorial charge in 1846, for three years edited the Duily News, and now began to contribute to the Athenæum the famous articles on Junius, Pope Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Burke, Wilkes, and Peter Pindar, which were published as The Papers of a Critic by Dilke's grandson, Sir Charles, in 1875 Dr Carruthers, who did not wholly agree with him, said that 'the personal history of Pope was never properly understood till it was taken up by Mr Dilke,' and his views were substantially adopted by Mr Elwin and Mr Courthope in the magistral Dilke's contribution to the Junius contro versy, mainly destructive of current theories, was the most important that had been made.

Thomas Keightley (1789–1872), born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, settled in London in 1824 as a writer of books, and published a series of histories of Greece, Rome, and England, long used as school manuals, books on the Greek War of Independence and on the Crusades, notes to Virgil and Horace, a Life of Milton and an edition of his works. His Fairy Mythology (1850) is, however, by far his most important work, and is still useful, though, like all books of that date dealing with folklore, it must be read with a certain caution.

William Maginn (1793-1842) was one of the wittiest, most accomplished, and versatile writers of his time in prose and verse, but has left little permanent memorial of his genius or acquire-He was born at Cork, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, assisted his father in conducting an academy in his native city, 'and in 1816 (not in 1819, as is usually said) was made LLD by his alma mater It was in 1819 that he began to write for Blackwood's Magazine His papers were lively, learned, often abusive, and sometimes libellous, he was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no guarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions that all parties read and admired him For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in Blackwood, and his Odoherty papers (prose and verse) were eagerly welcomed He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession In 1824 John Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, The Representative, and Maginn was engaged as Paris correspondent. His residence in France was short, the Representative soon col lapsed, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains' He was asso ciated with Dr Stanley Lees Giffard in conducting the Standard newspaper, and when Fraser's Magazine was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters, contributing thereto the famous 'Gallery of Literary Characters,' illustrated by Maclise, probably neither Thackeray nor Carlyle did as much for the popularity of *Fraser* as Maginn did One article in this periodical (1836), a review of the poor novel of Berkeles Castle, led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and its author, the Hon Grantley Berkeley Berkeley had brutally assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, declaring that he was the authorhence the challenge and the duel The parties exchanged shots thrice, Maginn being slightly Maginn's life, literary and personal, became very irregular, intemperance gained upon him, the indisputable original of Thackeray's 'Captain Shandon,' he was often arrested and in jul, but his good humour seems never to have forsaken him His burlesque review of Southey's Doctor was called 'a farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning'-a description that applies to a good deal of his work. He wrote a series of really admirable Sliakespeare papers for Blackwood in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of sixteen Homeric ballads In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, describing the lamentable condition of the decayed wit, and the minister sent him £100, which Maginn did not live to receive He died a discharged but in solvent debtor at Walton on-Thames The esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries may

be gathered from the so-called epitapli on him by Lockhart—or, rather, the genial elegy

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN, Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win, Had neither great lord nor rich eit of his kin, Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin, So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn— He turned author while yet was no beard on his chin, And, whoever was out, or whoever was in, For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin, Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin-'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,' But to save from starvation stirred never a pin Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin, Lise his acting for certain was equal to Quin, But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin-All the same to the doctor from elaret to gin-Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein It was much when the bones rattled loose in his skin, He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN

Even at his best he had more copiousness, clever ness, and wit than judgment or good feeling, and some of his work was in execrable taste-his treatment of Christabel and of Adonais, for example. The parodies of Carlyle and Disraeli in the 'Gallery,' on the other hand, are brilliant and blameless The 'Story without a Tail' and 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady,' both for Blackwood, were reckoned his masterpieces Some of his Latin verse, classical as well as doggerel, was His 'Homeric Ballads' are very good brilliant ballads, but are not in the least Homeric, his blank verse reconstruction of Lucian's dialogues as comedies did not preserve much of Lucian's spirit Wit and humour he always had at command, and he was an extraordinary improvisator 'The Maxims of Odoherty' vary from pointed apopli thegms such as 'The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one,' and 'The next worst thing to a really bad man (in other words, a knave) is a really good natured one (in other words, a fool), to disquisitions—some of them tedious-on the impropriety of mixing your liquors or of taking lobster sauce with salmon, the best method of discomfiting a punster during dinner, and facetious literary criticism somewhat of the Noctes order 'The Vision of Purgatory' is not solemnising. The value or entertainment to be derived from Maginn's Latin versions of 'Chevy Chase' and 'Back and side go bare' may be guessed from a verse of the former

> Persaeus ex Northumbria Vovebat dis iratis, Venare inter dies tres In montibus Cheviatis, Contemtis forti Douglaso Et omnibus cognutis.

Byron and Cumpbell are treated only less contemptuously in several articles than are Keats and Shelley, as types of the Cockney school, the 'Adonais' is ridiculed as mere trash 'Mazeppa' is proved to be a version of 'John Gilpin' Moore is more playfully dealt with by parody, thus

The last lamp of the alley
Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
Are shivered and gone.

No lamp of her kindred, No burner is nigh, To rival her glimmer, Or light to supply

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one l
To vanish in smoke,
As the bright ones are shattered,
Thou too shalt be broke

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet

In a not unjustified protest against the acceptance of Irish songs manufactured for the English market, he comments on the rhyming of 'girls' and 'bells 'The rhyme here marks this brute [the author] to be a bestial Cockney' The Berkeley Castle review not merely calls the novel 'in conception the most impertinent, in execution about the stupidest it has ever been our misfortune to read,' and comments on its 'horribly vulgar and ungrammatical writing,' but on the moral side speaks of 'looseness and dirt' and 'these bestialities towards the ladies of England, asks (by name) the peer to whose wife the novel was dedicated if he could not borrow a horsewhip to avenge such an insult, and to emphasise the bad taste of the author's family pride in naming the novel, dwells on the fact that the author's mother lived with his father as his mistress before she was married to him

## From Bob Burke's Duel.'

'The day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Bridy He was a long, straddling, waddle mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros He was mounted on a showy enough looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse doctor, and though "a good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go," and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady nfter dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of n horse, and the eveat showed that my cousin Lantv was no judge of n bill-not a cross of the fifty having been prid from that day to this, and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Bridy having since twice taken the benefit of the Act So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure, which must do them instead of profit

'She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Bridy but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry and agility, and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare on the gap, which was no small feat, but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagment green mud as you would ever wish to see lik was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Iom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style Bridy ducked, and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any, but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy as to lit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye teeth (which I do not recollect) Bridy chipped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud that Miss Dosy checked Iom for a minute, to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster "That's the gentle man you just leapt over, Miss Dosy," said I, for I liad joined her, "and he seems to be in some confusion " "I am sorry," said she, "Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman by leaping over him, but I can't wait now Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea nt six o'clock this evening, in a different suit " Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out), and, would you believe it, he had the ill manners to say "the h-," but I shall not repeat what he said It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profine, but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances There is no knowing what even Job lumself might have said immediately after having been thrown off his hoise into a green pool, with his eye tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea party

'He-Bridy, not Job-went, nevertheless-for, on our return to Miss Dosy's lodgings we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his more never having broken down with him before-which was true enough as that was the first day he ever mounted her-nnd she having been bought by himself nt a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guincas She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the Earl, who often rode her, and ran nt Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell All this latter part of the note was not quite so true, but then it must be admitted that when we talk about horses we are not tied down to be exact to n letter If we were, God help Tattersal's

'To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped elean, and in a different set out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the motion Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty's Forty eighth foot. Bright was the scarlet of his cont—deep the blue of his facings.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Antony Harrison, licre in terrupting the speaker, 'the Forty eighth are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blae facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a Magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be anything of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusileers—all the world knowing that in the fusileers there are no ensigns, but in their place second heutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob, the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea table must have been buff—pale buff.'

Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick dust, no matter what they were,' continued Barke, in no wise pleased by the interruption, 'they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress-as you know is done in country quarters-and being not a bad plan and elevation of a nian, looked well enough. Miss Dosy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck-and, by Jupiter ' it was fair as a swan's, and as majestic too-and no mistake. Yes! Dosy Macnamara looked divine that evening

'Never mind! Tea was broaght in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other teas have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer sliced and hot watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting soirées and conversaziones in this good and bad The tea was congou or souchong, or city of London some other of these Chinese affairs, for anything I know to the contrary, for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs Machaniara begged me not to disturb inyself, and she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire, but there was a potato cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs Macaamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dosy after the hunt.

"Poor chicken," she said, "if she had the strength, she has the willingness, but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes to day."

"Madam," said I, looking tender and putting my hand on my heart, "I wish I was a potato!"

'I thought this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz, but it was scarcely out of my month when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dosy laughed so loud that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.'

See the Life by R. W. Montagu, prefixed to Maginn's Miscel Innes (2 vols. 1885). The Gallery was republished in 1874 and edited by Bates, in 1883.

Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804-66), the creator of Father Prout and the Oliver Yorke of Fraser's Magazine, was, like Maginn, a native of Cork, and even more scholarly, accomplished, versatile, witty, and gifted with facile and felicitous utterance in prose and verse. He was educated at St Acheul, the Jesuit college at Amiens, and in Paris, among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first rate Latin scholar He was admitted to the Society, taught in an Irish college, but for extraordinarily unconventional irregularities in a seminarist (including coursing and deep drinking) was pronounced to be no longer a Jesuit in 1830, and, obtaining with some difficulty priest's orders in 1832, offi ciated at Cork. But erelong he quarrelled with his bishop, and, settling in London, became one of the writers in Fraser's Magazine, and during 183,1-36 he contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected as The Religues of Father Prout From the gay tavern life of the 'Fraserians,' Maliony went abroad and travelled, 1837-41, in Hungary, Greece, and Asia Minor He became in 1846 Roman correspondent of the Daily News, and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk For the last eight years of his life-quite Bohemian, though latterly his wit became more caustic and his ways less sociable—he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the Globe, his letters forming the chief attraction of that journal died reconciled to the Church. A volume of Final Memorials of Father Prout, published in 1876 by Blanchard Jerrold, sufficiently illustrated Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, pathos, absurdity and satire jumbled together and a certain reverence for religion among all his convivialities James Hannay said of him 'Mahoney's fun is essentially Irish-fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.'

Much of the fun of the Reliques arises out of Father Prout's regretful proof that the best songs of some of the most admired modern authors are the merest plagiarisms or translations from uncient Greek, medieval Latin, or old French originals, which he solemnly produces with dates and all necessary particulars to authenticate them-the poems and the facts all alike out of his own head And he often pursued his jest beyond the limits prescribed by piety to the dead and by good taste, and the fun evaporates in tedium or annoyance Father Prout declares himself to have been the son of Dean Swift by Stella, to whom the Dean had been privately married, and the Dean's mad ness was wholly occasioned, not by the causes usually alleged, but by the kidnapping of this (purely supposititious) son by William Wood, the halfpenny hero whom Swift denounced. In the

article Wolfe (Vol II p 788) we have given a verse of Father Prout's French original for 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' 'John Anderson, my jo,' was a mere translation by Buris into Scotch of the Latin original, duly produced by the Admirable Crichton—the Scotch version is even extended to seven verses. The good Father lind special joy in proving Moore's 'Irish Melodies' to be the merest translations from Greek, Latin, or French, as the case might be. This is part of a chapter of the Reliques.

# From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore'

The Blarney stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor, but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share He knows well how often my humble roof repeatedly he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubidours and carol loving inhabitants of that once happy had, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot tracks might not lead to detection Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric talled votepor trottepor, others he would dis guise in various shapes, but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallie muse, 'for, d'ye see, old Prout,' the rogue would say,

'The best of all ways
To lengthen our lays,
's to steal a few thoughts from the French

Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, "my dear "'

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these 'Melodies' have obtained for him, but his last treachery to my round tower friend [a bogus plagin rism from an Irish antiquary] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies

'Abstract reque boves abjurat reque rapin re Coclo ostendentur'

It would be easy to point out detrehed fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagarism sufficient to lining him. For instance, I need only advert to his 'Bard's Legrey' Even on his dying bed this 'dying bard' cannot help indulging his evil pranks, for, in bequeathing his 'heart' to his 'mistress dear,' and recommending her to 'borrow' balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relie, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of his remains

'Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entere Dans la cave ou est le vin, Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère, Et la bouche sous le robin'

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered spoil, for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection, 'Go where glory waits thee,' is but a literal

and servile translation of an old French ditty which is nmong my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting 'ladye,' I rançoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favourite of Francis I, who soon abandoned her, indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia

Chanson de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand à François I

Vn ou la gloire t'invite,
Et quand d'orgueil pulpite
Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi '
Quand I cloge enslumme
Toute l'ardeur de ton ame,
Pense encore à moi '
Autres charmes peut être
Tu voudras connuitre,
Autre amour en maître
Regnera sur toi,
Mais quand ta levre presse
Celle qui te caresse,
Mechant, pense a moi '

Tom Moore's Translation of this Song in the

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh, then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Dearer far may be
But when friends are dearest,
And when joys are nearest,
Oh, then remember me!

A page or two later he gives the Latin original of 'Lesbia linth a beaming eye,' as written originally by himself, and sung by him to Moore in his parsonage of Watergrasshill ('Lesbia semper hic et inde Oculorum tela movit')

Mahony either in his own character or as Father Prout made really brilliant and melodious verse renderings from the classics and from the French and Italian, his renderings from Horace are in a wonderful and apt variety of the me and measure. Thus he renders the first verse of the Second Ode

Since Jove decreed in storms to vent
The winter of his discontent,
Thundering o'er Rome impenitent
With red right hand,
The flood gates of the firmament
Have drenched the land

And Ode Ninth begins thus

See how the winter blanches
Soracte's giant brow!
Hear how the forest branches
Groin from the weight of snow!
While the fixed ice impanels
Rivers within their channels

And he translated English songs, as we have seen, into most plausible Latin and French His

translation of Gresset's Vert Vert, the Pairot, reads wonderfully like an Ingoldsby Legend. His chapter on 'Modern Latin Poets' contains articles on and translations from Vida, Sarbiewski, Beza, Sannazar, Fricastoro, George Buchman, and others. It is not always easy to know whether the Father is citing historical fact or giving pure imagination with circumstantial details, as in the case of 'the celebrated poem, De Connubus Florum,' by Diarmid M'Encroe from Kerry, published at Paris in 1727, which was the sole original of Erasmus Darwin's Loves of the Plants 'The Groves of Blarney' would seem to exist in Greek, Latin, French, and old Irish MSS,



FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY
From a Photograph

of we believe this veracious authority. He may, like one of his protégés, be said 'to have defied the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned? 'The Shandon Bells' was one of the songs sung by Father Prout to Tom Moore, and on it, we are told, the ungracious guest, without acknowledgment, rings the changes in his 'Evening Bells'

## The Shandon Bells

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fing round my cridle
Their magic spells

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee

I've heard bells elaming, Full many a clime in, Tolling sublime in Cathedral shane, While at a glib rate, Brass tongues would vibrate-But all their music Spol e nought like thine, I or memory dwelling On each proud swelling Of the belfry knelling Its bold notes free. Made the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lec

I've heard bells tolling Old 'Adrian's Mole' in. Their thunder rolling From the Vatican, And eymbals glorious Swinging uprorrious In the gorgeous turrets Of Notre Dame But thy sounds were sweeter Than the dome of Peter Tlings o'er the Tiber, Pealing solemnly -O the bells of Shandon Sound far more grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee

There's a bell in Moscow, While on tower and knosk O, In Saint Sophia, The Turkman gets, And loud in air Calls men to prayer, From the tapering summits Of tall minarets Such empty phantom I freely grant them, But there is an anthem More dear to me-'Tis the bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee

Besides the volume of Final Reliques, there is an edition of The Works of Father Prout by Charles Lent (1881).

Pierce Egan (1772-1849), a Londoner by birth, and the most popular sporting journalist of his day, is remembered as the author of Life in London, or the Days and Nights of Jerry Hawthorne and his elegant friend Cormthian Tom, a tale, or rather

a series of sketches, which is said to have taken town and country by storm when it appeared in Thackeray has immortalised it in one of the best of his Roundabout Papers, where, however, he very fairly indicates its literary worth by confessing that on reperusal he found it 'a little sulgar," and as a description of the sports and amusements of London in the Regency days, 'more currous than amusing. Not a little of its interest is due to Cruikshank's illustrations. Its author, who spent his life in frequenting and reporting all the more notable races, prize fights, cock fights, cricket matches, and executions in Lugland, produced many other ephemeral works of a similar kind, among which Bostona (1818) and The Loves of Horzel and Perdila (the Prince Regent and Mary Robinson, 1814) may be mentioned also published in 1828 a continuation of Life in Londor (republished in 1871), mordising its theme and killing off or converting its characters son, Pierce Egan the vounger (1814-80), an etcher who illustrated his own and his father's works, was also a diligent journalist, and wrote more than twenty indifferent novels, one of which, The Snake is the Grass, published first in 1858, was reprinted in 1887

George Combe (1788-1858), phrenologist, was born, a brewers son, in Ldinburgh, and, bred a Writer to the Signet, practised till 1837, when he devoted himself to popularising his views on phrenology and education. A disciple of Spurzheim, he wrote two works on phrenology (1819 and 1824), one of shich passed through a dozen editions, but his most important was The Constitution of Mar. (1828, 12th ed 1900), which was violently opposed as materialist, subversive of the belief in immortality, and inimical to revealed religion He Inboured carnestly to reform education on rational and scientific principles travelled ind lectured at home, on the Continent, and in the United States, and published bools on popular education, moral philosophy, criminal legislation, currency questions, and the relation between science and religion. Combe's ideas on popular education, anticipating modern methods, were carried out for some years in a secular school which he founded in Edinburgh in 1848, where the sciences were systematically trught, including physiology—and, as was inevitable, phrenology He was an intunate friend of Robert Chambers, Richard Cobden, and Georgé Eliot, and his wife was a daughter of the great Mrs Siddons is a Life by Charles Gibbon (1878), and Combe's views and articles on Education were collected by Jolly (1879) George Combe wrote also a Life of his brother Andrew (1797-1847), physician to the king of the Belgians and to Queen Victoria, and author of a successful work on physiology Combe lectureship seeks to awaken public interest in the importance of physiology and hygiene in equication and morals

Thomas Erskine (1788-1870) of Linlathen was admitted advocate in 1810, but ceased to practise after his elder brother's death gave him the estate of Linlathen near Dundee He was a man of a warmly devotional religious temperament, and the main aim of his half dozen theological works, next to the promotion of pure religion and undefiled, was to maist on the ultimate universal salva tion of mankind, and to argue that the conscience, and not miracle, was the chief evidence for a divine revelation. He strongly supported Macleod Campbell, deposed by the Church of Scotland for his doctrine of universal pardon and atonement through Christ, and amongst his intimate friends were men so unlike in their theological sympathies as I D Maurice, Dean Stankey, Carlyle, Prévost-Paradol, Vinet, and the Monods See Erskine's Letters, edited by Dr Hanna (1877-78)

Sir Francis Palgrave (1788-1861) was long deputy keeper of the Public Records and an in defatigable student of our early history the son of Meyer Cohen, a Jewish stockbroker in London, but at his marriage (1823), having be come a Christian, he assumed his mother's maiden name of Palgrave lle was articled to a soli entor, in 1827 was called to the Bar, pleading mainly in pedigree cases before the House of I ords, was a frequent contributor to the reviews. and in 1831 contributed to Murray's 'Pamily Library' a History of England in the Anglo Sixon period. Next year appeared his Rive and Progress of the Erglist Commonwealth-a work which contains a mass of information regard ing the most obscure part of our annals, with original records concerning the political institutions of ancient Lurope. He afterwards wrote a more elaborate history, the last two volumes of which were published after his death-The Ilis tory of Normands and England (4 vols 18,1-64), which brings down the history to the death of Rufus England owes him a debt of grantide for the light he threw on the origin of its people and institutions. Hallain and Freeman, though dissenting from some of his conclusions, both highly praised his great achievement-that of making medicand history intelligible. He insisted, rightly, as Freeman says, that Furopean society and civilisation depended on the influence of Rome long after the fifth century, even when she had fallen and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe,' the chiefs of the barbarian dynasties assumed the semblance of the Casars, and employed their titles and symbols Francis, who was knighted in 1832 and was FRS, carefully arranged heretofore maccessible piles of national documents, reported on them as deputy-keeper, and edited for the Record Commission Calendars of the Treasury, Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland, &c, wrote on the feudal system, Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages, and a Hand book for Travellers in

Northern Italy His style was sometimes too discursive.—William Glifford Palgrave, Jesuit, traveller, consul, and author of books of travel, and Professor F T Palgrave, poet and critic, were his sons.

John Lewis Burckhardt (1784–1817), though he spent but a year or two in England, ranks almost as an English author in virtue of his books of travel, virtten by him in English and revised by English friends Born at Lausanne, he was educated at Neuchatel, Leipzig, and Gottingen In 1806 he brought an introduction from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, of the African Association, and in 1809 was sent to explore the interior of Africa At Aleppo he studied more than two years, then, disguised as an Oriental, he visited Palmyra, Damiscus, Lebinon, Nubia, and thence in 1814 as 'Sheikh Ibrahim' made the pilgrimage to Mecca, where, one of the first European Chris tians to enter the sacred city, he was accepted not only as a true believer but as a great Moslem scholar In 1815 he returned to Cairo, and in 1816 ascended Mount Sinai When at last on the point of joining the Fezzan caravan, the opportunity for which he had waited so long, he was carried off by dysentery at Cairo The records of his journeys (three series), with volumes on Bedouins and Wahabis and on Arabic proverbs, were published in 1819-30

William Scoresby (1789–1857), Arctic explorer, born at Cropton near Whitby, sailed to the Greenland seas as a boy with his father, a whaling captum, and himself made several vovages to the whaling-grounds. He attended Edinburgh University, carried on investigations in natural history, botany, meteorology, and magnetism, and published the results in *The Arctic Regions* (1820) and *Magnetical Investigations* (2 vols 1839–52). In 1822 he surveyed four hundred miles of the east coast of Greenland. After a course of study at Cambridge he was ordained (1825), and laboured at Liverpool, Exciter, and Bradford, but failing health compelled him to retire to Torquay in 1849. He was D.D., and was elected F.R.S. in 1824. There is a Life of him by his nephew (1861).

Charles Knight (1791-1873), author and publisher was the son of a Windsor bookseller, and with his father he in 1811 established the Windsor and Eton Eapress, editing it until 1821, and at the same time printing the Etonian. The Plain Englishman (1820-22), a first attempt to produce good cheap literature, was jointly edited by Knight and Commissioner Locker of Greenwich Hospital In London from 1822 on, Knight, now a general publisher, founded Knight's Quarterly Magazine. I or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge he published many works and serials, including the Penny Magazine (1832-45). The Penny Cyclopædia was begun in 1838, and was followed by the English Cyclopædia (1854-61), the

British Almanac, and its Companion He edited a Pictorial Shakespeare, and wrote a Life of Shake speare. Other works were The Land IVe Live In, Once Upon a Time, and Knowledge is Power In 1862 he completed his Popular History of England Half-hours with the Best Authors, Half hours of English History, and Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers were compilations by himself, and from 1860 he was publisher of the London Gazette He wrote autobiographical Passages of a IVorking Life (1863-65), and there is a Life of him by Alice Clowes (1892)

Dionysius Lardner (1793-1859), after serving for four years as clerk to his father, a Dublin solicitor, studied at Trinity College. He attracted attention by works on algebraic geometry (1823) and the calculus (1825), but 15 best known as the originator and editor of Lardner's Cyclopædia (132 vols 1830-44). This was followed by the historical Cabinet Library (12 vols 1830-32) and Muscum of Science and Art (12 vols 1854-56) Lardner had been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London, but in 1840, married man though he was, he ran away with the wife of an army officer, and went to the United States, where he made £40,000 by lecturing He lived in Paris from 1845 to 1859, and died at Naples He was not related to Nathaniel Lardner (Vol. II p 247)

Sir Francis Bond Head (1793-1875), born of Portuguese-Jewish ancestry at Higham in Kent, was educated at Rochester and Woolwich Academy, and served 1811-25 in the Engineers, being present at Waterloo Manager then of the unsuccessful La Plata Mining Company, he published Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes (1827) The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau (1834) Governor of Upper Canada 1835-37, and created a baronet in 1836, he published a narrative of his not very successful administration, which was more amusing than con-Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote The Emigrant (1852), and a series of essays in the Quarterly Review, afterwards republished as Stokers and Pokers-Highways and Byways He wrote a Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, for the 'Family Library' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, The Defenceless State of Great Britain Visits to Paris and Ireland produced A Faggot of Trench Sticks, or Paris in 1851, and A Fortnight in Ircland (1852) In 1869 he produced a practical work, The Royal Engineer -His brother, Sir George Hend (1782-1855), a Peninsular veteran, wrote Forest Scenery in the Walds of North America (1829), Home Tours in England, 1835-37, and some other works

### Tawell the Murderer

Whatever may have been his fears, his hopes, his fancies, or his thoughts, there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected mur derer was seen to take a first class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h 42 m PM. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first class carriage' And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster, indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment seat of heaven !

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omni bus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and con fused by the exchange of fellow passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus-1 policeman in disguise-knew that he held his victim like a rit in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the Bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage door, descended the steps paid his fare, crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jeru salem Cossee house, thence over London Bridge to the Leonard Coffee house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street. He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pur suit, but that his appearance at so many coffee houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an alibi, but, whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policemanwho, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way-opening the door, very calmly said to him-the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him-'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyl lable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt. The policeman made him his prisoner, he was thrown into jail, tried, found guilty of wilful marder, and hanged

A few months afterwards we happened to be travel ling by rul from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short bodied, short necked, short nosed, exceedingly respectable looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently flecting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud. 'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

(From Stokers and Pokers)

John Edmund Reade (1800-70), son of the squire of Barton Manor in Berkshire, published in 1825 The Broken Heart and other Poems, followed by a series of epics, tragedies, and novels, including Cain the Wanderer and the Revolt of the Angels (1830), Italy (1838), and Catiline (1839) In much of his verse he modelled himself closely on Byron, not hesitating to plagrarise pretty extensively, passages and phrases can also be traced directly to Scott and Wordsworth, as well as to many other English authors ancient and modern

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792-1871) was born at Tarradale, Ross shire, and educated at Durham and the Military College, Great Marlow, he served in Spain and Portugal, and was present at Vimeiro and Corunna the army in 1816, he devoted himself to geology, and erelong his establishment of the Silurian system won him the Copley Medal and European fame, increased by his exposition of the Devonian, Permian, and Laurentian systems He explored parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathians, and in 1840-45, with others, carried out a geological survey of the Russian Empire. It was now that, struck with the resemblance between the Ural Mountains and some Australian ranges, he startled the world by foreshadowing (1844) the discovery of gold in Australia. In 1855 he was made director-general of the Geological Survey and director of the Royal School of Mines His investigations into the crystalline schists of the Highlands led him to a theory (not free from important error) of regional metamorphism on a large scale. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and President of the Geological Society and of the British Association (1846), a KCB from 1846, he was made a baronet in 1863 principal works were The Silurian System (1839) and The Geology of Russia in Europe and the *Urals* (1845, 2nd ed 1853) There is a Life of him by Sir Archibald Geikie (1875)

Albany William Fonblanque (1793-1872), son of a London Commissioner of Bankruptcy and great-grandson of a naturalised Huguenot, was bred a lawyer, but soon became a journalist, writing for the *Times* and other papers As editor from 1830 of the *Examiner*, he exercised great influence on public opinion, his best articles were reprinted as *England under Seven Administrations* (1837) In 1847 he became Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade There is a Life of him (1874)

William Hamilton Maxwell (1792-1850), the first conspicuous writer of the roistering, rollicking military novels Lever was afterwards identified with, was a Newry Ulsterman, Scottish both on the father's and the mother's side He studied—or enjoyed life—at Trinity College, Dublin, and as captain fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo

Country sports exhausted his finances, and in 1820 he took orders and was presented to the rectory of Ballagh in Connemara. His novel of O'Hara was followed by his Wild Sports of the West (1832), and that by Stories from Waterloo Though his congregation was practically non extant and his duties were nominal, he was ultimately deprived for Having produced a score of works, non residence including a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the Irish rebellion, but none of them bearing remotely on theology, he died at Musselburgh in Midlothian Dr Maginn prefixed a Life of him to an edition of his Erin go-Bragh, or Irish Life Pictures (2 vols 1859)

John Hamilton Reynolds (1796-1852) was born at Shrewsbury, educated at St Paul's, and practised law in London pretty regularly till about 1840, when he accepted a post as clerk to the County Court at Newport in the Isle of Wight Devotion to literature interfered with his pro fessional success, as early as 1814 he liad pub lished poems, and these were followed by several volumes of poetry - The Natad (1816), The Garden of Florence, from Boccaccio (1821)-in which he showed successively the influence of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley produced also several farces, a burlesque of Words worth's Peter Bell, and some humorous poems He is best remembered as the intimate friend of Keats, who wrote many letters to him and a poetical epistle. One of Reynolds's best sonnets is addressed to Keats, and Reynolds was for a time associated with his brother in law, Thomas Hood, in some of his literary ventures. He latterly wrote for the magazines, and till 1831 was one of the proprictors of the Athenaum

John Abraham Heraud (1799–1887), an author of curious and varied erudition, was born in I ondon of Huguenot stock, studied in Germany, and sought to make Schelling's philosophy known in England He had begun writing for the magazines, and in 1820 published his first Later he made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, The Descent into Hell (1830) and Judgment of the Flood (1834) He was also a contributor to the drama, having written several tragedies, one of which, Videna, was suc cessfully acted in 1854 Mr Heraud was in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His Descent and Judgment are psychological curiosities, displaying much misplaced intellectual and poetic power Mr Herrud published also books on Savonarola and Shakespeare, books of travel and history, an historical romance, lyrical ballads, sonnets, and The If ar of Ideas, a poem on the Franco Prussian war, and The Sibyl among the Tombs (1886) He did much editorral and magazine work, and was dramatic critic for the Athenaum and for the Illustrated London News

Edward Irving (1792-1834) came at thirteen from Annan to the Edinburgh University, and after graduating in 1809 did school work for some years He had been Carlyle's schoolfellow at Annan, and the two friends were teachers in Kirkcaldy at the same time, and everybody knows how ultimately Carlyle married the pupil to whom Irving had lost his heart when teaching at Haddington Licensed to preach, in 1819 he was appointed assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow In 1822 he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, London, his success as a preacher there was such as had never been known Quincey thought him 'the greatest orator of his times,' Coleridge was an intimate, Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to,' Scott, meeting him at a dinner-table, 'could hardly keep his eyes off him,' Hazlitt and Wordsworth were more or less attracted by this meteor, and around him in London, as Carlyle said, were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indiffer ence and neglect' In 1825 he began to announce his convictions in regard to the imminent second advent of Christ, this was followed by the trans lation of The Coming of the Messiah (1827), by 'Aben Ezra'—really the work of a Spanish Jesuit. Before 1828, when his Homilies on the Saciaments appeared, he had begun to elaborate his views of the Incirnation, and he was charged with heresy as maintaining the sinfulness of Christ's nature. He was now deep in the prophecies, and when in the beginning of 1830 he heard of extra ordinary manifestations of prophetic power in Dumbartonshire, he gladly believed them was arraigned before the (Scottish) Presbytery of London in 1830 and convicted of heresy, ejected from his new church in Regent's Square in 1832, and finally deposed in 1833 by the Presbytery of Annan, which had licensed him The majority of his congregation adhered to him, and a new communion, the Catholic Apostolic Church, was developed, commonly known as Irvingite, though Irving had little to do with the establishment of its doctrine, ritual, or hierarchy Shortly after his health failed, and soon after returning to Scot land he died of consumption Irving's works hardly betray the secret of his power, which was partly due to his imposing figure and commanding personality His books are almost all written in a rhetorical and evalted style, not without really majestic and noble passages Their titles are significant of his eschatological monomanin-For the Oracles of God, For Judgment to Come, The Last Days, and the like.

### True Political Reformation

Almost all the high genius and enterprise of this age, at home and abroad, calculate that these effects which we claim for divine government will result from political reformation, and they have drawn after them the sympathies of by far the most disinterested part of

onr nation, with whom the watchword of domestic and foreign renovation is well balanced and well administered political institutions Now, from all I can understand and learn of the nature of civil polity, it will stretch no farther than to protect and defend us in our several rights, and when it would enter farther in, to take an oversight of our private, our domestic, our personal con duct, it then becomes tyranny Why, then, should there be any dispute between us and the politicians, or why should they scowl on us, and we look scowling back on them? Let them mind the ontworks and defences of each man's encampment, guard the crust of priests and the power of governors from coming in to molest it, we will in the meantime set all things in order within the poor man's cottage, which their good endeavours have made to be revered as 'the poor man's castle' Let them keep the king from daring to enter it, we will endeavour to keep the devil from daring to enter it And in our turn we will do them as good a service as they have done us, for we will touch the lethargic bosoms of the sluggish people with the Promethean spark of religion, which persecution and power cannot quench, and which will light and feed the lamp of freedom when need be, we will give them a people fearful of no one save God, armed in religion and virtue, which alone are incorruptible by the bribes, reckless of the power, and more terrible to the measures of wicked governors than an army with banners-a people who will stand for hberty on the earth and shape themselves for glory in And we will satisfy the legislators no less than the reformers, we will give them a people obedient to wholesome laws, and examples of peaceable conduct to all around, but as refrictory against conscientious bonds or arbitrary measures as the Puntans and Covenanters were of old And we will satisfy the economists no less, for we will give them a people industrious upon prin ciple, independent upon principle, and who will refrain their natural instincts rather than cover a country with pauperism and misery

## The Day of Judgment.

Imagination cowers her wing, unable to fetch the compass of the ideal scene. The great white throne descending out of heaven, guarded and begirt with the principalities and powers thereof—the awful presence at whose sight the heavens and the earth flee away, and no place for them is found—the shiking of the mother elements of nature, and the commotion of the hoary deep to render up their long dissolved dead—the rushing together of quickened men upon all the winds of heaven down to the centre, where the Judge sitteth on His blazing throne. To give form and figure and utterance to the mere circumstantial pomp of such a scene no imagination availeth. Nor doth the understanding labour less.

The Archangel, with the trump of God, riding sublime in the midst of heaven, and sending through the widest dominions of death and the grave that sharp summons which divideth the solid earth, and rings through the caverns of the hollow deep, piercing the dull, cold ear of death and the grave with the knell of their departed reign, the death of Death, the sprouting of the grave with vitality, the reign of life, the second birth of hving things, the reunion of body and soul—the one from unconscious sleep, the other from appreliensive and un quiet abodes—the congregation of all generations over

whom the stream of time hath swept This outstretches my understanding no less than the material imagery confuses my imagination And when I bring the picture to my heart, its feelings are overwhelmed, when I fancy this quick and conscious frame one instant reawakened, the next reinvested, the next summoned before the face of the Almighty Judge-now begotten, now sifted through every secret corner, my poor soul possessed with the memory of its misdeeds, submitted to the scorching eye of my Maker, my fate depending upon His lips, my everlasting, changeless fate-I shriek and shiver with mortal apprehension, and when I fancy the myriads of men all standing thus explored and known, I seem to hear their shiverings like the aspen leaves in the still evening of autumn Pale fear possesseth every countenance, and blank conviction every quaking heart They stand like men upon the perilous edge of battle, withholden from speech and pinched for breath through excess of struggling emotions-shame, remorse, mortal apprehension, and trembling hope.

There was a collected edition of Irving's works (5 vols. 1864-65) his 'prophetical works' were separately edited (2 vols. 1867-70), and there was a volume of Miscellanies (1867). The standard Life is that by Mrs Olipliant (1862), Carlyle's Life Essays, and Reminiscences give an even more vivid picture of his fascination and his aberrations.

Augustus and Julius Hare, joint authors of the Guesses at Iruth, were the sons of the impoverished squire of Hurstmonceaux, who made a romantic marriage with the brilliant cousin of the Duchess of Devonshire, and lived mainly abroad, writing dramas, a novel, and histories of the Helvetic republics and of Germany during the Thirty Years' War Augustus William (1792-1834), born in Rome, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and became rector of Alton Barnes near Devizes Besides his share in the Guesses he left two volumes of sermons Julius Charles (1795-1855), born near Vicenza, from the Charterhouse passed in 1812 to Trinity 1 College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1818, and in 1822 classical lecturer orders in 1826, and succeeded his uncle in the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, in 1832, in 1844 married Frederick Denison Maurice's sister, became Archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, and in 1853 chaplain to the Queen annual charges awakened Englishmen to the fact that they had much to learn in theology from Germany, and helped to mark him out as a leader of the Broad Church party In 1820 he translated Fouque's Sintram, in 1827 he and his brother Augustus published anonymously Guesses at Truth -a volume of reflections, suggestions, and short essays on a great variety of subjects, varying in length from brief aphorisms like, 'Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose, our prose in the seventeenth poetry,' to disquisitions of twenty pages on art, religion, literature, and philosophy In so far as they dealt with theological questions, they, like some of their other works, gave to many the impression that the brothers were dangerously liberal Unitari inism, Calvinism, and popery are

equally condemned, Shakespeare, Bacon, Cole ridge, and Byron are commented on, Schleiermacher and Kant furnish matter for meditation, South and Voltaire are contrasted, and pregnant thoughts often relieve what now seem rather trite or commonplace elucubrations. The next work of Julius was the translation of Niebuhr's History of Rome (1828-32) in collaboration with Thirlwall, and his own l'indication of Niebulir's History (1829) In 1848 he published the Essays and Tales of his friend and somewhile curate, John Sterling, with a Memoir to which Carlyle's mas terpiece was meant to be a corrective-Carlyle holding that Hare made too much of Sterling as a doubting theologian and clergyman Hare wrote also a Vindication of Luther (1854) and several volumes of sermons The quotations are all from the Guesses

# Wastefulness of Moral Gifts

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are equandered and thrown away Often have I gazed with wonder at the produgality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white -starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground But who, among the sons and daughters of men-gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness-who closs not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to driggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fires with the thoughts and feelings of man then must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in earrying out our own ends or the ends of the Spirit of Fail, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever

# Age lays open the Character

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiselled beauty of stone and inarble, but makes sad havoe in plaster and stucco.

# Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide spreading onk or elm or ash, its gray church tower, its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest, its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the intermin able hedge walls with which 'restless ownership'—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes-that to the innocent, wholesome plea sures of the poor The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games It was the playground for It served for trapball, for encket, for their children manly humanising amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry How dreary is the life of the English husbandman noy! 'Double, double toil and trouble,' day after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unen livened by a smile, sunless, moonless, starless He has no place to be merry in but the beer shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when 'Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land

For the Hares see the Memorials of a Quiet Life (1872), largely a life of Mrs Augustus Hare, by Mr A J C. Hare, a nephew of the brothers, and also the same authors supendous Autobiography (6 vols. 1896-1900). This Mr Hare is well known by his Walls in Rome and many other charming topographical works, his Two Noble Lives, and The Gurneys of Earlian

John Sterling (1806-43), born at Kames Castle, Bute, was the son of Captain Edward Sterling, at that time a farmer, but by-and by, settled in London, to be known as the 'thunderer' of the Times-not the editor, but a very influential contributor to the great journal sixteen John went to Glasgow University, and at nincteen to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself at the Union, he left without a degree in 1827, and soon was busy on the Athenaum, which he partly owned and with F D Maurice largely edited and wrote for a few months Influenced by Coleridge, and liberal in sympathies, he was nearly sailing on that crazy expedition to overthrow the tyrant, Ferdinand of Spain, which ended in the execution at Malaga of his friend General Torrijos and his own cousin He married in November 1830, but soon fell dangerously ill, and spent fifteen months in St Vincent In 1833 he published anonymously a novel, Arthur Coningsby, containing the ballad quoted below In 1833 he took orders, and served eight months as Julius Hare's curite at Hurstmon ceaux. His health again giving way, he resigned, and never advanced to priest's orders, the divergence between his opinions and the Church's soon widened beyond even Coleridgean accommodation He contributed, to Blackwood's and the IVestminster, planned tragedies (Strafford one of them,

printed in 1843), and wrote poems, one of which, The Election, humorous or even comic rather than Crabbean, was published in 1841 An earlier poem was The Sexton's Daughter, a later one, a serio comic or Bernesque piece, unfinished, on Richard Cœur de Lion For Maga he wrote The Palace of Morgana, a singular prose poem were also remarkable essays on Montaigne and on Carlyle, which showed he had drifted farther from Broad-Church semi-orthodoxy He ultımately accepted some of the main positions of D F Strauss, and it is significant that the intimate of his later years, to whom he confided the guardianship of his son, was Francis William Newman In August 1838 he founded the (later so-called) Sterling Club, among whose members were Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, G C Lewis, Malden, Mill, Milnes, Spedding, Tennyson, Thirlwall, W H Thompson, and Venables Julius Hare edited his Essays and Tales (1848), with a Memoir, which seemed to Carlyle so inadequate, and as dealing with Sterling mainly as theologian and Christian clergyman, so misleading, that he himself undertook that masterpiece of biography which, more probably than any of Sterling's own writings, will preserve the memory of an interesting and significant personality

#### Ballad.

A maiden came gliding o'er the sea,
In a boat as light as boat could be,
And she sang in tones so sweet and free,
'O, where is the youth that will follow me?'
Her foreliead was white as the pearly shell,
Her form was finer than tongue can tell,
Her bosom heaved with a gentle swell,
And her voice was a distant vesper bell
And still she sang, while the western light
Fell on her figure so soft and bright,
'O, where shall I find the brave young sprite
That will follow the track of my boat to night?'
To the strand the youths of the village run,
When the witching song has scarce begun,

Tifteen bold lovers the maid has won.

They hoisted the sail, and they plied the oar, And away they went from their native shore, While the damsel's pinnace flew fast before, But never, O never! we saw them more

And ere the set of that evening's sun,

(From Arthur Coningsby )

Robert Vaughan (1795–1868), born in England but of Welsh descent, was Independent minister at Worcester and Kensington, Professor of History in London University 1830–43, and president of the Independent College at Manchester 1843–57. He founded the British Quarterly in 1845, and edited it till 1867. Among his score of books are, besides works in devotional and polemical theology, a Life of Wycliffe (1828), a History of England under the Stuarts (1840), and Revolutions in History (1859-63), and he edited an edition of Milton, with a Life.

Sir John Bowring (1792-1872) was born in Exeter, and on leaving school entered a merchant's office, where he pursued that course of polyglot study that enabled him ultimately to boast he knew two hundred languages and could speak a hundred The national poetry of different peoples had special attractions for him, and he translated folk songs of most of the languages of Europe, including not merely Dutch and Spanish, but Russian, Polish, Boliemian, Servian, and Hungarian (some of them by help of German 'cribs') In 1821 he formed a close friendship with Bentham, and in 1824 became the first editor of his Radical Westminster Review After visiting Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and the countries of the Zollverein, he prepared valuable government reports on their commerce, and he sat in Parliament for Kilmarnock (1835-37) and for Bolton (1841-49), actively promoting the adoption of Free Trade From 1849 to 1853 he was British consul at Hong-kong, in 1854 he was knighted and made Governor His active policy in the 'affair of the lorcha Arrow,' involving the bombardment of Canton (1856), nearly upset the Palmerston Ministry In 1855 he concluded a commercial treaty with Siam, in 1858 made a tour through the Philippines, and his accounts of those two visits are about the most readable of thirty-six works. His own poems were accounted of less consequence than his translations (not merely the folk-songs, but from Goethe, Schiller, and Heine) But some of his religious poems and hymns found wide acceptance, and though in not a few his Unitarian theology repels the orthodox, the hymn 'In the cross of Christ I glory' is Catholic enough to have been written by Watts or Wesley, and is actually sung by Christians of all denominations His Autobiographical Reminiscences (1877) are hardly so entertaining as might have been expected

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), author of 'Abide with me' and some others of the bestknown English hymns, was born at Ednam near Kelso, in Scotland, but was the son of an English officer, a member of a very ancient Somersetshire He was educated at Trinity College, family Dublin, and for twenty-four years laboured faithfully, in spite of feeble health, at Lower Brixham His best-known hymn was in Devonshire. written on the evening of the Sunday on which he for the last time administered the communion to his congregation before starting for that sojourn 'Jesus, 1 my at Nice whence he never returned cross have taken,' is another of his hymns, many of them are paraphrases of the Psalms, such as 'Pleasant are thy courts above,' 'Sweet is the solemn voice that calls,' 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,' and 'God of mercy, God of grace.' His Poems, chiefly Religious (1833), were reprinted as Miscellaneous Poems (1868) There is a Life prefixed to the Remains (1850)

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795-1854), son of a biewer at Reading, was educated at its grammar-school under the famous Dr Valpy, was called to the Bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk As Serieant Talfourd he was conspicu ous for his popul ir eloquence and his Liberalism, and was Whig member for his native town 1835-41 and 1847-49, in 1849 he became a Justice of Com mon Pleas, and was knighted He wrote much for the reviews, was dramatic critic to a monthly, and produced books or long articles on Greek and Roman history and Greek poetry In 1835 he printed privately his tragedy of Iou, which was next year performed at Covent Garden Theatre His next tragedy, The Athenian Captive (1838), was almost equally successful, as was also The Massacri of Gleucoe (1840), The Castilian (1853) was only privately printed. He died of apoplexy while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stifford Iou, his highest effort, rims (somewhat meffec tively) at reproducing the grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is a story embodying the Greek conception of destiny The oracle of Delphi had announced that the punishment of pestilence drawn down on the people by the misrule of the royal race could only be stayed by the destruction of Ion dedicates himself to the the royal stock business of slaying the tyrant, who falls by another hand, and Ion, discovered to be himself the son of the king, recognises his doom and patriotically accepts it. The play is not without poetry or power, but is, like the author's prose, too copious and rhetorical Not even Ion has lived on fourd is remembered as the admirer and the faithful friend and literary executor of Charles Lamb (see page 72), and as having published in two sections Lamb's Memoir (Letters, 1837, Final Memorials, 1848). This work—the standard and authoritative life-appeared in one volume in 1875, and again in 1892 Tulfourd helped Bulwer to edit Hazhtt's works, and he deserves honour for introducing in 1837 the Copyright Bill, which, amended, passed in 1842

### Ion.

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud, To make the happy happier I Is he sent To grapple with the miseries of this time, Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears As it would perish at the touch of wrong ! By no internal contest is he trained For such hard duty, no emotions rude Hath his clear spirit vanquished-Love, the germ Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth, Expanding with its progress, as the store Of rambow colour which the seed conceals Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury, To flush and circle in the flower No tear Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy When in the evening stillness lovely things Pressed on his soul too busily, his voice,

If in the earnestness of children sports
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
As if it feared to break its being's law,
And faltered into music, when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
In rightcons indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concented,
Struck simhight o'er it—so his life hath flowed
Trom its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored, which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them

## Ion acclaimed King

Ion I thank you for your greetings—shout no more, But in deep silence ruse your hearts to heaven, That it may strengthen one so young and fruit As I am for the business of this hour — Must I sit here?

Medon My son! my son!
What hals thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strunge paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face

Ion Am I indeed so pale?

It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter, yet sustained

By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it—

[Sits on the threne.

Stand forth, Agenor

Agenor I await the will

Ion Io the I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people, thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our conneils, fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is,
And order my sad country

Igenor Pardon me—
Ion Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request,
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.

Agenor Die! Ere that hour, May even the old man's epitaph be moss grown!

Ion Death is not jealous of the mild decay. That gently wins thee his exulting youth. Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride, And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp. His prey benumbed at noontide—Let me see The captain of the guard.

Crythes I kneel to crive II umbly the fivour which thy sire bestowed On one who loved him well

I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury — I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,

Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword, May glorious issues wait it In our realm We shall not need it louger

Cryther Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shriuk appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?

No, Crythes, in ourselves, In our own honest hearts and chanless hauds, Will be our safeguard, while we do not use Our power towards others so that we should blush To teach our children, while the simple love Of justice and their country shall be born With dawning reason, while their sinews grow Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports, We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace, One selfish passion or one venal sword I would not grieve thee, but thy valiant troop-For I esteem them valiant-must no more With luxury which suits a desperate camp See that they embark, Agenor, Infect us Tre night

Crythes My lord-

Ion No more—my word liath passed — Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in, thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me, there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.

Medon Think of thee, my lord?

Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign

Ion Prithee, no more. - Argives! I have a boon To crave of you Whene'er I shall rejoin In death the father from whose heart in life Stern fate divided me, think gently of him ' Think that beneath his panoply of pride Were fur affections crushed by bitter wrongs Which fretted him to madness, what he did, Alas ' ye know, could you know what he suffered, Ye would not curse his name Yet never more Let the great interests of the state depend Upon the thousand chances that may sway A piece of human frailty, swear to me That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves The means of sovereignty our country's space, So liappy in its smallness, so compact, Needs not the magic of a single name Which wider regions may require to draw Their interest into one, but, circled thus, Like a hlest family, by simple laws May tenderly be governed-all degrees, Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined By bonds of parchment or by iron clasps, ~ But blended into one-a single form Of nymph like loveliness, which finest chords Of sympathy pervading, shall endow

That ye will do this!

Medon Wherefore ask this now?

Thou shalt live long, the paleness of thy face,

Which late seemed death like, is grown radiant now,

Of foreign power should threaten Swear to me

With vital beauty, tint with roseate bloom

With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands

In times of happy peace, and bid to flash

And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy Of glorious years

Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience Swear that if I die
And leave no issue ye will seek the power
To govern in the free born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise

Medon and others We swear it !

Ion Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!

Now give me leave a moment to approach

That alter unattended [He goes to the alter

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now, and if there is a power,
As at this solumn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hall breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven, to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare Let this blow
End all her sorrows' [Stabs himself]

Clementhe [rushing for-vard]. Hold 'Let me support him—stand away—indeed I have best right, although ye know it not, To cleave to him in death

Ion This is a joy I did not liope for—this is sweet indeed Bend thine eyes on me!

Clem And for this it was

Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee! Couldst thou
think

I would be so divorced?

Ion Thon art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought,
'Tis past, no show of coldness frets us now,
No vain disguise, my girl I et thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

Clem I will treasure all

Irus [entering] I bring you glorions tidings—

Ha! no joy

Can enter here

Ion \ \ cs--is it as I hope?

Irus The pestilence abates

Ion [springing to his fee'] Do ye not hear?

Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me

Hearken! the curse iny ancestry had spread

O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!

Let this console thee—Argos lives again—

The offering is accepted—all is well!

[Dies

Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-72), born of Quaker stock near Wigin in Lancashire, was educated at Liverpool, and became musical critic on the staff of the Athenaum, which he joined in 1833. He was also a literary critic, a verse writer, a playwright, and a novelist, producing three dramas and four or five artificial and long-forgotten romances, the earliest of which were Conti (1835) and The Lion (1839), and the latest Roccabella (1859). His best work, and that by which he is remembered, is found in his Music and Manners in France and Germany (1841) and his charming Thirty Years' Musical Recollections (1862). He was a keen but rather acrid critic

of music and literature, and a strenuous foe of Berlioz and Wagner His Autobiography was edited by H G Hewlett in 1873

Cliot Warburton (1810-52), born at Aughrim, County Galway, was the son of the Inspector-General of Constabulary in Ireland He studied it I rinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar, but soon devoted himself to literature, travel, and the improvement of his Irish estates In 1843 he made the tour in the East of which the record, first printed in the Dublin University Magazine (then edited by Charles Lever) in that year and the next, was issued at the end of 1844 in its finished form as The Crescent and the Cross Singularly enough it was in 1844 also that Warburton's friend and fellow pupil, Kinglake, published *Lothen*, the book with which it is naturally compared and which it in many ways resembles—a book rather of im pressions and experiences and opinions than of objective description and detail. From the first it was greeted with acclamation for 'its glowing descriptions of the East, was by contemporary criticism voted equal to Beckford at his best, and was soon declared (by Sir Archibald Alison) to be 'indelibly engraven on the national mind' Modern critics have said that it might well be used as a (glorified) guide-book to Egypt, and have found in it clear suggestions of improvements put into practice under the British occupation The style is elaborate and eloquent, with too many purple patches and too much 'fine writing' By the end of the century it had gone through a score of editions, and was still being from time to time reprinted Warburton published in 1849 The Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, in 1850 an unsuccessful novel, Reginald Hastings, dealing with the same period, and in 1851, shortly before starting on his last and fatal voyage, another historical romance, Darien, dealing with Paterson and his Scots fellow adventurers, and, ominously, describing a fire at sea. He edited the Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries by N F Williams, and Hochelaga, or England in the New World, a brightly written description of Canada by his brother, Major George Warburton, who was also the author of The Conquest of Canada and of a Memoir of the famous Earl of Peter-In 1851 Eliot Warburton (whose full name was Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton, though he used the abridged form as nom de guerra) had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pressic function Company to visit the Indians of the 1sthmus of Darien, establish a friendly understanding with them, and make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the Amazon steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill fated ship

# Woman in the Hareem

The Eastern woman seems as happy in her lot as her European sister, notwithstanding the plurality of

wives that her lord indulges in or ventures upon. her 'public opinion's law' there is no more disparage ment in occupying the second place as a wife than there is in Europe as a daughter. The manners of patriarchal ages remain in Egypt as unchanged as its monuments, and the people of Cairo think as little of objecting to a man's marrying a second wife as those of Memphis of questioning the legitimacy of Joseph The Koran, following the example of the Jewish doctors, allows only four waves to each Mussulman, and even of this limited allowance they seldom avail themselves to its Some hareems contain two hundred fullest extent. females, including wives, mothers in law, concubines, and the various slaves belonging to each, but these feminine barracks seem very different from what such establishments would be in Europe, in the hareem there is as much order and decorum as in an English Quaker's home it is guarded as the tiger guards his young, but its inmates consider this as a compliment, and fancy themselves neglected if not closely watched This cause for complaint seldom occurs, for the Egyptian has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character or woman's love He holds to the aphorism of Maliomet in this matter, 'If you set butter in the sun, it will surely melt,' and considers it safer, if not more glorious, to keep her out of the reach of tempta tion than to run the chance of her overcoming it when exposed to its encounter

Born and brought up in the harcem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment like cage born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their arranes a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. To them in their calm seclusion the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost bushed, they only hear the far off murmur of life's stormy sea, and if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood

Let them laugh on in their happy ignorance of a better lot, while round them is gathered all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasautness wealth is hourded for them alone, and the time is weary that he passes away from his home and his harcem The sternest tyrants are gentle there, Mehemet Alı never refused a woman's prayer, and even Alı Pasha was partly humanised by his love for Emineh time of the Mamelukes erininals were led to execution blindfolded, because if they had met a woman and could touch her garment they were saved, as by a sanctuary, whatever was their crime Thus idolised, watched, and guarded, the Egyptian woman's life is nevertheless entirely in the power of her lord, and her death is the inevitable penalty of his dishonour. No piquant case of crim con ever amuses the Egyptian public, the injured husband is his own judge and jury, his only 'gentlemen of the long robe' are his cunuchs, and the knife or the Nile the only damages The law never interferes in these little domestic arrangements

Poor Faima ' shrined as she was in the palace of a tyrant, the fame of her beauty stole abroad through Cairo. She was one amongst a hundred in the harcem of Abbas Pasha, a man stained with every foul and louthsome vice, and who can wonder, though many may condemn, if she listened to a daring young Albanian who risled his life to obtain but a sight of her? Whether she did listen or not, none can ever know, but the cunuclis saw the glitter of the Arnaut's arms as he

leaped from the terrace into the Nile and vanished in The following night a merry Luglish the darkness party dined together on board Lord Exmouth's boat as it lay moored off the Isle of Rhoda, conversation had sunk into silence as the calin night came on, a funt breeze floated perfumes from the gardens over the star lit Nile and searcely moved the clouds that rose from the elubouque, a dreamy languor seemed to pervade all nature, and even the city by hushed in deep reposewhen suddenly a boat, crowded with dark figures among which arms gleamed, shot out from one of the arches of the palace, it paused under the opposite bank, where the water rushed deep and gloomily along, and for a moment a white figure glimmered amongst that boats dark crew, there was a slight movement and a faint splash, and then-the river flowed on as merrily as if poor I atima still sang her Georgian song to the murniur of its waters

I was riding one evening along the banks of the Marcotis, the low land, half swamp, half desert, was level as the lake there was no sound, except the ripple of the waves along the far extended shore, and the heavy flapping of the pelican's wings as she rose from the water's edge. Not a palm tree raised its plumy head, not a shrub crept along the ground, the sun was low, but there was nothing to cast a shadow over the mono tonous waste, except a few Moslein tonils with their sculptured turbans these stood apart from every sign of life, and even of their kindred dead, like those upon the Lido at Venice As I paused to contemplate this seene of desolution, an Egyptian liurned past me with a bloody knife in his hand, his dress was mean and ragged, but his countenance was one that the father of Don Carlos might have worn, he never rused his eyes as he rushed My groom, who just then came up, told me he had slain his wife, and was going to her father's village to denounce her

My boat was moored in the little harbour of Assouan, the old Syene, the boundary between Tgypt and I thiopia, opposite lies Lleplantina, the 'Isle of Flowers,' strewed with ruins and shided by magnificent palm trees the last eddies of the catarnet of the Nile foam round dark red granite cliffs, which rise precipi tously from the river, and are piled into a mountain crowned by a ruined Saracenie castle. A forest of palm trees divides the village from the quiet shore on whose silvery sands my tent was pitched. A man in an Egyp tian dress saluted me in Italian, and in a few moments was smoking my chibouque, by invitation, and sipping coffee by my side he was very handsome, but his faded check and sunken eye showed hardship and suffering, and he spoke in a low and humble voice. In reply to my question as to how a person of his appearance came into this remote region, he told me that he had been lately practising as a surgeon in Alexandria, he had married a Levantine girl, whose beauty was to him as 'la faceia del cielo 'he had been absent from his home, and she had betrayed him. On his return he met her with a smiling countenance, in the evening he accomprinted her to a deep well, whither she went to draw water, and as she leant over it he threw her in he said this he paused and placed his hands upon his eurs, as if he still heard her dying shriek He then continued 'I have fled from Alexandria till the affair I was robbed near Stout, and have 15 blown over supported myself miserably ever since by giving medical advice to the poor country people I shall soon return, and all will be forgotten. If I had not avenged myself, her own family, you know, must have done so? And so this woman murderer smoked on, and continued talking in a low and gentle voice till the moon was high, then he went his way, and I saw hun no more

The Lgyptian has no home—at least, in the English sense of that sacred word, his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other, his daughters are transplanted while yet children into some other harcein, and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are frequently divorced without a cause, to male room for some vounger rival. The result is, that the Lgyptian—a sensualist and slave—is only fit to be a subject in what prophecy forctold his country should become—'the basest of all kingdoms'

The women have all the insipidity of children without their innocence or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, appeals only to the senses, it has none of that pure and ennobling influence.

'That made us what we are—the great, the free—And bade earth bow to England's chivalry'

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his horse he laughs at the idea of honour and of love the armed cunuch and the close barred window are the only safe guards of virtue that he relies on Every luxury lavished on the Odalisque is linled vith some precaution, like the from fruit and flowers in the madhouse at Naples, that seem to smile round those whom they imprison is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure As we gild our aviance and fill them with evotics native to our foreign birds in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the Hanging Gardens for the mountain girl who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of The Lgyptian is quite satisfied if his the Enphrates Nourmahal be in 'good condition' mindless himself, what has he to do with mind?

The Lgyptian woman, obliged to share her hisband's nflection with a hundred others in this world, is yet further supplanted in the next by the Houris, a sort of she angel, of as doubtful a character as even a Moslem paradise could well tolerate, may, more, it is a very moot point among Mussulman D.D.s whether women have any soul at all, or not I believe their clinnee of immor tality rests chiefly on the tradition of a conversation of Mahomet with an old woman who importuned him for a good place in paradise. ' Frouble me not,' said the vexed husband of Cadipali, 'there can be no old women in paradise. Whereupon the aged applicant made such troublous lamentation that he diplomatically added, because the old will then all be made young again I can find no allusion to woman's immortality in all the Koran, except meidentally, as where 'all men and women are to be tried at the last day,' and this is but poor comfort for those whom 'angels are painted fair to look like.

Women are not enjoined to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, but they are permitted to do so. They are not enjoined to pray, but the Propliet seemed to think that it could do them no harm, provided they prayed in their own houses and not in the mosques, where they might interfere with or share the devotion of those who had real business there

In fine, women receive no religious education, they seldom, if ever, pray, and their heaven, if they have one, is some second hand sort of paradise, very different from that of their husbands—unless, as I have observed, 'by particular desire.'

Nothing can be more hideous than the Arab woman of the street, nothing more picturesque than her of the hareem. The former presents a mass of white, shroud like drapery, waddling along on a pair of enormous yellow boots, with one brilliant eye gleaming above the veil which is drawn across the face. The lower classes wear only a very loose, long blue frock, and appear anxious to conceal nothing except their faces, in which they consider that identity alone consists. As these women cannot spare the hands to the exclusive use of their veils, they wear a sort of snout, or long, black, tapering veil, bound over the cheek bones, and supported from the forchead by a string of beads.

Take one of these, an ugly, old, sun scorched hag, with a skin like a hippopotamus and a veil snout like an elephant's trunk, her seanty robe scarcely serving the purposes of a girdle, her hands, feet, and forehead tattooed of a smoke colour, and there is scarcely a more ludeous spectacle on earth. But the Lady of the Hareem, on the other hand-couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet strewn with soft pillowy cushionsis as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are nevertheless perfect in their kind, and at least as dangerous to the senses Languid, yet full-brimful of life, dark, yet very lustrous, liquid, yet clear as stars, they are compared by their pocts to the shape of the almond and the bright timidness of the gazelle's The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the gold fringed turban, the most becoming head dress in the world, the long, black, silken tresses are braided from the foreliead, and liang wavily on each side of the face, falling behind in a glossy cataract, that sparkles with such golden drops as might have glittered upon Danac after the Olympian shower A light tunie of pink or pale blue crupe is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippered little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cachemire shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle, and an embroidered jacket or a large silk robe with loose open sleeves completes the costume Nor is the fragrant water pipe, with its long variegated serpent and its jewelled mouthpiece, any detraction from the portrait.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters in I ve's own loving land. The woman dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in a living form which Praxitcles scarcely realised when inspired funcy wrought out its ideal in maible. Silken scarfs, as nichly coloured and as airy as the rainbow, wreathe her round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in hillowy cushions the attitude is the very poetry of repose—languid it may be, but glowing life thrills beneath that flower soft exterior, from the varying check and flashing eye to the henna-dyed, taper fingers that capriciously play with her rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but she sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of

thought within, and sight or sound without, that she starts when the gold fish gleams in the fountain or the breeze ruffled roses shed a leaf upon her bosom

The mystery, the seclusion, and the danger that sur round the Odalisque may be perilously interesting to the romantic, but to matter of fact people like myself an English fireside, a Scottish mountain, or an Irish glein has more attractions in this respect than any Zenana in Arabia, and the women who inhabit them, with purity in the heart and intellect on the brow, and a cottage bonnet on the head, are better worth risking life (nay, liberty) for than all the turbaned voluptuous beauty of the East. (From The Crescent and the Cross)

Frances Trollope (1780-1863) was born at Stapleton, Bristol (the birthplace also of Hannah More), but brought up at Heckfield vicarage, North Hampshire. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister and Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1827, on his falling into the direst embarrassment, she went out to Cincinnati with her second boy and her two little girls There was a scheme for starting a European fancy bazaar there, which swallowed up £2000, but ended in absolute ruin, her three years' residence and travels in the States bore fruit, however, in her Domestic Manners of the Americans It appeared in 1832, when its author was over fifty, and at once excited atten-She drew so uncomplimentary a picture of American ways and American faults and foibles that the whole republic was-not without reason, for her representations, even when based on fact, were grossly overcharged-incensed at their English satirist. A novel, The Refugee in America, published in the same year, had much in common with the earlier work, and showed little art in the construction of the fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground In 1833 she published The Abbess, a novel, and in 1834 a book on Belgium and Western Germany, countries where she travelled in better humour, the most serious grievance she had against Germany being the tobacco-smoke, which slie vituperates with unwearied persever-In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, in which she gives touching pictures of the miseries of the coloured population of the Southern States Paris and the Parisians belongs to the same year The Vicar of Wrexhill (1837), The Widow Barnaby (1839), and its sequel The Widow Married (1840) are among her best novels, and contain amusing sketches of manners and eccentricities Vienna and the Austrians (1838) was of the same cast as Belgium and Germany, but unhappily showed much more unreasonable prejudice. Between 1838 and 1843 Mrs Trollope threw off seven or eight novels and an account of a Visit to Italy Her smart caustic style was not so well suited for sketching classic scenes and the antiquities of Italy as for satirising the eccentricities of national life and character, and this work was hardly so successful as her previous publications Her later books are decidedly

inferior the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength Her husband having died near Bruges in 1835, she settled in Florence in 1843, and here she died in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She published in all a hundred and fifteen volumes, of which twelve were travels and the remainder novels

Mrs Trollope was an acute and observant writer, but was overweeningly and self complacently English, cherishing a profound belief in the mestimable blessings of the British constitution, of the English Church, and English culture generally, with an equally frank abhorrence of the manifest and inevitable consequences of democracy She constantly returns to her maxim that commonsense revolts at the mischievous sophistry of the false and futile axiom, due, she believes, to her bête noire Jefferson, that 'all men are born free and equal' She admits that many of her remarks apply to the Wild West rather than to the long-settled States, but the eccentricities of the pioneers in the Mississippi valley coloured her judgments of Washington and New York. She does not approve of slavery 'I conceive it to be essentially wrong, but so far as my observation has extended, I think its influence is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people than the fallacious ideas of equality which are so fondly cherished by the workingclasses of the white population of America.' And nothing excited her 'horror and disgust' so much as what she saw of revivals and camp meetings The dialect she makes her Americans speak, though it abounds with admitted Americanisms, seems even to an English eye impossible, and while her observations are, to say the least, highly coloured, many of the stories she reports as having reached her about the enormities of representative Americans are quite incredible No doubt she did note a vast number of things deserving amendment, but the most convinced Tory cannot believe she saw so little worth commendation, and would disapprove the sneering and censorious tone in which many of her tales are told

### The Fourth of July

To me the dreary coldness and want of enthusiasm in American manner is one of their greatest defects, and I therefore hailed the demonstrations of general feeling which this day clicits with real pleasure. On the 4th of July the hearts of the people seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty four days' sleep, they appear high spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least liberal in expense, and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say that, on the 4th of July at least, they appeared to be an amiable people. It is true that the women have but little to do with the pageantry, the splendour, or the gaiety of the day, but, setting this defect aside, it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this, and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration with unvarying abuse of the mother country, to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the sceue and say that it was good, nay, even rejoice that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws and drink their own tea after the fashion that pleased them best

#### American Freedom

Cuyp's clearest landscapes have an atmosphere that approaches nearer to that of America tlian any I remember on canvas, but even Cuyp's air cannot reach the lungs, and therefore can only give an idea of half the enjoyment, for it makes itself felt as well as seen, and is indeed a constant source of pleasure

Our walks were, however, curtuled in several directions by my old Cincinnati enemies, the pigs, immense droves of them were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our favourite walks, they were often fed and lodged in the prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams. Another evil threatened us from the same quarter that was yet heavier. Our cottage had an ample piazza (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America), which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting room, from this favourite spot we one day perceived symptoms of building in a field close to it, with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there

"Tis to be a slaughter house for hogs," was the dread ful reply As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance.

'A what?'

'A nuisance,' I repeated, and explained what I meant

'No, no,' was the reply, 'that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more thought of than a poor man's mouth, but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that, I guess'

During my residence in America little circumstances like the foregoing often recalled to my mind a conver sation I once held in France with an old gentleman on the subject of their active police and its omnipresent gens-d'armerie, 'Croyez moi, Madame, il n'y a que ceux à qui ils ont à fure qui les tronvent de trop ' And the old gentleman was right, not only in speaking of France, but of the whole human family, as philosophers call us The well disposed, those whose own feeling of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly, and were I a stout knight, either of the sword or of the pen, I would fearlessly throw down my gauntlet, and challenge the whole republic to prove the contrary, bnt, being as I am, a feeble looker-on, with a needle for my spear and 'I talk' for my device, I must be contented with the power of stating the fact, perfectly certain that I shall be contradicted by one loud shout from Maine to Georgia

# On a Mississippi Steamer

The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation, the loathsome spitting, from the containing nation of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses, the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth, and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the Old World, and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment

Her sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, are elsewhere noticed See Frances Trollope (2 vols. 1895), by Frances Eleanor Trollope, the second wife of Thomas Adolphus, and herself a novelist.

The Countess of Blessington (1789-1849), long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbrit near Clonmel Her father, Edmund Power, was an Irish 'squireen,' who forced his daughter, when only fourteen, into a marriage with a drunken Captain Farmer The marriage was unhappy, Marguerite soon left her husband, who was killed in 1817 by a fall from a Four months later she was promoted from mistress to be countess of an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington Her acquired rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and she revelled in every species of extravagant display In 1822 the pair set out on a Continental tour They visited Byron in Genoa, and Lady Blessington's Conversations with Lord Byron (1834, new ed 1894) present on the whole a faithful—though inevitably incomplete-picture of the noble and then notorious poet. In May 1829 Lady Blessington was agran left a widow-this time with a jointure of about £2000 a year A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred d'Orsay, the famous dandy of the This marriage also proved unfortunate, the pair separated, and while Madame d'Orsay remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady Blessington to England. This close association, broken only by death, gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society D'Orsay, accomplished both as painter and sculptor, was the acknowledged leader of fashion, but a career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the coun-She made a considerable income tess in debt. by writing, yet her expenditure greatly exceeded her resources Her first novel, Grace Cassidy, or the Repealer, appeared in 1833, and was followed by nearly a dozen others, including Strathern's Life at Home and Abroad (1843) and Marmaduke Herbert (1847) There were also tales in verse and innumerable contributions to magazines and annuals Perhaps Lady Blessington's best book was her Idler in Italy, but she was better known as the editor for years of the annual Book of Beauty and The Keepsake Finally D'Orsay had to flee to the Continent (April 1849), and the countess followed, having broken up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington, every- 1

thing was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D'Orsay settled in Paris, where she died the same year, while the count survived her just three years The friendliest-perhaps the truest-estimate of this brilliant creature is given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Barry Cornwall 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship, and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits and painters, of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel, and she died lamented by many Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest' Her Life has been written by Madden (3 vols 1855) and Molloy Her poems were verses at most, often not quite that, in a collection of her Maxims, Thoughts, and Reflections, separately published in 1839, these are as characteristic as any

### Deceivers

We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered, but our self respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment, for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible to its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception, though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

### Society

'Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends.' This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

# The Poetry of Life

The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every day thoughts—neither influence us as they onght. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions

### Virtue

Horne Tooke said of intellectual philosophy that he had become better acquainted with it, as with the country, through having sometimes lost his way. May not the same be said of virtue? for never is it so truly known or appreciated as by those who, having strayed from its path, have at length regained it

# Infirmitles of Genius

The infirmities of genius are often mistaken for its privileges

### Love

Love in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an opera seria, and in Germany a melodrame

Mrs Bray, born Anne Eliza Kempe (1790-1883), a Londoner, was intended for the stage, but in 1818 married Stothard the artist, who died in 1821. In 1825 she married the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock, and after his death in 1857 she settled in London. Between 1820 and 1874 she published a score of romances, books of travel, and other works, the best being The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy (1836, 2nd ed. 1879), the Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A. (1851), and A. Peep at the Pixies (1854). Her Autobiography and also a twelve-volume edition of her romances were published in 1884.

Catherine Grace Frances Gore (1709-1861) was born the daughter of Charles Moody. a wine merchant at East Retford in Nottingham She was already known as a poetess when in 1823 she married Captain Charles Arthur Gore of the Life Guards She was able to support her family by her voluminous literary labours, and she con tinued to supply the circulating libraries with one or two novels a year till, quite blind, she after 1850 retired from work and from society, having produced some two hundred volumes of novels and shorter tales, with comedies and poems Her first publications were two or three volumes of poems, her first novel, Theresa Marchmont, was published in 1823, the two tales, The Lettre de Cachet and The Reign of Terror-one of the times of Louis XIV, and the other of the French Revolution-in 1827 Next appeared a series of Hungarian Tales Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day (3 vols 1830), was an easy, sparkling tale of modern society, with much lady like writing on dress and fashion, and some rather misplaced contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men' Pictures of gay life-balls, dinners, and fêtes-with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the three volumes of Mothers and Daughters (1831) The Fair of May Fair (1832) was hardly so well received, and thereafter the authoress lived in France for some years Mrs Armytage appeared in 1836, and in the next years (1837-38) Mary Raymond, Memoirs of a Peeress, The Heir of Selwood, and The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier's Manual, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture, based on Mrs Gore's knowledge of French gardening Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb (1841), and The Banker's Wife (1843) are among her more notable works She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever, their interest consists in their lively and caustic pictures of fashionable society, but the want of passion and simplicity in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations-though not unknown in modern fashionable novels-usually weary and repel readers nowadays Thackeray caricatured her manner in one of the 'Novels by Emment Hands'

## A Worldly Lady

Lady Liffeld was a thoroughly worldly woman-a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her debut-the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June, and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself that the comparative proved a superlative-even a high sheriff of the county. a baronct of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms, and the whole routine of her after life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world, but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society, nor, from her youth upwards-' Content to dwell in decencies for ever' -had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic, to the fraction of a course or an entrée, the number of dinners which Beech l'ark was indebted to its neighbourhood-the complement of laundry maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment ereditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality, nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire archical pew. True to the execution of her tasks and her whole life was but one laborious task-true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue, proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers because Sir Robert's rent roll could afford to command the services of a first rate steward and butler and housekeeper, and thus ensure a well ordered household, and because her seven sub stantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice pudding and spelling book, and an annual dis tribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park, for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife' of 'a good sort of man'!

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its displicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham, against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spi and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance, her court dress, her dinner parties, and her refusal to

11 t a Duches, of -, vilile during the reign of her Loaden importance, il e riede it equally her duty to bore her select vilting his with the history of the new Beech Park school house of the Beech Park double dalar, and of the Beren Park privilege of uniting, in an are occutic dinner parts, the abhorrent heads of the mal notifical fictions—the Branchi e Nert—the houses of Monague and Capulet of the county palatine of Durliam By such minute sections of the wide chapter of co logue I boredom, Lady Liffield acquired the chararter of loing a very charming woman throughout her repeable clan of dinner giving baronets and their unc, by the reputation of a very miraele of prosiness actorg thos. 'Men of the world who know the world She was but a weed in the nobler field of 50~ y (From Il emer as they Are)

London Life

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had for gotten the gru green wood and glorious air of liberty, is no condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fusionable world in the unvarying routine of its amasements and when a London beauty expands into cestisies concerning the delights of London to some comire sughbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely allading to the 'countless' pleasure and 'diversified' ama ements of I ondon, the country neighbour may be as are I that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minitely mono onous than the recreations of the really fa linonable, monutony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Figers may amuse themselves in a the indirectable diverting way, but the career of a g na ne exclusive is one to which a mill horse would scarcely look for rulief London houses, London estab lishments, are formed after the same unvarying model At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations, and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies might find it difficult to from out the slightest difference between the fete of the country on the first of June and that of the marquis on the 'ir t of July But though twenty seasons' experience of the a devoluting facts might be expected to damp the redour of certain do sagers and dandies who are to be for all hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it i no i orderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull schoolrooms by All the promises of pleasure

(From 1 er en as they Are)

Catherine Crowe (1800-76), born Stevens at Bo ough Green in Kent, in 1822 married Lieut Colonel Crowe, and spent great part of her after life in Lamburgh, there she came under George Combe's inhuence. Her mind was morbid and dispondent, ever hovering on the border line of insire 2, 4 hely crossed once in one violent but helf arrick. Her translation of Kerner's Sceress of the rife (1845) prepared the way for her well known Night's to of Vature (1848), a collection of a think stories of the supernatural by an uncritical lawser. She wrole also tragedies, juvenile lieute and no ets—the bes. Suran Hopley (1841) and tela Directi (1847).

Mrs S. C. Hall (1800-81) was born in Dublin and brought up at Wexford, though on her mother's side she was of Swiss descent. Her maiden name. Anna Maria Fielding, was unknown in the literary world, her first work was not published till after her marriage to Samuel Carter Hall in 1824 fifteen she had come with her mother to England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country, but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child had made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches showed so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might well imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is partly at least to be traced one noteworthy characteristic of all her writings-the absence of party feeling on politics or religion Mrs Hall's Sketches of Irish Character (1828) are much liker Miss Mitford's tales than they are to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, no doubt it was Miss Edgeworth that gave Mrs Hall her impulse to set forth the inde feasible traits of Irish character The Sketches have much fine description, and are instinct not merely with sound and kindly feeling but true and delicate humour, the coquetry of her Irish girls is admirably given A second series of Sketches of Irish Character (1831) was quite equal to the first, some of the saturcal presentations are hit off with great truth and liveliness In 1832 Mrs Hall ven tured on a historical romance, The Buccaneer, the scene being laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself appearing among the characters The plot is well managed, and some of the characters-notably that of Barbara the Puritan-are excellent, but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is east Tales of Woman's Trials (1834) are short stories in her happiest style. Uncle Horace (1835) was a Lights and Shadows of Irish Life (3 vols 1838), originally published in the New Monthly Magazine, were extraordinarily popular, the principal story, 'The Groves of Blarney,' was dramatised and played with eminent success Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes (1840), males full use again of Mrs Hall's knowledge of Insh character, Katey Macane, the cook who adopts the foundling Marian and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any Irish portruture after those of Miss Edgeworth of the Irish Peasantry, contributed to Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, were afterwards published in a collected form In 1840 Mrs Hall aided her husband in an elaborately illustrated work in three volumes, Ireland, its Seenery and Character, skil fully blending topographical and statistical information with the poctical and romantic features of the country, the legends of the peasantry, and scenes and characters of humour or pathos The White bos (1842) is usually reckoned her best novel Other v orks were a fairy tale, Midsummer Eve

(1845), A Woman's Story (1857), Can Hrong be Right? (1862), The Fight of Faith (1868-69) her husband's Art Journal Mrs Hall contributed many picturesque sketches, some of which were reissued as Pilgrimages to English Shrines and The Book of the Than es She also produced some pleasing children's books Her humour is not so broad or racy as Lady Morgan's, nor her observation so acute and profound as Miss Her husband, Samuel Corter Hall Edgeworth's (1800-89), who was born near Waterford, the son of an English officer, came to London in 1831, reported and wrote for various papers, sub-edited the John Bull, and founded (1839) and edited the Art Journal The works written and edited by him and his wife, alone or often conjointly, exceed five hundred volumes, of these his Retrospect of a Let g Life (2 vols 1883) is a series of joitings, not a set autobiography. Both husband and wife are buried it Addlestone, Surrey

## From 'Sketches of Irish Character'

Shane Thurlough [15] 'as discent a boy,' and Shane's wife as 'clane skinned a girl as any in the world There is Shane, an active handsome looling fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel rathin his reach to pelt the ducks with-those useful Insh scavengers. Let us speak to him 'Good morrow, Shane I' 'Och! the bright baines of heaven on ye every dry! and kindly welcome, my lady, and won't ye step in and rest?-it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure-the Lord be praised!' 'Think you, Shine thought you were going to cut the hay field to day, if a heavy shower comes it vill be spoiled, it has been fit so the scythe these two days." "Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady he promise me the loan of his scytlie? and, by the same tolen, I was to pay him for it, and definding on that, I didn't but one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och!'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the groundsaving your presence-for I defended on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes, and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen' he forgot it' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She's in all the voc o' the world, ma'am dear And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time anyhow The child's talen the smallpox, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I definded on Kitty Cackle, the limmer to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, becase the boy's her bachelor, but out o' sight, out o' mindthe never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself-and it the first, and all ' 'I am very sorry indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men' 'That's a true word, my lady, only slie's fidgety like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough, and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing ' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel '-I got it this morning about that too I depended on John Williams to bring

the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it, and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot "But where's the good?" says I, "sure he'll bring it next time."' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn IIill? I passed it to day, and it looked so cheerful, and when you get there you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself' 'Och, ma'nm dear, don't mintion it, sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent like "Shane, you've nn eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I "I'm yer man," says he. "How so?" says I "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he, "and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self" "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful-and we took a strong cup on the strength of it -and, definding on him, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer live, sites himself and his new wife on the larse in the house, and I may go whistle was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn' 'That's a true word for ye, ma am dear, but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to defind on '

Miss Agnes Strickland (1796-1874) was a daughter of Thomas Strickland of Reydon Hall in Suffolk, originally a dock manager at Norwich, who after his retirement from business took entire charge of his daughters' education. Agnes soon took to writing, producing a poetical narrative, Worcester Field, or the Cavalus, a series of historic scenes and stories for children, and in 1835 The Pilgrams of Walsingham, somewhat on the plan of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims She then, aided by her sister Elizabeth (1794-1875), entered upon her copious and elaborate Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest (12 vols 1840-48, new ed, 6 vols, 1864-1865) The Times said this work possessed 'the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of a history,' while other critics more justly complained of its feebleness of thought and poverty of The method is wholly uncritical, but the volumes give, nevertheless, vivid pictures of court ceremonial and domestic life, and were largely based on unpublished documents in the public offices and in private mansions More than a dozen of the Lives were the sole work of the elder sister, who preferred not to have her share in the enterprise acknowledged on the title-page of any of the joint-works The English history was followed by Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain (8 vols 1850-59), also written by the sisters jointly Miss Strickland was a strong partisan of the Stuarts, and her Life of Mary Queen of Scots (originally in the Queens, but separately published in 1873) is written with great fullness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and

doru nents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. O per works borgues (in some cases with help from Lizabeth, were Lives of the Seven Bishops, Is et of the Tudor Princesses, The Last Four Vivit Princesses, and Bachelor Kings of Englished. It need hardly be said that the following story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity, from the Queens of Scotland, must not be accepted as historical truth.

## Mary of Scotland at Lochleven.

The con pirators, calling them elves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long meditated project of depriving her of her crown summoned Lord Lindsay to I dinburgh, and on the 23r1 of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, that, being in infirm health and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland. In the second, ther trusty brother James, Earl of Morry, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal The third appointed a provisional council of repency consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return, or, in ca e of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it him Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Kobert Mckille was e pecially employed to cajole her into this political That ungrateful courtier, who had been em placed and trusted by his unfortunate sovercign ever since her re urn from brance, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertool this office. Having oldrings a private interview with her, he decentfully en rented her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the mest imminent danger. Then he gave her a turquoise ring telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argsle Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Land of Gringe v ho loved her Majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to r luch she would be exposed if she ventured to the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council. reli who r designs, they well linew, were to take her life, either ferretly or by a mock trial among themselves? Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, h podocol a leter from the Linglish ambassador Thro I mor on, out of the scabbard of his sword telling her 'he h d concerded it there at peril of his o'en life, in order a convex it to her '-a paltry plece of acting, worthy of the parties by s hom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of ir aing Mary to accole to the demission of her regul dim to " her her as if in confidence "that it was the queen of hegh nis case by advice that she should impre thre who had her in their power by refire tir on's erices on that could save her life, and at ming that robin that was done under her promit errors and a still be of any force when the true and her frodom. Man, he ever, resolutely

refused to sign the deeds, declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects by according to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fur spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his condjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother in law, the hully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her 'What I' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unrersonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter, then, seewing ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and east her into the lake to feed the fishes? Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his ripier recking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary The int was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage, but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous elemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him heart was too full to continue the unequal contest 'I am not yet five and twenty,' she pathetically observed, somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest en treaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force '

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of his mail clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines.

'An I haggard I indsay's fron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain'

George Douglas the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother in law, Lindsay, for his mis conduct, and though hitherto employed as one of the persons who coffice it was to leep guard over her, he

became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present, entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof, and besought the queen to give him a letter of exon eration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him

William and Mary Howitt, like-minded helpmates and fellow-labourers, were annable, earnest, and industrious compilers and authors, with a sincere love for letters, and the secret of a charm which secured them popularity in their own days, though now little of their work is remembered but a few of Mary's verses William Howitt (1792-1879) was born at Heanor, Derby shire, and educated at Ackworth and Tamworth, and he served a four years' apprenticeship to a builder and carpenter, but meanwhile wrote poems and an account of a country excursion In 1821 he married Mary Botham (1799-1888, born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, and brought up at Uttoveter), they settled at Hanley to conduct a chemist's business, whence they removed in 1823 to Nottingham for twelve years of successful literary industry. Later places of abode were Esher in Surrey, London, Heidelberg, and Rome. In 1852-54, at the height of the gold-fever, William Howitt, with two sons, spent two years in Australia. Husband and wife quitted the Society of Friends in 1847, and later became believers in spiritualism, Mary in 1882 joined the Catholic communion Both died at Rome. The widow enjoyed a public pension of £100 1 year from the time of her husband's death. Mary Howitt wrote from her earliest years, translated Frederika Bremer and Hans Andersen, and contributed poems, stories, essays, to the People's Journal, Howitt's Journal, Chambers's Journal, &c productions of husband and wife were The Forest Mustrel (poems, 1827), Desolation of Lyam (1827), The Book of the Seasons (1831), Stories of English Life (1853), and Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain Among Mary's works (over a hundred, if translations and books edited by her are included) were Wood Leighton, or a Year in the Country, a history of the United States, a three volume novel called The Cost of Caergavyu, and several volumes of poetry, 'tales in verse,' and books for children Of the husband's fifty works, among the chief were a History of Priester aft (1833), Rural Life in England (1837), Visits to Remarkable Places (1838-41), Colouisation and Christianity (1838), The Boy's Country Book (1839), The Student Life of Germany (1841), Homes and Haunts of the Poets (1847), Land, Labour, and Gold (1855), Illustrated History of England (1856-61), History of the Supernatural (1863), Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand (1865), and The Mad War Planet and other Poems (1871) His books on Germany and German life were regarded by Germans as about the most intelligent and sympathetic written by any foreigner. See Mary's Autobiography, edited by her daughter (1889)

### Mountain Children

By MARY HOWITT

Dwellers by lake and hill!

Merry companions of the bird and bee!

Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,

With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds,
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that east a solemn shade,
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hing day and night,
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up into their mighty power,
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds,
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons,
Whom the world reverences The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song

Are taught within the mointain solitudes,

For houry legends to your wilds belong,

And yours are haunts where inspiration broads.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary, joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

# From 'The Rural Life of England' By William Howitt

When you leave [the shepherds of Salisbury Plain], plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire. There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land. There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then. All around you he forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old. The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you, the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature. The dull tinkle of the

entile bell comes through the wood, and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you eated the blue smoke of some ludden abode, curling over the tree tops, and come to sylvan bowers and little bough overslandawed cottages, as primitive as my that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shown. What haunts are in these glades for poets what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe at once the ear and eye enamoured of peace and beauty. What endless groupings and colourings for the painter. At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing for it is the parsonage once



MARY HOWITT From a Ph tograph

inhabited by the venerable William (alpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of Iorest Scener) and near it is the school which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest hearted women, Caroline Bowles, and not far off you have the woods of Neiley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north western coast, if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream, or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes aimed their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor There are wastes and wilds, erags of grante, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hirrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight

But even there you need not rest, there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty, still before youCornwall. It is a land almost without a tree nll its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and slichtered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Tresillian near Truro, but over a great portion of n extend gray heathy. It is a land where the wild force seems never to have been tooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that he about its fully and valleys are elad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land fasten on your may mation? It is a country that seem to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any oth r. The British ton, we here lingered till litely and the rains of King Arth i's palace still crown the storms steep of Lintagel, and the saint, that succeeds I the heroic race reem to have left their names on almost every town and village

Hugh Miller (1802-56) a self trught man of science with a marvillous command of a good I nglish style, surpressed all his predecessors as an expositor of geology 1 native of Cromarty, he come of a rate of scalaring ment of Scandin with descent and well to do in the world, who owned coasting vessels and built houses in their native One of them had done a little in the was of buccancering on the Spanish Main most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, lost in a storm in 1807. The mother was prentgranddinghter of a Celtic seer Donald Ross From boxhood Hugh vas a keen observer, given to collecting shells and stones, and at first selfwilled, wild, and some that intractable. By the aid of two maternal uncles he received the common education of a Scottish country school and it seventeen was by his own desire apprenticed to i stone mason. In the opening chapters of his worl on the Old Red Sandstone he has vavidly recorded his geological discoveries made while tothing at his craft in the Croniarts quarries, 'the necessity that had made him a quarteer taught him also to be a scologist? I owards the end of 1822 his apprenticeship was completed and he went to I'dinburgh for a venr (1824-25), where the strongest impression he experienced was from the preaching of Dr. Phomas M'Crie. Back in the north again Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of Poems, written is the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason (1829), but though the pieces contain many passable things, his prose has more real poetry than his verse. About this time he made the acquaintance of his lifelong friend, Dr. Carruthers, collaborator with Robert Chambers in the first edition of this work, who had printed in the Inciriess Courter some admirably written letters of his on the fisherman's Miller had been a diligent student of life at sea the best English authors, and was already nice in his choice of language

This very remarkable mason was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing jambs, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, a department in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He

carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast lines of the Moray Firth, and the ancient deposits of the line, with their mollusca, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, involved a study of nomenclature very different from poetical diction Theological controversy also claimed his attention, and as Miller was always a stout polemic, and quite sufficiently pugnacious. he mingled freely in local Church disputes, fore runners of the great national ecclesiastical struggle in which he was also to take a prominent part The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. Even before this he had become deeply attached to an accomplished girl in a higher social circle than his own, the course of true love was not quite smooth, but the devotion of the lovers triumphed, and they were married in 1837 Meanwhile Miller had been drawn away from his handicraft, in 1834 he began work as accountant in a Cromarts bank, and the year after he published Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty—a book as remark able for the arrety of its triditional lore as for its admirable style. He was also a contributor to 'Tales of the Borders' and Chambers's Journal, producing stories almost always of a pensive or trigit cast

Lifteen years a stone mason and about six years a bank accountant, Miller was next moved into the post in which he spent the rest of his life ecclesiastical parts in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' or Free Church party projected a newspaper to advocate their views, Miller's sympathies drew him in the same direction, and he had sufficiently shown his literary talents and his zeal in the cause by his letter to Lord Brougham on the Auchterarder case in 1839 By Dr Candlish and other leaders he was now invited to Edinburgh, and in 1840 he entered upon his duties as editor of The II itness, a twice a week Diffident at first, he soon stamped his personality upon his paper, and inade a deep and permanent impression upon the Scottish people As Dr Chalmers put it, Miller took a long time to load, but was a great gun when he did go off He elaborated his leading articles with great care, so that they have been described is 'complete Journalistic essays, symmetrical in plan, finished in execution, and of sustained and splendid ability? Sir Archibald Geikie described Miller as he knew him at this time as 'a man of good height and broad shoulders, clad in a suit of rough tweed, with a shepherd's plaid across his chest and a stout stick in his hand His locks of sindycoloured hair escaped from under a soft felt hat, his blue eyes, either fixed on the ground or gazing dreamily ahead, seemed to take no heed of their His rugged features wore an exsurroundings pression of earnest gravity, softening sometimes into a smile and often suffused with a look of wistful sadness, while the firmly compressed lips betokened strength and determination of character The springy, elastic step with which he moved swiftly along the crowded pavement was that of the mountaineer rather than that of the native of a populous city'

During the remaining fifteen years of his life. besides contributing largely to his paper Miller wrote his work on The Old Red Sandstone (1841). part of which appeared originally in Chambers's Journal and part in the Witness Huxley wrote twenty years afterwards 'The more I study the fishes of the "Old Red" the more I am struck with the patience and sagacity manifested in Hugh Miller's researches and by the natural insight, which in his case seems to have supplied the place of special anatomical knowledge.' A long projected visit to England in 1845 furnished material for his First Impressions of England and its People (1847) Then followed Footbrints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness (1850), a reply to the Vestiges of Creation, and a strenuous denial of the development theory. My



IIUGII MILLER
After the Painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A

Schools and Schoolmasters, an autobiography (1854), and The Testimony of the Rocks, completed by him but not published till after his death (24th December 1856). He had overtasked his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself through the heart. Several posthumous works appeared—The Cruise of the

Betsey, or a Summer Ramble among the Lossiliferous Debosits of the Hebrides (1858), the Skitch Book of Popular Geology (1859), The Headship of 'Christ (1861), Lisais, reprinted from the Witness (1862), and Leading Articles (1870), Taks and Sketches (1863), Lamburgh and its Neighbourhood (1864) Sir Archibald Geikie lias declared that the debt which geology ones to Miller in deepening the interest in geological study by his writings has never been adequately repaid, and has insisted that for elegance of narrative, combined with clearness and vividness of description, he knew no writing in the whole of scientific literal ture superior or perhaps equal to Millers. In The Old Red Sandstone Miller was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes, one of which bears now the name of Ptoschilly's He illustrated also the less known flori of Scotland-those of the Old Red Sindstone and But Miller's peculiar gift was his power of vivid description, which three a sort of romantic splendour over the fossil remains and gave life and beauty to the geological Lindscape

In The Testinous of the Rocks 1(57) he sought to reconcile his admission of the intiquity of the globe with the Mosaic account of the Creation He once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six dies of the Mosaic narrance were simply natural days of twenty four hours each but he was compelled by his heological researches I evisioned a transparent atmosphere - of a firmainen to hold that the days of creation were not natural but proplicite days -unincisured eras of time stretching for back into the largone eternite The revelation to Moses he supposed to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the propliet, in language fitted to the ideas of his times hypothesis of the Mosnic vision is old -25 old is the time of Whiston, who had propounded it a century and a half before this, but in Miller's hands the vision became a splendid piece of sacred poetry

## The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Mo es as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or solar theologism. Let us suppose that it took place for from ninn, in an iintrodden recess of the Midian desert, cre yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed, and that, as in the vision of St John in Patnios, volces were mingled with scenes, and the car as certainly addressed as the eye A 'great darkness' first falls upon the proplict, like that which in an earlier age fell mpon Abraham, but without the 'horror' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchs cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth? Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few

brief moments, pass awas, the creative source is gram heard, 'Let there be hight,' and straights up a gray diffused by his springs up in the east, and, casting its sielly glean over a cloud limited exponence streaming supporting the leavens to wards the wet. One heaves, unless day is made the representative of myriads, the faint light waxes for the severe of the drama closs upon the eart, and he is to while out his hill top in darkness, solitars last not rad, in what seems to be a culm and tasks on, bit

The light of an hightens it is do a not over on expanse of peran without widdle born I the least a has become wifer at I. harp tof outline that before There is life in that prest en-invertel rate, meglap also uch live, life, lee, from the comparation di tance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, ords the lor roll of its waves can be discerned, as they no and fall in long undulatings before a gentle gale, and a hat mult strongly ingre es the eye is the chon e which has taken place in the amorphism scenery. That lower stritum of the beatens over por in the piesson vision by cellung steam or gray, smale like fog is clear and transparent, and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible soper of the tepil sea he thickened in the cell, do the clouds appear I'm there, in the light e state of the remains cre, there he thel and monifold -an upper to of great naveeparated from the e-beneath hi the transferer, from ment, and, like him too, imported in rolling no me In the wind. A mighty change has taken place in creation, but its most on pirmy optical sign is the stratched out over the earth that separ tes the staters above from the waters below. But durknes elevenis for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day

Let again the light reas under a caropa of cloud, but the some has changed, and there is no larger an unbroken expans of sea. The white and fre ks a tic distant horizon, on an insulated rect, formed inavhap by the Silution or Old Ked earl 200 phytes new herote, during the bycone yesterdis, and beat, in long lines of form nearer at hand against the Lin, winding shore the serward barrier of "widely spread country. Furnit the Divine command the find has an en from the neepnot inconspicuously and in scattered isles, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though this and marchy continents, little rusal over the ser level, and a vet further fiat has covered them with the great carbonifer ous flort. The scene is one of mights fore-is of cone bearing trees-of palms and tree ferns and gigantic club mosses on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering in the sides of quiet lakes and dark rading There - deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank march or sluggish stream. But there is a general lighten. ing of the sky overhead as the day declines a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the pro pect falls athwart forn covered bank and long withdrawing glade And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it weres on and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place The Creator has spol en, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue, and as day rises and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken

cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day, the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light, the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green, and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks, the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean There are great pine woods, reed covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes, and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food, while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas. or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods And ocean has its monsters great tanninim tempest the deep, as they heave their buge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life sustaining air, and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers or scour the flat, rank meadows, earth, air, and water are charged with animal life, and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends-the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed, and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains, the thick skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes, the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds or plunges sullenly into the river, great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods, while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear-harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of crea tion, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest-that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' be yond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man And over tt no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorima of creation exhibited in vision of old to

'The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed, In the beginning how the heavens and earth Rose out of chaos,'

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details

(From The Testimony of the Rocks )

# Beginnings of a Working-Man in Geology

It was eighteen years last Tebruary since I set out from my mother's cottage a little before sunrise, to male my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morn I was a slim, loose jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake, and I was now going to work as a mason's apprentice in one of the Cromarty quarries. Bating the passing unersinesses occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which liad already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious little books, a gleaner of old tradi tionary stories I had written bad verses, too, without knowing they were bad, and indulged in unrealisable hopes, without being in the least aware that they were unrealisable, and I was now going to exchange all my day dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to The time I had so long dreaded had at length arrived, and I felt that I was going down into a wilder ness more desolate than that of Sinai, with little prospect of ever getting beyond it, and no hope of return

The quarry in which my master wrought lies on the southern side of the bay of my native town, about an hundred yards from the shore, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other has been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and is overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rises over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which was at this time rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost A heap of loose fragments which had fallen from above blocked up the face of the quarry, and the first employment assigned me by my master was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pun was by no means very severe and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented us with so unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen, and simple and rude as I had been accus tomed to regard these implements, I found I had much They all proved to learn in the way of using them insufficient, however, and we had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one, it had the mcrit, too, of being attended by some such degree of danger as a boating exentsion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty We had a few capital shots, the frigments flew in every direction, and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter I felt a new interest in examining them The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum, the other, a somewhat rarer bird of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green

summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard my master bidding the workmen has by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sunking behind the thick fir wood be ide us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course To be sure, my hands of life I had so much dreaded were a little sore and I felt nearly as much fulf, well as if I had been chinbing among the rocks but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the dehenous 'blink of rest' which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother worl menbeen a smart frost during the night, and the grawhite and crisp as we passed onward through the fields but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the disincllowed as it advanced into on of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earne t of whitever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. We all rested at middiny and I went to emory my half hour alone on a mo sy knot in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the tree a wife propect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the slav and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. I rom a wooded promontory that stretches half was across the fieth there a centerla thin column of smoke. It to eas straight as the line of a plummer for more than a thou and yards, and then on reaching a thinner stratum of air, special out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately time. Hen Weavis [Wyris] rose to the west, white with the vet unwisted snows of writer, and as sharply defined in the clear ity of sphere as if all its sunny slop a and blue retiring hollows A line of snow ran along had been chiscled in marble the opposite hills, all above vas white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty I tench story in which an old must is decreased a tasking the ingenuity of his future son in his by giving him, as a subject for his pencil a flower piece composed of only white flowers the one half of them in their proper colour the other half of a leep purple, and yet all per feetly natural, and how the young min resolved the riddle and gained his mistre's by introducing a trans parent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough (From Chambers & Fdu b irgh Journal, 1837.)

## The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of I nglish mind to which Scotland has not attained our first men stand in the second rink, not a foot breadth behind the foremost of I-ng land's second rank men, but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman Like that class of the mighty men of David to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew hons, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed '—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland

has produced no Shale pears. Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would full short of the stature of the grant of Ason. Of Million we have not even a representative A Scotch poet has been injudiciou ly named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the inchory of an ingenious young man [Pollet] cut on just as he had mastered his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. He at he at was juffles of the compart on , and it would be cruel to involve him in the relicule valuely it is stated to excite. Pacon is as exchangly unique as Milton, and a exclavely Prof. In. and though the gran If ther of Newton viss a Ser chiman, we have entrinly no beach Sir Irac I question, in leed, whether any Scot himan ettains to the powers of Locke there is a much solid thinking in the Is ar en the Hurrin La Lastar din a greatly as it has become the fashion of the are to deserve te it, and n with scanding his fundamental error a in the work of all our Scotch metaphy ician pat to ether. It is lover to a currous fact, and worthy certainly of rereful examination, as he can, on the question of development quely through the force of encounstant that all the sery ricit men of logical—all its first class mea—belong to app during which the principle personation of the Stures represent Seatish entry and the hed the opering hand of the country and that he exercise the neglit removed libr a prison of stab from each a flower bod, then right new Southen in eller of any up, and attained to the number I confit to which haplish intellect was rising at the time. The Fr ish places ph is and literate of the eighteenth century were of a creaths lower statute than the Mile as an ! Shall e joures Brions and Newtons of the two presin's certains they were second if a mon-tile talled, however of their age anywhere and arrong they the men of Scotland take no saborda ve place

Mr High Miler (1) la labore leave, istimal betweening pelves to end of the hist of the act of the grant labore limits of the series of the ser

Sir Archibald Alison (1792-1867), author of the History of Lurope, was the eldest son of the Archibald Mison, author of the Excy on Inste (Vol II p 630), and his mother has a drughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh He was born at his father's parsonage of Kealey in Shropshire, but Mr Alison having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the Bar in 1814, was ndvocate-depute (public prosecutor) in 1822-30 and in 1834 was appointed Sheriff of Lanark shire, thenceforward hving at Possil House near He was an industrious and prosperous Glasgon advocate, and a hard working and independent judge, who systematically so economised his time as never to allow his constant literary labours to encroach on his often harassing judicial

In earlier days he made several long work Continental tour. He had distinguished hunself in the literature of his profession by his Prociples of the Criminal Law of Scotland (1832), long a standard work, and his Practice of the Criminal Law (1833) But his magnum opus was his fimous History of Lurope Amongst the inglitudes drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sove reigns in 1814 after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars was 'one young man who had witched with intense interest the progress of i the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Ldinburgh on the first cossition of hostilities, their conceived the first idea of nurrating its events, and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has it length realised itself ! in the present listory. The work thus chance teristically referred to by its author was The I History of Lurope, from the Commencement of \ the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Revolous (10 vols 1830-42), which had by 1853 p essed through nine editions, brought the fortunate author fime and large sums of money, and been translated into Liench, German, and even Arabic. A work so popular must have substrutial merits, or must supply a want universilly felt ruther visited most of the localities described, and was able to add many interesting minute touches and graphic illustrations from personal observation, or the statements of evenutureses on the spot and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities work is one of immense industry, and is furly iccurate, and meant to be caudid, but the high Fory prejudices of the author and his strong opinions on the currency question -the influence of which he greatly evaggerates -render him a rather unsafe guide. His moral and publical reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous and generally technois. The style is careless never picturesque, and verbose to a degree. Beacons field is planly litting at Alison when Right advices Conneshy to make limiself master of Mr Words's History of the Late War in twenty volumes, a capital work, which process that Providence was on the side of the Forces No doubt much of the extraordinary success of the lustory was due to the fact that Alson this end pood subject it is happy morient a and was the first to occupy the field describing the emiss which led to the French i Revolution la connecció furls enough the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the prople liboured, but an onsistently process along that the amound are connected the connections was the spirit of innovation which overspread france Some of the features of the Resolution are well and full described and recorded. All m

subsequently wrote a continuation -718 Hist is of Europe from the Fall of Nefelty in 1835 to the Accession of Louis Nifolica in 18 2 5 vers 1852-59), which is as, however, not well received by the errors even of his own party. It is bastily written and was disfigured by bit ide s othissions, and inconsistencies Same of le rather's political opinions, and economical creechet are pushed to a ridiculous extreme and the lift se style of narrative, felt as a drinback in the experhistory, was still more conspicuous in the court Other writings exclusive of pamphlets on Fire Iride and the Currency were a work on pipu lation an ineffective criticism of Malthu (1840) Lives of Mirlborough and Castlereagh, and there volumes of Listair Political, Historical and Miscellaneous, originally published in Black coaffs Magazini, to which Alison was a frequent contributor, and a highly self-complacent list interesting Autobiography 12 vols 1883) Sn Aichibald was successively Lord Rector of Mari chal College, Abordeen and of Glasgow University was D.C.L. of Oxford, and in 1852 was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. Two of his conwere distinguished soldiers

## The French Revolutionary Assassing

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legi lature is one of the most in cructive facts in the histors of revolutions. Maint had long before said that with two hundred a sessins at a loas a day he would govern I rance and cause three hundred thousand a adto fall, and the even's of the 2nd September 2211 113 pistify the opinion. The number of those of the engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred and twice as many more witnessed and en inger their proceedings, ver this hindful of men governat Paris and Trance with a despotism which three Jurdred thousand armol warners afterwards in it is the vait The immense in ajorny of the vill disposed currens, divided in opinion incodute in call and dispersed in different quarters were incurrie of ing a band of assisting engaged in the m emelties of which modern I maps has yet all ich I ir example—an important wirning to the steel it is in I the good in every necessing he to commerc for difer a he moment that the a pump and the despite have leave to against the public mind and invectories all transmallnes of number can be telest on the piece the reckless audition from degrees on the of the suris no les words of observation that the entropie maistered book place in the first of a contract or type thy thousand men were errolled to the Nov. . C. t. and Informs in their numbers of forms per exchange simple is present mentre . It is not be a to be a first it bet all changes, the muests of the len. They per a distribute against the term tracks on a luged put of their a interest or contag as a contive lather rule the in top in a Ling are iteturine a thought her or time in a if ge a veensamed fluirinal di, A detail a the property of the state of the grame of etter in so distribute to the form of to tell as he go too to perform the a total

exhibit an imposing array and be adequate to the repression of the small disorders, but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required

## The Reign of Terror

This terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crashed by the lower The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust the nobles were in exile, the elergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement had been removed, they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the conse quence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolt ing tyrinny than any which mankind had yet witnessed, the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life, the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies, in the unequal struggle, virtue and philan thropy sank under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude, such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melaucholy period will hardly be credited by future age. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution

Nobles	1,278	
Noble women,		
Wives of labourers and artisans,	750	
Religiouses,	1,467	
	350	
Priests,	r 135	
Common persons, not noble,	13 623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolu ) tionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women Filled in La Vendée,		15 000
Children killed in La Vendee,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendee,		900 000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Children shot,	500	
Children drowned	1,500	
E   Women shot	264	
Women shot Women drowned, Priests shot Priests shot	500	
Friests shot	300	
Priests drowned Nobles drowned,	460	
Nobles drowned.	1,400	
Artisans drowned.	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,	31345	27 000
• '		31,000
Total.		

In this enumeration are not comprehended the mas sacres at Versailies, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glaciere of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseille, or the

persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable, in this dismal catalogue, how large a propor tion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 53001. So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carriage dealt out to them, com pared with that which they have sought to inflict ou The facility with which a faction, com their superiors posed of a few of the most audaeious and reel less of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men, their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable, yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickeduess produces, such the ascendency which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and mossensive citizens lived and wept in silence, terror crushed every attempt at combination, the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair of effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character, the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world as invariably attending a state of extreme and long continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity, that of Robes pierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism, that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity, that of Midame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue, that of Louis and his family, of religious forgive The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life, the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

Patrick Fraser Tytler (1791-1849), author of a History of Scotland, was the son of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, who wrote Elements of General History (1801), and grandson of William Tytler, who, as author of the Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots (1759), was hailed by Burns as the 'revered defender of beauteous Stuart.' Patrick Fraser Tytler was, like his father, bred mainly at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and wrote Lives of the Admirable Crichton (1819), Sir Thomas Craig (1823), the Scottish Worthies (1831-33), Sir Walter

Raleigh, and Henry VIII (1837) His History of Scotland (1828-43), from the accession of Alexander III to the union of the crowns in 1603, was an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments' The author claimed to have anxiously examined the most authentic sources of information, and conveyed a true picture of the times, without pre-By his conscientious possession or partiality study of original authorities he, like Pinkerton, Chalmers, and M'Crie, threw fresh light on many periods of Scottish history, and though he took up a few doubtful opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio), his work is in large departments of the subject still well worthy of study, and has by no means been superseded by his successorsin some respects his history is better proportioned and better written than Hill Burton's It was at Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that he undertook the task, and he devoted to it twenty years of hard work. In 1839 he edited two volumes of original documents illustrating the reigns of Edward VI and Queen Mary Tudor, a praiseworthy contribution to the study of historical records Dean Burgon wrote a Life of Tytler (1859)

Cosmo Times (1798-1874), most learned and accomplished of Scottish legal antiquaries, came up from Deeside to the Edinburgh High School, and graduated both at Glasgow and at Oxford Having passed as advocate in 1822, he became Sheriff of Moray in 1840, then an official of the Court of Session, and in 1846 Professor of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh He is best known as the author of an eminently suggestive book on Scotland in the Middle Ages (1860) and of interesting Sketches of Early Scotch History (1861) He helped to edit some of the early Acts of the Scottish Parliament, was a member of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Spalding Clubs, and edited for them several register-books of the old religious houses of Scot-His lectures (practically a manual) on Scottish Legal Antiquities (1872) have never been superseded, and he wrote several memoirs, including one of Dean Ramsay A Memoir of him was prepared by his daughter, Mrs Hill Burton (1874)

David Laing (1793-1878), a learned, laborious, and accurate antiquary, was the son of an Edinburgh bookseller, for thirty years followed his father's trade, and from 1837 till his death was librarian of the Signet Library Honorary secretary of the Bannatyne Club, he edited many of its issues, and his contributions to the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland were innumerable. An LLD of Edinburgh, he bequeathed many rare MSS to the university His more important works were his editions of Baillie's Letters and Journals (1841-42), of John Knov's works (1846-64), and of the Scottish poets, Sir David Lyndsny, Dunbar, and Henryson

Mark Napier (1798-1879), son of an Edinburgh lawyer sprung from the Merchiston stock, was educated at the High School and university of his native town, and having practised as advocate for near quarter of a century, was appointed Sheriff of Dumfries and Gallowing He published some legal works, but is best known for his Memoirs of the Marguis of Montrose (2 vols 1856) and Memorials of Graham of Claverhouse (1859-60), both written in a vehemently anti Presbyterian, Cavalier, and Jacobite temper, and, though conspicuously without the judicial and historical spirit, by no means lacking in historical value He rused a fierce controversy by attempting to prove that the 'Wigtown Martyrs' were pardoned, although they had certainly been condemned to be (and according to tradition were) drowned for refusing the abjurtion oath in 1685

George Lillie Craik (1798-1866), a Fife man from Kennoway, studied for the Church at St Andrews, but went to London in 1826, and an 1849 became Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast Among his works were The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties (1831), a History of British Commerce (3 vols 1844), books on famous English trials, on Spenser, Bacon, the romance of the peerage, Shakespeare's English, and his best-known work, the History of English Literature and the English Lauguage (2 vols 1861), which passed through nine or ten editions. It was a modified form of a six-volume work, a History of Literature and Learning in England, issued in 1844. He wrote much for the Penny Magazine and the like, prepared a number of manuals, and was joint-author with another of The Pictorial History of England -His youngest daughter, Georgiana Marion Craik (1831-95), born in London, married Mr A. W. May, and from 1857 published over thirty novels—Lost and Won (1859) the most popular -Miss Mulock (Mrs Craik) the novelist married his nephew

Joseph Train (1779-1852), son of a farmgrieve in the upland Ayrshire parish of Sorn, became a weaver in Ayr, then served in the militia, and from 1806 was an excise officer in Ayr Here and later at Newton Stewart he read industriously, collected traditions, and wrote verses Strains of the Mountain Muse (1814), incorporating local traditions of the south-west of Scotland, supported by acute notes, secured Scott's esteem, and for many years Train sent all the scraps of song or folklore he could collect direct to Scott. Thus Scott got very valuable materials for poems and novels—for Red Gauntlet, Wandering Willie's Tale, and The Tales of my Landlord amongst others, as well as the characters of Old Mortality. Edie Ochiltree, and Madge Wildfire Trun was ultimately supervisor of revenue at Castle-Douglas till his retirement in 1850. He was a contributor to Chambers's Journal, and wrote a history of the Isle of Man and of the Buchanite sect.

James Hogg (1770-1835, 'The Ettrick Shep herd, was sprun, of shepherd stock, and born in the parish of Ettrick the date of his birth is unl nown but it is certain that he was baptised on the 9th of December 1770. When a mere child he vas pur out to service is cov herd, until he could tale care of a flood of slicep, and lie had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent lumself as an uninstructed prodigs At twenty he entered the service of of nature a neighbouring sheep-firmer, ilready in eager reader of poetry and romances, as of all the miscellineous contents of a circulating library in Peebles to which he subscribed Till an illness brought on by over exertion injured his good looks



JAMES HOGG From a Drawing by S. P. Den ing in the National Portrait

he was an exceptionally fine looking young fellow, v that profusion of light brown hair, coiled up under his blue bonnet. The reading of Ramsay's Gentle M frem and a modernised Blind Harry's II allace had kindled poetic impulses. his first literary effort a small volume of verse. Introduced to Sir Walter Scot by his masters son Willie Laidlan, he issisted in the collection of old ballids for the Lorder Mirstrees These he soon imitated with great felicity and in 1807 he published arreset solume of songs and poems. The Moun tri find. Meanwhile he wrote a successful book are the discuses of sheep. Bent on being a sheep fur et, he proposed in 1803 to migrate to Harris The scheme fell through but in a later centure

saved as a shepherd and made by his book. He then settled in Edinburgh, and endeavoured to sub sist by his pen A collection of songs, The Forest Ifinstrel (1810), was followed by a periodical called The Spy, but it was The Queen's II ake (1813) that established his reputation 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holvrood, in order that the fair queen might prove 'the wondrous powers of Scottish song' Its design and execution both helped to rank Hogg among the first of modern Scottish poets. The imaginary lays of the local minstrels are strung together by an ingenious and often surprisingly graceful thread of narrative-in English, like the bulk of his longer poems, whereas his best-known songs are in vernacular Scotch Other works followed- Mador of the Moor, in Spenserian stanza, The Pilgrams of the Sun, in blank verse, The Hunting of Badlewe, The Pectic Mirror (imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, and others), Queen Hynde, Dia matic Tales, also several novels, including Winter Licining Tales, The Brownie of Bodsbeck, The Three Perils of Man, The Three Perils of II oman, The Confessions of a Justified Sinner 1 he last, also called Confessions of a Fanatic, is a powerful fragment, the authorship of which has sometimes been attributed to Lockhart, but on inadequate evidence Hogg collected two volumes of Jacobite Relics (1819-20), and some of the songs contri buted by his own pen are among the best known of the so called Jacobite lyrics ('Cam ye by Athol,' 'Flort Macdonald's Lament') Mr Henderson credits Hogg with the authorship of 'Auld Maitland' and parts of other fine ballads in Scott's Boider Minstrelsy A really valuable contributor to Blackwoo Ps Magazine, he was partly idealised, partly caricatured by Wilson as one of the interlocutors in the Noctes Ambrosiana was the 'half inspired, delightful talker of the Aactes,' but he was one of the most characteristic of the figures that brought 'Maga'its fame vanity and desire for notoriety were indeed portentous, his head was turned by his success, and his familiarity in society went beyond the bounds of good breeding. The suggestion of the famous Chaldee MS (October 1817) was his, he claimed, indeed, to have written most of it (specifically the first two chapters, part of the third and of the last), though much of the best is certainly Lockhart's On the other hand, Hogg complained, and with reason, that ballads and verses of all kinds which he had never seen were in 'Maga' put in his mouth An illustration of the Shepherd of the Aoches will be found in the article on Professor Wilson (page Later prose works were Lay Sermons, Montrose Tales, and his sadly all judged book on The Private Life of Sir Walter Scott Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in characterit 30 n Dumfrusshire he loss the £500 he had I drawing. He is often sulgar and extrasagant,

some of his stories are utter failures, yet some have many happy touches In 1817 he was back in the Three years later he married Border country the daughter of an Annandale farmer, who was twenty years his junior, and their married life was very happy He lived in a cottage he had built at Altrive, also called Mossend and Eldinhope, on a piece of moorland-seventy acresgranted to him at a nominal rent by the dying bequest of the Duchess of Buccleuch Though he had fulled as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took another large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch Here too he was unsuccessful, and his sole support for the latter years of his life was what he earned by writing In the end of 1831 he visited London to arrange for a complete edition of his works, and had the satisfaction of being lionised there. In the autumn of 1835 he fell ill, and he died on the 21st of November

The truly amazing thing about the Shepherd is that, with his rollicking, boisterous, and almost coarse humour, and his notorious defects of taste, he nevertheless sustained unbroken flights in almost pure ether He could abandon himself entirely to the genius of local and legendary story, he certainly proved himself at home in scenes of visionary splendour and unimaginable purity and His Kilmeny is one of the finest of fairy tales, passages in the Pilgrims of the Sun have much of the same ethereal beauty. Akin to this feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of many of his songs—a lyrical flow that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical, and is withal spontaneous and natural He wanted art to con struct a fable, and taste to make the most of his fertility in ideas and imagery, but few poets impress us more with the feeling of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught'

Jeffrey greeted Hogg as 'a poet in the highest acceptation of the term,' Professor Ferrier described him, in accordance with the accepted opinions, as the greatest poet next to Burns that had ever sprung from the bosom of the common people. And speaking of *Kilmeny* and contemporary work of Hogg's, Professor Saintsbury has said that there is no such poetry in Crabbe or Rogers, little in Southey, and not much in Moore

The following is a bit of Hogg's Autobiography

For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus, and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of 'Jamie the poeter'

I laid no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present, and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them '—that was a job' I had no method of learning to write save by following the italic alphabet, and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above

four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new I know not, but it was not with out singularity Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched n few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waist coat; and having n cork fastened by n piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them This is still my invariable practice in writing prose I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the ABC When once it is written, it remains in that state, it being with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died One day during that summer a lialf dast man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and, to amuse me, repeated 'Tam O'Shinnter' I was I was for more than delighted-I was delighted ravished! I cannot describe my feelings, but, in short, before Jock Scott left me I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poe that ever was born, but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied told me all about him how he was born on the 25th of January bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died list liarvest, on the 21st of August This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns I wept, and always thought with myself-what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any plough man could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept ngain However, I resolved to be a because I could not write poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns

The enthusiasm with which he [Scott] recited and spoke of our ancient ballads during that first toar of his through the Forest inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him

#### The Poet's Nurture

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fury tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stringer came our way
By summer night or winter day,
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round as hung

O la ly, padge it ju 'ge ve may, How even and am, ie has the swar Of some lite these when darkness fell, In I know haired ares the tales would tell! When coors were herred and eldern dame I lied at hir task beside the flame, That through the smoke and gloom alone On dim and umbered faces shone-The blea of mountain goat on high, The from the chili came quavering by, The echoing rook, the rushing flood, The enterior swell, the meaning wood, The undefined and mingled hum-Voice of the desert never dumb ! All they have left within this heart A feeling tongue can ne er impart, A wildered and unearthly flame, A som thing that's without a name Sir Walters first Counsels

The land was charmed to list his lays, It knew the harp of ancient days The Po der chiefs, that long had been In sequilchies unhearsed and green, Passed from their moully vaults away In armour red and stern array, An I by their moonlit halls were seen In visor helm, and habergeon I sen furies sought our land again, So powerful was the magic strum Blot be lus generous heart for aye l He told me where the relic liv, Cointed invivay with ready will, Afar on I ttrick's wildest full, Watched my fir t notes with curious eye, Art wondered at my minstrelsy He little weene la parent « tongue Such strains had o er my cradle sung But when to native feelings true, Is ruck upon a chord was new, When by myself I 'gan to play, He tried to wile my larp away Just when her no es berran with skill I is sun I beneath the southern hill, And twin around my be ome core, How could be part for evermore? Tens kindnes Il-I cannot blame-For brotles is the minstrel finne I'm sure a hard much well have known An there feelings by his own!

Bonny Kilmeny Ponns Kilmeny goed up the clen Parit wasta to meet Dunera's men, Nor the rose month of the role to see, Ler Kitman as pare as pure could be-Paracile to lear the victin and sel oalizmmer A d p the cross flower round the spring Tre cane hisp at I the hin lberrie, maplem And the runths heng from the hazel tree, I m h i me was pure as pur could be Bit a news for minny box over the way, Inthe with the charte greenwood show, teene 1 daf Die ger blame, 3" 1 r. lang greet o. Kilmeny come frame! When many a risk had come and fled, Vienge effer weekn and topic was dead

When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung, When the beadsman had prayed and the dead bell rung, Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still, When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill, The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane, The reek o' the cot hung over the plan alone I ike a little wee cloud in the world its line, fire blazed-When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme, weird gleam Late, late in the glorinin Kilmens crime hame! 'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been? I ang line we sought brith holt and dean, By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree, waterfall Let you are halesome and fair to see Where get we that joup o' the hily sheen? jupe, skirt-bright That bonus snood of the birk sae green? And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen? Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?' Kilineny looked up with a lovely grace, But me smile was seen on Kilineny's face, As still was her look, and as still was her ee, As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea, Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea I or Kilmeny had been she knew not where, And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare, Kilmeny had been where the cock never erew, Where the rain never fell and the wind never blow, But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung And the airs of heaven played round her tongue When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen, And a land where sin had never been In you greenwood there is a walk, glade And in that walk there is a wene, recess And in that were there is a marke mate, person That neither liath flesh, blood, nor bane, And down in you greenwood he walks his lane! In that green wene kilmeny hy, Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay, covered But the air was soft and the silence deep, and bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep. She kend noe mair, nor opened her ce. Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye, She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim, All striped wi' the bars of the runbow's rim, And lovely beings round were rife, Who erst had travelled mortal life They chaped her waist and her hands sae fair, They his ed her check, and they kamed her hair, combed And round came many a blooming fere, comrade Saying 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here l' They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away, And she walked in the light of a sunless day, The sly was a dome of crystal bright, The fountain of vision, and fountain of light, The emerald fields were of dazzling glow, And the flowers of everlasting blow Then deep in the stream lier body they laid. That her youth and beauty never might fade, And they sauled on heaven when they saw her he

In the stream of life that wandered by,

And she heard a song, she heard it sung

She kend no where, but sae sweetly it rung,

It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn

\*Oh, blest le the day Allmeny was born !

Not little it I en what a woman may be !

The sun that shines on the world see longht,

Nov shall the land of the spirits see,

knew

A borrowed gleid frac the fountain of light,
And the moon that sleeks the sky sac dun,
Like a gowden bow or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom 1'

Then Kilmeny begged again to see The friends she had left in her own countrye, To tell of the place where she had been, And the glories that lay in the land unseen With distant music, soft and deep, They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep, And when she awakened she lay her lane, All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene When seven lang years had come and fled, When grief was calm and hope was dead, When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name, Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame 1 at dusk And oh, her beauty was fair to see, But still and steadfast was her ec, Such heauty bard may never declare, For there was no pride nor passion there, And the soft desire of maiden's een In that mild face could never be seen Her seymar was the hily flower, cymar, smock And her cheek the moss rose in the shower. And her voice like the distant melodye That florts along the twilight sea. But she loved to raike the lanely glen, wander through And keeped afar frae the haunts of men, Her holy lymns unlieard to sing, To suck the flowers and drink the spring, But wherever her peaceful form appeared, The wild beasts of the hill were cheered, The wolf played blithely round the field, The lordly bison lowed and kneeled, The dun deer wooed with manner bland, And cowered aneath her lily hand And when at eye the woodlands rung, When hymns of other worlds she sung, In ecstasy of sweet devotion, Oh, then the glen was all in motion, The wild heasts of the forest came, Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, pens and folds And goved around, charmed and amazed, Even the dull cattle erooned and grzed, And murmured, and looked with anxious prin For something the mystery to explain The buzzard came with the throstle cock, The corby left her houf in the rock, raven-haunt The blackbird along wa' the eagle flew, The hind came tripping o'er the dew, The wolf and the kid their ruke began, And the too, and the lamb, and the leveret ran, The hawk and the hern attour them hung heron-above And the merl and the mavis forhoosed their young, forsook And all in a peaceful ring were hurled drawn It was like an eve in a sinless world 1 When a month and a day had come and gane, Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene, There laid her down on the leaves so green, And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen !

(From The Queen's Hake)

To the Comet of 1811

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
'Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height, Like shadows, secops the yielding sky ' And thou, mysterious guest of night, Dread traveller of immensity?

Stranger of heaven! I but thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,

From angel's ensign staff unfurled?

Art thou the standard of His wrath

Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pile—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stringer of heaven, I bid thee hal!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky way
And vanishest from liuman view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of you empyreal blue!

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!

To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The reacles from off the pole,
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll 1

Stranger of heaven! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream,
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn,
Then, wheeling to the cast away,
Light the gray portals of the morn

## When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken,
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassic
When the kye comes hame.

When the kyc comes hame,
When the kyc comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, dark
When the kyc comes hame

Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lasse,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbard bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topinost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the blewart bears a pearl,

speedwelf

And the days turns a pea,

And the bonny lucken gowan marsh marigold

Has fauldit up her ec,

Then the laverock frac the blue lift tark

Draps down, and thinks mae shame

To woo his bonny lassic When the kye comes hame

See yonder panks shepherd
That langers on the hill—
Illis vowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still,
I et he down gang to bed,
I or his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the lave comes hame

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit tarn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi'a bonny, bonny lassic,
When the kye comes hange.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, who wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest jor?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wints perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloanin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame,

#### The Skylark,

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
I ove gives it energy, love give it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rambow's rim,
Musical cherula, soar, singing, away'
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love beat miller of happine s,
Blest is thy dwelling place—
O to alade in the desert with thee!

See Reges own Ant is right the Memoir prefixed by Profes or Wilson to an 1850 edition of Hoggs Il eels the Memoir by T. Thomson prefixed to the 1865 ed. Hoggs daughter Mrs Ga dens Mesterials of James Hear (1882). James Heag, by Sir George Douglas in the Francis Scots wries (1854). There are side lights in Tockharts. Scott and Peters Letters to his King Ik in Mrs Gordon's Cérist pher verth in Smiles Life of John Murrar in Dr. William Chambers. Verner of its trailer Robert in Seedifield. Constable and Its Literary. Correspondents and in Mrs Oliphant's House of Ilia is cod.

John Galt. author of Ile Annals, of the Parish, was born and May 1779 at Irvine in Ayrshire, where his fither commanded a West India vessel, and when the box was in his eleventh year his people went to live at Greenock He got a borth in the custom house of the port. and continued at the desk, contributing verses to local papers and writing a good deal till about the year 1804, when, without any appointment or definite prospects he went to London to 'pash his fortune? He had written what he called an 'epic poem' on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press but he did not prefix his name, and almost immediately suppressed the production An unlucky commercial connection embarrassed him for three years, and next he became a student of Lincoln's Inn. On a visit to Oxford he conceived, while standing in the quad rangle of Christ Church, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey He set about the task with ardour, but his health failing, he went abroad with a commission to see if and how British goods might be exported to the Continent in spite of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees. At Gibraltar he met Byron and Hobhouse, then on their way to Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt stayed some time in Sicily, then from Malta went to Greece, where he again met Byron, and interviewed Ali Pasha rambling for some time in Greece he reached Constantinople, Nicomedia and the Black Sea Quarantined for a time during these eccentric wanderings, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen! On his return he published his Voyages and Travels and Letters from the Levant,

which contain much interesting and debatable matter, and his Life of Wolsey, a poor book both in matter and style Galt next settled at Gibraltar, apparently to superintend the smuggling of goods into Spain, but the design was defeated by Wellington's success in the Peninsula. Back again in England, he contributed dramatic pieces to the 'New British Theatre,' designed mainly for the stage, but not produced One of his plays, The Appeal, was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue and some other friend (perhaps Wilson or Lockbart) a prologue Among Galt's innumerable compositions may be mentioned a Life of Benjamin West, Historical Pictures, The Wandering Jew, and The Earthquake, a novel in three volumes For Blackwood's Magazine in 1820 he wrote The Ayrshire Lega tees, a series of letters containing an entertuining and typical Scottish narrative, which was his first marked success The Annals of the Parish (1821), which instantly became popular, had been written twelve years earlier, before the appearance of Waverley and Guy Mannering, but was rejected by the publishers of those same works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public. Mac kenzie and Scott both praised The Annals, and it was thence that Bentham adopted the word utilitarian, of Galt's coining Galt had now found where his strength lay, and Sir Andrew Wylie, The Entail, The Steam boat, and The Provost were successively published—the first two with decided success These were followed by Ringan Gilhaise, a story of the Scottish Covenanters, by The Spacwife, a tale of the times of James I of Scotland, and Rothelan, a historical novel on the reign of Edward Galt's fertility was enormous, but his ficulty intermittent, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad in his own work His strength unquestionably lay in depicting the humours of Scottish provincial life. The Provost and The Annals are his masterpieces, The Entail and Sir Andrew Wylie being the best of the others

We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a labyrinth of troubles After 1 brief visit to Canada in this connection, Galt wrote the little imaginative tale, The Omen (anonymously, 1825), reviewed by Scott with hearty commendation in Blackwood, and The Last of the Lairds, a novel descriptive of Scottish life He returned to America in 1826, a million of capital having been entrusted to his management. On the 23rd of April (St George's Day) 1827 Galt founded the town of Guelph, in Upper Canada, with much ceremony, taking himself the first stroke in the felling of a large maple tree, 'the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever' The city prospered, houses rising as

fast as building materials could be prepared, but before the end of the year the founder was em broiled in difficulties He was accused of lowering the Company's stock, and his expenditure was complained of, and the Company sent out an accountant to act as cashier Feeling himself superseded, Galt returned to England disappointed and depressed, but resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life. In six months he had six volumes ready His first work was another novel in three volumes, Lawrie Todd, in which he utilised his Canadian experiences Southennan illustrates the manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary For a short time in the same



JOHN GALT
After the Portrait by Hastings.

year (1830) Galt conducted the Courter newspaper, but he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a Life of Byion The brevity of this memoir (one small volume), Galt's name, and the interesting subject soon sold three or four editions, but it was indifferently executed, and was sharply assailed He produced next a series of Lives of the Players, an amusing compilation, and Bosh Corbet, another novel, the object of which was, he said, to give a view of society generally, and of the genteel persons sometimes found among emigrants - Ill health supped the robust frame of the novelist, but he wrote on, and in 1832-33 four other works of fiction issued from his pen-Stanley Burton, The Member, The Radical, and Eben Erskine, besides two volumes of Stories of the Study and a volume of Poems In 1832 a paralytic ailment prostrated him, but next year he was again at the press with a tale, The

Lost Child He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious but ill-digested melange. In 1834 he published Literary Life and Miscellanics, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV, who sent him £200. He returned to Scotland a wreck, but continued to write for the periodicals and edited other people's books. After much suffering he died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of Galt's works, the greater part are already forgotten Several of his novels, however, have taken a permanent place in literature In virtue of The Annals of the Parish Galt has been ranked as the father of 'the I ulyard school'-though in some degree he was inticipated by Mrs Hamilton with her Cottagers of Glenburme The Annals is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency, and gives, with many amising and touching incidents, a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by a pious, simple minded man, imbued with old fashioned national feelings and prejudices This Presbyterian Pirson Adams, the Rev Micah Bilwhidder, in spite of his improbable name, is a fine representative of the Scottish pastor, diligent, biameless, lovil, and exemplify in his life, but without the hery zeal and 'kirk filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. He is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world, and chronicles among memorable events the arrival of a dancing master, the planting of a pear tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, and the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country side -incidents he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establish ment of manufactures, and the spread of French revolutionary principles. An altogether admirable piece of narrative gives the story of a widow's son from his first setting off to sea till his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French The book is admirable for its truth to nature, its quiet humour and pathos, its faithfulness as a record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely Scottish phrase and expression

The Ayrshire Legaties, a story of the same cast as The Annals, describes (chiefly by means of correspondence on the plan of Humphrey Clinker) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. The Provost illustrates the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and 'jobbery' of a small Scottish burgh in the olden time Sir Andrew Wylu and The Enfail are more ambitious performances, thrice the length of the others The 'pawkie' Ayrshire laird is humorous, hardly natural, and often merely vulgar, but the character of Leddy Grippy in The Entail was a prodigious favourite with Byron Both Scott and Byron were said to have read this novel three times In Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers, there is no little vraisemblance, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real person named Grant Thorburn supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirl did Defoe, but Galt's own experience is stamped on almost every page. In his carlier stories Galt drew from his recollections of the Scotland of his youth, the mingled worth, simplicity, shre vdness, and enthusiasm he had seen or heard of about Irvine or Greenock in Larvine Lodd his observa tions in the New World present a different plase of Scottish character as displayed in the history of a nailmaker who emigrates with his brother to America, and from small beginnings becomes i prosperous settler, speculator, and landholder

Galt's poems are of no importance—unless, in deed, he prove to be the author of a famous 'Canadam Boat Song' imbued with the 'Celuc spirit' which was printed in the 'Noctes Ambro sian e' in Blackwood for 1829 as 'received from a friend in Canada'. As the Messrs Blackwood have recently (1902) suggested, Galt was at that time writing to them from Canada. But this particular poem (long absurdly attributed to Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, 1739–1819) is so unlike Galt's other verse that direct evidence would be required to prove it his. The poem has often been quoted, almost always inaccurately, and was rewritten (not for the better) by Sir John Skelton in Blackwood in 1889. The original second verse run

From the lone shedding on the misty island Mountains divide us and the waste of seas Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland, And we in dreams behold the Hebrides

## The Settlement of an Unpopular Minister

It was a great affair, for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery, and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the dram beating, and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and revited us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me, but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Brachill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished

When we got to the kirk door it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afruid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expanse of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was, we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, inaking the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day with their grievous velly hooing During the time of the psalm and the seriion they be haved themselves better, but when the induction came on their clamour was dreadful, and Thomas Thork.

the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said 'Verily, verily, I say unto yon, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber', And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an oustrapolous [obstreperous] people. Mr Given, that was then the ininister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a doing he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest 'This will do well enough—timber to timber,' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a lieavy day to me, but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them, and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations, but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me, in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, run crying to their mothers 'Here's the feckless Mess John,' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and-who would have thought it '-from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night cap-I mind hun as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel', this will never do the elergy are God's corbics, and for their Master's sake it behaves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastors duty to feed the flock as to herd them well, and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wisne a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold And Thomas said he had not by night and by day heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there, but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's Day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family '

(From The Annals of the Parish.)

#### An Execution.

The attrinment of honours and dignities is not enjoyed without a portion of trouble and care, which, like a shadow, follows all temporalities On the very evening of the same day that I was first chosen to be a bailie, a sore affair came to light, in the discovery that Jean Gaisling had murdered her bastard burn. She was the daughter of a donsie mother that could gie no name to her gets, of which she had two laddies, besides Jean The one of them had gone off with the soldiers some time before, the other, a douce well behaved callan, was in my lord's servitude, as a stable boy at the castle. Jeanie herself was the bonniest lassic in the whole town, but light headed, and fonder of outgat and blether in the causey than was discreet of one of her uncertain parentage She was, at the time when she met with her misfortune, in the service of Mrs Dalryinple, a colonel's widow, that came out of the army and settled among us on her jointure.

This Mrs Dalrymple, having been long used to the loose morals of camps and regiments, did not keep that strict hand over poor Jeanie and her other serving lass that she ought to have done, and so the poor guideless creature fell into the snare of some of the ne'er do weel gentlemen that used to play cards at night with Mrs Dalrymple. The truths of the story were never well known, nor who was the father, for the tragical issue buried all inquiry, but it came out that poor Jeanie was left to herself, and, being instigated by the Linemy after she had been delivered, did, while the midwife's back was turned, strangle the baby with a napkin. She was discovered in the very fact, with the bairn black in the face in the bed beside her.

The hemousness of the crime can by no possibility be lessened, but the beauty of the mother, her tender years, and her light headedness had won many favourers, and there was a great leaning in the hearts of all the town to compassionate her, especially when they thought of the ill example that had been set to her in the walk and conversation of her mother. It was not, however, within the power of the magistrates to overlook the accusation, so we were obligated to cause a precognition to be taken, and the search left no doubt of the wilful ness of the murder. Jeanie was in consequence removed to the tolbooth, where she lay till the lords were coming to Ayr, when she was sent thither to stand her trial before them, but from the hour she did the deed she never spoke.

Her trial was a short procedure, and she was east to be hanged-and not only to be hanged, but ordered to be executed in our town, and her body given to the doctors The execution of Jeanie was what to make an atomy all expected would happen, but when the news reached the town of the other parts of the sentence, the wail was as the sough of a pestilence, and fun would the council have got it dispensed with. But the Lord Advocate was just wad at the crime, both because there had been no previous concealment, so as to have been an extenuation for the shame of the birth, and because Jeanie would neither divulge the name of the father nor make answer to all the interrogatories that were put to her-standing at the bar like a dumbie, and looking round her, and at the judges, like a demented creature, and beautiful as a Flanders baby It was thought by many that her advocate might have made great use of her visible consternation, and pled that she was by herself, for in

John Galt

truth she had every appearance of being so. He was, however, a dure man, no doubt well enough versed in the particulars and punctualities of the law for an ordi nary plea, but no of the right sort of knowledge and talent to take up the case of a forlorn lassie, misled by ill example and a winsome nature, and clothed in the allurement of loveliness, as the judge himself said to the On the night before the day of execution she was brought over in a chaise from Ayr between two town officers, and placed again in our haids, and still she never spoke. Nothing could exceed the compassion that every one had for poor Jeanie, so she wasna committed to a common cell, but laid in the council room, where the ladies of the town made up a comfortable bed for her, and some of them sat up all night and prayed for her, but her thoughts were gone, and she sat silent

In the morning, by break of day, her wanton mother, that had been trolloping in Glasgow, came to the tol booth door, and made a dreadful wally waeing, and the ladies were obligated, for the sake of peace, to bid her be let in But Jeanie noticed her not, still sitting with her eyes cast down, writing the coming on of the The wicked mother first tried to hour of her doom rouse her by weeping and distraction, and then she took to upbraiding, but Icanic seemed to heed her not, save only once, and then she but looked at the misleart tinkler, and shook her head I happened to come into the room at this time, and seeing all the charitable ladies weeping around, and the randy mother talking to the poor lassie as loudly and vehiement as if she had been both deaf and sullen, I commanded the officers, with a voice of authority, to remove the mother, by which we had for a season peace, till the hour came.

There had not been an execution in the town in the memory of the oldest person then living, the last that suffered was one of the martyrs in the time of the per secution, so that we were not skilled in the business, and had besides no hangman, but were necessitated to borrow the Ayr one. Indeed, I being the youngest balle, was in terror that the obligation might have fallen on me

A scaffold was erected at the Iron, just under the tolbooth windows, by Thomas Gimblet, the master of work, who had a good penny of profit by the job, for he contracted with the town conneil, and had the boards after the business was done to the bargain, but Thomas was then deacon of the wrights, and himself a member of our body

At the hour appointed, Jennie, dressed in white, was led out by the town officers, and in the midst of the magistrates from among the ladies, with her hands tied behind her with a black riband. At the first sight of her at the tolbooth stairhead a universal sob rose from all the multitude, and the sternest e'e couldna refrain from shedding a tear. We marched slowly down the stair, and on to the foot of the scaffold, where her younger brother, Willy, that was stable boy at my lord's, was standing by himself, in an open ring made round him in the crowd, every one compassionating the dejected laddie, for he was a fine youth, and of an orderly spirit.

As his sister came towards the foot of the hidder he ran towards her, and embraced her with a wail of sorrow that melted every heart, and made us all stop in the imiddle of our solemnity. Jeanie looked at him (for her hands were tied), and a silent tear was seen to drop from her cheek. But in the course of little more than a minute all was quiet, and ve proceeded to ascend the scaffold. Willy, who had by this time dried his eyes, went up with us, and when Mr Pittle had said the prayer and sung the psalm, in which the whole multitude joined, as it were with the contrition of sorrow, the hangman stepped forward to put on the fatal cap, but Willy took it out of his hand, and placed it on his sister himself, and then kneeling down, with his back towards her, closing his eyes and shutting his ears with his hands, he saw not nor heard when she was hunched into eternity

When the awful act was over, and the stir was for the magistrates to return and the body to be cut down, poor Willy rose, and, without looking round, went down the steps of the scaffold, the multitude made a lane for him to pass, and he went on through them hiding his face, and gaed straight out of the town. As for the mother, we were obligated, in the course of the same year, to drum her out of the town for stealing thirteen choppin bottles from William Gallon's, the vintners, and selling them for whishy to Maggy Picken, that was tried at the same time for the reset.

(From The Provest.)

See Galt's Autobiography (1833), Carlyle's Reminiscences (1821) the Memoir of Galt prefixed to D S Meldrum's edition of his works (8 vols. 1895-99) with introductions by S R Crockett Sir G Douglas, The Black-wood Group (1897), Mrs Oliphant, The House of Blackwood (1897)

Susan Edmondstone Ferrier (1782-1854) is known as the authoress of Marriage (1818), The Inheritance (1824), and Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter (1831) She was the voungest of the ten children of an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, who was factor or agent for the Duke of Argyll's estates at Inveraray and Rosneath Ferrier, who spent most of her life in her native city, often stayed at Inveraray Castle, and it was in conjunction with Miss Clavering, a mece of the duke's, that before 1810 she under The 'History of Mrs took her first novel Douglas' (Chap XIII) was Miss Clavering's sole contribution, but she read the MS, and wrote letters of counsel and encouragement, from which it appears that many of the characters were drawn from the Inversity circle. Mairiage, like its successors, was published anonymously, and Miss Ferrier got for them £150, £1000, and £1700. Scott was a friend of her father's, and she visited Ashestiel in 1811, Abbotsford in 1829 and 1831. At the conclusion of the Tales of My Landlord the great novelist alludes to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled Marriage,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction his diary he mentioned Miss Ferrier as gisted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least erigeante of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with, simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready of repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking' This is high praise, but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once

recognise it as characteristic. She was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth-of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind, skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities, caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous, with a conscious design to cherish sound morality and the courtesies and charities of life. Sometimes there is a vein of edifying religious feeling, not unlike Hannah More's, but for the most part she is concerned with the foibles and oddities of mankind about her, and few have drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often recall our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original creations to our comic literature. There is a touch of caricature in some of the many portraits of Scottish ladies, even if we grant Miss Ferrier's proviso that their Scotland was not ours, when the education even in families of rank left much to be desired, and there was indisputably a raciness as of the soil in manners and ideas we should now seek in vain It is not only in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier shows her humour Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner out, looks upon bad dinners as the source of much of the misery of married life, and compares a woman's reputation to a beefsteak-'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work, thus we are told that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day The three runts contrived to soothe their sorrow for the death of their brother, the old laird 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life dressing crape, reviving black silk, converting narrow hems into broad hems, and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?'

Aware, doubtless, of the defective plan or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of The Inheritance, whose heroine, born in France, is heiress to a splendid estate in Scotland and peerage, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds The tale is well developed, but its chief attraction consists in the delineation of characters like Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt-the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable Destiny, though set amidst Highland old maids scenery and Highland manners, is far from romantic, in spite of a sweet and gentle heroine and scenes of feeling and passion The chief, Glenroy, proud and irascible, is spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness and profuse without The Highland minister is an admirable creation, though by no means a prepossessing specimen of the country pastor

In the following extract from Marriage, Mrs Violet Macshake, tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in the most antiquated style, is visited in her lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh by her grand-nephew, Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary

## A Scotch Lady of the Old School

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction, and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an impromptu than a habitual feeling, for, as the surprise were off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited

'And who thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she, in a quick gabbling voice 'What's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health

'Health' repeated she, with a sardonic smile, 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the work that's made aboot young fowk's health noon-days. I wonder what ve're a' made o',' grasping Mari's arm in her great bony hand—'a wheen puir feekless windlestries—ye maun awa' to England for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lassies i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety sax, like me? Health! he, he!'

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh

'Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face, wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?' Then, after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse 'Weel, it's ac mercy I see ye had neither the red head nor the muckle cuits [ankles] o' the Douglases I kenna whither your faither had them or no I ne'er set een on him neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me, but I was at me loss, by a' accounts'

'You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,' said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord

'Time eneugh—wall we let me draw my breath, man?—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An'ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser'ye. An'yer wean, I'se warran' it's ance o' the warld's wonders—it's been unco lang o' comin'—he, he''

'He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death

'An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o' 11, to have the barn kirsened an' its grandfuther deem! But fowk are nather born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing's changed?

'You must, indeed, live witnessed muny changes '' observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes '-weel a vat I sometime wonder if it's the same world an if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoo bers'

\*Lut with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?' send Mary in a tone of diffidence

'Improvements' turning shirply round upon her, 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no to see tyleyors and selaters letvin what I min! jewks and yerls. An' that great gloverin New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'vhat I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, an' the bits o bairnies rowin' an tuinlin', an' the lasses trampin i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an stoor an' dirt, an' idle chieels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Improvements, indeed''

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more au fair to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Manors' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh, 'what ca' ye mainers noo? for I dinna ken. Ilk ane gangs bang intill their neclor's hoose, an' bang oot o't, as it war a clivinge hoose, an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vailu as the flunkey alint his chyre. I' my grandfaither's time, as I had heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoose, ay an' sat we his had his ain sate in his ain hoose, ay an' sat we his had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—barns dardina set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er pre nined to say their heeds war their ain i' that days—wife an' servants, rete ners au' childer, a' truminelt i' the presence o their heed!

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harringue. Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave

'Oo, what's takin ye awa', Arelie, In sie a hurry? Sit doon the re,' laying her hand upon his arin, 'an' rest ye, an tak' a glass o wine an' a bit breed, or masbe,' turning to Mary, 'we wall rather had a drip broth to warm we? What guts ye look sae blac, hairn? I'm sure it's no cauld, but ye're just like the lave, we gang a skiltin' about the streets half naked, an' than ye maun sa an' bir le yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had no shuffed along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary

'Hee, harm—tak a cookie—tal it up—what are you fraged for? It'll an late ve Here's t'ye, Glenfern, an your who an' your wean, puir tead, it's had a very chance on yet, yeel a wat'

The wine being drunt and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made ano her attempt to withdraw, but in your

'Canna ye sit a ill a wee man, an let me speer after my au'd freens at Glanfern? Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jaely, an' Niel y?—ave wo kin awa at the peels au' he drogs [p lis and drogs]—lie, ha! I ne er swallowed a peel nor g ed a d'ai for drogs a' my davs, an' see an ony o' them Il run a race wi' me whan they're near five-core!

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received, and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor game

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin' poor dry fissinless dirt, no worth the chowin', weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin', they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o guid mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would have been some sense in't, but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents, it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I'se warran' ye're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back 'So I see ye're just the nuld man, Archie—tye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a'thing your ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callent. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ve doon to a cauld pigeon pie an' a tanker o' tippenny are night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he I Weel a wat yere wife main hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chiefd, Archie'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which were the same aspect of ehily neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a lurge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear rings 'Hae, bairn,' said she as she stuffed them into Mury's liand, 'they belanged to your faithers grandmother She was a gude woman, an' had four an' twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wass ye nae waur fortin than just to hae as mony But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock puddin', fient haet wad ye hae gotten frae me Noo had your tongue, an' dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again, 'an' sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo-so fare ye weel But, Archie, ye maun come nn' tak your breakfast wi' me I hae muckle to say to you, but we maunn he sae hard upon my haps as we used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and

'Well, how do you like Mrs Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she, with a crule. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them'

'That is always the case with those that Mrs Mae shake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungreeous a manner that people 'are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebisek?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

Mnry could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawsfaw or Mrs Macshake,' said she, laughing

'I hope you won't earry away the impression that these two lusus naturae are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil, the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rink, consequently the ladies of those days possess a raciness in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refine ment.'

A Memoir is prefixed to the 1831 edition of Mi s Ferrier's novels, and a I ife with Correspondence, was edited by her grand nephew in 1899. There was an American illustrated edition of the novels in 1893-04 which was reprinted in London, and another edition is by R. Brinley Johnson (6 vols. 1894).

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), born it Blackwood, near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire, was the son of the gardener on the estate of Blackwood, who in 1787 became factor or land steward to Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellis land, and in his father's cottage Allan in his sixth year heard Burns read I am o' Shanter An elder brother was a country mason and builder, and Allan was apprenticed to him in 1795, but in 1810, at the invitation of Cromek, on whom lie had palmed off some of his own songs for old ones, he removed to London Robert Hartley Cronick (1770-1812) was a speculative English engraver and picture publisher, who visited Scotland in 1808 and 1809 to collect the materials he published in his Reliques of Burns and Select Scottish Songs, Incunt and Vodern Cunningham furnished almost the whole of what Cromek issued, without any proper account of their pro charce, as Remains of Vithsdale and Galloway Song The Interiry mason got the present of a book from Cromek and a promise of something further on, but had now to support himself and his wife munly by writing. He produced both prose and verse, he reported for the newspapers, and in 1814, through Croinek's introduction he became superintendent of works to Chantres the sculptor, in whose studio he continued till the year before lns own death Some of his lyrics in Cromck's collection are warlike and Jacobite, some amatory some tre devotional, and some are on Covenanting

themes, but all of them illustrate Scottish country life and manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular, but these pseudo antique strains have a curious natural grace and tender ness, a certain Doric simplicity and fervour Chantrey's studio 'honest Allan' spent his days, serving also as secretary, while in the evenings he produced a large mass of literary work he published Sir Marmaduke Maxw II, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and also two volumes of Traditional Tales Three notels on like themes followed, even more diffuse and improbable—Paul Jones (1826), Sir Miel ael Scott (1828), and Lord Roldan (1836) In 1833 appeared a 'rustic epic' in twelve parts, The Maid He edited a collection of Scottish Songs in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight, with a Life (1834) To Murray's Family Library he contributed Livis of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects (6 vols 1829-33, new ed 1879), which proved on the whole the most important of his books. His last work-completed just two days before his death-was a Life of Sir David II ilkie, in three volumes 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' from the Traditional Tales, an admirable sea song by an utter landsman, is not merely a remarkable tour de force, but is perhaps Allan's highest triumph in verse. His prose style was universally admired for its force and freedom Souther said he was the best stylist next to Hume born north of the Tweed There is a Life of him by David Hogg (1875)

#### The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I m gain to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair'

As stride or two took the silly suld earls.

An a gude lang stride took he,

I trow thou be a feek suld earle,

Will ye show the way to me?

And he has gane wi' the silly aukl carle,
Adown by the greenwood side,
'Light down and gang thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride'

He drew the runs o' his bonny gray steed, An lightly down he spring Of the comehest scarlet was his weir coat, Whate the gowden tassely hang

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly aul I carle,
An' his bonnet frac boon his lince

An who was it but the young Maxwell '
An' his gude brown sword drew he'

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An' we killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ac sister,
I loved no the hight o my ec!

"Draw out yer sy ond thou vile Southman!

Red wit will blide of my kin

That sword it crapped the bonnies! flower

L'er lifted its head to the sun!"

'There's ac sau stroke for my dear auld father!
There's to a for my brethren three!
An' there is and to thy heart for my ac sister,
Wham I loved as the light o my ee.'

## Hame, Hame Hame

Hame, hame, hame, home fain wad I be,
Oh, hame hame, home, to my ain countrie 1
When the flower is 1 the bird, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' lovalty's beginning for to fa',
The boing white rose it is withering an a',
But I II water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Heme, hame, hame, hame fun wad I be,
Oh, hame liaine, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there's maught fraction my country can save, But he less of kind heaven to open the grave, I hat a' the noble martyrs who died for localtie, May rise again and fight for their ain countrie Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be, Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The prost are now gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the top o their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
'I'll shine on ye yet in ver ain countrie'
Home, liame, home, hame fain wild I be,
Home, home, liame, to my ain countrie'

#### Fragment

Gane vere but the winter cauld, And gane were but the snaw, I could sleep in the wild woods, Where primroses blaw

Could's the snow at my head,
And cauld at my fect,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Clo ing them to sleep

Let nanc tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear,
I ll meet them buth in heaven
At the spring o the year

## A We. Sheet and a Flowing Sea

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling saif,
And hends the gallant mast,
And ben'ls the gallant mast, my boy,
While life the eagle free,
Away the good ship the land leaves
Old I agland on the lee

'Of it a soft and gentle wind t'
I heard a fair one cry
Pet give to me the snoring breeze,
And white vaves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The corld of vaters is our home,
Ar I merry men are we

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in von cloud,
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud,
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow onk our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

## My Nanie O

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and raime O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Name O,
My Name O, my Name O,
My kind and winsome Name O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,

In preaching time sac meek she stands. Sac saintly and sac bonny O, I cannot get ac glimpse of grace, For thieving looks at Nanic O, My Nanie O, my Nanie O, The world's in love with Nanie O, That heart is hardly worth the wear That wadna love my Nanie O

And nane can do't but Name O

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When denoing she moves finely O,
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O,
My Name O, my Name O,
The flower o' Nithsdale's Name O,
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, 'I dwell with Name O'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald top so bonny O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae iny Nanie O,
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
Nanie ken o' uie and Nanie O,
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!

The first four lines of the third stanza are from Allan Ramsays

## The Poet's Bridal-day Song

Oh, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run,
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make niv heart or fancy flee
One moment my sweet wife, from thee.
Liven while I muse, I see thee sit
In maden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,

Ye seem, but of sedater mood,
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon,
Or hingered, and the falling dew
When looks were fond and words were few

active

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair drughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth time woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'cr
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Tortune's tree,
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green

At times there come, as come there ought, Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light,
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower—
Oh then I see, while scated nigh
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine

Allan Cunningliam's sons were an exceptional instance of hereditary talent in one family (1) Joseph Davin Cun't igham (1812-1851), caplain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a fistory of the Sikhs (1849 and ed 1853) (2) Major General Sir Alexander Cunvinglial (1814-93), appointed Archivological Surveyor General of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871, wrote The Bhilsa Tifes or Enddaist Monuments of Central India (1854), Arian Architecture (1846) Ladik, Physical Statistical (1854), Arian Architecture (1846) Ladik, Physical Statistical Rec., (3) Peter Cunitical (1816-69) clerk in the Audit Office 1834-60, wrote a Life of Nell Guynn (1852) Handlook of Iondia (1849), besides editing is alfole's Letters, Drummond of Hatchern den, Goldsmith, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, &c. (4) Francis Cunit (1814) (1820-75) heutenant-colonel in the Indian army, edited Marlowe, Massinger and Ben Jonson.

Thomas Mounsey Canningham (1776–1834) was the senior of his brother Allan (see the preceding article), and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the Laries of British Painters was known. He attended Dum fries Academy, became a wheelwright near Cambridge, and was ultimately chief clerk to Rennie, the civil engineer. His first poem was The Har'st Kirn (1797), he wrote also satires such as The Cambridgeshire Garland and The Unco Grave

David Vedder, a native of Burness, Orkney (1792-1854), obtained some reputation by a volume of Orcadian Sketches, published in 1842, and his Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in the north Dr Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students a piece on 'The Teinple of Nature.'

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder (1784–1848) wrote two novels of Scottish life and history, Lochandhu (1825, new ed 1891) and The Wolfe of Badenoch (1827), of which the latter, with the turbulent son of Robert II for its hero, is still popular, and often reprinted. In 1830 he wrote a unid Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire in 1829 The son of a Haddingtonshire baronet, he had in 1808 married the heiress of Relugas in Moray, and was then living in the In the story of the flood he neighbourhood showed, according to Dr John Brown, 'his descriptive power, his humour, his sympathy for suffering, his sense of the picturesque.' Thomas also published a series of Highland Rambles, with a sequel, Legundary Tales of the Highlands He wrote on natural history, and edited Gilpin's Foiest Scenery and Sir Uvedale Price's Essays on the Picturesque, and he was commissioned to write a memorial of Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. One of his best works was a descriptive account of Scottish Rivers for Tait's Magazine, left incomplete at his death and edited by Dr John Brown in 1874.

William Thom, the 'Inverurie Poet' (1799-1848), wrote some sweet and pathetic verses. He worked as a handloom-weaver at Aberdeen and Inverurie, and traversed the country as a pedlar, accompanied by his wife and children. This unsettled life induced careless and dissipated liabits. His first poem that attracted notice, The Blind Boy's Pranks, appeared in the Aberdeen Herald. In 1844, he published a volume of Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand loom Weaver. He visited London, and was warmly received, but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee in great penury

# The Mitherless Bairn When a' other barries are hushed to their hame

By runty, or cousin, or freeky grand dame,

Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'? Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless burn The mitherless baim gangs to his lane bed, Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head, His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn, iron An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn hard bed Anenth his cauld brow siecan dreams hover there, such O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair, But morning brings elutches, a' reckless and stern, That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless barn I on sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed, Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid, mould The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn, An' kens no the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn

Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn Lindly
Oh! speak in him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your simile,
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless barn!

Her spirit, that passed in you hour o' his birth, Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn

gray

grunn cave

William Micholson, the 'Galloway Poet' (1782-1849), was the son of a carrier, and was born He became a near Borgue in Kirkcudbright pedlar in boshood but not before he was master of all the available chapbooks, bullads, and lore of the country side. He also composed and recited songs, published a volume of verse tales and poems in 1814 (2nd ed in 1828, 3rd ed 1878, with Memoir', and was ultimately a professional piper at fairs and weddings, and occasionally a cattledrover Unluckily tippling kept him unsettled and unprosperous, even after he became an advo cate of universal redemption Some of his songs ire tuneful and tender his Brownie of Blidnoch, in celebration of a kindly local sprite, is his most successful piece, and is known to readers of Dr John Brown's Hora Subsectiva

#### The Brownle of Blednoch.

There cam a strange wight to our town en', devil a one An' the fient a body did him ken, He tirled in long but he glided ben knocked Wi a dream, dreamy hum

His free did glow like the glow o the west, When the drumly cloud has it half o'ereast, Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest. Osirs twis liken drum

I from the bruidest stood aback, Wi a gape an' a glower till their lugs did erack, cars As the shapeless phantom mum ling spak-'Hae we wark for Aiken drum?'

O had ye wen the burn's fright As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight, As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light, And graned out, 'Aiken drum l

The black dog growling concred his tail, The la sie swarfed, loot fa the pail, swooned Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail, thong At the sight o Aiken drain

His matted head on his breast did rest, A long blue beard wan'ered down like a vest. But the place of his echath me bard exprest, Nor the skimes o' Ail en drinn

Ko m' his hairy form there was mething seen rushes But a philabeg of the rashes green, An his knotted knees placed are knott between-hooked together

What a sight was Aiken drum! On his wanchie arms three claws did inect wizened As they trailed on the grun by his tacless feet, I en the suld godeman homsel did sweat,

Lo Lock at Aiken drum But he drew a score bunsel' did sain, bless the auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane, While the young one closer chaped her wean, child

And turned frac Arken drum

But the canty and I wife cam till her breath, cheers In I she thocht the Bible might word aff scrith, barm Let then shee boyle ghast or writh-

Pat it feared na All en-drum 'His presence protect us' quo'h the auld gudeman, "What wall se, where won ye, by serior by lan"? I cray to ye-speal -in the book in my han't' What a grave gue Aiken drum?

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky, I dwalt in a spot whe e a burn rins na by, But I 'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try-Hae wark for Aiken drum?

'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' siine, fold I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon, thresh An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenned tune, If ye'll keep puir Aiken drum

'I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade, waterfall I'll kirn the kirn, an' I'll turn the bread, chum An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede, I'se tame 't,' quoth Aiken drum.

' To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell, for To gather the dew frac the heather bell, An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well, Might gie pleasure to Aiken drum

'I se seek me guids, gear, bond, nor mark, I use me beddin', shoon, nor sark, dish of But a cogfu' o brose 'tween the light an' the dark, strabout Is the wage o' Aiken drum'

Quoth the wylic auld wife 'The thing speaks weel, wealth Our workers are seant-we hae routh o' meal, Gif he II do as he says—be he man, be he deil-

But the wenches skirled 'He's no be here l His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear, elvish-swoon An' the fient a ane will the house come near, devil If they think but o' Aiken drum '

Wow! we'll try this Aiken drum'

impudent girls 'Puir elipmalabors 1 ye hae little wit, Is'tha Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?' Sae she silenced them a' wi a strinp o' her fit-'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken drum '

Roun n' that side what wark was dune By the streamer's gleam or the glance o' the moon, A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune, Sie liclpfu' was Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on erystal Cree, For mony a day a toiled wight was he, While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee, Sae social was Aiken druin

But a new made wife fu' o' rippish freaks, Fond o' a' things fent for the first five weeks, Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks By the brose o' Aiken druin

neat

Let the learned decid, when they convene, What spell was him an' the breeks between, For free that day forth he was not mair seen, An' sair m seed was Aiken drum

He was heard by a herd gain by the Thrieve, Crying, 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve, I or, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave-Oh, luckless Aiken drum 17

Awa, ye wrangling sceptic tribe, Wi your pros an' your cons wad ye decide Gun the 'sponsible voice o' a hail country side, On the frets boat Aiken drum!

Though the 'Brownic o Blednoch' lang be gane, The mark o' ha feet's left on mony a stane, An' mony a wife an' mony a wean child

Tell the feats o' Aiken drum.

L'en now, light loons that gibe an' sneer At spiritual guests an' a' sie gear, At the Glashnoch null hae swat wi' fear, An' looked roun' for Aiken druin

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken drum

William Laidlaw (1780-1845) was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse, and is well known to all who have read Lockhart's Life of Scott He was Scott's companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad moments. After Scott's death Laidlaw became factor on an estate in Ross shire, where he died One song of his is exceptionally well known

## Lucy's Flittin'

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Liney rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer,
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea,
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.
She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin',

Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see,
'Fare ye weel, Lucy '' quo' Jamie, and ran in,
The gatherin tears trickled fast frie his ee.
As down the burn side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Tare ye weel, Lucy '' was ilka bird's sang,

And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang
Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sac fast to my ee?

She heard the eraw sayin 't, high on the tree sittin',

If I wasna ettled to be one better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see,

I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee
'Wi' the rest o' my class I have round up the re-

'Wi' the rest o' my clues I had rowed up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gad me, gave
Yestreen, when he gad me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wad blink o' his ed.
Though now he said naething but "Fare ve weel, Lucy!"

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see
He couldna say mur but just "Tare ye weel, Lucy!"
Let that I will mind till the day that I dee

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit,
The hare likes the brake and the braid on the lea,
But Lucy likes Jamie, '—she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.

Slie thocht the dear place slie wad never mair see.

[Ali, weel may voung Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!

And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!

For bonny sweet Lucy, sac gentle and peerless,

Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!

The last four lines were, somewhat superfluously, added by Hogg to 'complete the story

William Tennant (1785-1848) published in 1812 a singular mock heroic poem, Anster Fairwritten in an ottava rima almost the same as that used in 1817 by Hookham Frere, and afterwards made so popular by Byron in his Bippo and Don Juan The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, a rude, rustic heroine of Scottish song, but the author exalted Maggie to higher dignity, and wrote rather for the admirers of that conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Pulci, Berni, and many other Italians Classic imagery was lavished on familiar subjects, supernatural machinery was (as in the Rape of the Lock) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and funciful description Exuberance of animal spirits lifted the author over perilous obstacles, and his wit and fancy were rarely at Such a sprightly volume, in a style then unliackneyed, was sure of success, Anster Fair sold rapidly, and has since been often republished The author, William Tennant, a native of Anstruther, or Anster, in Fife, was a cripple from birth, and, whilst clerk to a corn dealer, studied Eastern and Western tongues and ancient and modern literature. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, at a salary of £40 per annum-a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in Joseph Andrews, who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children' Tennant was afterwards (1835) appointed teacher of classics in an academy at Dollar, and finally (1835) professor of Oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews But the Orientalist produced still a couple of tragedies on the story of Cardinal Beaton (1823) and on John Baliol (1825), and two poems, The Thane of Fife and Papistry Stormed, or Dinging Down of the Cathedral It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living persons in his native county of Fife, it is obvious that Tennant's poems are in like manner grounded on Fife men and things, racy of the soil, and indeed their eminently local colour has probably told against their wider popularity Anster Fair, the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, is the author's only real success, and is a distinctly animated, witty, and entertaining poem

## Summer Morning

I wish I lind a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright gowned Morning tripping up her side
And when the low Sun's glory buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Agean tide,
Oh Lwould kneel me down, and worship there
I who garnished out a world so bright and fair

The saffron elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly law's sheep inblied top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews,
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market day

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the cast some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to he
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious hight of God,
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fur Earth abroad

The fair Earth hughs through all her boundless range, Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam, City and village, steeple, cot, and grange, Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf gold seem, The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam, And, on ten thousand dew bent leaves and sprays, Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fing their petty rays

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full inerrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering,
They turn their plume soft bosons to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing,
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound

For when the first upsloping ray was fling
On Anster steeple's swallow harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop,
For, toilingly, each bitter headle swing,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinl le tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle ontspread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Cirls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by,
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour he,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair

## On the Road to the Fair

Comes next from Ross shire and from Sutherland
The horny knuckled kilted Highlandman
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Loch Fyne from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue shod men of generous eye,
Pluded and breechless all, with Esqu's hairy thigh

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks, Or forry on the banks of I ortha's firth, Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe, Are left to rust above the smoky hearth, Their only arms are bagpipes now and saels,
Their teeth are set most desperately for inith,
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, cramined with cheese and bannocks and
cold tongue

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that he
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed.
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unliosed,
And from that Isle whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
Where St Columba oft is seen to widdle,
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr' with crops of riddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilimarnock—where

Are night caps made, the charpest and the best—Bhthely they ride on ass and mule, vith sacks. In hen of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well trapped mg,
Or humbly riding ass's bael bone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money bag,
To purchase Dutch lint seed at Anster Fair—
Sagreons fellows all, who well may brag

Of virtuous industry and talents rare, The accomplished men o' the counting room confessed, And fit to crack a jol c or argue with the best

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the hagpipe play,
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle,
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North Berwick harbour sailing out,
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkenldy ride,
Slugging on their slow gaited assess tout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rlivmer's tongue.

See the Memoir of Tennant by Conolly (1861).

Andrew Picken (1788-1833) was the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and was for a time in business in the West Indies He failed as a bookseller in Liverpool, and went to London to pursue litera ture as a profession. His first work, Tales and Skitches of the West of Scotland, give offence by its satirical portraits His novel of The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-house (1829), by the representation it gave of the Dissenters as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers The Dominie's Legacy (1830) was warmly welcomed for its sketches of Scottish life, somewhat akin to Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic, Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy almost rival the happiest efforts of Galt. Picken partly succeeded in conciliating the

evangelical Dissenters by interesting Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries (1830) In 1831 he issued The Club-Book, a collection of original tales by different authors, G. P. R. James, Galt. Moir, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and others contributed each a story, and the editor himself wrote two-'The Deer-stalkers' and the 'Three Kearneys'-the latter of which was dramatised Picken planned his Traditionary Stories of Old Families as the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scot land, and Ireland He had just completed what he thought his best work, The Black Watch (on the gallant 42nd Regiment), when he succumbed to the apoplexy that carried him off. Picken was, according to one of his friends, 'the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring, dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind'-An earlier Paisley author of the same name, Phenezer Picken (1769-1816), wrote two volumes of poems, mostly in the vernacular, and published a pocket dictionary of the Scottish dialect (1818)

William Glen (1789-1826), born in Glasgow, was for a time in the West Indies, failed as a Glasgow merchant, and sank into poverty, dissipation, and ill health. His poems—'The Battle Song,' 'The Maid of Oronsey,' and the rest—are mostly forgotten, but the Jacobite lament, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlic,' remains one of the most popular of Scottish songs

# 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie'

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' nye the owercome o' his sang
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie''
Oh, when I heard the bonny soun',
The tears cam' happin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I 'My bird, my bonny, bonny bird, Is that a sang ye borrow?

Are these some words ye've learnt by heart, Or a lift o' dool and sorrow?'
'Oh, no, no, no '' the wee bird sang, 'I've flown since mornin' early, But sie a day o' wind and rain—

'On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side is danger
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'Darl night cam' on, the tempest roared Loud o'er the hills and valleys, And where was't that your Prince by down, Whase hame should been a palace? He rowed him in a Hieland plaid, Which covered him but sparely, And slept beneath a bush o' broom— Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger
'Oh, this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here one langer'
He hovered on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie'

William Wotherwell (1797-1835) was born in Glasgow, went to school in Edinburgh, and after his eleventh year was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley Having studied one session at Glasgow University, he was, at the age of twenty one, appointed depute to the sheriff clerk at Paisley, but he early showed a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the Harp of Renfri ishine A taste for antiquarian research, 'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,' divided with the muse the empire of his genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of Scottish traditionary poetry results appeared in Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a very able historical introduction, the basis of most later investigations. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine to which he contributed some of his liappiest verses His editorial skill and vigour advanced him in 1830 to the more important charge of the Glasgow Courter, which he retained till his death In youth a Radical reformer, he early became a In 1832 he collected and rather pronounced Tory published his poems in one volume. He joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns, and was collecting materials for a Life of Tunnahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. He was highly successful in versifying the Scandinavian folksongs, and in imitating those of his own land, but he is chiefly remembered by his lyrics. His best songs show imagination, warmth, and tenderness

## Jeanie Morrison

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule,
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows over my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!

grat

great leavy

They blind my ech wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o lang-yne

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun, deafening—noisy
To wander by the green burn side,
And hear its water croon? murmur

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our fect,

And in the gloamin o' the wood dusk.
The throssil whiishlt sweet whishled

The throssil whussht in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,

And we with \ature's heart in tune, Concerted harmonies,

And on the knowe abune the burn, knotl-above For hours thegether sat

In the silentness o' joy, till buth
Wi' very gladness grat '

Aye, 1ye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Fears trinkled down your check, trickled

Like dew beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak
That was a time, a blessed time
When hearts were fresh and young,

When freely gushed all feelings forth, Unsvilabled—unsung t

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I had been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As we had been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine car as it does nine

Oh, say gin c er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot,
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frac this heart,
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper, as it rins.

And channels deeper, as it rins, The luve o' life's young day

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
I'he music o' your tongue,
But I could hug all wretchedness,

And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygine days and me '

#### From 'The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.'

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sv ord of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And v on him the glory of undying song

Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of lieroes, and scourge of the strong'
Fame giver' I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose, My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee, In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me, Brave measures of madness, in some battlefield,

Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
and clover again below to stout haulers.

And cloven, yown lichnet, stout hauberk, and shield Death-giver 'I kiss thee

See the Lafe by M'Conechy prefixed to the edition of 1845, reedited in 1848 and reprinted in 1881

James Hyslop (1798-1827), a shepherd poet, was born in the Dumfriesshire parish of Kirkconnel Mainly self-taught, he began amidst farmwork to contribute prose and verse to the provincial newspapers, and while serving as shepherd near Airdsmoss, Avrshire, the scene of Richard Cameron's death, he wrote 'The Cameroni in's Dream' He thught a school at Greenock for a year or two, through the influence of Lord Jeffrey was appointed tutor on a man of-war, and died cruising off the Cape Verd Islands His poems, nearly a hundred in number, were collected by the Rev P Mearns in 1887, but only one is really well known. It was made the foundation of a cantata in the last year of the century by Mr Hamish MacCunn, and so became known out of Scotland Cameron, the field preacher, published an extravigant 'Declaration' in 1680 against the Government of Charles II, and a month afterwards fell, with many of his sixty armed followers, in a skirmish with the royal dragoons

## The Cameronian's Dream

In a dream of the night I was wafted away To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay, Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood, When the minister's home was the mountain and wood, When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion, All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun from the east Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast, On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew Ghstened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in lieaven, near the white sunny cloud, The song of the lark was melodious and loud, And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep, Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep

And Wellwoods sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,

The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness, Its daughters were happy to hail the returning, And drink the delights of July's sweet morning

But, ah ' there were hearts cherished for other feelings. Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings, Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow, For they knew that their blood would bedew it to morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying, Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath fowl were crying, For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering, And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed, But the vengeance that darkened their brow was un breathed.

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation, They sang their last song to the God of Salvation

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing, The curlew and plover in concert were singing, But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter, As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,

Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded Their dark eyes flashed lightning as, proud and unbending, They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming, The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming, The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling, When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended, A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended, Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness, And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness

A scraph unfolded its door bright and shining, All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining, And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation, Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding,
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ' the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory '

Henry Scott Riddell (1797-1870), born in Eskdale, was bred a shepherd, but contriving to make out a course at Edinburgh University, served for a few years a chapel in the Roburghshire parish of Cavers. He wrote on sheep farming, Lays of the Ath, and many songs, some of which are still sung in Scotland—'Scotland Yet' (beginning 'Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair'), a version of 'The Crook and Plaid,' and one or two others. Christopher North warmly praised 'When the Glen is all still,' a pithier lyric begins, 'Ours is the land of gallant hearts'

Robert Gilfillan (1798-1850), the son of a Dunfermine weaver, was clerk to a wine merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates there. His Songs passed through three editions in his lifetime, and an edition of his Works, with a Life by Anderson, appeared in 1851. The songs are marked by kindly feeling and smooth versification, and several of them have been well set to music.

#### The Exile's Song

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And, to the Indian maid,
The builbul sweetly sings,
But I danna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the vellow corn
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavene,
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne er return
To their ain countrie

David Macbeth Mon (1798-1851) was, above the signature of 'Delta' (rather the actual Δ), a frequent poetical contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, while he practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him His best pieces are grave and tender, but he also wrote some lively jeux d'espirit and a humorous Scottish tale of the kailyard, The Auto biography of Mansie Wauch, which was reprinted from Blackwood in 1828, and is still constantly reissued and read in Scotland Besides the Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine (1831), a pamphlet on cholera, and memoirs of his friend Galt and some other notables, his other works are The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems (1824), Domestic Verses (1843), and Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-centur; (1851) He edited Mrs Hemans, and contributed some four hundred articles to Blackwood His Poetical Works, edited with a Memoir by Thomas Aird, were published in two volumes in 1852 Even his friend Aird admitted that in much of Delta's work funcy, feeling, and musical rhythm are more conspicuous than power or new thought

When thou at Eve art Roaming
When thou at eve art roaming
Along the clm o ershadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming
And falling down—a cataract,
'Twas there with thee I wont to talk,
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh

When sails the moon allove the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in her light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,
Then be thou melancholy too,
While pausing on the hours I proved
With thee, beloved

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
As soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
And then its flight remembrance wings
Fo bypast things

To me, through every season, dearest,
In every seene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright,
My solitary, sole delight,
Where er I am, by shore—at sea—
I think of thee'

Thomas Aird (1802-76) produced some poems showing a weird and powerful imagination, and some descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character Born at Bowden in Rosburgh, he was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1826 produced a tragedy, Martzoufle, with some He formed the acquaintance of other poems Professor Wilson, 'Delta' Moir, and other contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, and in that periodical lie published many of the poetical pieces collected into one volume in 1848 The Captive of Fiz (1830) was a long marritive poem volumes of prose sketches were called Religious Characteristics (1827) and The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village (1848) The editing of a Conservative weekly newspaper, The Dumfries Herald, for over a quarter of a century (1835-63), carried on with zeal and vigour, left time for the writing of not a few poems, usually published in the Herald He edited D M Moir's works, and prefixed a biography And till ill health came on him after 1852, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity rare among poets Gilfillan's first Gallery of Literary Portraits took shape at his suggestion, and appeared for the most part in his paper, Christopher North, writing on Spenser, was largely guided by his judgment as a critic, often adopting Aird's very phrases After a reading of the MS of the Life of Sterling, submitted to him by his friend Carlyle, Aird said 'It is very able and interesting, but it might have been as well to let the poor forlorn sheet lightning die away in its cloud' He retained Carlyle's friendship till his death, and Carlyle said that in Aird's poetry he 'found everywhere a healthy breath as of mountain breezes a native minli ness, geniality, and veracity' The longer poems are admittedly defective in construction. Aird's memory was revived in 1902 by centenary celebrations and memorials at Bowden and at Dumfries

From 'The Devils Dream on Mount Akebeek.'

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run, A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun, Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,

As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred,

And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from belov, Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some immeasured bow

'Twas not the obedient scraph's form that burns before the Throne,

Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be

With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows v ove his wing,

An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King

And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,

As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven

Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey, And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away, Till broke a cloud—a plantom host, like glimpses of a

Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam.

He knew the flowing chivalry, the sy art and turbaned train.

That far had pushed the Moslem futh, and peopled well his reign

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,

In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed,

But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill, With seorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his

With seorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die.

Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame? There, in the sad days of his flesh, o er Christ a glory came,

And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow.

And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved box

One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and rused his startled form,

And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,

Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered

And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,

Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day,

Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken, Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust,

The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust

The idol and the idol's priest lie huled upon the earth, And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame, All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acelaim

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night, Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeek high and white,

He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill,

For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will

For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law

Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest being draw

There is a Life of Aird by Jardine Wallace prefixed to the fifth edition of his works (1878) Many of Aird's letters to George Gilfillan have been printed in Watson's Memoir of Gilfillan (1892) The centenary of his birth was observed at Bowden and at Dumfnes, where a portrait bust was erected

Charles Neaves (1800–76), as Lord Neaves, maintained on the Scottish Bench the old alliance between law and literature. The son of a Forfar lawyer, he studied at Edinburgh, and rose through various professional appointments to be Lord Cockburn's successor as one of the judges of the Court of Session He was a constant contributor to Blackwood in prose and verse, and some of his wittiest and most satirical poems, republished in Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific (1868), make good-humoured fun of Darwinism, Teetotalism, 'Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter,' and innumerable other questions of larger or smaller He also contributed articles on philological science, and published a volume on the Greek anthology, illustrated with verse translations

Henry Cockburn (1779-1854), as a Scottish judge called Lord Cockburn, was born perhaps at Cockpen, but more probably in the Parliament Close of old Edinburgh He entered the High School in 1787, and the University of Edinburgh 'We were kept,' he says, 'about nine years at two dead languages, which we did not learn' But Dugald Stewart's lectures 'were like the opening of the heavens,' and a debating club brought him in contact with Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, from whom he imbibed Whig opinions He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1800, and in 1807 his uncle, the all powerful Lord Melville, appointed him an advocate depute—a nonpolitical post, from which, on political grounds, he 'had the honour of being dismissed' in 1810 He rose, however, to share with Jeffrey the leadership of the Bar, and with Jeffrey was counsel for three prisoners charged with sedition (1817-19) zerlous supporter, by pen as well as by tongue, of parliamentary reform, he became Solicitor-General for Scotland under the Grey Ministry in 1830, had the chief hand in drafting the Scottish

Reform Bill, in 1834 was made, as Lord Cockburn, a judge of the Court of Session, and in 1837 a lord of justiciary He died at Bonally Tower, his beautiful home at the base of the Pentlands since his marriage in 1811, and was buried near Jeffrey in the Dean Cemetery, Edin-He contributed articles—on legal subjects mainly-to the Edinburgh Review, and was author of the admirable Life of Jeffres (1852), and of four posthumous works-Memorials of his Time (1856), Journal, 1831-44 (2 vols 1874), Circuit Journeys (1888), and Trials for Sedition in Scotland (2 vols 1888) The Memorials has from the first been accepted as the most authentic, vivid, genial, and entertaining account of Edinburgh life, manners, and personages in the early nineteenth century

### Edinburgh Society

There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one I wo vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks-swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more eommon than for gentlemen who had dired with lidies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk Fo get drunk in a tavern scenicd to be considered as a natural, if not an intended, consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman And, tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were Not that people were worse tempered then than now They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors because it made them listen to him, and Braxfield [the Scottish judge] apologised to a lidy whom he damned at whist for bad play by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now eredible by masters towards servants

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock o'clock was quite common, if there was no company Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons'that is, between one and two. The hour in time, but not without grouns and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary, and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour' At last even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by meh, and made a desperate stand at half past four Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the aver age polite honr from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till Six has at last prevailed, and half an hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer

The procession from the drawing room to the dimngroom was formerly arranged on a different principle from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited

as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never showed itself without denunciations of Continental man ners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file, so that when they reached the drining room the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority, and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of I rance. Healths and toasts were



HENRY COCKBURN
After the Portrait by Raeburn.

special torments-oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prandial nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed For after dinner, and before the ladies re tired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of torsts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments' These were short epigrammatic sentences expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning,' or 'May the friends of our youth be the eompanions of our old age,' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed, this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations, that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner, shorter, less ceremonious, and more

poetical The business of the day is over, and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun or heart or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it, there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition, of sects, and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

(From the Memorials)

Dean Ramsay, unofficially Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay (1793-1872), was born in Aberdeen, the fourth son of Alexander Burnett, Sheriff of Kincardineshire, who in 1806, succeeding to an uncle's estates, took the surname Ramsay, and was created a baronet. Educated at Durham and St John's College, Cambridge, he held two Somerset curacies 1816-24, and then removed to In 1830 he became incumbent of St Edinburgh John's, in 1846 dean also of his diocese The book with which his name will be always identified is the delightful Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character (1857, 22nd ed, with Memoir by Cosmo Innes, 1874) It forms a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing, it furnishes a direct reply to jests such as those of Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb to the effect that the Scottish people have no humour, and, next perhaps to the Waverley Novels, has done more than any one book to make Scottish customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad Spite of his association with what is practically the national jest-book, Dean Ramsay was an energetic, revered, and beloved clergy man, as much esteemed by Presbyterians as in his own communion, and he wrote a Life of the great Presbyteman preacher Dr Chalmers, as well as books on Faults in Christian Believers, Pulpit Table-talk, and The Christian Life

#### Scottish Nationality

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged, whilst absent, Scotch men never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots' Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's iev moun tains' or 'India's coral strand' I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who met with it when travelling in India. He happened to

arrive at a station upon the eve of St Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were scient sheep heads (singed) down the table, and I ord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause 'The Laird o' Cockpen'

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish n desire for its welfare and improvement To clalm kindred with the honourable and high minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct-whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow countrymen in dis tress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people, and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own

I desire to preserve pecuharities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the gunint and quict humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some liarniless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character That, I trust, is no offence I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small n degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen I am convinced that every one, whether elergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man

(From the Preface to the Remuniscences)

Robert Carruthers (1799-1878), one of the authors of the first edition of this work, was a Dumfriesshire farmer's son, and was apprenticed to a bookseller in Dumfries, the town where he was born, but after his apprenticeship he became a teacher at Huntingdon, and for the corporation wrote a History of Huntingdon (1824) He had also published a selection from Vilton's prose when in 1828 he was appointed editor of the Inverness Courser, and showed how liberal prin ciples, northern news, and local interests might be satisfactorily dealt with and yet leave room for a long and frequent series of articles of literary, antiqualian, and social importance, he 'brought out' Hugh Miller in his columns In 1853 Carruthers issued his principal book-an edition of Pope's works, with a fuller Life than had vet appeared. A new edition of the lafe, assued in 1857, incorporated Dilke's discoveries and corrections, and remained the standard one till the publication of that by Mr Courthope in the great edition begun by Mr Elwin (1871-89) Dr Robert

Chambers and Mr Carruthers were between them responsible for the first edition of this Cyclobadia of Luglish Literature, planned and edited by Dr Robert Chambers, and published in 1842-44 Carruthers, who was specially entrusted with the articles on the pocts in the first edition, took entire charge of the revised editions in 1858 and 1876, and many of the articles in the present new edition are based on his. For the same pub lishers Carruthers edited a 'Household' Slinke speare (1861-63) He contributed to Chambers's Journal, the North British Review, and the eighth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and he wrote Lives of Filconer, Gray, and Jimes Montgomery for editions of their poetry His scholarly work earned him an Edinburgh LLD in 1871

William and Robert Chambers, the publishers of this work, were the sons of a Peebles cotton manufacturer, whose commercial unsuccess carly threw the boys on their own resources. William, the elder brother, had keen business institucts, and was incidentally also a writer of books. Robert, who became also a publisher, had strong literary impulses, varied intellectual sympathies and accomplishments, and by his strenuous life-work proved a pioneer in more than one department of research

William Chambers (1800-83) was in 1814 ap prenticed to a bookseller in Edinburgh, and in 1819 started business for himself, to bookselling afterwards adding printing From childhood he was an industrious reader Between 1825 and 1830 he wrote the Book of Scotland, and, in con junction with his brother Robert, a Gazetteer of Scotland In 1832 he started Chambers's Edin burgh Journal, six weeks in advance of the Penns Magazine published by Charles Knight for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and soon thereafter he united with Robert in founding the business of W & R Chambers, the best known of whose many publications are besides the Journal and a numerous series of educational works, a Miscellan, (20 vols), Papers for the People (12 vols), the Information for the People (2 vols 1833, new editions in 1857, &c), the Cyclopædia of English Literature (2 vols 1842-44, new ed 1901-3), and Chambers's Encyclopadia, 'a dictionary of universal knowledge? (10 vols 1859-68, newed 1888-92) Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1865-69, he was associated with important civic improvements and he carried out at his own cost a restoration of St Giles' Cathedral He was made LLD of Edinburgh and just before his death had been offered a baronetes Besides many con tributions to the Journal, he wrote about a dozen separate works, of which a History of Peeblesshire (1864) and an autobiographical Memoir of his brother and lumself (1872) were the most im In receiving from his hands the freedom portant of the city of Edinburgh in 1867, I ord Beaconsfield (then Mr Disraeli) said, after speaking of the promotion of sound literature, 'I do not think that

the name of Chambers will ever be mentioned in the future without a sentiment of gratitude'

Robert Chambers (1802-71), after an education at the local Peebles schools, began business as a bookseller in Edinburgh in 1818, but found time for extensive study and a great deal of miscellaneous writing In 1824 he produced the Traditions of Edinburgh, a work in which Sir Walter Scott took a lively interest, assisting its young author with valuable memoranda, and between 1822 and 1834 he had written some twenty-five volumes The success of the Journal was materially pro moted by his essays, his wide and varied interests, and his literary insight. In 1844 he published anonymously the Vestiges of Creation, a then revolutionary and startling work, which holds an import intiplace in the history of evolution between Lamarck and Darwin, it prepared the way for the Origin of Species, and for fifteen years stimulated speculation in Britain and bore the brunt of ortho dox criticism The authorship, ascribed to him in the Athenaum of 2nd December 1854, was first announced in Mr Ireland's introduction to the twelfth edition (1884) In the 'Historical Introduction' prefixed to the later editions of the Origin of Species, Darwin says of the Vestiges work, from its powerful and brilliant style, though displaying in the earlier editions little accurate knowledge and a great want of scientific caution, immediately had a very wide circulation opinion it has done excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views' By his Popular Rhymes of Scotland (1847) lie gave an impulse to the study of Scottish folklore. His History of the Rebellions in Scotland, praised by Scott in his Journal as a clever book and a really lively work, and the Domestic Annals of Scotland (3 vols 1859-61) were serious contributions to history, as his Ancient Sea Margins (1848) was to the geology of Scotland His Life of Smollett (1867) had the good fortune to please Carlyle greatly, and to be pronounced by him 'vastly superior to anything that had ever been written about him before' In 1829 he published a collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, and he wrote a startling dissertation on Scottish ballads which suggested that very many of them were of as recent origin as Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw's Hardyknute (see Vol II p 312) He made further a collection of the Songs of Scotland prior to Burns (1862), The Life and Works of Robert Burns (4 vols 1851, new ed by W Wallace, 1896) became practically the standard work on the subject, the poems and letters being arranged throughout the Life in approximately chronological order, and among his works were also a Life of James I, a Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen, and The Book of Days (2 vols 1863)—his last under-He spent his last years in St Andrews, whose university had made him LL.D

Out of a brief History of the English Language and Literature for senior pupils in schools, written by Dr Chambers in 1835, sprang the idea of this Cyclopædia of English Literature, which, as has been said in the preface in the first volume of this edition, was planned by Dr Chambers in 1841, carried through mainly with the assistance of Dr Carruthers-who was specially charged with the poets-and published in parts between the end of 1842 and the later months of 1843 (complete in two volumes in 1844) It was the first work of the kind on such a comprehensive plan His essays contributed to the Journal (some of which were re published in volumes) probably endeared Dr Robert Chambers to a larger circle of readers than his separately published works, many of which are Dr Chambers was not not here enumerated merely a conscientious, sympathetic, and versatile writer, but had an exceptional gift of popularity in the best sense of the word, to which a large measure of kindly and spontaneous native humour greatly contributed

# From 'The English Girl.'

Her favourite seat is under a laburnum, which seems to be showering a new birth of beauty upon her head There she sits in the quiet of nature, thinking thoughts as beautiful as flowers, with feelings as gentle as the gales which fan them She knows no evil, and there fore she does none Untouched by earthly experiences, she is perfectly happy—and the happy are good tion remains in her as a treasure, hereafter to be brought into full use. As yet she only spends a small share of the interest of her heart's wealth upon the objects around her, the principal will, on some future and timely day, be given to one worthy, I hope, to possess a thing so valuable. Meanwhile, she loves as a daughter and a sister may do. Every morning and evening she comes to her parents with her pure and unharming kiss, nor, when some cheerful brother returns from college or from counting house to onliven home for a brief space, is the same salutation wanting to assure him of the continuance of her most sweet regards. Often, too, she is found intertwining her loveliness with that of her sistersurm clasping waist, and neck crossing neck, and bosom pressed to bosom-till all seems one mextricable knot No jealousy, no guile, no envy-no more than what possesses a bunch of lilies growing from the same stem. She has some spare fondness, moreover, for a variety of pcts in the lower orders of creation There are chickens which will leave the richest morsels at the sound of her voice, and little dogs which will give up jelping, even at the most provoking antagonists, Her chief favounte, how if she only desires them ever, is a lamb, which follows her wherever she goes, a heaven sent emblem of herself To see her fondling this spotless creature on the green-innocence reposing upon innocence—you might suppose the golden age had returned, and that there was to be no more wickedness seen on earth.

# From 'The Man who Sang when Asked'

Our friend was what is called a good but not a brilliant or perfect singer. He had a stout gentlemanly voice, calculated to be of great service as a bass in a trio

or duet, but not by any means a fine voice. Neverthe less he sang with so much spirit and appropriate expression that in general his performances were much admired, not to speak of the additional approbation which he always secured by his being so willing to contribute to the amusement of the company. Smith had just one fault, as far as singing was concerned. When once he was set agoing there was no getting him to stop. When one of his songs was done, it would perhaps become the subject of conversation. 'Capital song that—first rate old fellow Dibdin' 'Yes, sir. but did you ever hear his "Tom Bowling"?—that is better still' And then, without further preface, he would commence—

# 'Here a sheer hulk'-

and so forth, after which another could be tacked as slightly on to that, and another to that again, till you could almost echo his words, and wish that 'death had brought him to' Smith estimated the pleasantness of a party, the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, and the worldly worth and amiability of the whole company by the number of songs he was asked or permitted to sing 'A deuced niec affair we had last night at Atherton's. I sang two and twenty of my very best Though I would have got in the twenty third, but an old jade in a pink cap broke us up at only twenty five minutes past twelve, just as I was about to begin? It was told of Smith that he once stuck a song for want of the words (a most astonishing occur rence), and was so overwhelmed with shame on the occasion as to leave the room abruptly and walk away home. He had gone more than a mile on his way when he suddenly recollected the missing stanza Back he turned, crying with the transport of Archimedes himself, 'I have it, I have it.' Rc entering the room, he found the company just on their feet to depart. 'Stop, stop,' lie cried, in the tonc of a man arresting an execution with a reprieve, 'stop, here it is 1' And though almost breathless, he immediately resumed the song at the exact point where he had left off, with all the proper gesticula tion and expression, as if no hiatus had taken place

See the above mentioned Memoir of William and Robert Chambers (1872, 13th ed., with supplementary chapter 1884).

Sir Charles Lyell (1797-1875) was the eldest son of the mycologist and Dante student, Charles Lyell (1767-1849) of Kinnordy in Forfarshire, and, brought up in the New Forest and educated at Ringwood, Salisbury, and Midhurst, he was in 1816 sent to Eveter College, Oxford At Oxford in 1819 he attended the lectures of Buckland, and acquired a taste for the science he afterwards did so much to promote Having taken his degree in 1819, he studied law and was called to the Bar, but devoting himself to geology, made European tours in 1824 and 1828-30, and published the results in the Transactions of the Geological Society and elsewhere. His Principles of Geology (1830-33) may be ranked next after Darwin's Origin of Species among the books which exercised the most powerful influence on scientific thought in the nineteenth century, strenuously denying the necessity of stupendous convulsions, and insisting that the greatest geological changes might have been produced by forces still at work. The Elements of Geology (1838) continued the same

argument. It was subsequently divided into two works, The Principles (12th ed 1876) and The Elements of Geology, and a great part of Lyell's life-work consisted in supplementing and supporting by evidence his main thesis, and so maintaining and developing the contentions of his predecessors The Geological Evidences of Hutton and Playfair the Antiquity of Man (1863) startled the public by its unbiassed attitude towards Darwin, at this time still regarded as a revolutionary and a heretic Lyell also published Travels in North America (1845) and A Second I set to the United States In 1832-33 he was Professor of Geology at King's College, London Repeatedly President of the Geological Society, and in 1864 President of the British Association, he was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864. He was buried in Westminster Abbey A heroic example of Lyell's open-mindedness was given, as Sir Joseph Hooker said, by his frank acceptance of Darwin's doctrine of natural selection, after nine editions of his own Principles had carried his name and fame over the civilised world done much to prepare the way for Darwin, but had till the production of the Origin of Species maintained a doctrine of special creations. He now abandoned, 'late in life, a theory which he had for forty verrs regarded as one of the foundation-stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers' The emment men whose memorial secured for Lvell a place in Westminster Abbey were agreed that for twenty-five years he was the most prominent geologist in the world, equally eminent for the extent of his labours and the breadth of his philosophical views, and he possessed the gift, often denied to great scientific thinkers, of a luminous, effective, and simple style.

# Lyell and Darwin

MI DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your kind ness in sending me a copy of your important work on the History of Creation, and especially for the chapter entitled 'On Lvell and Darwin' Most of the zoologists forget that anything was written between the time of Lamarck and the publication of our friend's Origin of Species

I am therefore obliged to you for pointing out how clearly I advocated a law of continuity even in the organic world, so far as possible without adopting Lamarck's theory of transmutation I believe that mine was the first work (published in January 1832) in which any attempt had been made to prove that while the causes now in action continue to produce unceasing variations in the climate and physical geography of the globe, and endless migration of species, there must be a perpetual dying out of animals and plants, not suddenly and by whole group at once, but one after another contended that this succession of species was now going on, and always had been, that there was a constant struggle for existence, as De Candolle had pointed out, and that in the battle for life some were always in creasing their numbers at the expense of others, some advancing, others becoming exterminated.

But while I taught that as often as certain forms of animals and plants disappeared, for reasons quite in telligible to us, others took their place by virtue of a causation which was beyond our comprehension, it remained for Darwin to accumulate proof that there is no break between the incoming and the outgoing species, that they are the work of evolution, and not of special creation

It was natural, as you remark, that Cuvier's doctrine of sudden revolutions in the animate and the manimate world should lead not only to the doctrine of critis trophes, such as Elie de Beaumont's sudden formation of mountain chains, but to a similar creed in regard to the organic world A D'Orbigny gave us twenty seven stages or groups of living beings, all the species in each of which were so distinct that none of them passed from one to the other stage Agassiz still inclined to the same notion, the sudden annihilation of one set of inhabitants of the globe, and the coming upon the stage in the next geological period of a perfectly distinct set I had certainly prepared the way in this country, in six editions of my work before the I estiges of Creation appeared in 1842, for the reception of Darwin's gradual and insensible evolution of species, and I am very glad that you noticed this, and also the influence of Cuvier's work, which in an English dress, translated by Professor Jamieson, went through almost as many editions in this country as in France, and exercised great authority long after my Principles began to be popular

(From a letter to Haeckel in 1868)

# Mansel on the Limits of Religious Thought

Have you looked at Mansels 'Bampton Lectures' on the 'Limits of Religious Thought'? There were many fruitless discussions among the dons of Oxford how to force the young men by various puns and penalties to attend the University church, which was nearly empty, but there were no precedents for such proceedings last some original thinker suggested that possibly if they named some good preacher it might remedy the evil So they made inquiries for some young men of ability, and found this Mansel, who forthwith filled St Mary's to overflowing, and when the lectures were printed they soon reached a second edition \ \ friend of mine. Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced, begged me to read these sermons as first rate, 'although, regarding the anthor as a Churchman, you will probably compare him, as I did, to the drunken fellow in Hogarth's "Contested Election," who is sawing through the signpost of the other party's public house, forgetting that he is sitting at the outer end of it. But read them as a piece of clear and unanswerable reasoning' Soon after I had seen them, I was recommended by Sir Edward Ryan to read a powerful article in the last National, in answer to Mansel, by Martineau, and certainly it is worth reading, and shows among other things, in an episode devoted to Butler's Analogy, how much more comfortable and consolatory is the system of creation, or the divine dis pensation, when viewed from a Unitarian than from an orthodox point of view At length, after expending much admiration and adulation on their new defender of the faith, the Oxonians have become alarmed, and Milman told me that one of them had written to Hampden, 'You are avenged,' while Dr Jeune had exclaimed, 'To think that I should have lived to hear Athersm preached from the University pulpit, and the member for Oxford recommend the worship of Jupiter!

You will understand, I dare say, the last hit better than me, for I have not read Gladstone's Homeric lucubra tions.

(From a letter to George Ticknor)

See Lyell's Life, Letters, and Journals (1881), and Professor I ohney a Charles Lyell and Geology (1895)

Sir Richard Owen (1804-92) came from Lancaster to study medicine at Edinburgh, and continued his professional preparation at St Bar tholomew's, become curator in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where he produced a marvellous series of descriptive catalogues, and lectured as Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Bartholomew's (for two years) and at the College of Surgeons Meanwhile he helped to give new life to the Zoological Society of London 1856 he became superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum, but continued to teach at the Royal Institution and elsewhere FRS, President of the British Association (1857), Associate of the French elsewhere Institute, CB, KCB (1883), and holder of scientific niedals, degrees, and lionorary titles, from many nations, he gained the immortality of a true worker, his anatomical and paleontological researches number nearly four hundred, and deal with almost every class of animals from sponge to He greatly advanced morphological inquire by his clear distinction between analogy and homo logy, and by his concrete studies on the nature of limbs, on the composition of the skull, and on other problems of vertebrate morphology, while his essay on Parthenogenesis was a pioneer work A pre Darwinian, he maintained a cautious atti tude to detailed evolutionist theories Life of him by his grandson (1894)

Earl Russell (1792-1878), better known to the English people as Lord John Russell, was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford and gained dis tinction after his entrance into the House of Com mons as the champion of parliamentary reform in 1819 As a member of Earl Grev's Government he moved the introduction of the first Reform Bill in 1831, and was thenceforth one of the leaders of the Liberal party, holding the office of Prime Minister m two administrations, and being raised to the House of Lords in 1865. He dabbled for a while in the belies-lettres, producing a tale entitled The Nun of Arronca, a tragedy on Don Carlos, and a translation of part of the Odyssey, but most of his The list works were more in the statesman's way of them includes a Life of William Russell (1819), an Essay on the English Constitution (1821), Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe (1824), The Life and Times of Fox (1859-67), editions of the memoirs and letters of Tom Moore the poet, and of the correspondence of the fourth Duke of Bedford, and a volume of Recollections and Suggestions, published in 1875 after his retirement from public life the last of these we give the extract which follows

# A Scene in Parliament in 1831.

Upon this event [the defeat of the first Reform Bill] it became the duty of Lord Grey and his colleagues to consider scriously their position. They had, brought forward a great measure affecting the constitution of the country and the course of legislation for generations to come. They could neither tamely abandon their situation nor allow their measure to be frittered away, and rest contented with the fragment of a plan, the whole of which had been enthusiastically accepted by the country It was manifest that the existing House of Commons would endeavour to destroy in detail that which they had sanctioned in the bulk. It was evident that the country was ready to follow Lord Grey, and to adopt his measure as a satisfactory settlement of a question which, since 1780, had always been in the minds of Liberal politicians, and which was now rooted in the heart of the people

Lord Grey therefore prepared the King for the deci sion to which the Cabinet arrived, to advise His Majesty to have recourse to an immediate dissolution of Parlia The King, though averse to the adoption of such a proceeding little more than six months after the general election, was disposed at this time to trust im plicitly to Lord Grey, and I am inclined to believe the popular story that when it suddenly appeared necessary, in order to prevent remonstrance from the House of Lords, that the King should appear in person to dissolve Parliament, and some trilling difficulty of plaiting the horses' manes in time was interposed as an objection, the King said at once, 'Then I'll go down to Parlin ment in a hackney couch' Had such been the spirit of Louis XVI he might have been the leader instead of the victim of the French Revolution.

The scenes which occurred in the two Houses of Parliament, so far as I was a witness of them, were singular and unprecedented Before the King arrived the House of Commons was assembled, and Sir Robert Peel and Sir Francis Burdett rose at the same time to address the Honse Lord Althorp, amid the confusion and clamonr of contending parties, following the precedent of Mr Fox, moved that Sir Francis Burdett be now heard Sir Robert Peel, on the other hand, unitating a precedent of Lord North, said, 'And I rise to speak to that motion' But instead of saying a few words, as Lord North had done, to put an end to all further debate, Sir Robert Peel quite lost his temper. and in tones of the most violent indignation attacked the impending dissolution As he went on the Tower guns began to fire, to announce the King's arrival, and as each discharge was heard a loud cheer from the Government side interrupted Sir Robert Peel's decla mation Sir Henry Hardinge was heard to exclaim, 'The next time those guns are fired they will be shotted!' Presently we were all summoned to the House of Lords, where the King's presence had put a stop to a violent and unseemly discussion. The King in his speech announced the dissolution and retired to unrobe The scene that followed was one of great excitement and confusion. As I was standing at the bar Lord Lyndhurst came up to me and said, 'Have you considered the state of Ireland? Do not you ex pect an insurrection?' or words to that effect. It so happened that in going into the House of Commons I had met O'Connell in the lobby I asked him, 'Will Ireland be quiet during the general election?' and he answered me, 'Perfectly quiet' He did not answer for more than he was able to perform. But of course I said nothing of this to Lord Lyndhurst, and left him to indulge his anger and his gloomy foreboding

Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville (1794-1865), who comes near being the St Simon of the early Victorian age, was a descendant of the fifth Lord Warwick, and of kin, therefore, to Sir Fulke Greville, I ord Brooke, the Elizabethan poet Educated at Eton and Oxford, he and dramatist became successively page to George III, private secretary to Earl Buthurst, and secretary of Jamaica—the last appointment a comfortable sinecure, which he enjoyed at home. In 1821 he was made Clerk of the Privy Council, and held the post for thirty eight years, sacrificing the chances of political distinction which his connections and abilities had promised him, but using his opportunities for the composition of a work which ranks among the most important of English historical memoirs His Journal of the Reigns of King George IV, King William IV., and Queen Victoria, edited by Henry Reeve of the Edinburgh Review, and published posthumously in 1874-87, covers the forty years between 1820 and 1860, which closed with his retirement from office Greville's official position had brought him in touch with politicians of both parties, and as a man of the world he was familiar alike on the racecourse and in the drawing-room. These advantages, combined with a native keenness of observation, a cultured versatility, and the accomplishment of an easy and gentleman-like style, enabled him to enrich our literature with a singularly valuable picture of the politics and society of his time.

# Queen Victoria in 1837

August 30th -All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of char It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those about her (and very properly), for the situation to which she was destined. The impressions she has made continue to be favourable, and particularly upon Melbourne, who has a thousand times greater opportunities of knowing what her disposition and her capacity are than any other person, and who is not a man to be easily captivated or dazzled by any superficial accomplishments or mere graces of manner, or even by personal favour bourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling, but what seem to distinguish her above every thing are cantion and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young and un pleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive

On the morning of the king's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensing ton at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see 'the Queen' They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing gown and with slippers on her naked feet Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as

soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she in stantly put ont her hand to him, intimuting that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded He dropped on one Ince, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him, she saw him, and desired him to name the reward lie expected for his services to her parents He asked for the Red Riband, an Irish peerage, and a pension of £3000 a year. She replied that the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her antipathy to him, but it has probably grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves hest is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroj were enemies. There was formerly a Baroness Spacth at Kensington, lady in waiting to the Duchess, and I elizen and Spaeth were intimate friends. Conroy quarrelled with the latter and got her dismissed, and this Lehzen never forgive. She may have instilled into the Princess a dislike and bad opinion of Conroy, and the evidence of these sentiments, which probably escaped neither the Ducliess nor him, may have influenced their conduct towards her, for, strunge as it is, there is good reason to believe that she thinks she has been all used by both of them for some years past. Her manner to the Duchess is, however, irreprovehable, and they appear to be on cordial and affectionate terms. Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her any of the Ministers come to see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter the other, and the audience over, she returns to the Queen It has been remarked that when applications are made to Her Majesty, she seldom or never gives an inniediate answer, but says she will consider of it, and it is supposed that she does this · because she consults Melbourne about everything, and waits to have her answer suggested by him. He says, however, that such is her habit even with him, and that when he talks to her upon any subject upon which an opinion is expected from her, she tells him she will think it over, and let him know her sentiments the next day

The dry she went down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Melbourne's great surprise she said to him that as the flag on the Round Tower was half mast high, and they might perhaps think it necessary to elevate it upon her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so He had never thought of the flag, or knew anything about it, but it showed her knowledge of forms and her attention to trifles manner to Queen Adelaide was extremely kind and affectionate, and they were both greatly affected at meeting The Queen Downger said to her that the only favour she had to ask of her was to provide for the retire ment, with their pensions, of the personal attendants of the late King, Whiting and Bachelor, who had lil ewise been the attendants of George IV, to which she replied that it should be attended to, but she could not give any promise on the subject.

She is upon terms of the greatest cordulity with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is/new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments. her occupations, her pleasures, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child.

# Macaulay's Conversation.

January 21st -I dined with Lady Holland yesterday Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to he pretty well forgotten The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world. Macaulay dined there, and I never was more struck than upon this occasion by the ia exhaustible variety and extent of his information. He is not so agreeable as such powers and resources ought to make any man, because the vessel out of which it is all poured forth is so ungraceful and uncouth, his voice unmusical and monotonous, his face not merely incx pressive but positively heavy and dull, no fire in his eye, no intelligence playing round his mouth, nothing which bespeaks the genius and learning stored within, and which burst out with such extraordinary force It is impossible to mention any book in any language with which he is not familiar, to touch upon any subject, whether relating to persons or things, on which he does not know every thing that is to be known. And if he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful. What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, 'that his memory has swamped his mind,' and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less abundantly stored with the riches of the minds We had yesterday a party well composed for of others talk, for there were listeners of intelligence, and a good specimen of the sort of society of this house—Macaulay, Melbourne, Morpeth, Duncannon, Baron Rolfe, Allen and Lady Holland, and John Russell came in the evening I wish that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down all the conversation, or that I could have carried it away in my head, because it was curious in itself, and curiously illustrative of the characters of the Before dinner some mention was made of performers the portruits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. 'Sir Thomas More?' said Lady Holland 'I did not know he had been Speaker' 'Oh, yes,' said Macaulay, 'don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?' and , then he told the whole of that well known transaction, and all More lind said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed-for Melbourne loves all sorts of theo logical talk-we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's Life of Warren Hastings, which Macaulay said was the worst book

that ever was written, and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished, when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done. written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went upstairs we got upon the Fathers of the Church Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers He said, not a great deal He had read Chrysostom when he was in India, that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a Tew months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast, and he had read some of Athanasius. 'I remember a sermon,' he said, 'of Chry sostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch,' and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro, and with a sort of dension, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, 'Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?' Macaulty was, how ever, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the l'athers, and instantly replied that the Roman children lind their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older, and quoted Persius for 'Veneri donatæ a virgine puppre,'

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll

The conversation then ran upon Milman's History of Christianity, which Melbourne praised, the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself, the opinion of the world thereupon, and so on to Strauss's book and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a myth by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of 'mythical' it was not necessary to go so far back, that, for instance, we might take the case of Wm. Huntington, that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's Life, but my farthing rushlight was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all grasping and all retaining memory, for he at once came in with the whole minute account of this trans action how Huntington bad prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

Sir Thomas Munro soldier and K.C.B was Governor of Madras from 1819 to his death in 1827 William Huntington S.S. (i.e. 'Sinner Saved') from tramp and coalheaver became an eccentric preacher and prophet of rather duhous ways, who published some twenty volumes of sermons, epistles, and controversial tracts, often largely cuttobiographical and recording many divine interpositions on his own behalf

Sir John Gardner Wilkinson (1797-1875) took a prominent part in the study of Egyptian antiquities Son of the rector of Hardendale in Westmorland, he studied at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1821 he went to Egypt, practically made (1821-33) a survey of the country, and brought back large collections of inscriptions and objects of great archeological value. In 1828 he published Materia Hieroglyphica, and in 1830-35 two works on the topography of Thebes But his great work is his Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians (6 vols 1837-41, new ed by Buch, 1879, abridged ed 1854) About nine hundred woodcuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest elaborate illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation Wilkinson gathered together and systematised a vast mass of information drawn from ancient writers and the researches of the new school of Egyptologists, he corrected and expanded the work of his predecessors, and brought to light many new facts And the literary gift with which he expounded the whole subject and made it accessible and attractive to a wide circle of readers gives him an eminent and permanent place in an international series which includes Erman, Brugsch, Maspero, and Flinders Petrie. He insisted, as was natural, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest. and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times' Knighted in 1839, he made four subsequent visits to Egypt, travelled in Dalmatia, Sicily, Turkey, and Syria, wrote books on Dalmatia and Egyptian architecture and . a guide-book to Egypt, and helped Rawlinson with the Egyptian part of his Herodotus

#### An Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared, but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in Eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected, but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes, and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand, and in a tomb below the Pyrimids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy four rams are brought to be registered by his seribes, as part of the stock of the deceased, implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt, and by a prudent fore sight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus

the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and neconstant supply of oven was kept for the table, and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such ments as beef and goose, though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of ment was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the Last at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when during in private, dishes composed ehicfly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich, and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Num xi 4, 5)

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo and throughout the Last, each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign and by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party or the quality of the

guests.

As is the custom in Tgypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat at soon as killed, with the same view of having it tender which inakes. Northern people I cep it until decomposition is Ingin ming, and this explains the order of Joseph to 'sky and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the latchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants tool charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner table, and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at midday may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren, but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the last The table was much the same as that of the present day in Lgypt-a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed, but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg-which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone or some lined wood On this the dishes vere placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not gene rally covered with any linen, but, like the Greel table. was washed with a sponge or naphin after the dishewere removed One or two guests generally sat at a table, though, from the mention of persons scated in rous according to runk, it has been supposed the fables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the first born according to his youth'-Jos ph citing alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself' But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Tgypt

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they are with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand, nor did the Jews

(1 Sam ii 14) and Litruscan, it ough they had for s for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons zero introduced when required for roup or other liquids. The I gyptian spoons are of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, vood, or bronze, and other metals, many were ornamented with the lotes flower.

The Lypp range which after a well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the La t, as arroug the Greeks Romans, Hebres s, and o hers. It was also a custom of the Leyptians, during or after their repairs, to introduce a wooden image of O in from one for and a half to three feet in Leight, in the form of a hi rim niuming, tanding erect or lying on a ber, and to how it to each of the juc s, warming him of his monality and the transitory nature of human plea ares. He was reminded that some day he would be like the figure, that men our'it to blose one another, and aver these early a luch tend to make them consider life lang mich in reality it is too short, and vibile enjoying the blessings of this world, to lear in mind that their existence was precipors, and that death is lich all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually class their early Thus, while the pae is a cre permit ed, and even encourage l, to in Julge in conviviting, the plant res of the table and the mirth so congenial to the r lack disperation, they were exhibited to julia certain digree of restrant upon their co duct, and though the wan ment was perceived by other people, and avid as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly come on with the idea of the I captians to be remarked that this " life a as only a lodging or inn on their was, and that it me existence here was a preparation for a feture site

After the term we are I singing vere resurred, hard men and women displayed feats of apility. The most sind genes within door were old and even, more and drought. The game of more was common in when a well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously three out the fracts of one land, while one party guessed the sum of both. There were said in Latin mulice display, and this game will so common among the lover order of Italians, existed about four thousand yours ago in the reigns of the Ost tase.

Richard Ford (1795-1858), who has the credit of making a practical guide book as lively and literary as a book of trivels, was the son of a Sussex M.P., he passed from Winchester to Irinity College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar, but never practised. He spent 1830-34 in riding tours in Spain, and in 1845 appared his delightful Hardbook for Travillers in Spui His Gatherings from \$7 m (1846), is mainly made up of matter crowded out of the second edition of the Handbook the first having been found rather But the two divisions nere too encyclopredic. again combined in 1855, not without abridgment Ford wrote largely for the Quarterly, the Ediburgh, and the other reviews. His famous article on Velazquez in the Penry Encyclopædia did more than any other thing to make the great Spanish artist known to Englishmen, and he followed up this by many articles on other Spanish artists and on Spanish art and architecture. He was himself an accomplished artist and picture-lover

Buden Powell (1796-1860), born in London, studied at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1621 became vicar of Plumstead, in 1824 FRS, and in 1627 Savilan Professor of Geometry at Oxford He published a history of natural philosophy, treatises on the calculus, optics, and the undulatory theory of light, but was best known by his 'Evidences of Christianity' in Lisuys and Recovery, and by other theological works then thought dan gerously 'liberal'—On the Plurality of Horlds (1856), Christianity viathout Judaism (1857), Natural and Divine Truth (1857), and The Order of Nature (1859). The famous soldier, the defender of Mifching, was one of his sons.

George Robert Gleig (1796-1888) was the son of the Bishop of Brechin, but was born at Stirling. Having entered the army, he served in Spain and in America. He took orders in 1820, and became chaplain general of the army (1844) and inspector general of military schools (1846). The Subaltern (1825), founded on incidents of the Peninsular war, is the best known of his many novels, besides, he wrote several volumes of military history and biography, including narratives of the campaigns of New Orieans and Waterloo, a Life of Wellington, and a Life of Warren Hastings, which Macaulix pronounced (in superlatives, see above on page 320) the worst book that ever was written?

Alarie Alexander Watts (1797-1864), a Londoner born, was an usher at Fulliam and elsewhere, and a conspicuous editor at Leeds and Manchester, he contributed to many periodicals, and founded the United Service Gazette (1833), and mide a hit by his annual, the Literary Souvenir (1824-37), the prototype of innumerable annuals and pocket books, which collapsed finally owing to with but libellous critiques by Maginn Later he (unsuccessfully) tried to float various Conservative newspapers, and was ruined financially, where upon he accepted a small post in the inland revenue office, and alimitely enjoyed a civil list pension. One piece alone in his several volumes of poetry (collected as Lyrus of the Heart in 1850) is universally remembered—the illiterative jen alestral, An Austrian army infully arrayed, &c. He wrote some miscellineous prose also In 1856 he educed the first issue of Men of the Time There is a life by his son (1544)

John Moulti le (1707-1874), a minor poet in youth associated with Pried, Maciulas, and others in the I tarian and Kingit's Quarterh Magiciae was born in London of Sco o American ances in, from Lion passed to Trinits College Cambridge and was rected of Rughs from 1828. An americae and was rected of Rughs from 1828. An americae and medicative verse he published Mi, britished and medicative verse he published Mi, britished Gram and editor Principal poems written long before, Tex Digital of Ital, in a cit of Prints 1643, and a advance of sections preached in his church at Rughe.

Godien, one of his earliest things, was prinsed be Croker and Words orth and idmired his Prince and Tennyson Man, of his later poeties—ome of their meladed in Allars, Hearths and Graes (1854)—were almittedly technical Heavier (1883) against the errors of Popery, and many hymnel o his intimate friend Dr Arnold, and to Machilay he dedicated some of his best sonnets. An edition of his poems appeared in 1876, with a Memoir hy Derwent Colendae. His son Gerald (1829-85), for some time master of Shrey shiry School, we calso several collections of hymns and devotional poems.

My Brother's Grave

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,

Lxp seed to every rustic tread.

To few save rustic mourners I nown.

My brother, is thy lowly bed.

I ew word upon the rough stone graven,

Thy name, thy birth thy youth declare.

Thy innocence, thy hopes of beaven,

In simplest phrase recorded there.

No 'scutcheous shine, no hanners wave,

In mockery o er my brother's grave.

The place is silem—rarely sound Is heard tho e ancient walls around, Nor murthful voice of friends that meet, Discoursing in the public street. Nor hum of business dull and loud, Nor murmur of the pa sing crowd, Nor soldier's drum, nor trump it's swell. I rom neighbouring fort or citadel—No sound of human toil or strife. To death's lone dwelling speaks of life, Nor breal's the silence still and deep, Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,

Art laid in that unstanded sleep
The living eve hath never I nown.\(^2\)
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In distinal eclose on the walls,
Is, lowly preme through the rusle,
He sweeps the unboly on t rway
And coloreby which mu t not deble

Those windows on the Sabbath day And, passing through the central nave, Treads lightly on my bro here grave

Int when the succe tone! Sabba belome, Pourns its music on the bire e, Prorlams the well known holy tire Of prayer, and thonks, all berefed brees; When justic crouds accountly meet And hip and hard sto to the register And so as empty of hyron s yest Of earthly d' in Le lite theren What we could be I learn tone Is it and above the less and a com-What form in price is the entropy, Be deal eather known to grad Wheeler litter and Colors labatteriting cops Iuli well Isto t's rece then Apliforation of a chill deal The memory offite to entry it is the, We let be mare delloy la fet,

That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave
My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet,
How fondly inemory still surveys
Those seenes the heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pun,
Peace smiled on cach unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again
How blithely then we builed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine

And years have passed, and thou art now Forgotten in thy silent tomb, And cheerful is my mother's brow, My father's eye has lost its gloom, And years have passed, and death has laid Another vietim by thy side, With thee he roams, an infant shade, But not more pure than thou he died Blest are ye both! your ashes rest Beside the spot ye loved the best, And that dear home which saw your birth O'erlooks you in your bed of earth But who can tell what blissful shore Your angel spirit wanders o'er? And who can tell what raptures high Non bless your immortality?

Alexander Dyce (1798-1869), critic, born at Edinburgh, was educated at the High School there, graduated from Exeter College, Oxford, and took orders, but in 1825 settled in London as a man of letters. With rare learning and sagacity he edited Peele (1828-39), Webster (1830, new ed 1857), Greene (1831), Shirley (1833), Middleton (1840), Beaumont and Fletcher (1843-46), Marlowe (1850, new ed 1861), Shakespeare (1857, new ed 1864-67), &c., besides writing Recollections of the Table talk of Samuel Rogers (1856)

Waly Martha Sherwood (1775-1851), daughter of Dr Butt, chaplain to George III, was born at Stanford, Worcestershire, was carefully trained at the Abbey School in Reading, and before she was twenty-three had got fifty pounds for two stories (published 1798) In 1803 she married her cousin, Captain Henry Sherwood, and sailed for India, where they spent some twenty years, keenly interested in mission work and charities And there she wrote Little Henry and his Bearer, like all her work strongly didactic and earnestly evangelical, which nevertheless had a success comparable to Uncle Toni's Cabin, passed through a hundred editions, and was translated into all manner of tongues, European and Asiatic. Their last years husband and wife spent in England, studying Hebrew with a view to writing concordances

The Nun and The Lady and Bible dictionaries of the Manor were amongst Mrs Sherwood's longer tales-professedly religious and moral novels, but at times closely resembling sermons Better re membered is The Little Woodman, The Fairchild Family (Part I 1818), described on its title page as 'The Child's Manual, being a collection of stories calculated to show the importance and effects of a religious education,' had a second part added in 1842, a third in 1847, and, spite of its somewhat formidable sub title, was frequently re printed down to the end of the century, and again The Indian Pilgrim, reprinted in the ın 1902 twentieth century, like several of Mrs Sherwood's works (in all, including tracts, nearly a hundred in number), was a sort of Indian adaptation of the Pilgrim's Progress There is a Life of her by her daughter, Mrs Kelly (1854)

Louisa Stuart Costello (1799-1877), daugh ter of an Irish army captain born in the barony of Costello, County Mayo, went with her widowed mother to Paris in 1814, and there and subsequently in London defrijed the family expenses by her skilful work as a mininture-painter From time to time she published collections of poems, the first, in 1815, being The Maid of the Cyprus Isle, and other Poems In 1835, with the help of her brother Dudley (1803-65), a journalist, she published Speci mens of the Early Poetry of France But it was her bright descriptions of travel in Auvergne, Béarn and the Pyrenees, North Wales, Venice, and the Tyrol that made her really popular Her half dozen semi-historical novels on Catherine de' Medici, Mary of Burgundy, and Anne of Brittany were much read in their day In 1852 she had a civil list pension bestowed on her

Sir Henry Taylor (1800-86) was the son of a gentleman farmer of unusual culture at Bishop Middleham in Durham At fourteen he went to sea as midshipman, rejoiced to obtain his discharge after nine miserable months, and two years later obtained a clerkship in the Storckeeper General's After four years' service, including Department a few months in Barbadoes, he lost his post in consequence of some official rearrangements, and returned to his father's house, Witton Hall, to spend two years of uninterrupted quiet and study He began to write for the Quarterly, and in 1823 settled in London, having been appointed through Sir Henry Holland's influence to a clerkship in the Golonial Office. Here he laboured for fortyeight years under as many as twenty six Secreta ries of State, retiring only in 1872. He declined in 1847 the post of permanent under-secretary in succession to Sir James Stephen, and in 1869 was made KCMG His services to the republic of letters Oxford had in 1862 recognised by giving him a D C L His last days were spent at Bourne mouth, and there he ended a long and happy life.

Taylor wrote four tragedies in 'the Shakespearian manner' Isaac Comnenus (1827), Philip van

Artevelde (1834-an immediate success), Edwin the Fair (1842), and St Clement's Eve (1862), and one romantic comedy, The Virgin Widow, afterwards renamed A Sicilian Summer In 1845 he published a small volume of lyrical poetry, and in 1847 The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems His work in prose embraced The Statesman (1836), a collection of Baconian discourses on official life and the methods of managing men, for which, as he himself said, 'Pragmatic Precepts' would have been a better title, Notes from Life (1847)-one of its essays, 'The Life Poetic,' mainly a eulogy of Southey, and Notes from Books (1849), half made up of tvo articles on Wordsworth Last came, in 1885, his interesting Autobiography, admirably written, full of genial observation, and not marred by the pardonable egotism of age, experience, and universal popularity

Southey said Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own that he had taken into his heart of hearts. He was a magnificentlooking man, a most perfect and kindly gentleman, and every way a man of distinction, said Lord Coleridge, who, however, lamented that if Taylor 'gave you a thought or a memory worth having, it was in a prodigious number of words, not poured out but dropped down deliberately one by one' This has some relevance also to a good deal of his literary work Professor Palgrave, commenting on the plays, said 'There is so much in them that one wonders all the time what one thing is wanting' A comparison with Joanna Baillie's plays was more than once suggested. Of the Statesman, dealing, as Taylor put it, with such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation had suggested to him, Maginn profanely (and unfairly) said it was 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained? Taylor's name is most closely associated with his Philip van Artevelde, a play in two parts, which he himself spoke of as a historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form. The subject -the story of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death'-was suggested by Southey The first extract deals with the death of one of the captains of Ghent.

#### The Death of Launoy

Second Dean Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met, Six thousand voices shouted with the last [Blanes!' 'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons But from that force thrice told there came the cry Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard' 'So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent Gave back and opened after three hours' fight, And liardly flying laid they gained Nivelle, When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them Then all were sluin save Launoy and lus guard,

Who, barricaded in the minister tower,

Made desperate resistance, whereupon

The earl waxed wrothful, and bide fire the church

First Burgher Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed!

Was't done?

Second Dean 'Twas done—and presently was heard And after that the rushing of the flames! [a yell, Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud 'A runsom!' and held up his cont to sight With florins filled, but they without but laughed And mocked him, saying, 'Come amongst us, John, And we will give thee welcome, make a leap—Come out at window, John' With that the flames Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword, Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,



SIR HENRY TAYLOR
From a Photograph by W J Hawker Bournemouth.

And shouting, 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth, When they below received him on their spears. And so died John of Launoy

First Burgher A brave end
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times,
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us

Starvation is upon us

Van Artevelde I never looked that he should hive so He was a man of that unsleeping spirit, [long He seemed to live by mirrele his food Was glory, which was poison to his mind And peril to his body. He was one Of many thousand such that die betimes, Whose story is a frigment, known to few. Then comes the man who has the luck to live, And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances, And deem there is ne'er a one in dangerous times, Who wins the race of glory, but than him A thousand men more gloriously endowed.

Have fallen upon the course, a thousand others Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance, Whilst lighter barks pushed past them, to whom add A smaller tally, of the singular few, Who, gifted with predominating powers, Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace. The world knows nothing of its greatest men

Father John Had Launov lived, he might have passed But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges [for great, The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all Which makes the wonder of the many Still An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame. There 'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him

Van Artevelde They will be dim, and then be bright All is in busy, stirring, storiny motion, [again And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns Lightly is life laid down amongst us now, And lightly is death mourned a dusk star blinks As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo! In a wide solitude of wintry sky Twinkles the reilluminated star, And all is out of sight that sinirched the ray We have no time to inourn

He that hels time to mourn lacks time to mend
Literally mourns that 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them
Where sorrow's held intrusive and tirned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies liumanity
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
I rom shelf to shelf Ambition elambers up,
To reach the maked'st pinnack of all,
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self included at the base
But this thou know'st (From Philip van Artevelde, Part I)

## The Lay of Elena

A bark is hunched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits about,
A little sail is loosed to take
The night wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lafe and up the bay
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed?
Before her shines the evening star,

Behind her in the woods afar The eastle lights are lost

It was not for the forms—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night

Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,

As fancy led, or choice or chance, Through wildered regions of romance

Be it arowed, when all is said, She trod the path the many tread She loved too soon in life, her dawn Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn A sure prognostic that the day Will not unclouded pass away Too young she loved, and he on whom Her first love lighted, in the bloom Of boyhood was, and so was graced With all that earliest runs to waste Intelligent, loquicious, mild, Let gay and sportive as a child, With feelings light and quick, that came And went like flickerings of flaine, A soft demeanour, and a mind Bright and abundant in its kind, I hat, playing on the surface, made A rapid change of light and shade, Or, if a darker hour perforce At times o'ertook him in his course, Still, sparkling thick like glow worms, showed Life was to him a summer's road-Such was the youth to whom a love For grace and beauty far above Their due descrits betrayed a heart Which might have else performed a prouder part

First love the world is wont to call The passion which was now her all So be it called, but be it known The feeling which possessed her now Was novel in degree alone, Love early marked her for his own, Soon as the winds of here en had blown Upon her, had the seed been sown In soil which needed not the plough, And passion with her growth had grown, And strengthened with her strength, and how Could love be new, unless in name, Degree, and singleness of aim? A tenderness had filled her mind Pervisive, viewless, undefined, As keeps the subtle fluid oft In secret, gathering in the soft And sultry air, till felt at length, In all its desoluting strength-So silent, so devoid of dread, Her objectless affections spread, Not wholly unemployed, but squandered At large where'er her fancy wandered-Till one attraction, one desire Concentred all the scattered fire, It broke, it burst, it bluzed amain, It flashed its light o'er hill and plain, O'er earth below and heaven above-And then it took the name of love. (From Philip van Artevelde, Put 1)

A collected edition of Taylor's works appeared in five volumes in 1878. The Autoliography (2 vols. 1885) contains a fine series of pen portraits of such contemporaries as Wordsworth Southey Scott, Sydney Smith, Mill Sir James Stephen, Spedding, Carlyle Tennyson, and Aubrey de Vere. It was supplemented by his only less delight ful Correspondence (1888) a selection of two hundred and two letters edited by Professor Dowden, including also letters to Taylor from Wordsworth, Southey Stephen, Mrs Norton, Macaulay, Spedding Tenryson, Aubrey de Vere, Gladstone, Dr John Brown, and Swinburne.

Leitch Ritchie (1800-65) came from Greenock to a Glasgow merchant's office, and at eighteen began writing for the magazines By 1820 he had furly begun in London his literary life as a diligent compiler, editor, and author, writing books of travel, editing a library of romance, preparing the text for books of pictures (such as Turner's Liber Fluviorum), and contributing to innumer-In his later years he edited able magazines Chambers's fournal and did other work for its Of his original novels the most im publishers portant were Schinderhannes, The Robber of the Rhine, The Magician, and Weary foot Common

Edward William Lane (1801-76), Arabic scholar, the son of a clergyman in Hereford, began life as an engraver, but delicate health took him to Egypt, and he became one of the most accomplished Orientalists of his time, who did probably more than any contemporary to interest Britain and Europe in the Arabic and Moslem The result of his first (1825-28) and second (1833-35) visits to Egypt was his Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians (1836, 5th ed 1871, reprints in 1890, 1894, &c), still a standard This was followed by the annotated authority translation of the Thousand and One Nights (1838-40), really the first accurate rendering, and by Selections from the Koran (1843) Land's third visit to Egypt (1842-49) was devoted to laborious preparation for the great work of his life, the Arabic Lericon (5 vols 1863-74), completed (1876-90) by his grand-nephew, Professor Stanley Lane Poole, who also wrote his Life (1877)

Abraham Hayward (1802-84), of an old Wiltshire house, was articled to a country lawyer, but entered lumself at the Inner Temple in 1824, and was called to the Bar in 1832 He founded and edited the Law Magazine, and was made a QC in 1845 In 1833 he published his prose translation of the first part of Faust, and soon became a busy contributor to the newspapers and magazines, especially the Quarterly His tongue was sharp, his temper was not improved by his missing the professional success he aimed at, and his later years were devoted to literature and social relay itions He was rather a marvellously well informed man and an admirable teller of anecdotes than a brilliant talker, but his stories and good sayings, his whist-playing, and his genial and artistic interest in 'the art of dining' delighted society almost down to his death. Many of his best articles were reprinted in his Biographical and Urifical Essays (1858-73) and Emment Statesmen and Writers (1880) Other books, besides many legal ones, were on whist, on Junius, and on Goethe, Lives of George Schwin and Lord Chesterfield, an edition of Mrs Piozzi's autobiography letters, and literary remains, an edition of The Diaries of a Lady of Quality, and his famous Art of Dir ing His Selected Lissay's appeared in 1878, his Select Correspondence in 1886

George Payne Rainsford James (1801-60), the son of a well known London physician, was educated at Putney and in France, and by seventeen had written some Eastern tales which found favour with Washington Irving He soon there after began to write romances, and became one of the most prolific and popular novelists of the period, in all he produced something like a hundred novels and other works, and many of the romances, mostly of historical type and after the style of Scott, have been frequently reprinted He was British consul at Richmond, Virginia, from 1852 till 1856, and then at Venice until his death 'G P R James's' best stories were among the earliest—Richelien (1829) and Henry Masterton (1832) Among the others may be mentioned, Philip Augustus (1831), Mary of Burgunay (1833), Darnles (1833), The Man at-Arms (1840), Const de Léon (1841), Agincourt (1844), The Smugglers (1845) A few poems from his pen are of no importance. He also undertook a good deal of historical work, and published a Life of the Black Prince (1836), Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen (1838-40), Life and Times of Loms XIV (1838), and Dark Scenes of History William IV appointed him historiographer royal, and he produced a History of the United States Boundary Question (1839), a disquisition on the Corn Laws (1841), and several other works bearing on political questions. Though his specifically hterary talent was not great and his style was melodramatic and grandiloquent, he had an indisputable ficulty for ready and picturesque writing, and of so employing historical incidents as to make his romances eminently attractive, especially to young people. He may be classed as a hibrida productive hybrid-between Dumas and Mrs Ann Radeliffe Leigh Hunt writes kindly of him, and Sir Archibald Alison could 'revert with pleasure to his varied compositions,' which even yet may be safely recommended to the 'young person' But the 'two horsemen' who so frequently opened his novels will be remembered best, if not indeed solely, by Thickerry's parody, Barbazure

#### An Opening

On the morning of the 24th day of March 1520 a triveller was seen riding in the small rugged cross road which, traversing the eastern part of Kent, formed the immediate communication between Wye and Canter The rider was a man of about five or six and twenty, perhaps not so old, but the hardy, exposed life which had dyed his florid cheel with a tinge of deep brown lind given also to his figure that look of set, mature strength which is not usually concomitant with vouth. But strength with him had nothing of ungrace. fulness, for the very vigour of his limbs give them ease of motion. Yet there was something more in his aspect and in his carriage than can rightly be attributed to the grace induced by habits of martial exercise, or to the dignity derived from consciousness of skill or valour there vas that sort of innate nobility of look which we are often weakly inclined to combine in our minds with nobility of station, and that peculiar sort of grace which is a gift not an acquirement In those days, when, as old

Holinshed assures us, it was not safe to ride unarmed, even upon the most frequented road, a small bridle path, such as that which the traveller pursued, was not likely to afford much greater security However, he did not appear to have furnished himself with more than the complement of offensive arms usually worn by every one above the rank of a simple yeoman-namely, the long straight double edged sword, which, thrust through a broad buff belt, hung perpendicularly down his thigh, with the hilt shiped in form of a cross, without any further guard for the hand, while in the girdle appeared a small dagger, which served also as a knife added to these was a dag or pistol, which, though small, consider ing the dimensions of the arms then used, would have caused any horse pistol of the present day to blush at its own insignificance. In point of defensive armour he carried none, except a steel cap, which lining at his saddle bow, while its place on his head was supplied by a Genoa bonnet of black velvet, round which his rich eliestnut hair eurled in thick profusion different, however, were his mental sensations, if one might believe the knitted look of thought that sat upon his full broad brow, and the lines that early care seemed to have busily traced upon the check of youth meditation, at all events, was the companion of his way, for, confident in the surefootedness of his steed, he took no care to hold his bridle in hand, but suffered himself to he borne forward almost unconsciously, fixing his gaze upon the line of light that liung above the edge of the hill before him, as if there he spied some object of deep interest, yet, at the same time, with that fixed intensity which told that, whilst the eye thus occupied itself, the mind was far otherwise employed (From Darnley )

# A Mêlée

In an instant Sir Osborne's visor was down, his spear was in the rest, and his horse in full gallop 'Darnley!' Darnley!' shouted he, with a voice that made the welkin ring 'Darnley to the rescue! Traitor of Shoenvelt, turn to your death!'

'Darnley! Darnley!' shouted Longpole, following

'St George for Darnley ! Down with the trutors !'

The shout was not lost upon either Shoenvelt or the traveller. The one instantly turned, with several of his men, to attack the knight, the other, seeing unexpected aid at hand, fell back towards Darnley, and with admir able skill and courage, defended himself with nothing but his sword against the lances of the marauders, who—their object being more to take him living than to kill him—lost the advantage which they would have otherwise had by his want of armour

Like a wild beast, raging with hatred and fury, Shoen velt charged towards the knight, his lance quivering in his hand with the angry force of his grasp. On, on, bore Sir Osborne at full speed towards him, his bridle in his left hand, his shield upon his breast, his lance firmly fixed in the rest, and levelled in such manner as to avoid its breaking. In a moment they met. Shoenvelt's spear struck Sir Osborne's shield, and, umed firmly and well, partially traversed the iron, but the knight, throwing back his left arm with vast force, snapped the head of the lance in twain. In the meanwhile his own spear, charged at the marauder's throat with unerring exactness, passed clean through the gorget piece and the upper rim of the corslet, and came bloody out at the back. You

might have heard the iron plates and hones eranch as the lance rent its way through. Down went Shoenvelt, horse and man horne over by the force of the knight's course, 'Darnley, Darnley!' shouted Sir Oshorne, casting from him the spear which he could not disengage from the marauder's neck, and drawing his sword. 'Darnley, Darnley! to the rescue! Now, Wilsten, now!' And turning, he galloped up to where the traveller, with Longpole and Frederick by his side, firinly maintained his ground against the adventurers. (From Darnley)

Douglas Jerrold (in full, Douglas William Jerrold, 1803-57) was a Londoner born, youngest son of an actor who was from 1807 lessee of the theatre at Sheerness Even as a child he began to manifest a voracious appetite for books, in 1809 he was at school in Sheerness, in 1813 he went on board the Namus guardship as a mid shipman, not a little proud of his uniform. At the close of the war his ship was paid off, and in 1816, settled with the rest of the family in London, the eager book loving boy started life anew as a printer's apprentice. He was diligent in business, but seized every moment of his leisure time for self instruction In 1819, a compositor on the Sunday Monitor, he had been to see Der Freischutz, and, having written a criticism on it, dropped it into his employer's letter-box. Next morning he had his own copy handed to him to set up, with an editorial note to the anonymous correspondent requesting further contributions. Jerrold was not yet fairly launched on literature. His capacity for study was enormous, and his perseverance indefatigable, night and morning he worked at Latin, French, and Italian, besides getting through a vast amount of English reading, and erelong he was dramatic critic, as well as compositor, on the Monitor Before his marriage in 1824 he had made a start as a dramatist, four of his pieces had been produced, the first of which, More Frightened than Hurt (written when its author was about fifteen), came out in 1821. In 1825 he was engaged at a weekly salary to write dramas, farces, and other 'entertainments' for the Coburg Theatre. Four years later he was engaged at five pounds a week in a like capacity at the Surrey Theatre, where in 1829 Black eyed Susan was acted for the first From this date up to 1854, when The Heart of Gold came out at the Princess's Theatre, a long series of plays (including Bubbles of the Day, 1841, and Retired from Business, 1851) was produced, every one of them characterised by Jerrold's sprightly style and sparkling dialogue His contributions to periodical literature begun soon after he commenced life in London, with occasional verses and sketches in the various magazines of the day, as his position became more assured he contributed to the Monthly, the New Monthly, the Athenaum, Blackwood, and To Punch he was a constant other periodicals and important contributor from its second number in 1841 up to the time of his death and 1848 he edited one after another two magazines

and a weekly paper of his own, and in these and in Punch much of his best work appeared politics a Liberal, in 1852 he accepted the editorship of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, 'he found it in the street, and annexed it to literature.' For his peculiar kind of wit, for his 'flashing insight,' Jerrold stands alone The conversations in his novels are perhaps too witty, too much like dramatic dialogue. The incidents and characters in his plays are well managed and arranged for dramatic effect, but lack breadth and simplicity In social conversation Jerrold was brilliant and unique, and from keen sarcasm could pass lightly to touching pathos As a journalist he was a zealous advocate of 1eform, a passionate hater of cant, given to speaking at times unadvisedly with his pen as with his lips, and nowise infallible, but an honest m in and a generous friend. His humour was spontaneous and overflowing, if some of his fun was farther fetched, he was a genial wit rather than an intentional satirist, though it must be admitted that some of his brightest sayings seem acrid and rude, if not cruel But, as has been justly said, 'there are men who can and do say the sharpest things without wounding. The look, the manner, the twinkle in the eye, the known character of the man-these turn bitterness to merry banter in the very utterance? A collected edition of Jerrold's works, in eight volumes, was published during his lifetime, it contains his principal writings, St Giles and St James, A Man made of Money, The Story of a Feather, Cakes and Ale, Punch's Letters to his Son, Punch's Complete Letter-curiter, Chronicles of Clovernook, and the inimitably funny and enormously popular Mis Caudle's Curtain Lectures, and fewer than half of Jerrold's dramatic works. It is said that - he tired of making professional fun confessedly he would greatly have preferred to see one of his more considerable stories, or of his most successful plays, accounted his masterpiece rather than Mrs Caudle

# Fancy Fair for Painting St Pauls

Sir Phenix Clearcake I come with a petition to you—a petition not purliamentary but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall, its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable

Lord Skindeep. Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I'm with you Well, the precise object?

Sir P It is to remove a stain—a very great stain—from the city, to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution, to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay, to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal smoke atmosphere of London, in a word, my lord—but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St Paul's' To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

Lord Skin A gigantic effort 1

Sir P The funcy fur will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall, and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—

but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions

Lord Skin But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

Sir P Certainly not, my lord And yet your phil anthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything

Lord Skin Well, well, command me in any way, benevolence is my foible

(From Bubbles of the Day-a drama.)

# Brilliant Speculative Companies

Captain Smoke We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer matches



DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD

From the Portrait by Sir Daniel Macnee PRSA, in the
National Portrait Gallery

Sir P A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

Smole Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—(Aside to Chatham We shall make it fill right about the shares)—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission

Chatham Trnly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

Smoke Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

Lord Skin Smoke, never say humbug, it's coarse. Sir P And not respectable.

Snote Pardon me, my lord it was coar c. But the fact is, humbing has received such high patrolinge that now it's quite classic.

Chat But why not embarl his lordship in the lucifer

question?

Smoke I can't. I have his lordship in three companies already. Three Pirst, there's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from asafo tida. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three deeler of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We've already advertised for wet nur as and mads of all work.

Sir P. A inagmificent project. And then the fitting up vill be so respectable. A delightful billiard table in the ward room, with, for the humbler classe, skittleson the oilop deel. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap ball and crieket for the children, while the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weip pert's quadrille band is engaged, and—

Snoke For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson

Chat And the object?

Smoke Pleasure and education. At every rew country we shall drop anchor for at least a weal, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer to ill occupy only three years, and we've forgotten nothing to male it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to coil jackets.

brown And now, sir, the third venture?

Smole That, sir is a company to Livethe Serpentine River for a Grand Junetion Temperance Centeters

Brown What ' so many waters graves?

Smoke Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here s the properties. I ool here surmounted by a hysemth—the very emblem of temperance—a hysemth flowering in the limped flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I I now his lordship's goodne—he'll give you up the cemetery. (Aside to Chatham. A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

Sir P What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water likes and aquatic plants genining the tran likent crystal, shells of rainbow brightnes, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling sourced to shareholders. The extent of the liver being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable

(From Bullier of the Day)

C Community in 2

#### Time's Changes,

Florentine. O sir, the magic of five long years! We punt Time with glass and scythe—should lie not carry harlequin's own v and? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

Clarence Are they, in truth, so very great?

Flor Greater than harlequin's, but then Time works them with so grave a face that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

Clar Time has his bounteous changes too, and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower

(From Time Werks Henders)

## Retirement,

Tackle Kitty, see what you'll get by waiting ! I'll grow you such a garland for your wedding

Kills A garland, indeed! A daisy to day is worth a rose bush to morrow

Puffins But, Mr Penny ciphe, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from but me-

Guin No, in every sense, who is? Life his is duties ever more wis r, better, than a marky diseject of false distinction, made by genorance, maintained by weatness. Ke tim, from the activitie of his, we have yet our duly take—the interchange of imple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following trose already passed, we real beneath the history of you distinguise, then, and then only, may it have do for it read from history.

Great except in bedien?

## Winter in London.

The streets were empty. Probe a cold may driven all who had the thiter of a roof to their home. And the north east blast seemed to look in troop places of the untrolled serow. Winter we article art of all this, whip directioned domb with exact of its right free gration, the training of a cason. However, in that desputing hour, bond its training of want, and do him that desputing hour, bond its terminal from the case of many a virted in event deliverer. It was a trace hen the very pour, betted from the commone of he is of each, the screece of mall in him to relate, and in the deep hundly of desiriting, believe they are the burden and the offslich he will.

It was a time when the easy, compared homen, touched with firest sense of our and affering pives form he about an early holds he is my faces almost the next that with the hold depress misers circled round hunds have the with the hold depress misers circled round hunds have the all things holds he have the face and the middle of viretchedness, demands to have the thousand the and starving creature in his very tendence a form it we tests his provide and eventually in free in weather that we have manhood in true, howing him down and to the brate. And so questioned, this is an increase in more threakfulness of soul. His alms are no coll, formal climates, but reverent sacrifices to his suffering profiler.

It is a time when selfishness ling it elf in its evin narmth, with no other thoughts then of its pleasant possession all mode pleasanter sweeper, by the dood tion around when the mere worlding rejoices the mole in his warm chamber, because it is so be er cold without, when he eas and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution providing like a wolf around his well barred louse when in fine the brais his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the major his fellow beings no ling save his own victory of forture—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grice his triumph

It was a time, too, when human nature often shous its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment cling ing to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garre's of the poor, are neted scenes which make the nolicest heroism of life, which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in threes of mortal agons, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

(From St Giles and St James, Chap. 1)

for the first thirty-five years of his life to be known as Edward Bulwer, and for twenty as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, was born at 31 Baker Street, London, on 25th May 1803 He was the third and youngest son of General Larle Bulwer of Heydon and Dalling in Norfolk, by Elizabeth Birbara Lytton, the heiress of Knebworth in Hertfordshire. As a child a devourer of books, his favourites Amadis de Gant and the Faere Queene, he took early to rhy ming, and went to school at nine, though not, it may be unluckil, to a public one, but to six private tutors in succession (1812-21) In 1820 he Published Ismael and other Poems and about the

EDWARD GEORGE LARLE LYTTON BULWER, From the Drawing by Alfred E. Chalon R. A. in the National

same time 'was changed for life' by a hopeless, tragic first love At Trinity Hill, Cambridge tragic hrst love At Trimity From, Cambridge (1822-25), he read English listory, Political economy, metaphysics, and early English literature, spoke much at the Union, criried off the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem upon Sculp ture, but took only a pass degree in a long vacation walking tour (1824), he had visited the grave of his lost love in the Lake Country, and there, in Scotland, and in the north of England had strange adventures with cutthroats and most impossible Gypsies His college life ended, lie now alternated awhile between Paris and London, and in London in 1825 he raris and Lungon, and in Lungon in 1025 ne wheeler (1802-82), 7 beautiful Irish gri, whom he married in 1827, despite his mother's strenuous opposition It was a most unhappy /

m irringe, his wife bore him a drughter and a son, the future Earl of Lytton, in 1836 they son, the future Latt of Lytton, in 1030 they separated But his marriage may fairly be said to have called forth in him a marvellous hterry activity, for the temporary estrangement from lns mother threw him almost wholly on his o resources He had only £200 a year, and he had at the rate of £3000, the deficiency was supplie out of his well-stored portfolio, his teeming brain and lns indefatigable industry? During the next ten Jeurs he produced twelve novels, two poems, one political primplilet, one play, the whole of England and the Inglish, three volumes of Athens, its Rise and I all, of which only two ever were published, and all the essays and tales collected in the Student, to which must be added his untold contributions to the Famburgh, the Westminster, the New Monthly (of which he became editor in 1831), the Lammer, and other serals His Wer therran Falkland, published anonymously in 1827, gric little promise of the brilling success, both at home and abroad, of Pelham (1828), the clever persifige of whose dandy hero is still delightful No two readers were on the relative ment of his books, and it may be argued that this very divergence of opinion as to which is really his in sterpiece only illustrates his amazing resituity Certainly Pelliam is better than Paul Clifford (1830), an idealisation of the highway man, as Engene Aram (1832) is of the murderer, many, no doubt, rank it is inferior to the finesful Pil Frims of the Rhine (1834) or to one or another of his four famous historical novels—The Last Days

of Pompen (1834), Riensi (1835), The Last of the Barons (1843), and Harold (1843) His unique domestic trilogy, The Cartons (1850), My Aorel (1853), and What will he do with it? (1859), Sterne like yet strangely unlike Sterne, surpasses Hirchery for personts and Dickens for gentle men, and both in knowledge of the world of Politics Lanont (1842), A Strange Story (1862), must not be forgotten, or, shorter but stronger than either, The Haunted and the Haunters (Blackwood's Magazine, 1859) No English story of the supernitural quite resembles this, for a very sufficient reason—the author was writing as a believer, as a serious student of astrology, chiromancy, occult lore generally In 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, Bulwer had

entered Parliament as member for St Ives, and attached himself to the Reform party, but Lincoln next year returned him as a Protectionist Liberal, and that sent he held till 1841. At this time he was not merely still on most Points a Radical, but, according to Cooper the Chartist poet, openly Professed that he would prefer to see England under a Republican Government In 1838 the Melbourne administration conferred on him a by brilliant services as a pam phleteer, in 1843 he succeeded, by his mother's death, to the Knebworth estrice, and assumed the additional surname of Lytton Sir Edward Bulwer

Lytton now sought to re enter Parliament, in 1847 contesting Lincoln unsuccessfully, and in 1852 he was returned as Conservative member for Hertfordshire. Deafness hindered him from slinning as a debater, but he made himself a successful orator. In the Derby Government (1858–59) he was Colonial Secretary, and signalised his brief tenure of office by calling into existence the two vast colonies of British Columbia and Queensland. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died at Torquay on 18th January 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His son, the first Earl Lytton, was also distinguished in literature and statesmanship.

Lord Lytton's works in all exceed sixty, and fill more than a hundred and ten volumes. To those already mentioned may be added The Disowned (1829), Devereux (1829), Godolphin (1833), Ernest Maltravers (1837), Alice (1837), Leila and Calderon (1838), Night and Morning (1841), Poems and Ballads, chiefly from Schiller (1844), Lucretia (1846), Caxtoniana (1863), The Coming Race (anonymously, 1870), Kenelm Chillingly (1873), The Parisians (1874), and Pausanias the Spartan (unfinished, 1876)

Lytton's novels give examples of the art of fiction in its most widely differing divisions, and, taken together, display a surprising range of His knowledge was wide, though not accurate or profound, he had wit but not much humour, a luxuriant fancy rather than a high imagination, a lively interest in all of life, a skill of florid description and fluent narratne. His evident faults are a lack of sincerity, artificiality, over ambition in straining after effect The abiding impression is one rather of brilliant talent and eleverness than of Lytton's popularity was always rather with the public than with the critics, and it must be admitted that he does not now hold the place m literary history he at one time seemed likely to secure

Of his plays it must suffice to say that The Lady of Lions (1838), Ruhelieu (1838), and Money (1840), all three of which owed something to limits from Macready, still hold the stage as firmly as the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan, of his poems, that King Arthur (1848), and even St Stephen's (1860) and The Lost Tales of Miletus (1866), will all be forgotten when The New Timon (1846) is still kept in remembrance by the sivage answer it provoled in Punch from Tennyson Lytton's comment on Tennyson was sufficiently pointed and uncomplimentary to provoke reprisals 'The jingling melody of purloined conceits Outbabying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,' sneered Lytton, and one cannot wonder that rennyson replied

> We know him, out of Shakespeare's art And those fine curses which he spot c— The Old Timon with his noble heart, That strongly loathing, greatly broke

So died the Old, here comes the New Regard him—a familiar face, I thought we knew him—What' it's you, The pudded man that wears the stays,

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you viote

O Llon, you that made a noise, And shook a mane en fafilletes

What profits now to understand

The ments of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—

If half the little soul is dirt?

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame,
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest

It was not Tennyson, however, that sent the lines to *Punch*, but John Forster, nor did their author ever republish them—they were too bitter, he said

# Death of Gawtrey the Coiner

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Grutrey 'One way yet—the window—the rope

Morton opened the casement—Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking, it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors recled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet, after two or three efforts, the grappling hook caught firm hold—the penlous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton, 'I will not leave you now, you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over'

'Hark' hark'—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape and I fall—I anny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go, that's right!

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge, it swung and craekled at his weight Shifting his grosp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth-with closed eyes-he moved on-he gained the parapet-he stood safe on the opposite side struning his eyes across, he saw through the open case ment into the chamber he had just quitted was still standing against the door to the principal stair case, for that of the two was the weaker and the more Presently the explosion of a firearm was assailed heard, they had shot through the panel seemed wounded, for he staggered forward and uttered a fierce cry, a moment more, and he gained the window -he seized the rope-he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the prespet, holding the grappling hook in its place with convulsive grasp and fixing his eyes bloodsho' with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord !

"Le-nll' le-vild!" cried a voice from the opps site side. Morton ruled his gaze from Gawtrey, the case ment was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they

had burst into the room-an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gautrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe The policeman deliberately raised his pistol-Gautrey arrested himself-from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him, his hair bristling, his cheel white, his hps drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fiereeness of the man IIIs look, so fixed, so intense, so stern, awed the policeman, his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound-Morton knelt half laugh, half yell-of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's hips He swung himself on-near-nearnearer-a yard from the parapet

'You are saved!' eried Morton, when it that moment a volley burst from the fatal easement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groam, or rather howl of rage and despair and agony appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton spring to his feet and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass, the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the brubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Casar and the leper alike are when all elay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty would be for ever and for ever if there were no God!

(From Vight and Morning)

## From 'The Last Days of Pompeli'

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the redule ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration

'A splendid mappa that of yours,' said Clodius, 'why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle ''

'A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome, but Glaucus attends to these things more than I'

'Be propitious, O Bacchus' said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation

This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the coaches, and the business of the hoar commenced

'May this cup be my last 1' said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—'May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompen!'

'Bring lither the amphora,' said Glauens, 'and read its date and its character'

The slave histoned to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the earl betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years

'How deliciously the snow has cooled it ' said Pansa. It is just enough'

'It is like the experience of a man who his cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest,' exclaimed Sallust

'It is lile a woman's "No," added Glaucus 'it cools but to inflainc the more '

'When is our next wild beast fight?' said Clothus to

'It stands fixed for the minth ide of August,' answered Pansa 'on the day after the Vulcanaha,—we have a most lovely young hon for the occasion'

'Whom shall we get for him to eat?' asked Clothus. 'Alis' there is a great scarcity of eriminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the hon, Pansa l'

'Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late,' replied the ridile gravely. 'It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that's what I call an infringement on property itself.'

'Not so in the good old days of the Republic,' sighed Sallust

'And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and a lion, and all this innocent pleasure ther may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law.'

'What can be worse policy,' said Clodius senten tiously, 'than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?'

'Well, than! Jupiter and the Pates! we have no Nero at present,' said Sallust

He was indeed a tyrant, he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years?

'I wonder it did not create a rebellion,' said Sallast.

'It very nearly did,' returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish

'Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaueus?' cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

Sallust was only twenty four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others, yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went

'I know its face, by Pollux!' cried Pansa 'It is an Ambracian Kid Ho!' (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) 'we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new comer'

'I had hoped,' said Glaucus in a melancholy tone, 'to have procured you some oysters from Britain, but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters'

'Are they in truth so delicious?' asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more laxumous ease his ungirdled tunic.

'Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour, they want the richness of the Brundusium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them.'

'The poor Britons' There is some good in them after all,' said Sallust. 'They produce an oyster'

'I wish they would produce us a gladiator,' said the ædile, whose provident mind was musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

#### From 'The Caxtons'

'Sir-sir, it is a boy "

'A boy,' said my father, looking up from his book, and evidently much puzzled, 'what is a boy?'

Now my father did not mean by that interrogatory to challenge philosophical inquiry, nor to demand of the honest but unenlightened woman who had just rushed mto his study a solution of that mistery, physiological and psychological, which has puzzled so many curious sages, and lies still involved in the question, 'What is a man?' For, as we need not look further than Dr Johnson's Dictionary to know that a boy is 'a male child'-1 e. the male young of man-so he who would go to the depth of things, and know scientifically what is a boy, must be able to ascertain 'what is a min' But, for aught I I now, my father may have been satisfied with Busson on that score, or he may have sided with Monboddo He may have agreed with Bishop Berkeley he may have contented himself with Professor Combehe may have regarded the genus spiritually, like Zeno, or materially, like Epicurus Grant that boy is the male voung of man, and he would have had plenty of defini tions to choose from. He might have said, 'Man is a stomach-ergo, boy a male young stomach a brain-boy a male young brain. Man is a bundle of habits—boy a male young bundle of habits. Man is a machine—boy a male young machine. Man is a tailless monkey—boy a male young tailless monkey Man is a combination of gases—boy a male young combination of gases. Man is an appearance—boy a male young appear ance,' &c., &c., and et cetera, ad infinitum! And if none of these definitions had entirely satisfied my father, I am perfectly persuaded that he would never have come to Mrs Primmins for a new one

But it so happened that my father was at that moment engaged in the important consideration whether the *Iliad* was written by one Homer, or was rather a collection of sundry ballads, done into Greel by divers hands, and finally selected, compiled, and reduced into a whole by a Committee of Taste, under that elegant old tyrant Pisistratus, and the sudden affirmation, 'It is a boy,' did not seem to him pertinent to the thread of the discussion Therefore he asked, 'What is a boy?' vaguely, and, as it were, taken by surprise

'Lord, sir!' said Mr. Primmins, 'what is a boy? Why, the baby!'

'The haby i' repeated my father, rising 'What' you don't mean to say that Mrs Carton is-eh?'

'Yes, I do,' said Mrs Primmins, dropping a curtsey, 'and as fine a little rogue as ever I set eyes npon'

'Poor dear woman!' said my father with great compassion 'So soon, too—so rapidly,' he resumed in a tone of musing surprise. 'Why, it is but the other day we were married?'

'Bless my heart, sir' said Mrs Primmins, much scan dalised, 'it is ten months and more'

'Ten months!' said my fither, with a sigh 'Ten months! and I have not finished fifty pages of my refu tation of Wolf's monstrous theory! In ten months a child! and, I'll be bound, complete—hands, feet, eyes, ears, and nose!—and not like this poor Infant of Mind (and my father pathetically placed his hand on the treatise), of which nothing is formed and shaped—not even the first joint of the little finger! Why, my wife is a precious woman! Well, keep her quiet. Heaven preserve her, and send me strength—to support this blessing!'

'But your honour will look at the baby? Come, sir' and Mrs Primmins laid hold of my father's sleeve

coaxingly

'Look at it—to be sure,' said my father kindly, 'look at it—certainly, it is but fair to poor Mrs Caxton, after taking so much trouble, dear soul!'

Therewith my father, drawing his dressing robe round him in more stately folds, followed Mrs Primmins upstairs into a room very carefully darkened

'How are vou, my dear?' said my father with com passionate tenderness, as he groped his way to the bed

A faint voice muttered, 'Better now, and so happy!' And, at the same moment, Mrs Primmins pulled my father away, lifted a coverlid from a small cradle, and, holding a candle within an inch of an undeveloped nose, cried emphatically, 'There—bless it!'

'Of course, ma'am, I bless it,' said my father rather peevishly 'It is my duty to bless it—Bless it! And this, then, is the way we come into the world!—red, very red—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit'

My father sat down on the nurse's chair, the women grouped round him He continued to gaze on the contents of the cradle, and at length said musingly, 'And Homer was once like this!'

At this moment—and no wonder, considering the propinquity of the candle to his visual organs—Homer's infant likeness commenced the first untutored melodies of nature

'Homer improved greatly in singing as he grew older,' observed Mr Squills, the accoucheur, who was engaged in some mysteries in a corner of the room

My father stopped his ears 'Little things can make a great noise,' said he philosophically, 'and the smaller the thing the greater noise it can make?

So saying, he erept on tiptoe to the bed, and clasping the pale hand held out to him, whispered some words that no doubt charmed and soothed the ear that heard them, for that pale hand was tenderly drawn from his own, and thrown tenderly round his neek. The sound of a gentle kiss was heard through the stillness

'Mr Caxton, sir,' eried Mr Squills in rebuke, 'you agitate my patient-you must retire'

My father raised his mild face, looked round apologetically, brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, stole to the door, and vanished

'I think,' said a kind gossip seated at the other side of my mother's bed—'I think, my dear, that Mr Caxton might have shown more joy—more natural feeling, I may say—at the sight of the baby, and such a baby! But all men are just the same, my dear—brutes—all brutes, depend upon it'

'Poor Austin!' sighed my mother feebly, 'how little you understand him!'

'And now I shall clear the room,' said Mr Squills, 'Go to sleep, Mrs Caxton'

'Mr Squills,' exclaimed my mother, and the bed curtains trembled, 'pray see that Mr Caxton does not set himself on fire,—and, Mr Squills, tell him not to be vexed and miss me—I shall be down very soon—shan't I?'

'If you keep yourself easy, you will, ma'am.'

Prny, say so ,—and, Primmins'— 'Yes, ma am'

'Every one, I fear, is neglecting your master Be sure'—
(and my mother s lips approached close to Mrs Primmins'
ear)—'be sure that you—air his nighteap yourself'

'Tender creatures those women,' soliloquised Mr Squills, as, after clearing the room of all present save Mrs Primmins and the nurse, he took his way towards my father's study Encountering the footman in the passage, 'John,' said he, 'take supper into your master's room, and make us some punch, will you—stiffish?'

O'Connell.

But not to Enn's course cinci dem. Large if his faults, Time's large apology Child of a land that ne'er had known repose, Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes. Hate, at St Omer's into caution drill d. In Dublin law courts subtilised and skill d. Hate in the man, whatever else appear Fichle or false, was steadfast and sincere But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt-To linte the Saxon was to love the Celt Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires, His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire s, No blander Pollio whom our Bar affords Had graced the woolsack and cajoled 'my Lords,' Pass by his faults, his art be here allow'd. Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd, Hear him in senates, second rate at best, Clear in a statement, happy in a jest, Sought he to shine, then certain to displease, Tawdry yet coarse grain d, tinsel upon frieze His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth, Hear him to mobs, and on his mother earth!

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven,
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flow'd into space away
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Eyen to the centre of the hosts around,
And as Lihought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from mry tide to tide,
It glided, easy as a bird may glide,
To, the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It play'd with each wild passion as it went,
Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sols or laughter answer'd as it will'd

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice, To rouse or lnll, has the sweet human voice, Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view Under the rock stand of Demosthenes, Militable Athens heave her noisy seas.

(From St Stephens)

The Life Letters, and Literary Remains of Lord Lytlen (vols.
Life 1831, by his 200, comes down only to 1831, and must be supplemented by the political Memory, also by the Earl of Lytton, prefixed to the Speeches of Lord Lytlen (2 vols 1874)

Lytton Bulwer (1801-72), Lord Lytton's elder brother, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge for diplomatic service, and was attache at Berlin, Brussels, and the Hague, Dir ing 1830-37 he sat in Parliament as an Adyanced Liberal, and in 1837 became secretary of empassy at Constantinople. In 1843-48 he had a difficult task as minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, and at the time of the 'Spanish marriages' made projests and was ordered to quit Madrid, but at home was great As Sir Henry Bulwer made K.CB and GCB -long a famous name—he was sent in 1849 to 3 Washington, where he concluded the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in 1852 to Florence, and m 1850 to 2 Bucharest I rom 1858 to 1865 he was ambassador; to the Porte, ably carried out Palmerston's policy on the Eastern Question, and was created Lord; Dalling and Bulwer in 1871 He published a series of admirable works, including An Androial in Greece (1826) , France, Social, Literary, and Political (1834-36), a Life of Byron (1835); Historical Characters (1868-70), sketches of Talleyrand, Canning, Cobbett, and Mackintosh, sketches also of Peel and Melbourne, and an unfinished Life of Palmerston (1870-74).

Edward Bouveric Pusey (1800-82), son of a Bouverie (son of Viscount Folkestone) who had assumed the name of Puscy when the Puscy estates were bequeathed to him, was born, at Pusey in Berkshire. He was educated at-Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, in 1823 was elected at Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825-27 studied theology in Germany—then a rare enterprise for an Oxford graduate. In 1828 he was appointed region professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and this post, he His first work was an retained until his death essay on the causes of Rationalism in recent German theology, and the aim of his life was to prevent the spread of Rationalism in England When in 1833 Newman began the issue of the Tracts for the Times, Pusey soon joined him, and they, with Keble, became leaders of the movement's Pusey's chief contributions to the Iracis were those on Baptism and the Holy Eucharist Jun 4 1836 he began the Oxford Library of the Fathers Newman's celebrated Tract 90 was condemned in 1841, and in 1843 Pusey was suspended for three years from preaching in Oxford for a university sermon on the Holy Eucharist, at the first opportunity he reiterated his teaching, but before his suspension was over Newman, with several of his leading disciples, had joined the Pusey and Keble now strove i Roman communion to reassure Churchmen staggered by the secession it was Puscy's moral weight mainly that prevented a much greater catastrophe to the Church of England when the encroachments of the civil courts in the Gorham case, and the attacks of bishops and others upon the Oxford movements brought about the secession to the Roman Church of Manning with another band of distinguished

in 1848 planted at Edgbiston the community of which he was elected the Superior, and there in the same year he devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the sufferers from cholera. The lectures on Anglican Difficulties (1850) drew public attention to Newman's great power of irony and the singular delicacy of his literary style, and were followed by the lectures on Catholicism in England (1851), the book which gave occasion to the famous action for libel by Dr Achilli, an apostate Dominican whose character Newman liad exposed Newman's justification, put into court, was a scathing and terrible document, magnificent in its invective, but it failed to ward off a verdict in Achilli's favour



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
From the Drawing by George Richmond R.A. in the National
Portrait Gallery (Drawn about 1840.)

Newman's long series of Oxford sermons contain some of the noblest ever preached from an Anglican pulpit, and the Roman Catholic series-Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations (1849) and Sermons on Various Occasions (1857)-though less restrained, less severe in taste, and less remark able for their tender pathos, are even fuller of powerful rhetoric, often vehement, almost always singularly dignified In 1864 a casual remark by Canon Kingsley in Macmillan's Magazine on the indifference of the Roman Church to the virtue of truthfulness, an indifference which he asserted that Dr Newman approved, led to a correspondence which contained on Newman's side the most triumphant and finished irony, and resulted in the publication of the ever-memorable Apologia pro Vita Sua, afterwards more than once slightly recast and described as 'A History of My Religious Opinions,' perhaps the most significant and impressive religious autobiography of the nineteenth

To many Englishmen less directly century hostile than Kingsley, Newman's subtlety seemed often to become sophistry, to make him lose breadth and proportion, from their point of view he split hairs and magnified trifles, unsympathetic critics, like Carlyle, were accordingly led grossly to undervalue Newman's intellectual gifts was at Oxford during the critical stage of the 'movement,' but, as Sir Leslie Steplien lias said, while his ablest contemporaries were undergoing the 'Newman fever,' Rusl in seemed never to have known that such a person as Newman existed. Towards those of very opposite schools of thought Newman was himself somewhat unsympathetic, he too judged those harshly whose beliefs he disliked In him, as always, high idealism involved too great disdain for the humbler and more prosaic tempera ment, and lofty theological theories sometimes made him blind to the truly religious element in views and systems lie disapproved. In 1865 New J man wrote a poem of singular beauty, The Dream of Gerontius, a vision of the unseen, with angel choruses more after the manner of a spiritualised Faust than of Dante, it was republished with the Lerses on Various Occasions in 1874, and set to music by Dr Elgar in 1900. The famous humn 'Pruse to the Holiest in the lieight' is from Gerontius In 1870 he published his Grammar of Assent, on the philosophy of faith controversies which led to the Vatican Council Neuman sided with the Inopportunists Himself an Ultramontane in belief (he always accepted papal infallibility), he was at this time in vehement opposition to the policy of the Ultramontanes under Manning and William George Ward, and the bitter ness between the two parties ran very high 1879 Pope Leo XIII, anxious to recognise the great convert's services, summoned Newman to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. His last years were spent at Edgbaston, and there he died, he was buried at Rednall in Worcestershire. The extracts are selected to show various aspects of his manner

## Music as a Symbol.

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified, I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words, yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or u

subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extrava gance, yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intri cate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so, it cannot be No, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound, they are echoes from our home, they are the voice of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes, something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter-though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them (From Sermons before the University)

# Original Sin.

Starting, then, with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me, they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of 'lamentations, and mourning, and woe'

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts, and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far reaching aims, his short duration, the cirtuin hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading

idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope and without God in the world'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution

What shall be said to this heart piercing, reason bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being And so I argue about the world, -if there be a God, since there is a God, the human rice is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator This is a fact—a fact as true as the fact of its existence, and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God. (From the Apologia)

# Protestant Misconceptions

In this case its fonntain springs up, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all in judging of its quality. Its history is as follows. Conches, omnibuses, carnages, and cars day after day drive up and down the Hagley Road, passengers lounge to and fro on the footpath, and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundations and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring, it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment This leads to a good deal of talk, espe cially when the bricks begin to show above the surface. Meantime the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level, and then, since there is a prejudice among Cntholics in favour of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface higher at one end of the building than at the other, in fact, that whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a vault or cellar at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building Accord ingly, he turns his necessity lnto a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of the ground While he is thus intent on his work, loungers, gossipers, alarmists are busy at theirs too. They go round the building, they peep into the underground brickwork, and are curious about the drains, they moralise about Popery and its spread, at length they trespass upon the enclosare, they dive into the half finished shell, and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea, you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting box, or a church like a barn Religious houses, In like manner, have their own idea.

they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless, there was much in the very idea of an oratory purplexing to the Protes tant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility Why should so large a room be here? why so small a room there? why a passage so long and wide? and why so long a wall without a window -- the very size of the house needs explanation Judgments which had employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic hierarchy and its need found no difficulty in dogmatising on bedrooms and closets. There was much to suggest matter of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject At length one question flashed upon his mind what can such a house have to do with cellars? cellars and monks, what can be their mutual relation? monks-to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and corners, and outhouses, and sheds? A sensation was created, it brought other visitors, it spread, it became an impression, a belief, the truth lay hare, a tradition was born, a fact was elicited which henceforth had many witnesses cellars were cells. How obvious when once stated I and every one who entered the building, every one who passed by, became, I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had happily been unknown to England, for the incarecrations, the torturings, the startings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment

Now I am tempted to stop for a while in order to improve (as the evangelical pulpits call it) this most memorable discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of (1) THE ACCUSATION, (2) ITS GROWNDS, (3) THE ACCUSERS, and (4) THE ACCUSED

First, THE ACCUSATION - It is this - that the Catholics, building the house in question, were in the practice of committing murder. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other than we know it to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel words were these 'It is not usual for a coroner to hold an inquest unless where a rumour had got abroad that there was a necessity for one, and how was a rumour to come from the underground cells of the convents? I cs. he repeated underground cells and he would tell them something about such places. At this moment, in the parish of Edgbaston within the borough of Birmingham, there was a large convent, of some kind or other, being erected, and the whole of the underground was fitted up with cells, and what were those cells for?'

Secondly, THE GROUNDS OF THE ACCUSATION—They are simple, behold them (1) That the house is built level, (2) and that the plot of earth on which it is built is higher at one end than at the other

Thirdly, THE ACCUSERS—This, too, throws light upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance—but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high ln post tion, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name—such are the men who deliberately, reiteratedly, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices, with beating and imprisoning, with starving, with murdering their dependents

Fourthly, THE ACCUSED -I feel ashamed, my brothers, of bringing my own matters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations, but bear with me. I, then, am the recused A gentleman of blameless charneter, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room knows me, putting aside my personal friends, he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, with enjoying the shricks and groans of agony and despair, vith presiding at a brinquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it if he recollected of whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished, for the greater part of our lives, in the bosom of the great schools and universities of Pro estant Fng land we have been the foster-sons of the Ldwards and Henries, the Wikehims and Wolsevs, of whom English men are wont to make much, we have grown up amid hundreds of contemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society's high are the very wall of a member of the legislature. Our names are better known to the coluented classes of the country than those of any others who are not public men. More over, if there be men in the whole world who may be said to live in fillico, it is the members of a college at one of our universities, living, not in private houses, not in families, but in one or two apartments which are open to all the world, at all hours, with nothing, I may say, their own, with college servants, a common table-nay, their chairs and their bedding, and their cups and saucers, down to their coal scuttle and their curpet brooms-a sort of common property, and the right of their neighbours. Such is that manner of life-in which nothing, I may say, can be hid, where no trait of character or peculi anty of conduct but comes to broad day—such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to my accusers, such is almost the life which we all have led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accesable, I may almost say, at any hour, and this being so, considering the charge, and the evidence, and the accuser, and the accused, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illus tration of the formation and the value of a Protestant tradition? (From The Present Position of Catholis)

# The Sinner before the Judgment-seat.

O what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment seat of Christ! O what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were, when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at nought, all His judgments which he has outlived, when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expended and wis confirmed in sin—how it budded forth into leaves and

flowers, grew into branches, and ripeued into fruit-till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! Aud, oh 1 still more terrible, still more districting, when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailers, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it 1 'Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere, Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand -one minute to explain it! My name is Demas I am but Demas, not Judas, or Nicolas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrephes What? eternal pain i for me! Impossible, it shall not be.' And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment 'O atrocious!' it shrieks in agouy, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its in justice. 'A second ' and a third 1 I can bear no more ! Stop, horrible fiend, give over, I am a man, and not such as thou ' I am not food for thee, or sport for thee ' I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel house! I know what human feelings are, I have been taught religion, I have had a conscience, I have a cultivated mind, I am well versed in science and art, I have been refined by litera ture, I have had an eye for the beauties of nature, I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour Nav-I am a Catholie. I am not an unregenerate Protestant, I have received the grace of the Redeemer, I have attended the Sacra ments for years, I have been a Catholic from a child. I am a son of the Martyrs, I died in communion with the Church nothing, nothing which I have ever been which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and steneh which exhale from thee, so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy

Alas! poor soul, -and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those com pamons whom it has chosen, the mau's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth. His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten. Men talk of him from time to time, they appeal to his authority, they quote his words, perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history 'So comprehensive a mind l Such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony !' 'Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion, I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!' or, 'It was the saying of a very sensible man, ' or, 'A great personage, whom some of us knew,' or, 'It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more, ' or, ' Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so lively, so versatile, so unobtrusive,' or, 'I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy, or, 'So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind,' 'His discoveries so great, ' or, 'His philosophy so profound' O vanity l vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell, O ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die

(From Discourses to Mixed Congregations)

From 'The Dream of Gerontius' I went to sleep, and now I am refresh'd, A strange refreshment for I feel in me An inexpressive lightness, and a sense Of freedom, as I were at length myself, And ne'er had been before. How still it is ! I hear no more the busy beat of time, No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse, Nor does one moment differ from the next. I had a dream, yes -some one softly said, 'He's gone,' and then a sigh went round the room. And then I surely heard a priestly voice Cry 'Subvenite,' and they knelt in prayer I seem to hear him still, but thin and low, And fainter and more faint the accents come, As at an ever widening interval Ah! whence is this? What is this severance? This silence pours a solitariness Into the very essence of my soul, And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet, Hath something too of sternness and of pain For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring By a strange introversion, and perforce I now begin to feed upon myself, Because I have nought else to feed upon

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead, But in the body still, for I possess A sort of confidence, which clings to me, That each particular organ holds its place As heretofore, combining with the rest Into one symmetry, that wraps me round, And makes me man, and surely I could move, Did I but will it, every part of me And yet I cannot to my sense bring home, By very trial, that I have the power 'Tis strange, I cannot stir a hand or foot, I cannot make my fingers or my lips By mutual pressure witness each to each, Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke Assure myself I have a body still Nor do I know my very attitude, Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vist universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart
Yet is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, lurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel some one has me fast Within his ample palm, 'tis not a grasp Such as they use on earth, but all around Over the surface of my subtle being, As though I were a sphere, and capable To be accosted thus, a uniform And gentle pressure tells me I am uot Self moving, but borne forward on my way

And hark! I hear a singing, yet in sooth I cannot of that music rightly say Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones. Oh, what a heart subduing includy!

Angel

My work is done,
My task is o er,
And so I come,
I'm my it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleling,
I or evermore

My Father gave
In charge to me
Flus child of earth
I 'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Allelia,
And saved is be

This child of clay

Fo me was given,

To rear and train

By sorrow and pain

In the parrow vary,

Allelina

I rom earth to heaven

There is a uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works in thirty six volumes (1868-81)—the Letters at Letterspeed and e of his earlier public life were edited by Miss Morley in 1851—There are several lives of him or books on him including those by Richard Hell Hutton (1852)—E. A Abbott (critical or even hostife 185)—and Waller and Durrow (1952)—beside a tudy of Newman as a proce writer by L. E. Gates of Itarvard (1853)—a study of Newman as a musician (1853)—for In W. S. Lilly's Characteristic (1874) of Newman with be found a large and classified series of extracts from Newman a works. An I see reminiscences of Newman in the various works by Dean Church, A. W. Ward, and the Morley's

Trancis William Newman (1805-97), brother of the cardinal, was a Londoner born, and was educated at Ealing and at Worcester College, Oxford In 1826 he obtained a double first and a Billiol fellowship, which he resigned, and he withdrew from the university in 1830, declining subscription to the Thirty nine Articles After a three years' stay in the East, he became classical tutor in Bristol College in 1834, in 1840 professor in Manchester New College (Unitarian), and in 1846-63 Professor of Latin in University College, London He took a very keen interest in religious controversy, but with a tendency so diametrically opposed to that of his more famous brother that the elder one conceived it his duty to withdraw from intimacy with the younger, whose ideal faith was one which should include whatever is best in all the historical religions He wrote in 1847 A History of the Hebrew Monarchy His first notable book, The Soul (1849), sought to justify the aspirations of the human heart towards the divine, and has been called 'pictistic' His most famous work, Phases of Faith (1850), is a curious counterpart to his brother's Apologia, being also an autobiographical account of religious development. But in his progress Francis was steadily drawn away from Instorical Christianity towards a theism which did not insist on immortably. The Phases led to much controversy, and produced Henry Rogers's Lelipse of Latth, with a reply and counter reply Theism appeared in 1858, and was follo ed by four volumes of Miscellanies (1869-90). Other works were a dictionary and handbool of modern Arabic, two mathematical volumes (1886-89), and a small bool on his brother (1891), and he was responsible for over fifty books, treatives, or pumphilets in all. He was a keen vegetarian, total abstitute, and anti-tobacconist, and was is well ment against vaccination as against vivisection.

Thomas Guthric (1803-73) came from Brechin to study in I dinburgh for the ministry, and after filling a cure in his native county he rose finally to a clinrge in Ldinburgh, v here his cloquence and his I thours to reclaim the degraded population won for him a high repute. In 1843 he helped to found the Free Church, and till 1864 attracted to his church of Free St John's crowded audiences, which comprised all the strangers who came to Edin for many years he was by fir the most cloquent preacher in Scotland. Be ides commen taries, sermons, and devotional works, he published a memorable book on social problems. Tex City its hims and Sorro es, and he was the first ed for of The Sunday Magazine, from 1864 In 1845-46 he rused in eleven months £116,000 for providing Free Church manses in 1847 he published his first (of three) Plex for Raggal Schools. A man of imposing presence, magnificent voice and most genial and winning character, Dr Guthrie also used his singular gifts of orators, of humour and pathos, in the cause of temperance and of compulsory education. His Autoriografity was edited by his sons (1874-75)

# The Beginnings of Ragged Schools

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awal ened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther on the shores of the Firth of Forth - It represented a cobbler's room, he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his I nees, that massive forchead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character and from beneath his shagey exchrows benevolence glermed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some s and ing, but all but at their lessons around him by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Ports mouth, had taken pits on the ragged children, whom minister and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were lewing to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets, how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and know ledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, lie, single handed, while earning his duly bread by the swent of his face, had, ere he ched, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children

I confess that I felt humbled I felt ashamed of myself I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my calmer and

cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it- 'That man is an honour to liumanity He has deserved the tallest monument ever rused on British shores t was John Pounds only a benevolent man He was a genius in his way, at any rate he was ingenious, and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Laul he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged archin on the quays of Ports month, and compelling hun to come to school, not he the power of a policeman, but a potato' lle knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling loop with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a cost as ragged as his own

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic section of the erroy and green valleys around Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St Inthony's Well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boy who pur ue their calling there Their tinn is [tin dishes] were read; with a dringht of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny begin to question their about schools. As to the boys themselves, one i as fatherless, the son of a poor widow the father of the other was alive, but a man of lov, habits and Indich racter. Both were poorly clothed had never been at school, the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enter prise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain and so with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said "Would you go to school if-b-ides your learning-you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his chirk, as-hearing of three sure meak a daythe boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed 'As will I, sir, and bring the hall lar I [the whole tenement or flat] too,' and then, as if afraid I might with lraw what seemed to lum so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

William Crowe (1745-1829) son of a Berk shire carpenter who worked at Winchester, became a chorister in the college chapel was elected a poor scholar of Winchester College, and passing to New College at Oxford, became Fellow and From 1784 lie was rector of Alton Barnes in Wiltshire, and from 1787 public orator of the university His smooth blank verse Levesdon Hill, which helped to inspire Coleridge, was printed anonymously in 1788, and, much amplified, was reprinted with other poems in 1804 and Crowe, who was almost a Republican in polities, published several sermons. Latin orations, a treatise on versification, and an edition of Collins's poems His verses were praised by Wordsworth, Rogers, and Moore, as well as by Coleradge

Anssau William Senior (1790-1864), political economist and 'prince of interviewers,' was born at Compton Beauchamp, Berks, the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and great grandson of Aaron Señor, a naturalised Spanish Jew, Nassau Thomas being the name of Aaron's son From Eton he passed

to Magdalen College, Oxford, where in 1812 he took a distinguished first class in classics. In 1819 he was called to the Bar, in 1825-30, and again in 1847-62, was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, in 1832 was appointed a Poor law Commissioner, and in 1836-53 was a Master in Chancery From the first he was eminently hospitable, sociable, and popular, and amongst his friends and intimates were Whately, Sydney Smith, Cornewall Lewis, De Tocqueville, and Cavour He had an eager desire to reform the English poor law and as he was the author of the report on which the new law of 1834 was founded, he had a principal share in that epoch making revolution in social economy He travelled nineli, and wrote much for the Quarterly and Lamburga Returns and other leading periodicals, his reviews of the Wiverley Novels attracting much notice, and his article in the I dinbuoy! on Lamby Four doing much to bring Thickeris's work into notice. Senior takes the most conspicuous place amongst English economists between Ricardo and J. S. Mill, following Ricardo in the main, he is much more readable and less abstract and absolute. He wrote on population, on wages, on money, and a complete treatise on Political I conom, his score of published works includes Biographical Sketches (1863, Essays on Fiction (1864), Historical and Philosophical Lesays (1865) fournals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland (1868), Journals Lept in France (1871) Conscisations with Thiers, Guizat, and other Distinguished Persons during the Secord Linguist (1678-80), and Courtersations in Ley pt and Malta (1882) It was in Paris during the movement of 1848 that he began to keep that full journal in which he recorded, in a manner as yet unprecedented, the substance of his conversations with famous and influential men. He had keen insight, a happy dialectic or maicutic faculty, an admirable (but discriminating) memory, and a precise but facile pen. True it is that he had not a perfect dramatic gift the speeches of his friends bear the hall mark of his own mind and style, it is not so much for dramatic point and brilliance as for political knowledge that the conversations are valuable. He could distinguish between private confidences and matters discrectly to be put on record, and so lost no friends and retained reads access to unlimited stores of information frequently had the conversations revised by the interlocutors, and though he was a Wing and of decided opinions, his mind was judicial and his representations have been accepted as eminently Bagehot, a good judge, regarded the Corre spondence and Conversations with De Tocqueville (1871) as one of the most charming books of Senior's journals were mostly that generation published after his death by his daughter, Mrs Simpson, who in 1898 issued Many Memories of See Grant Duff in Nincteenth Many People Century, August 1878

Samuel Warren (1807-77), born in Denbigh shire, studied medicine at Edinburgh and law at the Inner Temple, was called to the Bar and made 1 QC (1851), he was Recorder of Hull 1854-74, Conservative member for Midhurst 1856-59, and ultimately a Master in Lunacy In Edinburgh he had got to know Kit North, De Quincey, and the Blackwood set, and his first literary worl, Passages from the Drary of a Late Physician, appeared in Black wood's Magazine in 1832-37, published separately as a book, the Diary was often reprinted, translated, and pirated, spite of the fact that the pathos is mankish and the stories many of them not a little melodramatic Ten Thonsand a Year also appeared in Black-vood (from 1839) 'Inttle but Titmouse' and some of the other characters were manifestly caricatures of recognis thle persons, the whole was found highly entertaining, a good many defects were overlooked, and the public were almost as enthusiastic about the story as the author himself, who was glid to believe he had cut out Dickens and most of his contemporaries The story certainly has had the success of being translated into various tongues and often reprinted Now and Then, a third story, had only a trunsient success, though it ran through several editions After the Great Exhibition of 1851 Warren pub lished a slight work, The Lily and the Ree, which, calling itself 'an apologue of the Crystal Palace,' was generally voted almost inconcensably puerile. He also edited Blackstone's Commentaires, wrote some respectable law books and some pamphlets on political, social, and religious questions, and reprinted in two volumes a number of reviews from Blackwood as Viscellanies (1854)

Thomas Wade (1805-75), born at Woodbridge in Suffolk, published his first volume of poems, Tasso and the Sisters, in 1825, in which already the influence of Shelley was visible, but is best known by his *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* (1835), frequently also cited as Songs of the Universe and of the Heart One tragedy, Duke Andrea, was acted with success in 1828, another, The few of Arragon, was howled down in 1830 as being too friendly to the Jews, The Phrenologists (1830), his one farce, was well received Of two other dramas one is lost, the other remains in manuscript Subsequently Wide published a number of verse pamphlets, Death and Love, Helena, &c., 1 poem based on a story from a French translation of Mickiewicz, and a translation of Dante's Inferno in Dante's own stanza, and a series of sonnets

We Buxton Forman tried to revive interest in Wade, and printed selections of his poetry in Miles's Poets of the Century (1891-96) see also Literary Ancedotes of the Mineteenth Century, by Dr W R Nicoll and Mr T J Wise (1895-96)

William Drennan (1754-1820), the Tyrtæus of the United Irish movement at the end of the eighteenth century, and the reputed author of the familiar expression 'the Emerald Isle,' was the son of a Presbyterian minister of Belfast, where he was

Drennan was educated at Glasgov University, and graduated there in 1771. Subsequently he studied medicine at Ldinburgh, where he be came the pupil and friend of Dugald Stewart. Settling in the north of Ireland as a physician, Drennan was early drawn into the Irish Volunteer In 1789 he moved to Dublin, where movement he became connected with I A Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and others, and in 1791 wrote the first state ment of the objects of the United Irish Society, of which he was one of the founders In the next few years Drennan produced a succession of lyrics which, from their appropriateness to the state of feeling largely prevailing in Ireland at the time, became widely popular. Of these the poems, 'To the Memory of William Orr' and 'When Lam first rose from the dark swelling flood'-in which the phrase 'the Linerald Isle' first occurs-achieved the widest incasure of popularity In 1807 Drennan, who by this time had retired from politics, returned to Belfast, where he founded the Belfast Magazine In 1815 his lyrics were collected in a volume of Fugitive Pieces, a title which sufficiently expresses the occasional character of Drennan's verse, though it hardly does justice to the powerful influence which some at least of his poetry undoubtedly excreed on his countrynien

#### Erin

When I'rin first rose from the dail swelling flood God bless of the green island, and saw it was pool. The em'rald of I urope it sport led and shone— In the ring of the world the most precious sione. In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest, With her back towards Britain, her free to the West, Lrin stands proudly in ular on her steep shore, And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep for

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep. The dark chain of silence is thrown our the deep. At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eves. And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise Oh's sons of green Lrin, lament o'er the time. When religion was war, and our country a crime, When man in God's image inverted. His plan and moulded his God in the image of man.

Alas! for poor Lrin, that some are still seen. Who would doe the grass red from their hatred to green. Yet oh! when you're up and they 're down, let them live. Then yield them that mercy which they would not give. Arm of Erin, be strong! but he gentle as brave! And, uplifted to strike, he as ready to save! I et no feeling of vengeance presume to defile. The cause or the men of the I merald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumphs of Frin her daughters shall share
With the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft, swelling wave
Men of Lrin! awake and make haste to be blest!
Rise! Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West.

Cresar Otway (1780-1842), not the least gifted of the school of writers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century adorned the Irish capital, was born in County Tipperary After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1801, he took orders as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, and passed the best years of his life as an unknown country curate. Appointed to the chaplaincy of the Magdalen Asylum, Otway came to Dublin, where in 1825 he started a religious magazine, The Christian Examiner To the pages of this periodical—in which many of Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry first appeared—Otway contributed a series of sketches of rural Ireland, in which he embodied the results of an intimate acquaintance with the less-known districts of Ireland, and of a thorough insight into the peculiarities of Irish life and character Combining a distinct talent for descriptive writing with a warm appreciation of Irish scenery and remarkable antiquarian knowledge, these papers at once became popular They were republished under the title of Sketches in Ireland (1827), and were followed, after a long interval, by A Tour in Connaught (1839) and Stetches in Erris and Tyrawly (1841) Though all three volumes were published anonymously their authorship was no secret, and Otway acquired a reputation which still endures in Ireland He took part with Petrie in founding the well-known antiquarian magazine, the Dublin Penny Journal, and was a frequent contributor to the Dublin University Maga-Though a strong Conservative in politics and a pronounced evangelical Churchman, Otway thoroughly understood Ireland and the Irish sketches of the peasantry are marked by a kindly humour and a generous sympathy, while his feeling for nature was as deep as it was happily expressed His Sketches will always have a value as authentic pictures of the Ireland which vanished with the famine of 1847

#### The Poolnashanthana

We now ascended the hill a little higher, and came to a chasm that yawned unexpectedly at our feet. It was about fifty yards long and about ten wide, and down about eighty feet below you saw the sea as green and elear as an emerald, rising and heaving softly and har moniously, and disclosing many fathoms deep all the magnificent and beauteously tinted vegetations that adorn the caverns of the ocean Sunk in the middle of the fair plain, you cannot at first imagine how came the sea here, but by and by you see that it is open at both ends, that in fact the roof of a great sea cave, that has penetrited through this promontory, has fallen in, and you learn that you can enter at the north-east of the promontory, and passing along in a boat for nearly half a mile, can come out at its south western side, and that this is a great skylight, by which the sun and air are admitted into the recesses and sonorous labyrinths of this great excavation It is called Poolnashanthana There are many of the kind on this coast, and I had already observed a fine one in the Mullet of Erris But this one at Downpatrick Head is far and away the deepest, the largest, the grandest I have seen, and is certainly a great natural curiosity At the bottom of this chasm there is a ledge of rock, perhaps the remains of the fallen in roof, which is bare when the tide is out, and which, covered as it is with sea vegetations that never have been disturbed, presents a perch for the cormorant and a bed for the seal, and around which the lobster crawls and hunts its prey amid the translucent recesses.

On a soft, sunny day, when all above and below is still, it is pleasant to wear away the lazy hour in looking down from above, and ponder on the beautiful contrasts of light and shade that this cavern presents, to see the men rock painted by nature's own hand with ochres, red, brown, and yellow, lichens scarlet, white, orange -crystallisations of lime, iron, or silex, sparkling where a sunbeam brightened them Down below, the starfish and medusa, florting in purple beauty and spreading out their efflorescent rays, while every now and then the quiet modulations of the incoming tide, as they sigh below, are broken in upon by the cooing of the sea pigeon in its safe fastness, or the hourse shriek of the caitiff cormorant, as it reposes after the success of its fishing in the calm deep. I would like to spend some of the few idle days my lot allows me in this busy world lianging over this Poolnashanthana, and in quiet loneliness admiring how beautiful and grand and good God is in His multitudinous creations.

(From Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly)

# Thomas Moore,

one of the most accomplished poets, and certainly the most successful Irish man of letters of the nineteenth century, was born on the 28th May 1779 in Dublin, where his father was a grocer and wine merchant of humble position He was educated by Mr Whyte, then a well known Dublin schoolmaster, and in 1794 entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was one of the first to take advantage of the admission of Roman Catholics to the studies of the university A natural leaning to popular views in politics led to a close friendship with Robert Emmet, which involved Moore in some trouble with the authorities of the college, but he was acquitted of complicity with the United Irish Society, and neither then nor later does Moore appear to have held views more advanced than those of the Whig leaders with whom he was to become so intimately associated tained, however, a cordial admiration for Emmet, and never lost an opportunity of testifying to the nobility of character possessed by his early friend.

Moore early developed the talent for versification and the taste for music which he was to combine to such great advantage, and even from his entrance into college had contributed sundry verses to Dublin periodicals. As early as 1794, in his sixteenth year, he had published in the Anthologia Hibernica a paraphrase of the fifth ode of Anacreon, and by the time he had left college he had completed his translation of the verses attributed to that writer. In 1799, having taken his degree, he proceeded to London, to enter at the Middle Temple with a view to joining the Bar, taking with him his translations, which had received in manuscript the approval of competent

critics. In 1800 the Odes appeared, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to whom Moore had been presented by influential Irish friends with whom the poet's remarkable social gifts had made him popular. Moore's version of the Greek poet, though it had about it much more of Moore than of Anacreon, caught the taste of the day, and his reputation was at once made. At two and twenty he had become the fashion in the most exclusive salons of London, he sang, improvised, and chatted with easy gaiety for the amusement of his patrons, and was, as he wrote at this time, 'happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish' In 1801 he published his first



THOMAS MOORE
From the Bust (1842) by Christopher Moore, R.H.A., In the
National Portrait Gallery

volume of original poetry, *Poems by the late Thomas Little*, which were much admired and served to increase his fame, and in which, though the inspiration of his highest poetry was wanting, he displayed a lively fancy, an agreeable sparkle, and a remarkable facility for versification

In 1803 Moore received, through the patronage of Lord Moira, an Admiralty appointment at Bermuda, but he soon found that the expectation of valuable receipts from prize causes which had been held out to him would not be realised, and in 1804 he returned to England, leaving his duties to the care of a deputy. In 1806 appeared his Epistles, Oiles, and other Poems, with a dedication to Lord Moira, his constant friend. The contents of this volume were chiefly written during his absence from Europe, and were much coloured by allusions to America, which Moore had visited on his way home, and of whose institutions he had formed an unfavourable judgment. In his preface he spoke

with unmeasured disapproval of American politics, and of the state of American society, both of which were severely satirised in his Epistles Unfortunately he said 'just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince,' and his book was in consequence most unfavourably reviewed by Jeffrey in the Edinburgh. The acrimony of the article led to a challenge and a hostile meeting, which happily had none but ludicrous results. Ultimately, through the mediation of Rogers, the critic apologised, and the poet became a regular contributor to the review in which he had been maligned

The year 1807 witnessed a much more successful literary venture. In conjunction with Sir John Stevenson, who adapted the music of familiar Irish airs, Moore published the first number of his Trish Melodies With these he at once achieved a popularity which was not confined to the compara? tively narrow circle in which he had previously/ been admired. The Melodies long retained the hold upon the English public which they immediately acquired, with the Irish they have never lost it. National verse wedded to national musicif and brightened in every line by the poet's charm, and felicity of sentiment and language, the Irish Melodies served to symbolise the national aspirations of Ireland in a form which touched without offending the susceptibilities of the sister people, and Moore displayed in his handling of his theme! a tact which was as remarkable as the technical. Though occasionally marred, finish of his songs by an excess of epigram which scarcely harmonised with the subjects of his verse, the Melodies as a whole display Moore's lyrical genius at its highest; and the topics to which they relate lent them the dignity which is sometimes wanting in their author's? Muse. Few literary enterprises have ever been better remunerated Moore received a hundred guineas for each song in a series of above one, hundred and thirty, but the publication was spreadover a period of more than twenty-five years. Akin? to the Irish Melodies, but less naturally inspired and on the whole much inferior to them; is the series of National Airs (1815), but the latter contains some of Moore's most characteristic verses, and in particular one of the most familiar, of all, the well-known 'Oft, in the Stilly Night?" Sacred Songs (1816), also in the same vein, have - 别年遗传 little to commend them

In 1813 Moore, who had previously tried his hand unsuccessfully as a satirist in three ambiatious pieces, Corruption, Intolerance, and The Sceptic, a philosophical satire—of which the first dwelt upon the ill effects on Ireland of the Revolution of 1688—fell back on his earlier manner. Adapting to political topics the turn for epigram which had been so marked in his Odes and Epistles, he devoted himself to the congenial task of lampooning the Prince Regent and his circle, to the great delight of the Whig politicians, who felt themselves aggrieved by the desertion of their

Moore contrived to cover the former patron. Prince and his Ministers with a ridicule as galling as it was diverting, and his lampoons, republished in The Twopenny Post Bag (1813), ran rapidly Nothing that Moore through several editions attempted in his long career better suited his powers than these admirable pasquinades, and in the Fudge Fanily is Paris (1818), as well as in a series of saturical verses of a similar kind-Fables for the Holy Alliance, Odes upon Cash. Corn, and Catholics, and Tom Cribs Menorial to Congress—he illustrated still further a talent for political saure which no English writer in the same kind has surpassed or indeed equalled

Moore was now at the zenith of his fame, and even the splendour of Byron's rising star could not eclipse his extraordinary reputation. With that amazing genius, whose life he was afterwards to write and with whose name his own is so closely associated in so many ways, Moore was already on terms of friendship. The influence of the younger on the elder poet, whose genus was essentially imitative, was plainly allown both in Moore's choice of a subject for his next important performance and in his mode of handling it Rocks, commenced in 1815, was published in 1817 and at once led to comparisons not unfavourable to Moore with Byron and Scott, whose inetrical methods were followed by the Irish poet great was the repute of Moore that he received from Longmans for this poem the immense suin of £3000. Moore caught with great felicity the Oriental tone and colouring, and the work which should never be read apart from its admirable prose setting, is certainly a maryellous metrical But there is a note of artificiality tour-de-force about the whole, and even the strongest passages of the pocin are lacking in sincerity of passion or emotion

In 1818, owing to defileations by his deputy at Bermuda, Moore was obliged to seel refuge in Paris from his creditors, and remained abroad for three years. During his absence he wrote The Loves of the Angels, with the exception of Lalla Roof h the longest and most ambitious of his works but much inferior in quality and treatment to the Oriental tale. As in the case of the earlier work, this poem evinces very markedly the influence of Byron. He also virote at this period a prose fiction, The Efreurean, published in 1827.

For the remaining years of his career Moore's industry was chiefly devoted to prose. In 1824 he wrote the Memoirs of Captain Rack, in which the abuses of the Irish Church establishment were severely satirised, and in 1827 a Life of Sheridan, which showed emisderable biographical skill—In 1830 Moore produced in his Life of Byron one of the best known and most criticised books in the language. No literary contemporary was so well fitted as Moore to be the biographer of his friend, and he liad been marked out for the task by Byron's gift of his own Memoirs. His

exercise of a discretion he was entitled to use in destroying a work which, whatever its faults, must have abounded in personal interest, has been much canvassed. It is certain that no one in Moore's position would now act as Moore acted, but not so certain that Moore was not in the right. At any rate it is impossible not to admire his loyalty to a friend's memory and the unselfish spirit which he showed in this action. Moore's biography did much to set Byron right with the public opinion of his contemporaries, and can never be entirely superseded, while his edition of Byron's works has only very recently been displaced as the standard publication.

In 1831 appeared the Lafe of Lord Earward Litz-Gerald, a task for which Moore was well qualified. and in 1834 lie returned, in Tra els of an Irish Gertlen an in Sear of of a Religion, to the subject he had touched in the Memoirs of Captain Lock A History of Ireland which he undertook about this time is despitute of merit of any kind, but it was written in ill health and with declining powers. and is therefore no fair specimen of Moore's capacity in this form of composition latter years, from the publication of this work in 1846 were spent in the shadow of continually decreasing health, and from 1840 to his death on the 25th of February 1852 his state was little better than that of Swift's closing years. Despite the liberalit with which his work was remuneratedhe received, as he states in his Diara not less than £20,000 for converght—his circumstances were almost continuously embarrissed, but the friend ship of Lord Melbourne alleviated his anxieties by the bestownl in 1835 of a literary pension of £300 a year. To this was added in 1850 a Civil List pension of £100 to Mrs Moore

It was the fortune of Moore to achieve among his contemporaries a reputation for in excess of that to which his talents entitled him. But the reaction has been equal and opposite, and it has been his fate to be as unduly belittled by posterity as he was once extravagantly behauded. It is easy to institute comparisons with Byron and Scott, or contrasts with Wordsworth and Shelley, which are not to But however unfavourable Moore's advantige the conclusions which may be drawn by such methods of criticism, they cannot affect the title of the author of such varied work as the Irish Melodies, Lalla Rookh, the Twopenny Post Bag, and the Life of By ron to be considered is the most versatile writer of a period singularly wealthy in literary merit of every kind 'A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr Canning, Sir Robert Pecl, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron must,' says I ord John Russell, 'line and social as well as literary ments of no common order? But in truth the testimony of such men to his poetical ability is even more striking than their tribute to his social worth, and posterity may not lightly assail a reputation so powerfully guaranteed Few writers have ever

succeeded in a greater degree in attracting the admiration of those whose praise is in itself distinction, and though it be true that the homage rendered to Moore by his contemporaries was largely increased by his rare personal charm, the impression he created in the minds of the best judges of his day must not be wholly lost sight of in estimating his position as a poet His origin considered, the rapidity with which Moore won his way to the affectionate regard of the most distinguished men in English politics and letters is a sufficient proof of Moore's great personal attractiveness, while the fact that he never lost through life the friendships he so easily acquired is the best evidence of the real sincerity and rectitude which formed the basis of a character essentially loving and lovable.

## At the Mid Hour of Night.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye.

And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the region of air

To revisit past seenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,

And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky

Then I sing the wild song 'twis once such a pleasure to hear'

When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear.

And, as echo far off through the vale my sad or son rolls,

I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,

Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear

## When He who Adores Thee

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree,
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my carliest love,

Every thought of my reason was thine,

In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,

Thy name shall be mingled with mine.

Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live

The days of thy glory to see,

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee

#### She is far from the Land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers around her are sighing But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,

Every note that he loved awaking—

Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for her love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stry behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow,
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west.
From her own loved island of sorrow

#### Ech

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er hwns and lakes,
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat

'Tis when the sigh is quite sincere—
And only then—
The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

#### The Light of other Days

Oft, in the stilly night,

Ere Slumler's chain hath bound me,

Fond Memory brings the light

Of other days around me,

The smiles, the tears

Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken,

The eves that shone,

Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere Slumber's chain hith bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one
Who trends alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dend,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Meinory brings the light
Of other days around me.

# As Slow our Ship

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us,
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming,
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vile enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting,
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left belind us

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave,
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us

#### The Last Rose of Summer

Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone, All her lovely companions Are fided and gone, No flower of her kindred, No rose bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, lone one '
To pine on thy stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

#### A Vision

'Up,' said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirled me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air,
For it glimmered o'er with a doubtful light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night,
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back,
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its one eye out) through a bundle of hay,

When the Spirit he grinned and whispered me, 'Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery'

I looked and I saw a wizard rise, With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes, In his aged hand he held a wand, Wherewith he beckoned his embryo band, And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er, But they never got on one inch the more, And still they kept limping to and fro, Like Ariels round old Prospero-And I heard the while that wizard elf Muttering, muttering spells to himself, While o'er as many papers he turned As Hume ere moved for, or Omar burned He talked of his Virtue, though some, less nice, He owned, with a sigh, preferred his Vice-And he said 'I think,' 'I doubt,' 'I hope,' Called God to witness, and damned the Pope, With many more sleights of tongue and hand I couldn't for the soul of me understand Amazed and posed, I was just about To ask his name, when the screams without, The merciless clacks of the imps within, And that conjurer's mutterings, made such a din That startled I woke-leaped up in my bed-Found the Spirit, the imps and the conjurer fled, And blessed my stars, right pleased to sec That I wasn't as yet in Chancery

(From Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c.)

#### The Vale of Cashmere

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shinnes,
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by lrughs and light echoes of feet [meet —
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
Or at morn, when the magic of drylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun

Hills, cupolas, fountains called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his Harem of night flowers stealing away,
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen trees, till they tremble all over
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,

Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the world!

(From 'The Light of the Harem' in Lalla Rooks.)

# Namouna, the Enchantress

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal, Amid the luxuries of this hour, Far from the joyous festival, Sits in her own sequestered bower, With no one near to soothe or aid But that inspired and wondrous maid, Namouna, the enchantress-onc O er whom his golden race the sun For unremembered years has run Yet never saw her blooming brow I ounger or fairer than 'tis now Nay rather, as the west wind's sigh Freshens the flower it passes by, Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er, To leave her lovelier than before Yet on her smiles a sadness hung And when, as oft, she spoke or sung Of other worlds, there came a light From her dark eyes so strangely bright, That all believed nor man nor earth Were conscious of Namouna's birth

(From The Light of the Harem in Lalla Rookh)

The Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore were edited by Lord John Russell who applied the £3000 paid by Longmans for the copyright to the benefit of Moore's widow. This work, published in 1856 is in many respects most unsatisfactory, but remains the only Memoir of the poet on a large scale. Moore's poetical works were collected and edited by himself in 1842 with autobiographic introductions to the principal pieces.

# C LITTON FALKINER

James Wills (1790-1868) was the younger son of a Roscommon squire of good estate and of Cornish extraction He was educated near Dublin, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in Here he formed one of a brilliant coterie of undergraduates, among whom the best-known name is that of Charles Wolfe the poet In 1821 he entered at the Middle Temple with the intention of being called to the Bar, but the loss of a considerable fortune through the improvidence of an elder brother left him without the means of pursuing a legal career. He returned to Ireland, and, having married, in 1822 he settled near Dublin He took orders in the same year, but being for a time without preferment, he devoted himself eagerly to literary pursuits, which were thenceforth the main interest of his life. He became an active contributor, both in prose and verse, to the Dublin University Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine, the Dublin Penny Journal, and other periodicals Later he was connected with the Irish Quarterly Review In 1831 he published in Dublin The Disembodied and other Poems, being a collection of poems written during several years, and in 1835 there appeared the Philosophy of Unbelief, a work which had a wide vogue in its day, and in which the author's strong bent for metaphysical speculation asserted itself. By this time Wills had been nominated to a curacy in Kilkenny, the county in which most of his subsequent life was passed, and in which he held successively two important parishes his clerical duties interfered but little with his literary activity, and in 1839 he published the first volume of an important biographical work, Lives of Illustrions and Distinguished Irishmen, which occupied him for several years. This work was subsequently reissued under the rather misleading title of The Irish Nation Though scarcely designed on any scientific principle, it was prose cuted with great industry, and is still valuable for its notices of many minor figures in Irish history and literature who are not elsewhere commemorated. Wills's other original contributions to literature in clude Dramatic Sketches and other Poems (1845), The Idolatress and other Poems (1868), as well as several theological publications His longer poems give evidence of a strong dramatic instinct, while his shorter pieces are frequently spirited and even powerful, and indicate the striking personality and many-sided sympathies of their author. Wills was the father of the well-known nineteenth century dramatist, W G Wills

#### To the Minstrel O'Connellan

Whenever harp note ringeth Ierne's isle around, Thy hand its sweetness ringeth, Surpassing mortal sound, Thy spirit music speaketh Above the ministrel throng, And thy rival vainly seeketh The secret of thy song

In the castle, in the shieling,
In foreign kingly hall,
Thou art master of each feeling,
And honoured first of all!
Thy wild and wizard finger
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,
And melodies that linger
In the memories of the heart

Though fairy music slumbers
By forest glade and hill,
In thy unearthly numbers
Men say 'tis living still '
All its compass of wild sweetness
Thy master hand obeys,
As its airy, fitful fleetness
O'er harp and heart-string plays.

By thee the thrill of anguish
Is softly fulled to rest,
By thee the hopes that languish,
Rekindled in the breast
Thy spirit chaseth sorrow
Like morning mists away,
And gaily robes to morrow
In the gladness of thy lay

Thomas Colley Grattan (1792-1864) was the son of a Dublin solicitor, read law for a time, became a militia officer, lived much in Paris and Brussels, and for a while was consul in Boston, US He commenced his literary career with a poetical romance entitled *Philibert* (1819) In 1823 up peared his *Highways and Byways*, picturesque

tales of Continental wandering and adventure. These were so well received that he wrote a second series, published in 1825, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he ventured on a novel in four volumes, The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Stateen Hundred, dealing with the Flemish struggle against the Spaniards. He produced also Tales of Travel, histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland, and some twenty works in all, including a tragedy, several novels, and books on America. His pictures of ordinary life in French provinces, sketched with cheerful observant spirit as he wandered in highways and byways, were perhaps his best work.

Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851) was a distinguished ornament of that school of Irish rhetoric in which Grattan's is the most illustrious name The son of a retired Cadiz mercliant, a native of Tipperary, he was born at Drumdowney, County Kilkenny He received his school education in England, first at the establishment of a Trench emigré at Kensington, and afterwards at Stonyhurst In 1807 Sheil matriculated at Trinity Four years later he entered College, Dublin Lincoln's Inn, but his call to the Irish Bar was deferred through straitened means until 1814 defray the expenses preliminary to his admission to the Four Courts he wrote Adelaide, the first of a series of plays which were to engage his leisure in the next few years Sheil, however, though possessed of considerable literary gifts, was no Sheridan, and it cannot be said that his plays are undeserving of the oblivion that has overtaken them. What success they enjoyed in their day was due mainly to the fine acting of Miss O'Neil The defect which was noted in most of them-that the interest was too exclusively concentrated on the heroine—was doubt less due to their being written largely to suit that actress The most fortunate, and perhaps the most deservedly fortunate, of these dramatic efforts was Evadue, produced in 1819 Sheil's progress at the Bar was slow, nor did he ever attain a commanding position there. His earlier years at the profession were, indeed, much more occupied with literature than with law, and when he did apply himself to legal matters it was chiefly to observe and reproduce the characteristics of the leading lawyers of the day In 1821, in conjunction with W H Curran, 1 son of the great orator of that name, he con tributed to Colburn's New Monthly Magazine a series of 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' which attracted considerable attention Sheil's articles in this series were subsequently collected in Legal and Political Sketches They are in every instance brightly and pointedly written, and, though meant for the hour only, they embalm much that the historian of the times will value. It is neither by his dramas nor by his essays that Sheil best deserves remembrance, and yet it was not until he had acquired a notable reputation in both these capacities that he attuned to fame as an orator As early as 1813 he had made a speech on the Catholic question before a Dublin audience which had been highly praised by competent critics, but more than ten years were to elapse before he revealed his real powers in this direction. The agitation for Catholic Emancipation aroused all the strongest feelings of an imaginative and emotional temperament, and the speeches he delivered on political platforms in Ireland in 1825 had a marked influence on public opinion in that country Sheil heartily co operated with O'Connell in the campaign which terminated in the Clare election, but it was not until three years after the cause of Emancipation had triumphed that he entered the House of Commons that assembly Sheil was less successful than on the platform, for reasons which have been sufficiently given by a most friendly critic, Thomas Moore 'His voice has no medium tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream, his action theatrical and of the barn order of theatricals, but still his oratorical powers are great, and capable of producing (in an Irish nudience at least) great excitement' (Moore's Diary, September 1830) But despite these drawbacks some of Sheil's parliamentary speeches reach the highest level of oratory, and the fine rebuke (quoted below) to Lord Lyndhurst for his scornful description of the Irish people as 'aliens' is a good example of the force and dignity of his best passages. Sheil was asso cirted, but not very closely or heartily, with the Repeal movement, and subsequently drew closer to the Whig than to the avowedly Irish party in the House of Commons As such he was taken up by Lord John Russell, was appointed Vice President of the Board of Frade, and nominated to the Privy Council In Russell's Ministry of 1846 Sheil was Master of the Mint, and in 1850 he became Minister at the court of Fuscany, a position lie continued to hold until his death in the year following

# Speech in the House of Commons on Irlsh Municipal Bill, 1837

Tell me, for you were there-I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast-tell me, for you must needs remember-on that day when the destines of mankind were trembling in the balance-while death fell in showers-when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly sciencewhen her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset-tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blenched And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose-when, with words familiar but

immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glonous country, precipitated herself upon the foc-The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together, in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited, the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust, the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grive takers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured

The Speeches of the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil, MP, were edited in 1845, with a Memoir, by Thomas MacNevin Sketches, Legal and Political, were edited with notes, in 1855, by M W Savage (2 vols), Memoirs of Richard Lalor Sheil, by W Torrens McCullagh, were published in the latter year

William Carleton (1794-1869) was the son of a small farmer in Tyrone, and the youngest of fourteen children. His origin was of a kind well suited to equip the future story-teller for his task, for Carleton's father, though of humble position, was a man of considerable native power, and acquainted with the Irish as well as the English tongue. Carleton got most of his early education in one of those hedge schools which he was afterwards to describe so inimitably Born a Roman Catholic, he was intended by his parents for the priesthood, but conscientious scruples interfered with this prospect, and eventually Carleton became a Protestant. Having somehow acquired a fair education, he became a tutor to a farmer's family in Louth, whence he removed to Dublin some time spent in the drudgery of teaching, he succeeded in getting appointed to a school in Mullingar, where he settled for a time, contributing articles on literary subjects to the local newspaper From Mullingar he went to Carlow, but in 1828 returned to the capital, where, becoming acquainted with the Rev Cæsar Otway, the editor of the Christian Examiner, he was invited to become a contributor, and began his literary career

From 1828 to 1834 Carleton contributed to the periodical just named the series of sketches which form his principal contribution to literature Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry were drawn from life, and in part, indeed, embalmed the actual experiences of the writer For minute observation, and for the insight into the character of the Irish peasantry which they display, Carleton's stories have never been surpassed. The first collected scries appeared in 1830, and a second in 1833, while Tales of Ireland were issued in 1834. The Traits and Stories soon won their way to public favour, and for the next few years Carleton was a constant contributor to Irish periodicals of every kind In 1837 he commenced in the Dublin University Magazine his first sustained novel,

Fardorougha the Miser Though this work, by far the best of his more elaborate efforts, more than sufficed to refute the criticism that Carleton could only write short tales, its importance is not comparable with that of the Traits, nor, indeed, can it be said that the author achieves in any of his novels the success of his shorter stories Tardorougha was followed in 1841 by The Missortunes of Barney Branagan, another series of tales, and in 1845 by Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry Valentine M'Clutchy (1845), Rody the Rover (1847), and The Tithe Proctor (1848) are all novels in which various phases of the Irish land wir supply the colouring matter, while The Black Prophet (1847) is occupied with the Potato Famine Others of Carleton's novels are The Red Hall, or the Baronel's Daughter (1852), The Squanders of Castle Squander (1854), Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn (1855), and Redmond, Count O'Hanlon (1862) Interspersed between these were written a vast quantity of short tales In 1848 the ment of Carleton's work was acknowledged by the grant of a Civil List pension of £200 1 year. The last months of his life were occupied with a long con templated, but constantly postponed, autobiography, which was left unfinished

It is by his Traits and Stories rather than by his novels that Carleton lives and deserves to live. Of the many writers who in the second quarter of the nincteenth century sought to illustrate the manners and character of the Irish peasant, none used so realistic a brush and none produced so wind an impression. His verse is not a very considerable part of Carleton's work, but Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride, has a weird impressiveness, and has been praised by Sir Theodore Martin as 'the most successful legendary ballad of modern times'

# An Irish Village.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch as it rose in the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the gluncing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fiding recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill run a clear, deep banked river, bounded on one side by a ship of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers, during the summer season, lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play ground for the boys of the village school, for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bithing place. A little slope, or watering ground in the bank, brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into

the fearful depths of the whirlpool, under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time that I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see, in imagination, the two bunches of water flaggons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the boreen [a little road or by road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches neross the road - an almost impassable barrier to horse and car On passing the bridge, in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on ench side of the road, and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a thick coat of mud, some of old, narrow, bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, secured together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier, and many having nothing but But the smoke by no means the open vent above escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out by the doors and windows, the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water, and if it happened that a stout looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urehin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its incere monious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) elosely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils But independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures, and you might notice, if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation, in every sink as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very beau ideal of luxury, giving occasion ally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoy ment, or, perhaps, an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their drought, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reekless of the fumes they are ereating, whilst the loud erow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner (From 'The Hedge School in Traits and Stories)

C. LITTON FALKINER

Michael, Banim (1796-1874) and John Banim (1798-1842), two brothers who are best known as the authors of Tales of the O'Hara I analy, represent a remarkably successful instance of literary collaboration. It has never been possible to assign correctly the respective shares of the two brothers in the fame collectively acquired. But it seems as though the higher reputation

enjoyed by the younger was due rather to the resolute self-abnegation of his senior than to his The Banims were born in Kilsuperior ment kenny, where their father kept what Moore in his Diary describes as 'a little powder and shot shop,' much resorted to by local sportsmen They were educated together at Kilkenny College, but John, evincing a taste for painting, was in 1813 sent to Dublin to study drawing After some years devoted to art John turned to literature, and quickly produced two dramas, Turgesius and Damon and Pythas, of which the latter was produced at Covent Garden by Macready and Charles Kemble in 1821 He also wrote an elaborate poem, The Celt's Paradise In the following year-John having settled in London, where he contributed to the Literary Register—the brothers commenced the publication of the O'Hara series The tales at once became popular, and as a result of their success the next work published by them, Boyne Water (1825), found a numerous audience. These stories were mostly conceived on historical lines, and they did much, as was intended, to interest the English public in Irish questions and to lead to a fuller comprehension of certain phases of Irish character A further series of Tales appeared in 1826, and included The Nowlans, for which Colburn give a large sum. This work failed, however, to sustain the reputation of its predecessors, a failure due probably to the breakdown of John Banim's health The brothers, however, continued to collaborate, John's intellectual activity being maintained in spite of bodily failure, and in 1829 a final series of O'Hara Tales appeared John had meantime produced independently a set of essays, Reflections on the Dead Alive (1824), and Sylla, a tragedy, besides numerous contributions to maga-In 1836 he became paralysed in the lower limbs, and received a pension of £150 from the Civil List, together with a further grant of £40 yearly for his daughter His strength thence forward ebbed away, and though he survived six years longer, he had ceased to work. A Life by P J Murray appeared in 1857

Michael Banim long survived his younger brother, but like him was all his life in straitened circum-In 1853, however, he was appointed post master of Kilkenny, and on his retirement twenty years later received an allowance from the Royal Literary Fund His chief works after his brother's death were Clough Fronn (1852) and The Town of the Cascades (1864) The O'Hara Tales have often been compared to the Waverley Novels, and no doubt they, like Miss Edgeworth's and Gerald Griffin's works, served in a great degree to do for Ireland what the 'Waverley' series did for Scotland But the Braims lacked the broad sanity and kindly humour of Scott, while they were without the wholesome cheerfulness of Maria Edgeworth They moved, especially the younger, on a more tragic plane, and it is the more gloomy elements in the Celtic temperament that they most successfully reproduce. But they possessed in a high degree that brooding historical imagination which is a conspicuous trait in the Irish peasantry, and their stories are true to that side of Irish life which they chose to illustrate.

# Soggarth Aroon

Am I the slave they say,

Soggarth aroon?

Since you did show the way,

Soggarth aroon,

Their slave no more to be,

While they would work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,

Soggarth aroon

Why not her poorest man,

Soggarth aroon,

Try and do all he can,

Soggarth aroon,

Her commands to fulfil

Of his own heart and will,

Side by side with you still,

Soggarth aroon?

Loval and brave to vou,

Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,

Soggarth aroon,
Nor out of fear to vou—
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to you,

Soggarth aroon?

Who, in the winter's mght,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my carthen floor,
knelt by me, siek and poor,
Soggarth aroen?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my eye was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och ' you and only you,

Soggarth aroon '

And for this I was true to you,

Soggarth aroon ,

In love they 'll never shake,

When for Ould Ireland's sake,

We a true part did take,

Soggarth aroon?

(By John Banim)

#### Terence O'Brien

During his term of sea service Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics which rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours and, indeed, a contradiction to himself-or, at least, to Ference O'Brien that then was, and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time I or instance. In his more youthful days, he had engaged in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are eelchrated, and which can best be ae counted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries which often produce those wants, reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land, rewards for their apprehension were offered, some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged, and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, abseonded from his native place, 'and never ened stop, nor let the grass grow under his feet,' till he had arrived in 'Cork's own town,' distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting point. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man of war, as his most secure hiding place, and thus the wild Irishman, who, but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the State, became one of its sworn defenders, ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders This character grew upon him, and in it fully confirmed he returned home after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the non edification of his stationary neighlours, as has been intimated Further As a Whiteboy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king and the very name of every thing English in the same ratio, and loved England's foes, of all denominations—the I reneli, her 'natural enemies,' as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of these youthful prejudices did Terence bring home with him 'Long life and a long reign to King George!' was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against 'parly woos,' and good reason why for both centimentssensations rather During half his amphibious existence, Terenee's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic Majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill wishers of that august personage. The loss of his arm, and of half his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's 'snub,' gave him personal cause to detest the Gallie race. So that he might be said to loathe the French to the marrow of his bones-jea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body and east to the sharks

(From The Bit o Il ritin )

#### The Pirate's Return.

'It was of a dreary night in December I first met your brother Collum, sir,' said Father Fenelly when he and Mr Felix M'Carty, as we are now obliged to call him, discoursed together shortly after the old pirate's story had been related, 'of a Saturday night, too, I remember it well, one of the last upon which my poor people crowd into the little chapel to prepare for their Christmas duty

Ere I entered the confessional I had observed a very remarkable man sauntering, or rather dodging, about the chapel yard that was before the chapel door He wore a sailor's dress, one marking the degree above the common sailor, for aught I know, but his air, his face, his step, and the whole bearing of his tall, straight figure suggested, at all events, the idea of a superior person Something wondering to see a stranger of his kind in such a place, and also recollecting that on one or two occasions before I had noticed him, at a distance, in the lonesome walks about the village, I passed into the chapel, sat down in my confession box, and began the duties of the evening A great number, as is usual on the approach of Christmas and Easter, were waiting on my ministry, or "to be heard," as we call it, in their turns, and I could not change fast enough in my box for them, and open the shde of the little round onfice at either side, to listen alternately to the varied avoids of hnman frailty that craved my advice, my control, and finally, through my mouth, a conditional promise of pardon from my God An honr might have been thus spent, when, chancing to look out through the slit in the cartain of my box, I recognised the tall and almost sublime figure of the stringer, leaning against one of the little rude props that supported the thatched roof of my hamble chapel. From another prop, the weak light of a tin sconce, or lamp, fell upon his features, and allowed me to see their expression, and I thought I read upon his cloudy hrow, and his rolling eye, and in his half open and contorted mouth the story of a bosom blackened with crime, torn with remorse, and just be ginning to work in the terrible labour of a first repent ance. I could perceive that he eyed askance the humble crowds that, in the twilight, knelt around him where he stood, and, now and then, that his agitated glance followed those who came, some moving on their knees, to confess their burden of sin, and those who, their ordeal over, returned from the confessional to the railing of the sanetuary to throw themselves there, in aspirations of thanks to God, and of promises of future virtue Having remarked him for some time, I proceeded in my duty About another hour clapsed before I thought I could properly spare time to pay him more attention, and a sweet little child of thirteen or fourteen, who went from me with permission to approach her first com munion, had, accompanied by her father, also a penitent of the evening, gone to the sanctuary to complete their devotions, when I was alarmed by a sudden noise and outcry, that spread among all the people of the chapel, and hastily stepping out of my box, I found the poor stranger just after flinging limiself prostrate by the side of the child, while his frame shook, grouns and sobs broke from his manly breast, and the glorious tears of a true repentance ran down the backs of the hands with which he covered his face. Not unaffected myself, I rused him and held him in my arms, and whispered the words of sublime consolation my merciful and Almighty Master lind commanded me to drop as so many drops of oil upon the torn heart of the remorseful sinner My words seemed to overwhelm him with greater agony He would have again fallen at my feet I resisted his attempt. We retired from the wondering and sym pathising crowd, into the little sacristy at the back of the altar That night-that moment, Collum M'Carty first sued for peace with his God '

(From Tales of the O'Hara Family -second series.)

Samuel Lover (1797-1868), one of the most versatile of Irish nineteenth-century writers, though hardly one of the greatest, was born in Dublin, and there received his education. The son of a stock broker, he was intended to follow his father's calling, but the business instincts required for this career were foreign to a youth who early developed tastes for painting, music, and letters of a most marked kind Leaving his parental roof, Lover devoted himself to the first of these arts, and at once achieving distinction as a portrait painter, he in a few years took high rank among Dublin artists, and was elected a Royal Hibernian Academician He was particularly successful with miniatures, and a portrait of Paganini won him much praise in 1832 Lover early became acquainted with Moore, who exercised a considerable influence on the development of the literary proclivities which he joined to his artistic aptitudes, and the character of his verse is largely imitative of the author of Irish Melodies But his first published work belongs to a school in which Moore never studied The Legends and Stories of Ireland (1831) at once announced that a clever artist was likely to be extinguished by a still more clever writer, and soon led to Lover's association with the distinguished group of literary Irishmen by whom the Dublin Uni versity Magazine was founded To this periodical Lover remained for many years a constant con While still busy as an artist he had won fame as a ballad writer with Rory O'More (1826), and no one could recite it so well as its author Thus, when in 1835 he resolved to move to London, it was little wonder that with a reputation for versatility little short of marvellous Lover speedily became fashionable in the society of the capital He painted Brougham, fraternised with Dickens, and was honised everywhere

In 1837 Lover came out as a novelist, expanding the theme of his ballad of Rory O'More into a popular romance. Shortly afterwards the same theme did duty for a play This was the beginning of a considerable apprenticeship to the drama, and a succession of pieces, including a burlesque opera called Il Paddy Whack in Italia, were rapidly He then fell back on his earlier parts, produced and Songs and Ballads (1839), Handy Andy, his principal work of fiction (1842), and Treasure Trove (1844)—first published by the title of LSD-proclaimed that neither the song-writer nor the novelist had been lost in the dramatist Obliged by a failure of vision or musician to abandon painting, which all this time had not ceased to be a source of income, Lover resolved to woo fame in a new character. An entertainment called 'Irish Evenings,' in which the items of the programme, whether musical or literary, were exclusively the composition of the reciter, testified to Lover's extraordinary adapta Repeated in America, the recitations were even more popular in New York than in London

The success of this tour was comparable with those of Dickens, and marks the climax of Lover's fortunate career His experiences in America were utilised by Lover on his return in another entertainment, called 'Paddy's Portfolio' Lover's later vears were not marked by much literary fertility, and, indeed, it was inevitable that an inventiveness which reflected in its brightness the abounding animal spirits of the man should have declined with declining years Two dramas, The Sentinel of the Alma and MacCarthy More, some contributions to operatic libretti, a clever series of parodies of popular authors, and Metrical Tales and other Points (1858) are the only original work of his last twenty years. He was, however, a diligent contributor to the magazines, and in 1858 edited a collection of Lyrics of Ireland In 1859 lic threw himself into the Volunteer movement, and wrote the popular song 'Defence, not Defiance' In 1856, in recognition of his virious services to irt and literature, I over received a Civil List Lover's reputation has certainly not en dured the test of time. But it was scarcely possible that it should. His was one of those winning personalities which serve to invest an author's writings with an added charm in the eves of contemporanes But such a charm is necessarily evanescent, and the body of Lover's work is unequal to his former fame. His songs in particular, though many of them remain popular, seem to lack the salt that makes verse literature. But his prose works have more enduring qualities And as the counterpart, not to say antithesis, of such writers as the authors of the Tales of the O'Hara I amily, his characterisations of the whimsical and devil may care Irishman and his illustrations of the more grotesque forms of Irish humour will always cnable Lover to fill an important place among the Irish prose writers of his age

#### King O'Toole and St Kevin

Well, the ling was nigh hand broken hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin round the corner be yant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him

'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil spoken gentleman by all accounts), 'God save you,' says he to the young man

'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back agun, 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole'

'True for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole, prince and plennypennytinchary o' these parts,' says he, 'but how kem you to know that?'

'Oh, never mind,' says Shint Kevin

For you see, said Old Joe, in his indertone again, and looking very knowingly, it was Saint Kevin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that'

'And who are you,' said the king, 'that makes so bowld-who are you at all at all?'

'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kevin, 'who I am, you'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquantance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'hte

'Troth, you may say that,' says Saint Kevin 'And nou, may I make bould to ax how is your goose, king O'Toole' says he

'Blur an agers, how kem you to I now about my goose?' says the king

'Oh, no matther, I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kevin

'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king, 'bekase myself and my goose is private friends,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies'

'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kevin, 'for I'd have you to know,' says lie, 'that I don't leep the likes o sitch company'

"You might do worse then, my gry fellow,' says the king, 'for it's they could show you a crock o' money as risy as kiss hand, and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

'Maybe I we a bettlier way of making money myself,' says the saint

'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a comer,' says he, 'that's impossible'

'I'd seorn to be the like, my lord I' says Saint Kerin, mighty high, 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he

'Then, what are you,' says the ling, 'that makes money so also, by your own account?'

'I man honest man,' says Saint Kevin

'Well, horest man, says the ling, 'and how is it you make your money so alsy ?'

'By makin' ould things as good as new,' says Saint Kevin

'Blur an ouns, is it a tinker you are?' says the

'No,' says the saint, 'I'm no tinker by thride, king O'Toole, I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he 'What would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose as good as new?'

My dear, at the word o' makin' his goose as good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out it his head, and says he, 'Troth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain'

'I scorn your dirty money,' says Saint Kevin

'Futh then, I'm thinkin' a trifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the ould caubeen that Saint Kevin had on him

'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint, 'and I am book sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company'

'Barrin' the trifle you can't help,' savs the king, mighty cute, and looking him straight in the face

'You just hot it,' says Saint Kevin, 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres of land if you'd give them to me'

'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'it you do what you say '

'Thry me,' says Saint Kevin 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her'

With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, and as like him as two

When, like a diadem, Buds blush around the stem, Which is the fairest gcm? Eileen aroon '

Is it the laughing eye? Lileen aroon ' Is it the tunid sigh? Eileen aroon 1 Is it the tender tone, Soft as the stringed heart's moan? Oh! it is truth alone, Eilcen aroon !

When, like the rising day Lilecn aroon 1 Love sends the early lay, Lileen aroon ' What makes his dawning glow Changeless through joy or woe?-Only the constant know Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair Lileen aroon ' I knew a cottage there, Lileen aroon! Far in that valley's shade I knew a timid maid Flower of a hazel glade, Eileen aroon '

Who in the song so sweet? Eileen aroon ' Who in the dance so fleet . Eileen aroon! Dear were her charms to me, Dearer her laughter frec, Dearest her constancy, Lileen aroon 1

Youth must with time decay Lileen aroon 1 Beauty must fade away, Lileen aroon ' Castles are sacked in war, Chieftains are scattered far, Truth is a fixed star, Eileen aroon 1

The Life of Gerald Graffin by his Brother (1842), is the main authority The novels were published in Duffy's Popular Library (1854) and have often been reprinted. The poetical works were collected in 1854, and reprinted with the dramas in 1857

James Clarence Mangan (1803-49) was born in Dublin, and was the son of a small grocer His youth was passed in very straitened circumstances, and he owed his education to the benevolence of a priest But through the kindness of this clergy man he acquired a knowledge of Spanish, French, and Italian, which subsequently stood him in good stead, leading to his employment in the library of Trinity College, Dublin His earliest occupation was that of a clerk in a scrivener's office, but irregular habits and a crav ing for drink always prevented him from attaining to any responsible position, and he was all his life something between a pariah and a Bohemian Mangan's earliest poetical efforts, apart from a few

occasional contributions to the daily press, were made in the pages of the Comet, the journal of a coterie called the Coinct Club, of which he became n member in 1831 To this journal he contributed pretty frequently over the signature 'Clarence,' which he adopted as a Christian name. He also contributed to the Dublin Penny Journal, a pen odical of great importance in its day, as well as to a less reputable publication, the Dublin Penny Saturst In 1834 he began a long series of trans lations from the German in the Dublin University Magazine, with articles on German poetry were republished in 1845 as a German Anthology For this magazine Mangan wrote much and fre quently for the next few years, until in 1842 he joined the staff of the Nation To this journal and to the United Irishman he was thenceforward as constant a contributor as his hopelessly irregular habits permitted, writing over the signature of 'A Yankee' and other pseudonyms In 1849 he fell a victim to cholera, a disease to which his enfeebled constitution left him an easy prev It is extremely difficult to gauge the true powers of Mangan He has been praised by critics of insight, if not of very balanced judgment, as the greatest poet in the Irish literature of the nineteenth century questionably he had great poeuc possibilities, and is among the great might-have beens of literature. His best work is mainly that which was inspired by patriotism, and betokens a temperament in tensely sensitive to the tragic elements of life. themes he preferred were those which gave the fullest scope to his dreamy delight in the emotions of sorrow and the sense of magnificent gloom with which the history of his country filled him most striking pieces are a strange blend of dirge and prenn But his work, as was inevitable from the weak nature of the man, is most uneven, and while some of the lyrics are of a very high order of excellence, his flights are always short, and he was incapable of exhibiting sustained power Life, which has lately been written with sympathy (by D J O'Donoghue, 1897), is as depressing a chronicle as any in the annuls of literature. No complete edition of his poetry has been published

Dark Rosaleen. O, my dark Rosaleen, Do not sight, do not weep! The priests are on the ocean green, They march upon the deep There's wine from the royal Pope, Upon the ocean green, And Spanish ale shall give you hope, My dark Rosaleen ! My own Rosalcen! Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope, Shall give you health, and help, and hope, My dark Rosaleen ' Over hills, and through dales, Have I roamed for your sake, All yesterday I sailed with sails,

On river and on lake.

The Bramleighs appeared in 1868, That health Boy of Norcotts in 1869, and Lord Kilgobbin, the author's last work, in 1872 In the last named year, not long after his return from a visit to Ireland, he died suddenly at Trieste For a great part of the nineteenth century, it may be said without much evaggeration that Englishmen knew Ireland mainly through Lever's novels He was himself the incarnation of the high spirits, careless fun, and love of sport which he attributed to most of his heroes, and though the standard of manners which he depicts was really more characteristic of the generation preceding his own than of that to which he belonged, the picture he drew of Ireland and the Irish was not untrue to life and certainly not unduly flattering No successful novelist was ever less indebted than Lever to the devices of art He wrote out of the abundance of his heart rather than of his head, and, in his earliest and best novels at any rate, never troubled himself about plot, construction, or form A quick eye, a graphic pen, and boundless good humour were his sufficient equipment, and it is remarkable how long they No writer was ever less of a poet than the author of Harry Lorrequer But the author had a distinct talent for humorous verse, and the songs which are scattered through his novels are racy and bright, thoroughly characteristic of the man and his books

# The Man for Galway

To drink a toast,
A proctor roast,
Or builiff as the case is,
To liss your wife,
Or take your life
At ten or lifteen paces.
To keep game cocks, to hunt the fox,
To drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh' that's 'the man for Galway'
Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

The king of Oude
Is mighty proud,
And so were once the Caysars,
But ould Giles Eyre
Would make them stare,
An' he had them with 'the Blazers,'
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Singh,
He s only a prince in a small way,
And knows nothing at all of a 'six foot wall,'
Oh' he'd never do for Galway

Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

Ye think the Blakes
Are 'no great shakes,'

They're all his blood relations,
And the Bodkins sneeze
At the grim Chinese,

For they come from the Phenayerans
So fill the brim, and here's to him

Who'd drink in punch the Solway,
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh' that's 'the man for Galway'

Chorus—With debts galore, &c.

# A Day in the Phœnix

When we were once more in the coupl of the diligence, I directed my entire attention towards my Irish acquaintance, as well because of his apparent singularity as to avoid the little German in the opposite corner

'You have not been long in I rance, then, sir?' said I, as we resumed our conversation

'Three weeks, and it seems like three years to menothing to eat-nothing to drink- and nobody to speak to But I'll go back soon-I only came abroad for a month'

'You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time.'



CHARLES JAMES 1 EVER
From a Photograph.

'Devil a much that will grieve me-I didn't come to see it'

'Indeed 1'

'Nothing of the lind, I only came-to be away from

'Oh 1 I perceive'

'You're quite out there,' said my companion, mis interpreting my meaning 'It wasn't anything of that kind I don't owe sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's nll, though that same is bad enough'

'Laughed out of it ''

'Just so And little you know of Ireland if that

surprises you '

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I had myself seen of that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel

'Well, sir,' began he, 'it is nbout four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chestnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tinl, square jointed and rather low—just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever disputed that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny that won the Corinthians,

got to enty yards farther. The race was, however, won My odds were lost to every man on the field, and worse than all, I was so laughed at that I could not centure out in the street without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

(From Harry Learner)

#### Micley Free

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own screamt Michael, or, as he was better known, 'Mieles I ree' Now had Mickey liven left to his own free and unre-tricted devices, the time would not have hung so heavily, for, among Miles manifold gifts, he was poste ed of a very great flow of gos iping conver ation. he knew all that was doing in the country and never was harren in his information wherever his may mation came into play Mickey was the best hurler in the barons, no mean performer on the violin could dince the national boleto of 'Pather Jack Walsh' in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red volve bouce, and had, withal, the peculiar free and east devil may care kind of off hand Irish way that never devited him in the most of his valuest and most subtle morn ats giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankine's and opennes of a courtivital

He had attached him off to me as a land of sporting companion, and, growing daily more and more usful had been gridually admitted to the honour of the Litchen and the prerigation of cast clothes, without ever having been retually engaged as a servant, and while thus no warrant officer, as in fact he dischar, id all his duties well and punctually was rated among the ships company though no one could ever as at what preciperiod he changed his enterpillar existence and became a gry butterfly, with cords and top, a striped vest, and a most knowing ping hat, who stalked also it the stables and and bulled the helpers. Such was Mile he had madhis fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he had made limited indispen able to an establishment which, before he entered it never I new the want of him As for me, he was everything to me. Will e informed me what horse was wrong who the chestnut mare couldn't go out, and why the blief horse He line is the armial of a new cover of partridge quicker than the Morning Past does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately, but his talents tool a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chromoler of every valle station, wedding, or christening for nules round, and, as I tool no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to To conclude this brief slictely, Mike was a decont Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about everything-that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as smited his own peculiar notions of comfort an I happiness, beyond that his scepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and though he nuglit have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted Such in short was my valet, Mickey Free

(I rom Charles O Mailer)

The Life of Charles Lever, by W. J. Fitrpatrick (1877) newed. 1866) the only formal biography of Lever, is not at all an adequate picture of the novelist. The principal novels have been collected and reprinted in a handsome and elaborate edition (18 vols. 1898-99).

C LITTON I ALKINLR

Sir Samuel Lerguson (1810-86) was born in Bellist of parents who were of Scotush extrac tion, and having received his school education at the Academical Institution in that city, passed to Frants College, Dublin 1115 university studies were interrupted however, and he never graduated though in 1865 he received from the university the degree of LLD honoris cause In 1236 he cas called to the Irish Bar, at which he precued with success becoming a Outen. Counsel in 1859, and remaining in the active pursuit of his professor until his appointment, in 1867, to the position of Deputy I ceper of the neath created Ir -h Re ord Office. In 1878 in recognition of his efficient service in this position is well is of his literary enunence, he received a linglithood Lerguson was thus far from Lading the life of a mere man of letters, letters were in fact his constant interest and it may even be said the main preoccupation of his thou, hts is cith as 1832 he had made in a vist of Edinburgh, the equant ance of William Black and, Profe or Wilson and This was the beginning of in endance connection with "Maga," to which he contained the first and most popular of his poems, The Lorging of the In vor written at one and trents, as well is a humorous prose extravelance called Lather Iom and the Pofe (1838, which won vide popularity. He was also a diligent contributor both in prose and verse, to the Dielor (1), rair Wagaziri, drawing his subjects almost in anabi from Celtic history and the bardic chronicles of Ireland Terguson's earlier poems fire published in this way, were collected by him in 1865 in Loss of the Hesteri Gael, while his prove stories were postliuntously republished in Hillern at Aigris Literaum mis (1887 - In 1972 appeared Congil ar Lpic Poen is Ire Inc s, and in 1820 3 further volume of *Poems*, which was really a second series of Lors of the Western Gal poems in this volume 'Dairdre' and 'Conan' have been enthusiastically proved by Insh en us-Of the former Allmgham and that his pecul w form of unity is perfectly managed, while is general effect recalls nothing so much as a Greek play! Of the latter, Aubres de Vere wro e taat it 'enight thoroughly that epic character so re markable in the bardic legends of Ireland' In 1882 I cryuson was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, an institution largely concerned with fostering the studies in which he was most interested. Throughout his busy career he was a zealous promoter of the fame of Ireland in every department of intellectual effort and did much to stimulate the intelligent study of her history and antiquities, her ancient laws and learning. In this respect he evanced throughout his career the ardent national spirit which in his earlier days land allied him temporarily with the 'Young Ireland' movement in politics, an alliance which had its best fruit in the noble Lament for Tromas Davis, in which he has

embalmed the memory of that patriot. Ferguson occupies, by reason of his influence upon what is now known as the 'Gaelic revival' in Irish literature, a position among Irish poets considerably higher than the intrinsic merit of his work won for him in his lifetime. 'It was in his writings,' says a very competent authority, 'that the great work of restoring to Irish deep the guston was decisively begun'. Yet though Ferguson was an accomplished Irish scholar, and drew largely upon Irish bardic sources for the subjects of his poems, it may be doubted whether he ever consciously identified himself with the revival which is ascribed to him.

# Lament for Thomas Davis

I walked through Ballinderry in the spring time When the bud was on the tree,

And I said, in every fresh ploughed field beholding The sowers striding free,

Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty On the quick seed clasping soil,

'Even such, this day, among the fresh stirred hearts of Thomas Davis is thy toil!' [Erin,

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer, And saw the salmon leap,

And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,

Thro' the spray and through the prone heaps striving
To the calm clear streams above, [onwards
'So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas

In thy brightness of strength and love!' [Davis I stood on Derry bown in the autumn,

And I heard the eagle call
With a elangorous cry of wrath and lamentation

That filled the wide mountuin hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyry,
And I said, as he screamed and soared,

'So callest thou, thou wrathful soaring Thomas Divis,
For a nation's rights restored ''

And, alas ' to think but now, and thou art lying, Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee,

And I, no mother near, on my own sick bed, I hat face on earth shall never see,

I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming, I may lie and try to say, 'Thy will be done'—

But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of her noble son '

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed time, In the fresh track of danger's plough <sup>1</sup> Who will walk the weary toilsome, perilous furrow

Girt with freedom's seed sheets now? Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge

Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge.

The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,

Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting Against the Resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore!
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more

Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,

Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—

Thon hast leaped, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their

Where troubled waters never come! [rag
But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyr,

That thy wrathful cry is still,

And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners

Are heard to day on Erm's hill,
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,

(God avert that horrid day, I pray ')
That ere our hands be straned with slaughter fratricidal
Thy warm heart should be cold in elay

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock

To draw opposing brands.

Oh, many a timeful tongue that thou mad'st vocal

Would he cold and silent then,

And songless long once more, should often widowed Erin Mourn the loss of her brave young men

Oh, brave voung men, my love, my pride, my promise, 'Tis on vou my hopes are set,

In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,

To make Erin a nation yet

Self respecting, self relying, self advancing, In union, or in severance, free and strong,

And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong

#### The Fair Hills of Ireland.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,

Uileacan dubli O! Oh, sad lament!

Where the vibelescene fruit is hursting from the vellous

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow

\*\*Unleacan dubh O / [burley ear,

Those or honoring the transpire the market bloomers.]

There is honey in the trees where the misty vales expand, And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters funned,

There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the On the fair hills of holy Ireland. [yellow sand

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee, Uileacan dubh O!

Each captum who comes sailing across the Irish Sea, *Uileacan dubh O!* 

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand, Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand, And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground, *Utleacan dubh O'* 

The butter and the eream do wondrously abound,

\*\*Unleacan duble O'\*\*

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand, And the euckoo's calling daily his note of music bland, And the hold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand

On the fair hills of holy Ireland

Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day, by Lady Ferguson Memoir by Miss Stokes in Blackwood's Magazine (1886) Besides the volumes mentioned above, some posthumously published works have appeared—Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales and Scotland The Remains of St Patrick and Lays of the Red Branch

John Francis Waller (1810-94), a prolific writer of verse, was born in Limerick, and belonged to a well known Irish family of Cromwellian origin He received his education in frinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1831, and in 1833 he was called to the Irish Bar Early developing a strong literary bent, Waller became an active contributor to the Dublin University Magazine, then lately founded, and eventually succeeded the novelist Lever in its editorial chair periodical he contributed a series of articles, sub sequently (1852) separately published, in which he imitated with some success the manner of Wilson's Noctes Ambrosiana Like Wilson, too, he wrote under a pseudonym, and was known to his readers as 'Jonathan Freke Slingsby' He was also from the first a constant contributor of verse to the magazine Many of his poems, being set to music, attained to very general popularity, and some were translated into German 'The Song of the Glass' has been prused by a very competent critic, Lord Houghton, as the best drinking-song of the nine Willer was distinctly happy as a teenth century writer of what may be termed ccremonial verse, and some of his odes on various public occasions are successful attempts in a kind of writing in which it is very easy to fail. His poetical works include Ravenscroft Hall and other Poins (1852), The Dead Bridal (1856), Occasional Odes (1864), and Peter Brown (1872) Waller was an indus trious editor of popular issues of the works of Irish authors of eminence-for example, Goldsmith and Moore. 'Cushla ma chree' ('pulse of my heart') is one of his best-known songs

#### Cushla-ma-chree

By the green banks of Shannon I wood thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay
pride,
[dream,

From those green banks I turn now, heart broken and As the sun sets, to weep our the grave of my bride.

Idly the sweet birds around me are singing,

Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me,

I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's light is darkened—my Cushla ma chree

Oh! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,

Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold crossed o'er, And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,

When first on my bosom thy heart lay, asthore Restlessly now on my lone pillow turning

Wear the night watches, still thinking on thee, And darker than night breaks the light of the morning, For my aching eves find thee not, Cushla ma chree

Oh my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me

To linger on earth with my heart in thy grave!

Oh! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me

To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.

Still from our once happy dwelling I roam, love,

Ever more seeking, my own bride, for thee, Ah, Mary I wherever thou nrt is my home, love, And I'll soon lie beside thee, my Cushla ma chree

Thomas Osborne Davis (1814-45) was born at Mallow, County Cork Of Welsh parentage through his father, Anglo-Irish through his mother, Davis inherited in a large degree the Celtic spirit which inspires his muse. He was educated at first privately, and later at Frinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1836, and where, as a member of the well-known Historical Society which Burke had founded, he first evinced that enthusiasm for Ireland, its politics and its literature, which was the master-passion of his short life He was called to the Bar in 1838, but scarcely attempted to practise. In 1839 he joined the Repeal Association, and in the following year became part editor of a Dublin daily journal de voted to Nationalist views. In 1842, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Dillon, he founded the Nation newspaper, which was thenceforward to be the vehicle for the emanations in prose and verse of his extraordinarily active brain Prior to this Davis land never published, possibly he had never written, a line of verse, but in re sponse to the call for popular lyrics associated with the aspirations of 'Young Ireland,' he suddenly To the sixth number of the burst into song Nation he contributed the striking and powerful 'Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill,' which was to be the first of a series of poems permeated with that patriotic emotion which entitled them to the name under which they were afterwards republished, The Spirit of the Nation At the same time Davis designed a series of volumes of the leading orators of Ireland, and himself edited, with an elaborate memor, the Speeches of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran His correspondence teems with suggestions of literary work which unhappily he did not live to accomplish, and at his death he was engaged on the early chapters of a Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, of which the fragment that has been published is a good example of Davis's rather His literary and historical turgid prose style ess tys contributed to the Nation have been pub lished in Duffy's Irish Library His poetry has been edited in the same series by Thomas Wallis. The views of Davis and his associates in the Young Ireland inovement placed him in sharp antagonism to O'Connell and the elder patriots of the school which had won Catholic eman cipation, and on his last appearance on a public platform he was angrily attacked by 'the Liberator,' but undoubtedly Davis and his party represented a larger and nobler ideal than that represented by their predecessors tember 1845 Davis was attacked with scarlatina, and succumbed to the disease in a few days writer that ever lived has better illustrated the aphorism of Fletcher of Saltoun Let legislators do what they would, Davis's stirring lyrics were for the time the voice of Irish patriotism breathe the very spirit of 'The Celt'-the pseudonym by which his poems in the Nation were signed, and though they might be criticised as

wanting in technical perfection, their force, their passion, and their intensity were characteristic of the Celtic imagination at its strongest. The sources of Davis's power, the fascination he everted upon the people to whom he dedicated his life, and the loftiness of his ideals are well indicated in Sii Samuel Ferguson's impressive Lament for Thomas Davis

#### My Land.

She is a rich and rare land,
Oh' she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and fair land—
This native land of nine

No men than hers are braver — Her women's hearts ne'er waver, I'd freely die to save her, And think my lot divine

She s not a dull or cold land,
No! she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she s a true and old land—
This native land of inine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her horder—
No friend within it pine!

Oh' she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh' she's a true and rare land,
Yes' she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine

#### The Sack of Baltimore

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles— The summer sun is gleaming through Gabriel's rough defiles—

Old Inwherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird,

And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard, The hookers he upon the beach, the children cease their play,

The gossips leave the little inn, the households kneel to pray-

And full of love and pence and rest, its daily labour o'er, Upon that eosy creek there by the town of Baltimore.

All, all askep within each roof, along that rocky street, And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—

A stifled gasp' a dreary noise! 'The roof is in a flame!'
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or erimson shawl--

The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shrick and roar—

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

'fis two long years since sink the town beneath that bloody bind,

And all around its trampled licarths a larger concourse stand,

Where, high upon a gallows tree, a velling wretch is seen— Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine! He fell amid a sudden shout, with scarce a passing prayer, I or he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the

Some cursed him with Iscariot that day in Baltimore.

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu (1814-73) occupies a place by himself among Irish men of letters of the nineteenth century, for, though belonging in many respects to the school of Carleton, Lover, and Lever, he possessed imaginative qualities of a different and perhaps higher kind than they, though in characteristically Irish humour he is hardly their equal. Le Fing was the son of a dean of the Irish Establishment, whose mother was a sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan In 1833, after a private education, he entered Trinity College, Dublin While at the university he began his literary career as a contributor to the Dublin University Maga zine, with which he was for the rest of his career closely identified, ultimately becoming its proprietor, and it was in the pages of that periodicil that most of his novels first appeared. In 1839 Le Fanu was called to the Bar, but becoming in the same year the owner and editor of a Dublin evening paper, he devoted himself thenceforward to letters and journalism Le Fanu's early fame was won as the author of two extraordinarily successful Insh ballads, Phandrig Crochooic and Shamus O'Brien, of which the latter was long attributed to Lover, who greatly contributed to its popularity by reciting it in America poetical reputation rests almost exclusively on these pieces, for the Poems, posthumously collected in 1896, though more akin than these ballads to the qualities of his prose works can hardly be said to have impressed the public. I e Fanu's earliest effort in prose was the Purcell Papers, a series of short tales, and this was followed by The Coul and Anchor (1845), a chronicle of old Dublin, and Torlogh O'Brien (1847) It was not, however, until many more years had elapsed that he won with The House by the Church; and (1863) an acknowledged position as a master of the mysterious and supernatural in prose fiction The remaining ten years of Le Fanu's life were marked by a rapid succession of novels, of which Uncle Silas (1864), Guy Deverell (1865), The Tenants of Malory (1867), and In a Glass Darkly (1872) have perhaps proved the most popular His list novel, Il illing to Du, was pub lished after his death. Besides the tragic elements of the terrible and the mysterious which give them a distinctive note, Le Fanu's novels are admirable for their constructive excellence and for their narrative vigour

The Hour of Death.

It was a very still night and frosty. My candle had long burnt out. There was still a faint moonlight, which fell in a square of vellow on the floor near the window, leaving the rest of the room in what to an eye less acciss tomed than mine had become to that faint light would

have been total darkness. Now, I am sure, I heard a soft whispering outside my door. I knew that I was in a state of siege. The erisis was come, and, strange to say, I felt myself grow all at once resolute and self possessed. It was not a subsidence, however, of the dreadful excitement, but a sudden screwing up of my nerves to a pitch such as I cannot describe. I remained for a space which I cannot pretend to estimate in the same posture, afraid to stir—afraid to remove my eye from the door.

A very peculiar grating sound above my head startled me from my watch-something of the character of saw ing, only more crunching, and with a faint continued rumble in it-utterly inexplicable. It sounded over that portion of the roof which was farthest from the door, towards which I now glided, and as I took my stand under cover of the projecting angle of a clumsy old press that stood close by it, I perceived the room a little darkened, and I saw a man deseend and take his stand upon the window stone. He let go a rope, which, how ever was still fast round his body, and employed both his hands, with apparently some exertion, about some thing at the side of the window, which in a moment more in one mass, bars and all, swung noiselessly open, admit ting the frosty night air, and the man, whom I now distinctly saw to be Dudley Ruthyn, kneeled on the sill, and stepped, after a moment's listening, into the room. His foot made no sound upon the floor, his head was bare, and he wore his usual short shooting jacket

I cowered to the ground in my post of observation. He stood, as it seemed to me, irresolutely for a moment, and then drew from his poeket an instrument which I distinctly saw against the faint moonlight. Imagine a hummer, one end of which had been beaten out into a longish tapering spike, with a handle something longer than usual. He drew stealthily to the window, and seemed to examine this hurriedly, and tested its strength with a twist or two of his hand. And then he adjusted it very carefully in his grasp, and made two or three little experimental picks with it in the air.

I remained perfectly still, with a terrible composure, crouched in my liiding place, niv teeth clenched, and prepared to struggle like a tigress for my life when dis I thought his next measure would be to light I saw a lantern, I fancied, on the window sill a match But this was not his plan. He stole, in a groping way, which seemed strange to me, who could distinguish ob jects in this light, to the side of my bed, the exact position of which he evidently knew, he stooped over it Madame was breathing in the deep respiration of a heavy sleep Suddenly but softly he laid, as it seemed to me, his left hand over her face, and nearly at the same instant there came a scrunching blow, an unnatural shrick, begin ning small and swelling for two or three seconds into a yell such as are imagined in haunted houses, accompanied by a convulsive sound, as of the motion of cunning, and the arms drumming on the bed, and then another blow-and with a horrid grap he recoiled a step or two, and stood perfectly still I heard a horrible tremor quivering through the joints and curtains of the bedstead-the convulsions of the murdered woman. It was a dreadful sound, like the shaking of a tree and rustling of leaves. Then once more he stepped to the side of the bed, and I heard another of those hornd blows-and silence-and another-and more silence-and the diabolical surgery was ended (From Uncle Silas)

#### Song

The autumn leaf was falling
At midnight from the tree,
When at her casement calling,
'I'm here, my love,' cried he
'Come down and mount behind me,
And rest your little head,
And in your white arms wind me,
Before that I be dead

'You've stolen my heart by magic,
I've kissed your hips in dreams
Our wooing, wild and trigie,
Has been in ghostly gleams
The wondrous love I bear you
Has made one life of twun,
And it will bless or scare you,
In deathless peace or pain

'Our dreamland shall be glowing,
If you my bride will be,
To darkness both are going,
Unless you ride with me
Come now, and mount behind me,
And rest your little head,
And in your white arms wind me,
Before that I be dead'

The edition of the Parcell Pafers published in 1830 contains a sympathetic Meinoir by A. P. Graves, who has also written a brographical preface to the Pacins and a very charming volume published by Le Fanu's brother William, entitled Secrety I ears of Iruk Life bears incidentally much affectionate testimony to the charm of a personality which fascinated all who came in contact with the novelist.

Mountstuart Elphinstone (1779-1859), fourth son of the cleventh Lord Elphinstone, was educated at Edinburgh and Kensington, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1795 In 1803 he served with distinction on Wellesley's staff, and was appointed resident at Nagpur, in 1808 he was sent as envoy to Shah Shuja at Cabul, and as resident from 1810 at Poona he ended the Mahratta war of 1817 and organised the newly acquired During his governorship of Bombay (1819-27) he founded the present system of administration, and greatly advanced public educa Returning to England in 1829, he declined the Governor-Generalship of India, and lived in comparative retirement until his death at Hookwood in Surrey His well known History of India appeared in 1841, has been often reprinted, and is still the standard popular work on the Moham medan period. It followed the Persian historian Ferishta rather closely, but many newer data and conclusions were incorporated in the 1866 edition by Professor Cowell, and retained in the subsequent Elphinstone also wrote an editions (7th, 1889) Account of Caubul as he saw it during his embassy, as well as a sketch of the Rise of British Power in the East, edited in 1887 by Sir Edward Colebrooke, who had published a Life of him in 1884 Another Memoir by Forrest is prefixed to his Official Writings (1884), and he is the subject of a monograph by Cotton in the 'Rulers of India' series (1892)

# Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Macaulay was probably the most widely read and most generally popular author of his generation, and though his literary reputation has been seriously assailed since his death, the steady sale of his works conclusively proves that his hold upon the reading public remains almost un-Born on the 25th October 1800, he shaken. was the eldest child of Zachary Macaulay, the earnest and disinterested opponent of the slavetrade and of slavery His childhood was passed at Clapham, the headquarters of the Evangelical sect, of which his father was a prominent member, but the influence of his early surroundings was stronger in the direction of repulsion than of attraction. He was educated at a private school till the age of eighteen, when he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge His years at Cambridge were the formative period of his life. He was already an eager student of the classics and an omnivorous reader of modern literature. He now acquired self-confidence by familiar intercourse with men of equal intellectual power with himself, and he became prominent as a fluent talker in private society and as a brilliant and ready speaker in the debates of the Union the same time he formed those political opinions of which he was to be so consistent a champion, both by voice and pen, in later life. His degree was undistinguished on account of his distaste for mathematics, but he gained prizes for English verse, a Craven scholarship, and ultimately in 1824 a fellowship at Trinity Macaulay's subsequent career was vitally affected by the failure of his father's business. At the very outset he was compelled not only to support himself, but to undertake the burden of paying off the creditors and of contributing to the muintenance of the family / He was called to the Bar in 1826, and two years later he was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy But he was impelled by urgent reasons to supplement his fellowship and his official income by the earnings of his pen. His first contributions, both prose and verse, were made to Knight's Quarterly, but in 1825 he established that connection with the Edinbrogh Review which for more than thirty years brought equal fame both to the journal and to its brilliant contributor The consequent improvement in his finances enabled Macaulay in 1830 to accept from Lord Lansdowne the offer of a seat in Parliament for the borough of Calne In the great struggle of the Reform Bill the young member played a part of no small importance, and he was rewarded for his services by a post on the Board of Control Everything seemed to point to a distinguished career in politics, when he was induced by the prospect of permanent freedom from financial difficulties to accept the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council in India For four years, 1834-38,

Macaulay was in India, where his most important work was associated with the drafting of the penal code and with the organisation of Indian education He returned to England in 1839, with the intention of devoting himself to the writing of a History of England from the accession of James II to the early years of the nineteenth century this purpose he was for a time distracted, partly by the incessant demands of the editor of the Edinburgh Review, and partly by the temptation to return to political life. He accepted the post of Secretary at War in the Whig Ministry, and was elected to the House of Commons by the city of Edinburgh The fall of the Ministry in 1841 gave him more leisure, until in 1846 he was once more in office as Paymaster of the But in 1847 his fulure to secure reelection for Edinburgh put an end to his active political life, and though he was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll in 1852, spoke occasionally in the House of Commons in 1852 and 1853, and in 1857 was raised to the House of Lords, he never sought to resume the burden of office, and the last twelve years of his life, clouded as time went on by fuling health, were devoted to literary work, and especially to the composition of his History, which had hardly reached the death of William III when he died, sitting among his books, on 28th December 1859

There is no great room for dispute about Macaulay's rank as a poet. He does not claim a place among the great poets of the world He had too little insight into the deeper problems and motives of human life and character to justify such a pretension. His own life was too free from the strongest passions and temp tations of humanity to enable him to interpret men's inner nature to themselves But as a writer of ballads, as a story-teller in verse, he had no superior in his own generation. There is a ring and a rattle about his stanzas which carry away the reader or reciter, and it is no small tribute to Macrulay's grasp of his own limitations that he did not give more time to a species of composition in which he grined such easy and yet well deserved fame. intelligent boys and girls, and to all who retain in later life the spirit and sentiment of youth, Macaulay's Lays will always make a strong appeal. It is not easy to choose extracts from narrative poems so widely known, but the stanzas quoted below from 'Horatius' will serve to illustrate the best qualities of Macaulay's verse.

Macaulty's speeches are of great interest and importance to the student of his prose style. The whole temper of his mind was oratorical. His speeches are spoken essays, his essays are written speeches. Even his conversation, as contemporary rivals humorously complained, was declamatory. The diffuseness of his writing, the almost excessive emphasis and elaboration with which he made his points and drove them home to his

readers, are the result of this oratorical method. In the House of Commons Macaulay was at his best. He gained the ear of the House on his first appearance, and he never lost it. The report that 'Macaulay is up'always brought members hurrying from the library, the smoking-room, and the lobby. Yet the himitations of his oratory are as obvious as those of his poetry, and spring from the same causes. He could command an endless supply of telling and sonorous phrases, which he

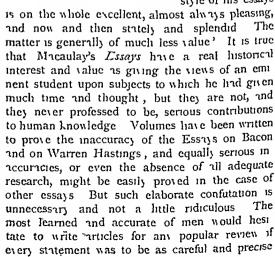
poured forth with a fluency that made him the despair of reporters, he was never at a loss for a striking illus tration, his arguments were always well marshalled ind transparently clear Yet he lacked the subtle sympathy and the electrical force of a really giest orator, he could convince, but he could not enchant. and it is difficult to believe that he could ever have reached the first rank as a debater His speeches are so coherent and so level in their uniform merit that it is as hard to find extracts from them as from his poems Perhaps his most famous speeches are those on the Reform Bill

(16th December 1831) and on the Maynooth grant (14th April 1845), from which passages are given below

No contributions to historical literature have ever achieved such immediate and lasting populirity as the Essays which Macaulay wrote for the Lamburgh Review Of these, twenty-two were published before his departure for India, three during his residence in the East, and eleven after his return With them may be reckoned the five biographies which he con tributed in his later years to the Encyclopadia Britannica, one of which, that on William Pitt, is as perfect in its way as anything Macaulay ever wrote That these Essays, forty one in all, are of unequal merit was inevitable, and that some of them would never have been repub lished if any one else had written them will I

hardly be denied. But there are at least twenty, including all those on English history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which are immortal. The *Essays* will probably continue to have fifty readers for every one who reads through the more ambitious *History*. This preference is to be justified on literary grounds. The form of the essay, a brilli int dissertation rather than an essay proper as the term was understood by Bacon and Hume, was Macaulay's

own invention, and it has been imi tated ever since For such an essay, giving a graphic picture of a period, or a character, or a cateer, Macaulay's style was pre eminently suited Its rather metallic resonance, us rhetorical antitheses, occasional 1 t 5 frults of taste and empliasis, some times weary or even irritate the reader of a long continuous narra tive, but they were well fitted to arrest the attention of the most jaded render of a solid quarterly And it is as literature, not as history, that the Essays deserve their repu trition As Macau lay himself says of Temple 'The style of his essays





THOMAS B\BI\GTO\ MACAULAY

After a Photograph by Claudet

as if he were writing for a select circle of scholars and specialists

As a historian Macaulay must be judged, not by the Essays, nor by the first two chapters of the History, which are prefatory and scarcely more solid than the Essays, but by his account of the reigns of James II and William III forming an estimate we must remember what was Macaulay's deliberate aim in writing history We have it in his own words 'History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents' 'A truly great historian would reclum those materials which the novelist has appropriated' 'I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies' His avowed intention was to combine the picturesqueness of the Instorical novel with the accuracy of the historian, his models were Thucydides and Sir Walter Scott History in his mind must be above all things pictorial and dramatic, it must bring the characters and their actions on the stage-all the accessories in the way of scenery and subordinate personages must be supplied by the writer And he unquestionably succeeded in his aim. Carlyle with a few impressive touches may paint isolated scenes even more vividly than Macaulty, but he cannot produce such a uniform and con tinuous pageant Some may hold that Macaulay's supreme art as a scene shifter is never sufficiently concealed, that the machinery by which the puppets are worked is too obvious, others may doubt whether the pictorial conception of history is the highest or even in the end the truest, but no one can deny that Macaulay had a perfectly clear conception of the object which he desired to attain, and that he showed himself a perfect master of the means by which it could be achieved. It is inevitable that in such a scheme the reader must be left in large measure to draw his own conclusions from the events which are described. It is a lengthy process to apply the methods of the cinematograph to history, and Macaulty took five volumes to complete the animated picture of some sixteen years But the machinery would hardly work at all if at every turn it was necessary to explain not only that the event took place in a particular way, but also the why and the wherefore of each occurrence

Lack of philosophic insight is not the only charge which is brought against Macaulty. He is also accused of excessive party-spirit and of maccuracy resulting from the use of uncritical methods. The first of these charges has been enormously exaggerated. That Macaulay was a Whig, that he admired William III, and that he thoroughly approved of the principles of the Revolution nobody disputes. It is neither possible

nor wholesome for a man to write as if he had no opinions of his own But it cannot be contended that Macaulty is deliberately unfair, or that he set himself to write, not a history, but a political pamphlet Within the permissible and easily recognisable limits of political inclination he distributes praise and blame with praiseworthy fairness It is less easy to disprove the assertion that he was violently prejudiced against individuals, as Shaftesbury, Penn, and Marlborough, but his diatribes against them are quite independent of party-spirit In fact, Shaftesbury was the founder and first leader of the Whigs, and Marlborough in his later life became their intimate ally The second charge is perhaps the most formidable. It is not that Macaulty neglected his authorities, but that he used them in an uncritical way, that he deliberately rejected the systematic analysis of sources which was inculcated and practised by Von Ranke and other eminent contemporaries. Macaulay had read everything that was accessible at the time on the period which he treated. That he did not do more was probably due to the extraordinity memory which too often saved him from the necessity of abstract thought All his informa tion was collected, sorted, and fused together in his mind. He adjusted the evidence and draw his conclusions not so much by the processes of reason as by a sort of instinct It is not a method that could be safely recommended to every student of the past, but it is marvellous how successful it was in Macaulay's case Considering the scale on which he worked, inaccuracy in occasional details wis inevitable, yet those which have been detected by malevolent critics are comparatively few and unimportant On the other hand, there is a subtle inaccuracy in Macaulty's methods of statement which is almost as serious a fault as actual blunders extreme precision and his excessive emphasis are often in themselves misleading. Two instances must suffice. 'The House of Commons was more zealous for royalty than the king, more zealous for episcopacy than the bishops' 'To the seared consciences of Shaftesbury and Buckingham the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge' Such assertions, which might be indefinitely multiplied, go much further than could be justified by any authority Macaulay is a great artist in black and white rather than a great colourist, and the most delicate shading, a process in which he did not excel, can never supply the place of the infinite gradations of colour, and of those neutral tints which may not produce such brilliant pictures, but are nevertheless predominant in human history

# From 'Horatius'

But with a crush like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream

And a long shout of triumph Rose from the wills of Rome, As to the highest threet tops Was splished the yellow foam

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the eurb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea

Alone stood brave Horatius
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind
'Down with him' 'cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to sec,
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena
To Sextus nought spake he
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome

'O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either lank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank,
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

#### Parliamentary Reform

We support this Bill We may possibly think it a better Bill than that which preceded it But are we therefore bound to admit that we were in the wrong, that the Opposition was in the right, that the House of Lords has conferred a great benefit on the nation? We siw—who did not see?—great defects in the first Bill. But did we see nothing else? Is delay no evil? Is prolonged excitement no evil? Is it no evil that the heart of a great people should be made sick by deferred hope? We allow that the changes which have been made are improvements. There probably never was a law which might not have been amended by delay. But there have been many cases in which there would have been more mischief in delay than benefit in the amend

ments The first Bill, however inferior it may have been in its details to the present Bill, was yet herein far superior to the present Bill, that it was the first. If the first Bill had passed, it would, I firmly believe, have produced n complete reconciliation between the anistocracy and the people. It is my carnest wish and prayer that the present Bill may produce this blessed effect, but I cannot say that my hopes are so sanguine as they were at the beginning of the last session.

The decision of the House of Lords has, I fear, excited in the public mind feelings of resentment which will not soon be allayed What then, it is said, would you legis late in haste? Would you legislate in times of great excitement concerning matters of such deep concern? Yes, sir, I would, and if any bad consequences should follow from the liaste and excitement, let those be held responsible who, when there was no need of haste, when there existed no excitement, refused to listen to any pro jeet of Reform-nay, who made it an argument against Reform that the public mind was not excited few meetings were held, when few petitions were sent up to us, these politicians said, 'Would you alter a constitution with which the people are perfectly satis fied?' And now, when the kingdom from one end to the other is convulsed by the question of Reform, we hear it said by the very same persons, 'Would you alter the representative system in such agitated times as these?' Half the logic of misgovernment has in this one sophistical dilemma. If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty, if they are quiet, they do not want liberty

I allow that hasty legislation is an evil. I allow that there are great objections to legislating in troubled times. But reformers are compelled to legislate fast, because bigots will not legislate early. Reformers are compelled to legislate in times of excitement, because bigots will not legislate in times of tranquillity. If ten years ago, may if only two years ago, there had been at the head of affairs men who understood the signs of the times and the temper of the nation, we should not have been forced to hurry now. If we cannot take our time, it is because we have to make up for their lost time. If they had reformed gradually, we might have reformed gradually, but we are compelled to move fast, because they would not move at all.

#### On the Maynooth College Bill.

Can we wonder that the eager, honest, hot headed Protestants, who raised you to power in the confident hope that you would curtail the privileges of the Roman Catholics, should stare and grumble when you propose to give public money to the Roman Catholics? Can we wonder that, from one end of the country to the other, everything should be ferment and uproar, that petitions should, night after night, whiten all our benches like a snowstorin? Can we wonder that the people out of doors should be exasperated by seeing the very men who, when we were in office, voted against the old grant to Maynooth, now pushed and pulled into the House by your whippers in to vote for an increased grant? The All those fierce spirits, natural consequences follow whom you hallooed on to harass us, now turn round and begin to worry you. The Orangeman mises his wir whoop Exeter Hall sets up its briv Mr Macneile shudders to see more costly cheer than ever provided for the priests of Baal at the table of the Queen, and the

Protestant operatives of Dublin call for impeachments in exceedingly bad English But what did you expect? Did you think when, to serve your turn, you called the Devil up, that it was as easy to lay him as to raise him? Did you think, when you went on, session after session, thwarting and reviling those whom you knew to be in the right, and flattering the worst passions of those whom you knew to be in the wrong, that the day of reckoning would never come? It has come There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years. If it be not so, stand np munfully and clear your fame before the House and the country Show us that some steady prin ciple has guided your conduct with respect to Insh affairs. Show us how, if you are honest in 1845, you can have been honest in 1841 Explain to us why, after having goaded Ireland to madness for the purpose of ingritiating yourselves with the English, you are now setting England on fire for the purpose of ingratiating Give us some reason which yonrself with the Irish shall prove that the policy which you are following, as Ministers, is entitled to support, and which shall not equally prove you to have been the most factious and unprincipled Opposition that ever this country saw

(From Speech on the Maynooth Grant.)

#### The Roman Catholic Church.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the sinoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who erowned Napoleon in the ninetcenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth, and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papaey, and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youth ful vigour The Catholie Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age Her requisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century hence may, not improbably, contain a population as large ns that which now inhabits Europe The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.

(From Essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1840 in Works, 1866, vol. vl.)

There have been numerous anticipations of this famous last sentence, the latest by Macaulay himself at the very end of his article on Milford's History of Greece, published in Knight's Quarterly Magazine in 1824 Five years before, in the preface to Peter Bell the Flurd Shelley had spoken of the time 'when London shall be an habitation of bitterns when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins for the contem plation of some transatlantic commentator Wilcocks in his Roman Conversations (1792-94) imagined foreigners 2000 years lience sailing up the Thames in search of antiquities, passing 'through some arches of the broken bridge and viewing with admiration the still remaining portico of St Pauls. Still earlier in 1791 there is Volney's meditation in the second chapter of Les Ruines that some day 'on the banks of the Seine the Thames or the Zuider Zee a traveller may seat himself on silent ruins and bemoan in solitude the ashes of nations and the memory of their greatness. And seventeen years before Volney's book appeared, Horace Walpole in 1774 had warned Sir Horace Mann that 'at last some curious traveller would visit England and give a description of the ruins of St Paul s. Other anticipations are cited in our articles on Mis Barbauld (Vol. II p. 582) and on Henry Kirke White (Vol. II

#### The Death of Chatham

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostili ties with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham He was in a state of great excitement medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home not to be controlled His son William, and his son in law Lord Malion, accompanied him to Westminster rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young rela tions, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet His wig was His legs were swathed in flannel so large and his face so emaciated that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action mimated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief

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there exp p oncounce the most his many errors, will be delibert exp p oncounce the among the entrient men whose bones he near harmonically one has left a more stainless and none are one splend d name.

(Is a F as a to elimin of Chatham Ld Forth Reserve O in \$14 in Berres, 1800, vol. vol.)

# The Rellef of Londonderry

It was the twenty eighth of July The sun has just se the evening sermon in the cathedral was over and the hart broken congregation and separated, when the s number on the tower saw the sails of three reserts coming up the Loyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish cump. The he negers were on the alert for unles along to hishores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy hall been fixed, and where the batteries were mot numerous. Lealer performed his duty with a skill and spirit worths of his noble profession, exposed his frighte to cover the merchantmen, and use I his guns with great e tect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Wruntyey tool the lead, and went right at the boom. The hije barricade cracked and give in, but the shock was such that the Mount, r rebounded, and stuck in the mid. A vell of triumph rose from the banks, the Irish rushed to their boats, and vere prepring to board, but the Darte with poured on them a ell directed broads de, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phame dished at the breach

brave my ter was no more. A shot from one of the batteric had struck him, and he died by the most cast able of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been and by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The might had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the first and the guns was seen and the roise heard by the less and shastly multi-ude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mainton prounded, and when the hour of triumph rose from the Iri h on both sides of the river, the heart of the lesieged died within them. On who can have the unitterable anguil h of that moment has told

which the Montgoy had made, and was in a moment

within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising first

The Mounty is bigan to mose, and soon passed safe through the broken stake and floating spars. Lat ber

terrible half hour of suspen c. It was ten o'clock before the high entried at the quay. The whole population is as three to ve'come them. A screen made of each full is wisher the walls also this thrown up to project the latting place for a ten lattern, on the other is lee of the riser, and then the exact of unlability began. For were told him is the first contemp, we thou and has bels of risely

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whole circuit of the rimparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous dehance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But on the third night firmes were seen arising from the camp, and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site litely occupied by the huts of the besiegers, and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

Five generations have since passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren In one hand he grasps a Bible, the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay Such a monu ment was vell deserved, yet it was scarcely needed, for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved, nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabi tants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their The summit of the ramparts race and their religion forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the fishmongers of London, was distinguished during the hundred and five memorable days by the loudness of its report, and still bears the The cathedral is filled with name of Roaring Meg relies and troplies In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells whuch were thrown into the Over the altar are still seen the Trench flagstaves, tal en by the garrison in a desperate sally ensigns of the Bourbons have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands in Ulster The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to onr own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought ont, repaired, and embellished It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no pride in the noble reliievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complicency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her Unhappily, the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities, and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and definice

(From History of England, Chap. XII Works, 1866, vol 11.)

Trevelyan's Life and Letters of Lord Macaula; (1876) is one of the great biographies of the inneteenth century. Interesting criticisms of Macaulay may be found in J. Cotter Morison's Macaulay (English Men of Letters series) in Leslie Stephen's Hours in a Library, in Bagehot's Literary Studies, in John Morley's Critical Miscellanues, and in vol in of M. Taine's History of English Literature. His accuracy has been disputed by John Paget in his Vew Examen (1861) and Puzzles and Paradoxes (1874), by James Spedding, in Evenings with a Reviewor (1881), and by Sir J. F. Stephen, in The Story of Nunconar (1885).

#### RICHARD LODGE

John Austin (1790-1859), born at Creeting Mill, Suffolk, served some five years in the army in Sicily and Malta, but in 1818 was called to the Bar In 1820 he married Sarah Taylor (daughter of John Taylor 'of Norwich,' see Vol II p 742), and from 1826 to 1832, when he resigned from lack of students, was Professor of Jurispru dence in the newly founded university of London (now University College) His Province of Juris prudence Determined, defining (on a utilitarian basis) the sphere of ethics and law, practically revolutionised English views on the subject. He was once or twice put upon a royal commission, but his health was bad, in 1841-44 he lived in Germany, and in 1844-48 in Paris The Revolution of 1848 drove him back to England, and he then settled at Weybridge, where he died His Lectures on Jurisprudence were published by his widow (1863, new ed. by Campbell, 1869) A Memoir by Mrs Austin was prefixed to a new edition of the Pro vince (1861) Mrs Aust n (1793-1867) was known by her translations from German and French, including Ranke's Popes and Guizot's Civilisa tion, and wrote books on Germany and national education The only child of this gifted couple, Lucie (1821-69), who married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon (1811–72, latterly a Commissioner of Inland Revenue), was also an accomplished translator from the German, and in South Africa, whither she had gone for her health, indited her vivacious Letters from the Cape (1862, new ed, with preface by George Meredith, 1903) From 1862 she lived, almost like a native, on the Nile or in Egypt, whence she sent to the press two series of Letters from Egypt See Three Generations of Englishwomen (1889), by Janet Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, who has also written several books on things Tuscan

John Kitto (1804-54), son of a Plymouth stone mason, worked at his father's craft, but in 1817 became stone deaf through a fall, and, sent to the workhouse, learned shoemaking. In 1824 he went to Exeter to learn dentistry, in 1825 he published Essays and Letters, at the Missionary College at Islington he learned printing, in 1829-33 he accompanied a patron on a tour to the East. The rest of his life was spent in the service of the publishers, chiefly in that of Charles Knight. His

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Henry Rogers i Sope how he S. Albins in the form the proches, and was Profer of the board of Lancis College, London in the last of the Special Hill College, Lordon in the last of the special Lancishire Independent of the last of the last of the last of the standard of the last of t

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thinker, he is to be rinked among the most trust worth and a greeable of English historians. His industry is a writer a is untiring and various. He published a History of Spain in der Clarles II, a collection of Essays and Miscellaries, and two short biographies of Belisarius and the great Conde, the latter an admirable monograph originally written and issued privately in I rench. He was editor also of Peel's Memoirs and Chester fields I etters, and was mainly instrumental in profound; the appointment of the Historical M55 Commission and the foundation of the National

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actors in some of the scenes lie describes avails onen

o gne authentic vividness to his narraine. While

# The Surrender at Britanega Their left wing under Standope consisted of eight Latthens and as many squadrons, all of them I in hish

except only one battalion of Portuguese, and even that

con manded by English officers. Thinned as were both by talions and squadrons by this toilsome campaign, the total number did not exceed 5500 men. It had been acreed with Staremberg that he and Stanhope should proceed in parallel lines. Stanhope was to march in four days from Chinchon to Bribuega, and there had to give his troops some rest and to bake for them some bread while Staremberg did the life at Cificentes, the its o places being about five hours march from each other Bribuega is a town of great antiquity, the Koman Cento Iriga high on the Isiver Tajuna and with high uplands around it on every side but one. For its defence it had only a decaying Mootish will.

In pursuance of this plan, Stanhope had entered

Bula c, a late at in, bit on the 6th of December Next day he employed him elf in collecting corn and in balling

loves So advers to him was the disposition in all Castale that neither at Brilinera nor through his four it a march did be receive the slightest intimation of the enemy societies. It was therefore with surprise that, on the morning of the 5th, he observed some of their hone on the brox of the neighbouring hills. His surprise micreased when early in the afternoon, there appeared with micropial vary infantry also. Till that ome, he varies instead with the plant one if believe did the Marshal, insquare that it by hid one foot within some days march of us. And our mistrature is owner to the increabile diligence which their army made, for having as we have since learn decamped from Talaxers on the 1st of December, they be here less need.

In face of a firce so superior to his own, Stall opill not attempt to march out of I chiney and I self a
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he completed his investment of the latter Towards mid night he was joined by several more bodies of his troops. with twelve pieces of the hattering train These he at once disposed in due order, and at daybreak of the oth of December they began to play Two breaches were soon made in the old Moorish wall Through these the Spaniards poured in But the English had cast up en trenchments behind the breaches, as also barricades across the streets, and they continued to defend them selves with the utmost intrepidity. Several tunes were the assailants driven back in disarray

After some hours of sharp conflict a short pause ensued But at three in the afternoon Vendome, having sent a second summons, which was rejected like the former. gave orders for a general assault. Besides playing field pieces from the hills, which were so close as to command most of the streets, and besides renewing the onset in the two breaches, he spring a mine under one of the gates Some of his men, moreover, found means to break passages through the wall into houses which adjoined it, and there they established themselves in force before they were per The English, however, with unabated spirit still fought on Still on every point they bent back their assailants How many an anxious look must they mean while have cast to the opposite heights, on which they expected every moment to see Staremberg and his army appear! Hour after hour passed and no sign of such succour came. Still worse was the rumour now rife among themselves, that their own ammunition had begun

Even then the resistance of these stout soldiers did not cease. 'Even with bayonets'-so writes Stanhope to Lord Dartmouth-'the enemy were more than once driven out by some of our troops who had spent their shot, and when no other remedy was left, the town was preserved some time by putting fire to the houses which they had possessed, and where many of them were de and when things were reduced to the last extremity, that the enemy had a considerable body of men in the town, and that in our whole garrison we had not five hundred men who had any ammunition left, I thought myself obliged in conscience to save so many brave men, who had done good service to the Queen. and will. I hope, live to do so again. So about seven of the clock I beat the chamade, and obtained the capitula tion of which I send your Lordship the copy '

In this capitulation the enemy had been willing to grant most honourable terms, and on these terms then did Stanhope and his gallant little army become prisoners of war. Their defence of Brihuega had cost them 600 men in killed and wounded, while that of the Spaniards was acknowledged by themselves as double, and may even have amounted to 1500, which was Stanhope's computation (From the History of England, Chap XIII)

# Lord North's Resignation of Office

For some time past it had been manifest—and to none more clearly than to Lord North—that although the downfall of the Ministry might be a little delayed or a little quickened, it could not, at that juncture, be averted With honest zeal he had been striving to reconcile the King's mind to this unavoidable necessity. On the 10th, at last, His Majesty agreed that the Chancellor should see Lord Rockingham, and learn from him on what terms he might be willing to construct another Ministry. Lord Rockingham's demands were found to be, that a Ministry

should be formed on the basis of peace and economy, and that three Bills-namely, Sir Philip Clerke's on Contractors, Mr Burke's on Economical Reform, and Mr Crewe's on Revenue Officers-should he made Govern ment measures. To the basis I hurlow offered no object tion, but he would by no means consent to the three At last, in a final conference with Rockingham, the Chancellor broke off in much wrath, declaring (and with many an oath, no doubt) that he would bave no further communication with a man who thought the exclusion of a contractor from Parliament, and the dis franchisement of an exciseman, of more importance than the salvation of the country at this crisis Rockingham,' added he, 'is bringing things to a pass where either his head or the King's must go, in order to settle which of them is to govern the country!'

Scarcely less ardent were, at one time, the feelings of the Sovereign himself He contemplated with the utmost aversion his return to the oligarchy of the great Whig Houses He had even some design of taking his departure for Hanover if the terms required of him should be altogether preconcilable with his sense of right. Such a design had once before arisen in his mind in the midst of the Gordon riots We now find a mysterious hint of it in his letters to Lord North, and it is certain, writes Horace Walpole, that for a fortnight together the Royal yacht was expediting and preparing for his vovage. What further steps His Majesty may have had in view -whether his recession was to be permanent or tem porary - whether he meant to leave the Queen as Regent or to take her and the Princes with him-can at present only be surmised

It appears, however, that by degrees the King became more reconciled to the present, or more hopeful of the future. Lord North being with him on the afternoon of the 20th, His Majesty acknowledged that, considering the temper of the Commons he thought the administra 'Then, Sir,' said Lord North, 'had I tion at an end not better state the fact at once?'-'Well, you may do so,' replied the King Enger to make use of this per mission, Lord North hastened down to the House of Commons in Court dress - He rose to speak at the same moment with Lord Surrey, and neither would give way Loud were the shouts and cries in that thronged House, the one party calling for Lord Surrey, and the other for Lord North At length, to restore some order, Fox moved 'That the Earl of Surrey do first speak ' But iminch ately Lord North, with presence of mind mixed with pleasantry, started up again 'I rise,' he said, 'to speak to that motion,' and, as his reason for opposing it, stated that he had resigned, and that the Ministry was no more Next, in some farewell sentences, he pro eeeded, with excellent taste and temper, to thank the House for their kindness and indulgence, and he would add forbearance, during so many years. And finally, to leave time for his successors, he proposed and carried an adjournment of some days.

There was on this occasion another slight but characteristic incident which more than one eve witness has recorded. It was a cold wintry evening, with a fall of snow. The other Members, in expectation of a long debate, had dismissed their carriages. Lord North, on the contrary, had kept his waiting. He put into it one or two of his friends, whom he invited to go home with him, and then, turning to the crowd chiefly composed of his bitter enemies, as they stood shivering and clustering

near the door, he said to them with a placid smile, 'You see, gentlemen, the advantage of being in the secret Good night '--' No man,' says Mr Adam of his speech and whole conduct that evening, 'ever showed more calmness, cheerfulness, and sercint.' The temper of his whole family was the same. I dined with them that day, and was witness to it.'

Thus ended I ord North's administration of twelve years. It is certainly strange, on contemplating these twelve years, to find so many harsh and rigorous measures proceed from the most gentle and good humoured of Prime Ministers. Happy had but greater firmness in maintaining his own opinions been joined to so much ability in defending opinions even when not his own!

(From the History of Ing'and, Chap LN)

Charles Swain (1801-74), a Manchester man, was originally a clerk in a dye work, but after his thirtieth year became connected with a large engraving and lithographing business, of which he was ultimately the proprietor. He had begun to send poetry to the magazines, and in 1827 pub lished Metrical Essays, the first of a series of volumes of poetry, including Rhymes for Child hood and Diamatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs, besides The Mind and other Poems (1832), which reached a sixth edition in 1873, and Songs and Ballads (his twelfth volume, 1867), which was in a fifth edition in 1877. A Life was prefixed to an edition of his poems-mostly marked by sweetness, grace, and melody-published in the United States in 1887, at which date a Civil List pension was conferred on him at home

Thomas Cooper (1805-92), the Chartist poet, who lived to be called the 'last of the Chartists' and to write Thoughts at Fourscore, was born at Leicester in 1805, and was apprenticed to a shoe maker at Gainsborough where he became the friend of Thomas Miller (see below) Spite of liard labour and insufficient food (lie often swooned when he tried to take his cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of the day's work), he would rise at three in the morning to teach himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, and he became a schoolmaster at twenty-three, and about the same time a local Methodist preacher. He found time for very wide and varied reading in history and English literature, and after reporting for some of the newspapers in the Midlands, he became leader of the Leicester Chartists in 1841, and was an active editor of tracts He lectured in the Potteries during the riots in August 1842, was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and sedition, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford Jul he wrote The Purgatory of Suicides, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and Wise Sarus and Modein Instances, a series of tales, which were both published in 1845 In prison he had become a pronounced sceptic, though he never taught 'blank atheism,' he says, and the reading of George Ehot's translation of the Leben Jesu made him for years a whole-hearted disciple of Strauss In 1846 appeared his Baron's Ynle Feast, a Christmas Rhymu, and a series of papers headed 'Condition of the People of England' in Donglas Jerrold's Newspaper In 1848 lic began to lecture on history and politics in London, set up the Plain Speaker and Coopers Journal, two short heed penny weeklies, and published two novels, Alderman Ralph (1853) and The Family Lend (1854). In 1855 a new religious life dawned for him be utterly recented his sceptical views and doubts, became a zealous Christian, and joining the Bap tists, was an effective and acceptable preacher He was always an honest, if impulsive, thinker, and was latterly a sincere but old fashioned Radical In 1867 his friends purch ised an annuity for him. He published his Autobiography in 1872, The Paradise of Martyrs, an unfinished poem, in 1873, and an edition of his Poetical Works in 1878, and in the last year of his life he got a Civil Service pension of £200

The Purgatory of Suicides, the chief occupation of his prison life, was also Cooper's most no able In the prison he was ultimately production allowed to have his books, to read Gibbon through for the second time, to revel in Slinkespeare and Vilton, and to commit to memory, out of Chan bers's Cyclopwaia of Eiglish Literature, 'por tions of almost evers English poet of eminence.' Already in his reporter days he had 'conceived as in an instant in epic wherein the souls of suicidal kings and other remarkable personages should be interlocutors on some high theme or themes,' and had resolved on The Purgutery of Suicides as the title for it. It was primarily a vision of suicides, including all lie could remember, but omitting, to his subsequent regret, Lord Clive and Uriel Acosta, whose history had specially impressed linn, though in prison he had forgotten his name Oppressed with the cruelties, bischess, horrors, sliams, hypocrisies, and injustices of his own and past times-especially those which the poor suffer at the hands of the rich-the poet is driven to ask 'Is life worth having?' and to sym pathise with those who in despair have succumbed But the to fite by shortening their own lives poem does not deal much with suicide, it is a 'mind history,' and is largely an impeachment of oppression, a claim of human rights, a denunciation of priestcrast, bad government, Castlerea, h, Union workhouses, and slavery black and white, and there are still pretty strong traces of his early scepticism, conscientiously permitted to stand by the author after reconversion, as being part of his Disraeli (Beaconsfield), Dickens, actual lustory and Jerrold encouraged the convict-poet, and in the Purgatory Carlyle found 'indisputable traces of genius-a dark, Titanic energy struggling there for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by and by 'But the too friendly entic not unwisely advised him to say what he had to say in prose probably he too saw that the ten books of Spen serian stanzas were long and wearisome are touches of true sentiment in the 'prison rhyme,'

much sound sense, not a little acute argument, and some bombastic rhetoric, but only a little poetry. Probably Cooper's best work was in some of his prose addressed to working men. The first verses of one of Cooper's 'Chartist hymns,' 'sung to the noble an of the Old Hundredth,' ran as follows (somewhat like the corresponding work of the Corn I aw rhymer, page 231)

God of the earth, and sea, and sky, To Thee Thy mournful children ery Didst Thou the blue that bends o'er all Spread for a general funeral pall?

Sadness and gloom pervade the land, Death—famine—glare on either hand, Didst Thou plant earth upon the wave Only to form one general grave?

# From 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'

Welcome, sweet kohin! welcome cheerful one!
Why dost thou slight the merry fields of corn,
The sounds of human joy, the plenty strown
I rom Antumn's teening lap and, by gray morn,
Ere the sun wakes, sing thus to things of scorn
And infamy and want and sadness whom
Their stronger fellow criminals have torn
From freedom and the gladsome light of home,
To quench the nobler spark within, in dangeon'd gloom?

Why dost thou choose, throughout the livelong day, A prison rampart for thy perch, and sing As thou wouldst rend thy fragile throat? Away, My little friend, away, upon light wing, A while! Me it will cheer, imagining Till thou revisit this my drear sojourn, How, on the margent of some silver spring Mantled with golden likes, thou dost turn Thy pretty head away, so meaningly, and yearn,

I rom out that beaming look to know what thoughts Within the beauteous arrow head may dwell—
The purple eye petalled with snow, that floats So gracefully Dost think the damosel, Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell Into the stream, and grew n flower so fur?
Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreaming tell Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were, Like thee, loved bird, to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air

Away 1—for this is not n clime for thee—
Sweet childhood's secred one! The limithorns bend With ruddy fruitage—tiny troops, with glee Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend, Loved 'Rohin Redbreast,' iningle with their joy! Did they not witch this tenderlings and wend With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruftian box

With specifications heart and hand, should rob
Thy nest as heathenly as if 'Heaven's hird
Were not more specied than the vulpar mob
Of pies and crows? I had hoved one to thou hist heard
This disconance of holts and have that gird
Old England's modern slaves, until the sense
Of freedom's music will be sepulched.
He where young hearts push transless joy intense,
And, and their rapture pour thy heart's mellifluence!

Thomas Miller (1507-74) tas the son of a Grinsborough wharfin, er, who, during a visit to London in 1610, left his lodgings on the morning of the Burdett riots, and was never heard of The fatherless boy, having learnt at school to write a very indifferent hand and to read the Testament tolerably," was apprentified to a basicimaker in his native town. While working at his trade in Nottingham he submitted his poems to Thomas Buley, a journalist, whose son was the author of Fistus, and Bulev encouraged Miller to publish Songs of the Sea Nyn phs (1832) Shortly afterwards he removed to London, hoping to contribute to the magazines, but he had a wears wait for recognition, and had to earn his living by working at his old trade. Having one day sent to Lady Blessington some biskets containing verses, he was welcomed to her house 'Often,' he wrote 'have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, and talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house it home, and on the same evening I might have been seen on Westminster Bridge, between an apple vendor and a baked potato merchant selling my baskets' About 1845 he was enabled, mainly through the assistance of Samuel Rogers to start business as a bookseller and publisher in Newgate Street, but, fuling to succeed, soon devoted him self entirely to writing. Ultimately he had produced not fewer than forty five volumes, including several works of fiction, in which country characters and scenes are drawn with skill. His best known novel is Royston Gover, or the Days of King John (1838), another tale is Gideon Giles the Roper volume of Rural Sketches was largely circulated, as were most of his books dealing with the country He contributed leading articles to the London daily papers, reviews to the Ithenaum, and much miscellineous prose and poetry to the periodicals but died in poverty

James Ballantine (1808-77) nuthor of 'Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dev' and other Scotch songs, was born in Ldinburgh and trained as a house painter, but having studied drawing and painting, became conspicuous as a reviver of the art of glass painting. Some of his best I nown songs and ballads are to be found in two proseculumes, The Gab etuncie's Il allet (1843) and The Miller of Deanhaugh '1845).

William Harrison Minsworth (1905-82) the son of a wealthy Manchester solicitor, was educated at the grammar school and acticled to a solicitor, and on his fathers deach in 1824, were up to I ondon to finish his legal studies, but two years later he married a publishers an after and himself turned publisher for eighteen months. He had written some magic he articles pror to 1825, so that his first born was not St. John Commentation (1826) an anonymous rovel begrased by Sec to apartly, it seems the work of John Larington Aston. His earliest by was he known (1834).

with its vivid narrative of Dick Turpin's ride to York. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Ainsi orth showed some dramatic power, but little originality or felicity in humour or character. His romance, Crichton (1837), is founded on the marvellous history of the 'Admirable' Scot, and later works were Jack Shippard (1839), a sort of Newgate romance, The Fower of London, Guy Farkes, Old St Paul's, Windsor Castle, The Lancashire Witches, The Star Chamber, The Flitch of Bacon, The Spendthrift, &c. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these stories, but both their resthetic value and their moral tendency were—and are now—open to much criticism, there are certainly too many



WILLIAM HARKISON AINSWORTH
From a Print in the British Museum after the Portrait by Maclise.

scenes of low but successful villainv, too many ghastly and unrelieved details of human suffering As romances, they abound in incident, and are elaborately and ingeniously constructed, but in their strongest situations are often frankly incredible, and the style, especially in the conversations, is artificial and stilted to a degree Even in the most appalling crises his characters 'reply to one another in the affirmative' and call a church the sacred pile or the reverend structure. When a beautiful girl is being roasted alive in a burning house one friend says to another, 'I will ascertain' how the case stands, and 'liaving learned to his great satisfaction what had occurred' (viz., that she has been saved), 'he flex back and briefly explained the situation of the parties. The most intimate dialogue also is inno cently constructed so as 'to explain the situation of the parties' to the reader, and to expound incidents not elsewhere recorded The author is fond of such participal constructions as 4 nocking at the door, an elderly servant appeared, when it I

is the visitor who knocks. The story of Jack Sheppard, illustrated, like six others, by Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised. In 1881 a banquet was held in Ainsworth's honour in Man chester, at which he was acclaimed the Lancashire novelist?

# The Dance of Death

On the night of their liberation, Chowles and Judith pro ceeded to the vaults of Saint Paitli's, to deposit within them the plunder they had obtained in the prison found them entirely deserted Neither verger, sexton, nor any other person was to be seen, and they took up their quarters in the crypt. Having brought a basket of provisions and a few bottles of wine with them, they deter mined to pass the night in revelry, and, accordingly, having lighted a fire with the fragments of old cossins brought from the charnel, they sat down to their meal Having done full justice to it, and disposed of the first flask, they were about to abandon themselves to unre strained enjoyment, when their glee was all at once interrupted by a strange and unaccountable noise in the adjoining church Chowles, who had just commenced chanting one of his wild melodies, suddenly stopped, and Judith set down the glass she had raised to her lips in What could it mean? Neither of them could It seemed like strains of unearthly music, mixed with shrieks and groans as of tortured spirits, accom panied by peals of such laughter as might be supposed to proceed from demons

'The dead are burst forth from their tombs,' cried Chowles, in a quavering voice, 'and are attended by a

legion of evil spirits.'

'It would seem so,' replied Judith, rising 'I should

lil e to behold the sight Come with me'

'Not for the world!' rejoined Chowles, shuddering, 'and I would recommend you to stay where you are. You may behold your dead husband among them'

'Do you think so?' rejoined Judith, halting
'I am sure of it,' cried Chowles, eagerly 'Stay where

'I am sure of it,' cried Chowles, eagerly 'Stay where you are—stay where you are'

As he spoke, there was another peal of infernal laughter, and the strains of music grew louder each moment

'Come what may, I will see what it is,' said Judith, emptying her glass, as if seeking courage from the draught 'Surcly,' she added, in a taunting tone, 'you will come with me.'

'I am afraid of nothing earlily,' rejoined Chowles—'but I do not like to face beings of another world'

'Then I will go alone,' rejoined Judith

'Nay, that will never be,' replied Chowles, toltering

As they opened the door and crossed the charmel, such an extraordinary combination of sounds burst upon their cars that they again paused, and looked anxiously at Chowles laid his liand on his companion's each other arm, and strove to detain her, but she would not be stayed, and he was forced to proceed. Setting down the lamp on the stone floor, Judith passed into the sub terranean church, where she beheld a sight that almost In the midst of the nave, which was petrified her illumined by a blue glimmering light, whence proceed ing it was impossible to determine, stood a number of grotesque figures, apparelled in fantastic garls, and each Some of the latter grisly shapes attended by a skeleton were playing on tambours, others on psalteries, others on rebecs-every instrument producing the strangest sound imaginable. Viewed through the massive pillars, beneath that dark and ponderous roof, and by the mystic light before described, this strange company had a super natural appearance, and neither Chowles nor Judith donbted for a moment that they beheld before them a congregation of phantoms An irresistible feeling of curiosity prompted them to advance. On drawing nearer, the; found the assemblage comprehended all ranks of There was a pope in his tiara and pontifical dress, a cardinal in his cap and robes, a monarch with a sceptre in his hand, and arrayed in the habiliments of royalty, a crowned queen, a bishop wearing his mitre, and carrying his crosier, an abbot likewise in his mitre, and bearing a croster, a duke in his robes of state, a grave canon of the church, a knight sheathed in armour, a judge, an advocate, and a magistrate, all in their robes, a mendicant friar and a nun, and the list was completed by a physician, an astrologer, a miser, a mer cliant, a duchess, a pedlar, a soldier, a gamester, an idiot, a robber, a blind man, and a beggar-each distin guishable by his apparel.

By and by, with a wild and gibbering laugh that chilled the beholders' blood, one of the tallest and grishest of the skeletons sprang forward, and beating his drum, the whole ghostly company formed, two and two, into a line—a skeleton placing itself on the right of every mortal. In this order, the fantastic procession marched between the pillars, the uncartfuly music playing all the while, and disappeared at the further extremity of the church. With the last of the group the mysterious light vanished, and Chowles and his companion were left in profound darkness.

'What can it mean?' cried Judith, as soon as she recovered her speech. 'Are they human or spirits?'

'Human beings don't generally amuse themselves in this way,' returned Chowles 'But hark!—I still hear the music. They are above—in Saint Paul's'

'Then I will join them,' said Judith 'I am resolved to see the end of it'

'Don't leave me behind,' returned Chowles, following her 'I would rather keep company with Beelzebinb and all his imps than be alone'

Both were too well acquainted with the way to need any light. Ascending the broad stone steps, they presently emerged into the cathedral, which they found illumined by the same glimmering light as the lower church, and they perceived the ghostly assemblage gathered into an immense ring, and dancing round the tall skeleton, who continued beating his drain, and uttering a strange gabbering sound, which was echoed by the others. Each moment the dancers increased the swiftness of their pace, until at last it grew to a giddy whirl, and then, all at once, with a shriek of laughter, the whole company fell to the ground

Chowles and Judith then, for the first time, understood, from the confusion that ensued and the exclamations uttered, that they were no spirits they had to deal with, but beings of the same mould as themselves. Accordingly, they approached the party of masquers, for such they proved, and found on inquiry that they were a party of young gallants, who, headed by the Earl of Rochester—the representative of the tall skeleton—had determined to realise the Dance of Death, as once depicted on the walls of an ancient cloister at the north of the cathedral, called Pardon churchyard, on the walls of which, says

Stowe, were 'artificially and richly painted the Dance of Macabre, or Dance of Death, commonly called the Dance of Paul's, the like whereof was painted about Saint Innocent's at Paris. The metres, or poesy of this dance,' proceeds the same authority, 'were translated out of I rench into English by John Lydgate, monk of Bury and with the picture of Death leading all estates, painted about the cloister, at the special request and expense of Jenkin Carpenter, in the reign of Henry the Sixth'

(From Old Saint Paul's)

Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802-39), son of an English serjeant at law, and connected through his mother with the Winthrops of New England, was born in London and educated at Eton, where he distinguished himself chiefly by



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
After the Portrait by Mayer

some brilliant experiments in academic journalism Ipis Matina, his first venture, was followed in 1820 by The Etoman, which was printed by Charles Knight, and run for ten months Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1821, Pried won the Chancellor's medal twice with poems on 'Australism' and 'Athens,' and contributed prose and verse to Knight's Quarterly Magazine The Brazen Head, which reached its third number, was another of his ventures in the At that time he was tutor periodical line in 1826 to a son of Lord Ailesbury In 1829, having obtained a college fellowship, he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and next year entered the House of Commons as member for the rotten borough of St Germans in Cornwall At Cam bridge, in the Union debates, he had been a Whig champion against the Tory Macaulty, but in Parlia ment the positions of the two were reversed Praed lost his seat on the passing of the Reform Act, but afterwards re-entered Parliament as member successively for Great Yarmouth and Ailesbury. The Duke of Wellington employed him in some pamphileteering work, and he was Secretary to the Board of Control in 1834-35, but although his maiden speech in Parliament had been greeted with applicast, he failed to win distinction in politics. He died of consumption at the fatal age of thirty-seven.

Pried's poems were collected and published first in America in 1844, the earliest authorised edition in England, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge, appeared only in 1864, and was followed in 1887 and 1888 by his prose essays and his poli tical squibs These last were accounted too goodnatured to be effective, and it is on his dainty  $\tau cs$ de société and his essays in what has been called 'metrical genie painting' that his poetic reputation The best of his verses—The Vicar, for example, and Quince-show a mingling of humour, wit, and pathos perhaps more refined, though less intense and vital, than is found in Hood-a poet to whom in some regards Praed bears a notable resemblance. Most of his society verses are mere trifles, but everywhere, even in his charades, one finds delicate good taste and finished execution His skill as a nietrist within certain limits is unfailing, but here again he shows a narrower range and a less vigorous energy than Hood world of English literature he stands in a small group apart—almost a coterie—with Locker Lamp son and Calverley and their like, and as yet he is perhaps the greatest of the band

#### The Vicar

Some years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St Mary's Hall and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath,

Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,

Through elean clipt rows of box and myrtle,
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,

Upon the parlour steps collected,

Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,

'Our master I nows you—you re expected'

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow,
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow,
Whate'er the stranger's easte or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner

If, when he reached his journey's end, And warmed himself in Court or College, He had not gained an honest friend, And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,— If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid cliange from rocks to roses
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses,
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror,
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found hlm far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to morrow

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses,
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban

He did not think all inischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking,
He did not make himself a bear
Although he had a taste for sinoking,
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage
At his approach complaint grew inild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The claims hips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cresar, or of Venus,
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap frog, and Qua genus
I used to singe his powdered wig
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ' in vain I look

For haunts in which my boxhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,

The trees I chimbed, the beds I rifled
The church is larger than before,

You reach it by a carriage entry,
It holds three hundred people more,

And pews are fitted up for gentry

Sit in the Vicar's sent you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
Hie jacet Gulelinus Brown,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru'

#### The Rainbow

My First in torrents bleak and black
Was rushing from the sky,
When with my Second at his back
Young Cupid wandered by,
'Now take me in, the moon hath past,
I pray ye, take me in'
The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,
All Hades rides the thunder blast,
I'm dripping to the skin!'

'I know thee well, thy songs and sighs,
A wieked god thou art,
And yet most welcome to the eves,
Most witching to the heart '
The Wanderer prayed another prayer,
And shook his drooping wing,
The Lover bade him enter there,
And wrung my First from out his har,
And dried my Second's string

And therefore (so the urchin swore,
By Styx, the fearful river,
And by the shafts his quiver bore,
And by his shining quiver)
That Lover aye shall see my Whole
In Life's tempestuous Heaven,
And, when the lightnings cease to roll,
Shall fix thereon his dreaming soul
In the deep calm of even

Robert Stephen Hawker (1804-75), Cornish poet and unconventional parson, was born at Plymouth, the son of a physician who afterwards took orders, and grandson of a vicar of Plymouth who compiled the Morning and Evening Portions and wrote many other theological works Hawker went up from Cheltenham Grammar School to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1823, his father found himself unable to keep him there, but that same autumn the poetic but practical and resolute undergraduate married a lady of fortune and forty one, and with her returned to Oxford He carried off the Newdigate in 1827, was ordained in 1831, and in 1834 became vicar of Morwenstow, on the Cornish coast. Its parishioners were demoralised by generations of wrecking, smuggling, and spiritual ignorance, but in his forty years' labour he rebuilt the vicarige, restored the church,

built a school, and introduced a weekly offertory and a striking ceremonal largely of his own devis ing He was a devoted parson, but was fond of open air life, and was the intimate and ally of his seafaring parishioners, a mystic in religion, he even shared many of the superstitions of his people as to apparitions and the evil eye. His usual garb was an odd compound of seaman's rig and imposing hyper ecclesiastical costume-strange brightcoloured vestments imperfectly concealing seaboots to the knee In his poetry, the spontaneous outpouring of a complex but vigorous personality too much absorbed by active life and its duties and joys to become a 'professional poet,' Hawker is delightful His Tendrils by Reuben, published at seventeen, he did not reprint, but by his Cornish ballads in Records of the Western Shore (1832-36), the Quest of the Sangraal (1863), and other poems he showed himself unmistakably a poet. His Footprints of Former Men in Coinwall (1870) was a collection of miscellaneous papers on local traditions. None of Hawker's poems is so well known as his spirited 'Song of the Western Men,' based on the old Cornish refrain, 'And shall Trelawny die?' a ballad so spontaneous and swinging in its rhythms as to have deceived Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay into accepting it as a genuine relic of the seventeenth century wife died in 1863—a blow that drove the eccentric parson-poet to melancholy and opium, from which he was saved only by the loyalty of his second wife (1864), daughter of a Polish exile, who bore him three daughters, and nursed his declining years with rare devotion. He died at Plymouth 15th August 1875, having been admitted twelve hours before to the Roman Catholic communion was a painful controversy after his death as to whether and how long he had been a Roman Catholic at heart

In Hawker's Sangraal, Arthur, much unlike his Tenny sonian namesake, speaks to his comrades of the Table Round as a mediæval English crusader might well have done

Ho for the Sangraal, vanished vase of God! Ye know that in old days, that yellow Jew Accursed Herod, and the earth wide judge, Pilate the Roman, doomster for all lands-Or else the judgment had not been for all-Bound Jesu master to the world's tall tree Slowly to die -Ha, sirs, had we been there They durst not have assayed their felon deed,-Excalibur had eleft them to the chine !-Slowly he died, a world in every pang, Until the hard centurion's cruel spear Smote his high heart and from that severed side Rushed the red stream that quenched the writh of heaven Then came Sir Joseph, hight of Arimathie, Bearing that awful vase the Sangraal! The vessel of the Pasch, Shere Thursday night, The self same cup wherein the faithful wine Heard God, and was obedient unto blood, Therewith he knelt, and gathered blessed drops From his dear Master's side that sadly fell,

The ruddy dews from the great tree of life Sweet Lord! What treasures! like the priceless gems Hid in the tawny easl et of a king-A ransom for an army, one by one ! That wealth he cherished long his very soul Aroun I his arl bent as before a shrine. He dwell in Orien Syria, God sown land The ladder foot of Heaven-where shadowy shapes In white apparel glided up and down ! His home was like a garner, full of corn And wine and oil a granary of God Young men, that no one knew, went in and out With a far look in their eternal eyes All things were strange and rare the Sangraal As though it clung to some ethercal chain Brought down high Heaven to earth at Arimathie

The Song of the Western Men.

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry vight was he
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We ll set Trelawny free!

'We Il cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stry,
With "one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us may?

'And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ' come forth, ye cowards all,
licre's men as good as you!

'Trelawny he s in keep and hold, Trelawny he may die, But here s twenty thousand Cornish bold, Will know the reason why!'

Sir Beville The Gate-song of Stowe

Arise! and away! for the King and the land, Farewell to the couch and the pillow with spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand, Let us rush on the foe like a billow

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel
And ride for old Slowe, where the bunner's unrolled,
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh, And Harris of Hayne's o er the river, From I unly to I ooe, 'One and all' is the ery, And the King and Sir Beyille for ever

As t by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men, 'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon,—
But if truth to the King be a signal, why then
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven

Ride I ride! with red spur, there is death in delay,
"Tis a race for dear life with the devil,
If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,
This earth is no place for Sir Beville

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,
But vain were the visions he cherished,
For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,
In the grave of the Granville it perished

See Lives—from opposite points of view on the Catholic question—by Mr Baring Gould (1875, 3rd ed. 1886) and by Dr F G Lee (1876) an edition of Hawker's poems, with a short Life by J C Godwin (1879) one of his prose works (1893) and another of his poems with a bibliography by S. Wallis (1899)

Lord Houghton (1809-85), long known in literature and public life as Richard Monckton Milnes, was born in London, the only son of Robert Pemberton Milnes, 'Single speech Milnes' (1784-1858), of Friston Hall, Bawtry Hall, and Great Houghton, Yorkshire, who declined the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and a peerige, his mother was a daughter of the fourth Lord Galway Educated by private tutors at home and in Italy, he went up in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. in 1831, and where he was a leader in the Union and one of the famous 'Apostles' From 1837 to 1863 he re presented Pontefract, first as a Conservative, but latterly (after Peel's conversion to Free Trade) as an Independent Liberal, then he was called by Palmerston to the Upper House, of which for a score of years he was the 'only poet.' His friendships constituted a great part of his life, he knew everybody worth knowing at home and abroad, and cherished kindly and intimate relations with French statesmen, Italian revolutionaries, and American poets His catholicity and the trict which enabled him to bring together at his table men widely opposed in politics and religion earned for him Carlyle's (playful) recommendation for the post of 'perpetual president of the heaven and hell-amalgamation society' A Mecenas of pocts, Lord Houghton got Tennyson the hureateship, soothed the dying hours of poor David Gray, and was one of the first to recognise Mr Sumburne's gemus, he suffered at the hands of the Quarterly for his 'worship of such baby idols as Mr John Keats and Mr Alfred Tennyson' His own verse was always graceful, cultured, and thoughtful, though wanting in force and fervour, some of the shorter pieces were in their day exceedingly popular-'Strangers Yet,' for example, and 'The Beating of my Own Heart.' Besides this, Lord Houghton - the 'Mr Vavasour' of Disraeli's Tancred -- was a traveller, a philanthropist, an unrivalled after-dinner speaker, and Rogers's suc-He went cessor in the art of breakfast-giving up in a balloon, and down in a diving bell was the first publishing Englishman who gained access to the harems of the East, he championed oppressed nationalities, liberty of conscience, the Essays and Reviews, fugitive slaves, the reform

of the franchise, and women's rights, and he carried a Bill for establishing reformatories. His works included Memorials of a Tour in Greece, chiefly Poetical (1834), Memorials of a Residence on the Continent (1838), Poetry for the People (1840), Poems, Legendary and Historical (1844), Palm Leaves (1844), Life and Remains of John Keats (1848), Monographs, Personal and Social (1873), and his Collected Poetical Works (1878) His Life has been admirably presented by Sir T Wemyss Reid (2 vols. 1890)

# St Mark's at Venice

Walk in St Mark's the time the ample space
Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
When, on each side, with gravely darkened face
The masses rise above the light arcade
Walk down the midst with slowly tuned pace,
But gay withal, for there is high parade
Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass
Like varying groups on a magician's glass

Walk in St Mark's again some few hours after,
When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—
When fitful music and inconstant laughter
Give place to Nature's silent moonlight simile
Yow Taney wants no facry gale to waft her
To Magian haunt, or charm engirded isle,
All too content, in passive bliss, to see
This show divine of visible poetry

On such a night as this impassionedly
The old Venetian sung those verses rare
'That Venice must of needs eternal be,
For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,
And east its reflex on the crystal sea,
And Venice was the image pictured there,'
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seein
As treading on an unsubstantial dream

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange—
That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye
Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range
Gives its rich broidered border to the sky—
Those ever prancing steeds! My friend, whom change
Of restless will has led to lands that he
Deep in the Last, does not thy fancy set
Above those domes an airy minaret?

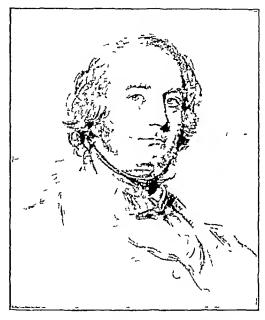
#### The Men of Old

I know not that the mcu of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenious brow
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days

Still is it true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since forgone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his par,
A race where all must run,
A buttle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Lach with his fronting foe.



RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
After the Portrait by George Richmond R.A.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they east
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are such to greet

For flowers that grow our hands beneath We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire

But, brothers, who up keason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear,
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that hes below

# From 'The Long-ago'

On that deep retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty he,
Where the passion waves of yore
Frerecly beat and mounted high
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the latter rists of woe,
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of I ong ago

Tombs where lonely love repines, Chastly tenements of tears, Wear the look of happy shrines. Through the golden mist of years. Death, to those who trust in good, Vindicates his hardest blow, Oh! we would not, if we could, Wake the sleep of Long ago I

Though the doom of swift decay
Shoel's the soul where life is strong.
Though for fruier hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long ago

# Shadows

They seem'd, to those who saw them meet,
The easual friends of every day,
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,
His courtesy was free and gay

But yet if one the other's name
In some unguarded moment heard,
The heart you thought so calm and tame
Would struggle lile a captured bird

And letters of mere formal phrase
Were blister'd with repeated tears—
And this was not the worl of days,
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and manly pride!
Alas that they delay d so long
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

I et alla to chance could then reveal,
 In I neither would be first to own,
 I et fate and courage now conceal,
 When truth could bring remorse alone.

Thomas Gordon Hake (1809-95), the 'parable poet,' was born at Leeds, and educated at Christ's Hospital He travelled a good deal on the Continent, took his M D at Glasgow, and, practised at Bury St Edmunds, Richmond, and Among his friends were Borrow, elsen here. Trelawny, Rossetti, his cousin Gordon Pasha, and He published Madeline (1871), Watts-Dunton Parables and Tales (1873), The Scrpent Play (1883), New Day Sonnets (1890), &c Memoirs of Eighty Years (1893) The blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, inspired one of his bestknown poems, 'The Blind Boy,' this is perhaps one of his most memorable sonnets

#### The Infant Medusa

I loved Medner when she was a child,
Her rich brown tresses herped in crispy eurl
Where now those locks with reptile prission whirl,
By hate into dishevelled serpents coiled
I loved Medusa when her eyes were mild,
Whose glances, narrowed now, perdition hirl,
As her self tangled hairs their mass infurl,
Bristling the way she turns with hissings wild.
Her mouth I kissed when curved with amorous spell,
Now shaped to the unuttered curse of hell,
Wide open for death's orbs to freeze upon,
Her eyes I loved ere glazed in jey stare,

Ere mortals, lured into their ruthless glare, She shrivelled in her gaze to pulseless stone

Elizabeth Pem ose ('Mrs Markham,' 1780-1837) was the daughter of the Rev Edmund Cartwright, inventor of the power loom, and as a child devoured folios of history with more appetite thun In 1814 she married the Rei John her meals Penrose, an industrious theological writer, and in 1823 published under the well-known pseudonym her History of England for the Use of Loung Persons, followed in 1828 by a similar History Other works were Amusements of of France Westernheath, A Visit to the Zoological Gardens, Historical Conversations, and Sermons for Children Her History of England, which, intention ally and expressly, omitted 'painful' scenes and party politics, won a great popularity and had numberless reprints (one, for example, in 1874), having been edited and continued by Mary Howitt.

Julia Pardoe (1806-62), daughter of an army officer, began to publish poems while yet a girl at home in Beverley Ill-health sent her abroad and provided materials for her Traits and Traditions of Portugal in 1833. A visit to Constantinople in 1836 led to her City of the Sultan, The Romance of the Harem, and The Beauties of the Bosphorus She visited Hungary, and wrote The City of the Magyar, and a novel, The Hungarian Castle (1842). A series of works deal with French history Louis XIV and the Court of Trance (1847), The Court and Reign of Trancis I (1849), The Life of Mary de Medicis (1852, nev ed 1891), and Episodes of Tranch History during the Consulate and the Tirst En pire (1859). Books of another

type are The Confessions of a Pretty Woman, Flus in Amber, The Jealous Wife, Reginald Lyle, Lady Arabella, and The Thousand and One Days Her sprightly and pleasantly written novels were very popular, but hardly more so than her attractive presentations of the historical past. She was not trained in strict historical research, and her notions of evidence left much to be desired, but she was an acute observer, and her knowledge of the East was accurate and profound

The Baroness von Tantphœus (1807-93) was the daughter of James Montgomery of Seaview, County Donegal, and in 1838 Jemima Montgoniery married the Baron von Tautphous, Chamberlain at the Bayarian Court, and speni the rest of her life in Germany Her novels—The Initials (1850), Cyrilla (1853), Quits (1857), and At Odds (1863)—were written in English, but by their genial pictures of the most various ispects of South German life and character they reveal the Irishwoman's intimate sympathy with the nien and women, the nobles and persents, the rich and poor of her adopted fatherland. Her first venture was generally reckoned the most attractive and successful of her stories, the second dealt with a gloomy tragedy of crime and punishment

The Countess of Differin and The Hon His Norton sustained the honour of a gifted race. Richard Brinsley Sherid in, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas (1775–1817), whose convival wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and who died Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1805 Thomas was in Scotland as aide-de camp to Lord Moira, and he there married Caroline Henrietta, daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander of Craigforth, by whom he had seven children, and who wrote Carvell and two other novels.

Helen bellin (1807-67) was the first of the 'three Graces, of a hom the second became Mrs Norton and the third the Duchess of Somerset she married, through love at first sight and in the face of some parental opposition, Commander Black wood (1794-1841), a naval officer, who on the death of his father in 1839 succeeded as fourth Lord Dufferin After her husband's accidental death only two years later, she devoted herself mainly to the education of her son, afterwards, as fifth Earl and first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, distinguished as author and diplomatist 1862, at the carnest request of the Earl of Gifford (son of the Marquis of Twecddale), a devoted friend, now on his deathbed, the countess went through the form of marriage with him a few weeks before his death. From her girlhood she had written songs and verses, Lispings from Low Latitudes, or Latracts from the Journal of the Hon Impulsia Gushington, was the outcome of a trip up the Nile with her son, to whom on his birthdays many of her poems were addressed The marquis collected her Songs, Poems, and Verses in 1894, prefixing a Life of his mother. Her best things are inimitably tender, sweet, pathetic, and humorous, the best known by far being

#### The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride,
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again,
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still I eep list ning for the words
You never more will speak

'Its but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling ' down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, O, they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone
There was comfort ever on your hip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now

I think you for the fatient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hinger pain was grawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods

I'll sit, and shut my eyes,

And my heart will travel back again

To the place where Mary hes,

And I'll think I see the little stile

Where we sat side by side,

And the springin corn, and the bright May morn,

When first you were my bride

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (1808-77), the second of the 'three (races,' was married in her nineteenth year to a barrister, the Hon George Chapple Norton (1800-75), son of the first Lord Grantley The marriage proved most unhappy, and Mrs



CAROLINE NORTON
After the Portrait by 1 Carrick

Norton's friendship with Lord Melbourne led her husband to institute a groundless and unsuccessful action of divorce (1836) From her childhood she too had written verses. Her first publication was an ittempt at satire, The Dandies' Rout (1821), to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote The Soito vs of Rosalic (1829), embodying a pathetic story of village life. A poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew she called The Undying One (1831) A novel, The Wife and Woman's Re-vard (1835), succeeded, and in 1840 The Dicam, and The Child of the Islands (1845) was a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales to the condition of the people in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes,' and too little expression of sym pathy on the part of the rich towards the poorsubjects on which she had years before written letters to the Times At Christmas 1846 Mrs Norton issued two poetical fairy-tales, Annt Carry's Ballads for Children, charming alike for their graceful fancy and their sketches of birds, woods, and flowers In 1850 appeared Jales and Sketches in Prose and Verse, and next year a three volume novel, Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times The incidents, too uniformly sad and gloomy, were doubtless partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress, but the story has passages of humour and sarcasm. In 1844 appeared Lughsh Laws for Women in the Aine teenth Century, in 1862, The Lady of Garage, a poetic rendering of an old Breton story, in 1863, a novel, Lost and Saved A later novel was Old Sir Donglas, published in Macmillan's Magazine in 1867. She wrote on many social topics, and did much miscellaneous criticism. The improve ment in the English laws affecting married women, their rights over their earnings and their children, may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings, indignant denunciations, and untiring exertions of Mrs Norton, who was complimented on her earlier poems by Lockhart in the Quarterly Request is the Byron of modern poetesses 'She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Words She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression? The influence of Byron is less noticeable in her later work, some of her blank verse reads liker Campbell or Crabbe. Her poetry is the work of a wom in of first-rate abilities, who was nevertheless but a minor poet her best verses will not compare with her sister's are striking passages, full of force and feeling, that are rather versified rhetoric than poetry, but some of her poems deserve to be remembered Norton (who is generally understood to have been one of several originals from whom Mr Mcredith drew his Diana of the Crossivass) was married to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell on 1st March 1877, and she died three months after

### I do not love Thee

I do not love thee '-no! I do not love thee!

And yet when thou art absent I am sad,

And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,

Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad

I do not love thee '—vet, I I now not why, Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me And often in my solitude I sigh That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee '-yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear

I do not love thee !—; et the speaking eves, With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue, Between me and the midnight heaven arise, Oftener than any eves I ever knew

I know I do not love thee 'yet, alas'
Others will secreely trust my candid heart,
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

#### To the Duchess of Sutherland.

Once more, my harp 1 once more, although I thought Never to wake thy silent strings again, A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought, And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain, Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,

Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee-the beautiful and pure-Whose lot is cast amid that busy world Where only sluggish Duliness dwells secure,

And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled, To thee-whose friendship kept its equal truth Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth-

I dedicate the lay Ah! never bard, In days when poverty was twin with song,

Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill starred, Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long, Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays, Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise I

For easy are the alms the rich man spares To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent, But thou gav'st me, what woman soldom dares, Belief-in spite of many a cold dissent-When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart

Thou, then, when cowards hed away my name, And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide, When some were kind on whom I had no elaim, And some forsook on whom my love relied, And some, who might have battled for my sake, Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take-

Thou gav st me that the poor do give the poor, Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears, The loved, the near of kin could do no more, Who changed not with the gloom of varying years, But clung the closer when I stood forlorn, And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn

For they who credit crime, are they who feel Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin, Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win, And tales of broken truth are still believed Most readily by those who have themselves deceived

But like a white swan down a troubled stream, Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,

And mar the freshness of her snowy wing-So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride, Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made To crimson with a faint false hearted shame, Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid, Who hunt in packs the object of their blame, To thee the sad denial still held true, [drew For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy

And though my faint and tributary rhymes Add nothing to the glory of thy day, Yet every poet hopes that after times Shall set some value on his votive lay And I would fain one gentle deed record, Among the many such with which thy life is stored

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour, Are idly opened to the stranger's eye, A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power, Shall be the first to wander floating by, And they who never saw thy lovely face Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

Lady Eastlake (1809-93), drughter of Dr Edward Rigby of Norwich (a copious writer on agriculture as well as on medical subjects), spent some years in Germany, and as Elizabeth Rigby was by the end of the thirties writing articles on Goethe for the reviews and the famous Letters from the Shores of the Baltic From 1842 till her mar riage in 1849 to Sir Charles Eastlake, the eminent artist who was made Director of the National Gallery, her home was, with her mother, mainly in Edinburgh, where her accomplishments and her handsome and majestic presence made her a very conspicuous and popular personality. And from 1842 till a year or two before her death she was one of the most industrious and effective of the Quarterly reviewers, on subjects as various as German life, German painting, evangelical novels, the Amperes, music, dress, Madame de Stael, on Michelangelo, Durer, and many others of the world's great painters, on Samuel Rogers, Ruskin's errors in æsthetics, Rossetti's crimes against the laws of painting, and Morelli's art criticism wrote also for the Edinburgh and many magazines, completed some of Mrs Jameson's work, alone or with her husband translated and edited Kugler and Waagen's art handbooks, wrote tales, and produced lives of her husband, of Gibson the sculptor, and of her friend Mrs Grote A woman of strong mind, keen prejudices, and outspoken dislikes, she was for many years a very distinguished figure in the best London society Perhaps her most famous work-at least her most notorious-was the (anonymous) bitter critique of Jane Eyre in the Quarterly of December 1848 long regarded as one of Lockhart's most unkindly extravagances Miss Rigby not merely found Jane Eyre anti Christian but unpardonably sulgar. thought it better to believe it the work of a man than of a woman who 'for some sufficient reason had forfeited the respect of her own sex,' and was pretty sure that Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell were three Lancashire weaver-brothers of Lady Eastlake's work was in a very different tone—notably Fellowship Letters addressed to my Sister-Mourners, which, written after her own husband's death, touched and comforted the hearts of Queen Victoria and many another widow her Journal and Correspondence (1895)

Lady Charlotte Guest (1812-95), born Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, give an extraordinary impulse to the study of Celtic literature and folklore in England by her translation of the Mabinogion, and carned an imperishable name for the skill, grace, and power of her English renderings

learnt Welsh thoroughly as the wife of Sir J J Guest, and after his death (1852) she managed his ironworks near Merthyr Lydfil with energy and success. She married ig in in 1855, her second husband being Mr Schreiber, MP for Poole she is rarely referred to in literature sine as Lady Charlotte Guest, and apart from her worl in Welsh she was chiefly known as a zealous collector of china and earthenware, fins and playing cards On fans she wrote two volumes, on of all nations playing cards three But here she is commemorated for The Mahinogian from the Llyft Cocl. o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with ar English Translation and Notes (3 vols 1838-49) The second edition (1877) omitted the Welsh text and was abridged, and she prepared also a 'Boy's Mabinogion' (1881) Rhys and Evans have superseded her text of the leed Book of Hergest by a diplomatic masterpiece (2 vols 1887), M. Loth's French translation (1889) is more literal, but her version which Mr Nutt re edited with learned notes in 1902, can hardly be superseded or surpresed. She had some help in making out the meaning of difficult passages from the Rev John Jones (the bardie 'Fegid') the very delicate and difficult business of giving English readers the old Welsh romances she attained an extraordinary triumph, a triumph ill Mr Nutt, a critic hard to please, pays a her own warm tribute to 'the mingled strength and grace of her style, the unerring skill with which she selects the right word, the right turn of phrase, which suggests an atmosphere ancient, remote laden with magic, without any resort to pseudo arch usin, to Wardour Street English?

Sarah Ellis (1810<sup>2</sup>–72), a modern and minor Hannah More, was already as Miss Stiel ney known as an author when in 1835 she married the Rev William Ellis, a South Sea missionary then secretary to the London Missionary Society, who was known chiefly for his books about Madagase in The best known of Mrs Ellis's works (some thirty in all) were The Women of England (1838), The Daughters of England (1842), The Wives of England (1843), Hearts and Homes (1849), and The Mothers of Great Men (1859)

Harriet Hartineau (1802-76) was the sixth of the eight children of a Norwich cambet manufacturer, whose family, I rench by origin and Uniturian in faith, had had at Norwich ever since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She ascribed her taste for literary studies to her feeble health in childhood, and to the deafness with which she was afflicted ever after. Work as an authoress, begun to amuse herself, became for her a source of honourable independence when, in 1829, her father's family became involved in commercial disaster. Her literary career commenced in 1823, when she published Devotional Exercises for Young Persons, followed by tracts and short moral tales. The Rioters and The Two Out

were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political econom, In 1832-34 she produced more reliable Illustra tions of Political Feonom, Laxation, and Poer Lars A visit to the Unit d State led to Society m America (1837) and I hetrespect of Hestern It rail (1438) to the same period belong her Letter to the Deaf, two mill builds to Service, and other domestic minurals. In Deceleral (1839), a novel of Lin lish dome tie life, her democratic opinion, are stremiously insisted on Tre Heur and the May (16,0) was a commer on the his tory of Ion sunt 1 Ouverture. Heaving takes for cludden we The Pearint and the Prince, Ire Sittlers at Home, Leats on the Lierd, and the Crifton Poys If in the Sick Loom, or Limits by ar Dealid (1843) is a record of a five years? illness, her recovers she incribed to me mersm Forest and Gime I i + Faler (1845) are marked by her characteristic acuteness and clear style. He Billow and the Roll (1849) was a wholl non polinical tale founded on the captivity of Lad, Gringe the inconvenien vife of an eighten ! century Scotch judge, who was secretly ilsfurted to St Kilda, and confined there for seven venrs

The interest of the trivel pictures in Lasterr Life, Present and Par' (1848 was disturbed by us unorthodox opinions on Scripture histori ar i character and on my merisin and claimwares. This, in her own opinion the best of her enting reveiled her as alread fine longer a Unitarian or a believer in resulting at all? A solume or Huseheld Little ter appeared in 1849, and in the same year her ofus organization taken up at Charles Knight's suggestion, the History of Ire land anring the Tearly Years Pears, Joshadh the Hotors is the worl of a continced, acute and sagacious philosophical Rackal with a strong sense of justice a keen sympa by with the propie and popular movements and a steady effort after impartiality, though her frank and outspoken judg ments on men and things betray the bias of but school, and are cometimies, as in the case of O Connell and Brougham, harsh and unfur. Though it makes no claim to original research, the work deserves to rank as popular in the best sense. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr H G Atkinson On the Lares of Man's Nature and Decelops at -an eminently agnostic work which met with all but universal condemnation, even from her brother James in the Prespective Review Charlone Bronte greved over 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read-the first unequivocal declaration of disbehef of God or a future life,' As Miss Martineau aftern ards said, the book 'brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the wordbetween the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be

called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause -a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.' An important work in a new field was an abridged translation or condensation of Comte's Positive Philosophy (2 vols 1853), from which most Englishmen learnt all they knew of Comte and Comtism In 1854 Miss Martineau published a Complete Guide to the Lakis, nine years before she had fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country, at Ambleside, where she managed her little form of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturist, and was esteemed as an affectionate friend and good neighbour She was a regular contributor of political and social articles to the Daily News, 1852-66, writing more than a hundred articles a year, and in 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs she had written for it. Till her health failed, she also contributed articles to the Edinburgh Revnew, Once a Wiek, and other periodicals Immediately after her death the Daily News printed a brief auto biographical notice sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855 Here, as in the later and fuller auto biography, she is as frank in criticising herself as she was wont to be with others. She recognised that she had 'no approach to genius,' and that her claim to remembrance must rest on carnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. On herself as a writer of fiction she passed a judicial condemnation 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent, she had no power of dramatic construction, nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction' The ampler Autobiography edited by Mrs M W Chapman, published in 1877, contains very vivid pictures of her own life and of her contemporaries down to 1855, when the record was finished and entrusted to the editor the later twenty one years of Miss Martineau's life are dealt with in a somewhat meagre addition by the editor

## Sydney Smith.

My first sight of Sydney Smith was when he called on me, under cover of a whimsical introduction, as he considered it. At a great music party, where the drawing room and staircases were one continuous crowd, the lady who had conveyed me fought her way to my seat—which was, in consideration of my deafness, next to Mahibran, and near the piano. My friend brought a message, which Sydney Smith had passed up the staircase—that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance, and that he was awaiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He pirt it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could not more easily get down to him than he, being stout, could get up to me, and he would wait five minutes for my answer. I really could not go, under

the circumstances, and it was a serious thing to give up my seat and the music, so Mr Smith sent me a good night, and promise to call on me, claiming this negotia tion as a proper introduction. He came, and sat down, broad and comfortable, in the middle of my sofa, with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice, and then he begin, like the great bell of St Paul's, making me start at the first stroke. He looked with shy dislike at my trumpet, for which there was truly no occasion. I was more likely to fly to the furthest corner of the room. It was always his boast that I did not want my trumpet when he talked with me.

I do not believe that anybody ever took amiss his quizzical descriptions of his friends I am sure I never did, and when I now recall his fun of that sort, it seems to me too innocent to raise an uneasy feeling. There were none, I believe, whom he did not quiz, but I never heard of any hurt feelings. He did not like precipitate speech and among the fastest tall ers in Lingland were certain of his friends and acquaintance-Mr Hallam, Mr Lmpson, Dr Whewell, Mr Macaulay, and myself None of us escaped his wit His account of Mr Empson's method of outpouring stands, without the name, in Lady Holland's Life of her father His pruse of Macaulty is well known - 'Macaulay is improved! Macaulay improves! I have observed in him of late-flashes of silence!' His account of Whewell is something more than wit - Science is his forte omniseience is his foible' As for his friend Hallam, he knew he might make free with his characteristics, of oppigning and haste among others, without offence In telling us what a blunder he himself made in going late to a dinner party, and describing how far the dinner had proceeded, and how everybody was engaged, he said, 'And there was Hallam, with his mouth full of cabbage and contra diction 17 Nothing could be droller than the description of all his friends in influenza, in the winter of 1832-3, and of these, Hallam was the drollest of all that I re 'And poor Hallam was tossing and tumbling in his bed when the watchman came by and called, "Twelve o'clock, and a starlight night" Here was an opportunity for controversy when it seemed most out of the question! Up jumped Hallam, with "I ques tion that-I question that! Starlight! I see a star, I admit, but I doubt whether that constitutes starlight" Hours more of tossing and tumbling, and then comes the watchman again "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning" "I question that—I question that," says Hallam And he rushes to the window, and throws up the sash-influenza notwithstanding "Watchman! do you mean to call this a cloudy morning? I see a star And I question its being past two o'clock -I question it -I question it!" And so on The story of Jeffrey and the North Pole, as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the Life The incident happened while the Jeffreys were my near neighbours in London, and Mrs Sydney Smith related the incident to me at the time Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful polar expedition, and was bent upon going again. He used all his interest to get the Government stirred up to fit out another expedition. and among others, the Lord Advocate was to be applied to, to bespeak his good offices The mutual friend who undertook to do Captain Ross's errand to Jeffrey arrived at an unfortunate moment. Jeffrey was in delicate

health at that time, and made a great point of his daily ride, and when the applicant reached his door, he was putting his foot in the stirrup, and did not want to be detained. So he pished and pshawed, and cared nothing for the North Pole, and at length 'damned' it. The applicant spole angrily about it to Sydney Smith, wishing that Jeffrey would take care what he was about, and use more civil language. 'What do you think he said to me?' cried the complainant 'Why, he damned the North Pole!' 'Well, never mind! never mind!' said Sydney Smith, soothingly 'Never mind his damning the North Pole. I have heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator' (From the Autobiography)



HARRIET MARTINEAU

From the Portrait (1834) by Richard Evans in the National

Portrait Gallery

#### The Year of the Comet [1811].

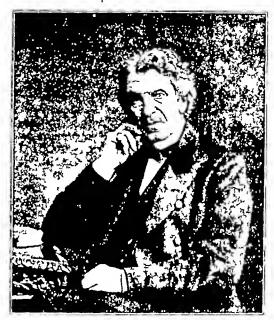
The preceding winter had been intensely cold snow had choked up the mail roads, and buried thousands of sheep among the hills, and lain heavy on the hearts of thousands of weary families who were already chilled with hunger, and could no more huy fuel than they could clothe themselves in furs The Thames was very nearly frozen over that winter The spring was backward, and then the heats came rushing on, with more disastrous effect than the storms of winter. The meadows were parched up before any grass had been obtained, the springs ran dry Church towers were struck by lightning, and the bells melted. Cattle and men were found scorched in the fields, and if a fire occurred, there was no putting it out. In Prussia, miles of woodland were left in a few hours strewed with ashes, and in the Tyrol, the conflagration of the forests proceeded from league to league, till sixty four villages and ten thousand head of cattle were destroyed Twenty four thousand peasants were turned out to be scorched by the sun at noon, and drenched by the dews at night, and a multitude of them died in a few weeks by an epidemic thus occasioned Everywhere the har vest was deficient, and in England the average price of wheat became 106s 8d. The superstitious were more and more apprehensive, as time brought added distresses, that the nation was under the wrath of God. and in the early days of September, many believed there was no further doubt that the end of the world was at A sign appeared in the sky, which to them seemed to show that Napoleon was the last great enemy of the race, and that the day of judgment was come. A comet, like none that they had seen or heard of, wheeled rapidly up the sky. The learned and the wise enjoyed the spectacle, as the vast new light arose in the still autumn evenings, half as large as the moon, with its hroad train of light streaming down to the horizou, but the rude and the timid could not lift up their heads to gaze at it Here and there a man stood up in church or chapel, warning sinners to repent, and the righteous to stand fast for death, as the day of the Lord was at hand. Others were preaching at the corners of the streets, and in lanes, and on the hillside and among the hearers were some who were almost glad to be told the tidings, for they were worn out with misery, and the grave is a place where 'the weary are at rest.' But before the clouding over of the sky for winter the sign had passed away, and the day of judgment had not come. Instead of this, the wicked were more rampant than ever As the days shortened, midnight murder terrified those who had not been alarmed before On the night of the 5th of December the entire household of a Mr Marr was mnrdered within a quarter of an hour-himself, his wife, their infant in the cradle, and the shop boy under the counter, and on the 19th the entire household of a Mr Williamson was butchered in the same manner Such scenes of violence went forward in different parts of the country that many began to be of Romilly's opinion, that the English character had undergone some unaccountable and portentous change.

Portentous these horrors were, but not unaccountable. Many soldiers had become weary of the war, which to them had been thus far all hardship and no glory They deserted They could not show themselves at home, the penalty for desertion being death. They gathered together in gangs, took possession of some forsaken house among the hills, or of caves on the sea shore, and went forth at night in masks and grotesque clothing, and helped themselves with money and clothes, wherever they could find them, sacrificing life where it was necessary to their objects. In these times of dear food the salaries of clerks and other persons valuable from their filling situa tions of trust were doubled, to enable them to hold their Artisans too had high wages from those who could afford to employ them We find that those who were employed at Greenwich Hospital were at this time receiving from 30s to 35s. per week-a mere subsistence at such a season of high prices, but still a subsistence. But those whose services were not immediately wanted sank in proportion. In the factories there was no increase of wages, and where, through dread of the despair of the people, there was a nominal rise of wages, it was usually compensated for by a reduction of the hours of labour The fate of the handloom weavers appears to have been the hardest. In 1806 they had felt themselves badly off with 17s. 6d a week, and now they had only 7s. 6d This was at Glasgow, but it was a season of extreme pressure with spinners and weavers throughout the manufacturing districts of England It was no consolation to them to be told that their de pression could not be helped, because their labour had

been displaced by machinery At this date one person could, with the help of machinery, spin as much cotton as 200 persons could have spun in the same time when the sufferers were setting out in life, and in weaving, a proportionate supersession of labour had taken place. Wise men knew that this machinery would, in a few years, employ many times more than the number of persons at first turned adrift, but this truth did not feed those who were hungering now, and it is no wonder that their misery avenged itself on the machinery which was doing their work and, as they declared, stealing their A gleam of moral light at such a time is too precious to pass away unnoticed, and it must therefore be mentioned that, in this dreary year, when the whole west of Scotland was in a wretched condition, the poor weavers of Hamilton refused to receive alms, and desired to work for their bread A subscription had been raised for the unemployed, but they would not touch it till they had earned it A footpath from Hamilton to Bothwell Bridge was therefore made, and the honour able weavers kept their honour. They little knew how they had thus beautified that footpath to many that should come after them (From the History of England.)

See the Autohography published by Mrs Chapman (3 vols. 1877) the short Life in the Eminent Women Lettes by Mrs Fenwick Miller (1084) and Catherine J. Hamilton's Women Writers (1894).

James Wartineau ranks pre eminently amongst philosophical thinkers of the nineteenth century as the apostle of Christian Theism This school of ethical and religious thought approvimates to the Theism of Theodore Parker, Francis William Newman, and Frances Power Cobbe, but differs from it somewhat in its estimate of the character and mission of Jesus of Nazareth Martineau was not the founder of any philosophical system, although Christian Theism doubtless owes more to him than to any one else From first to last he was a diligent student and secker larly open for the reception of new ideas, he sought for them and received them from many antago nistic sources, both ancient and modern acute reasoner and critic, he was not readily misled into mistaking superficial suggestions for substantial truth, and the sifting process which he applied to the theories and conclusions of others give to the world some admirable ev positions of philosophical doctrines fir removed from his own, and also served to build up, step by step, that conception of a spiritual philosophy on the lines of Theism-organised and consistent, but not amounting to a system-which is associated with his name The life of Dr Martineau was full of activity without being remarkably He was born at Norwich on the 21st His father was Thomas Martineau, of April 1805 His mother a manufacturer, fairly prosperous was Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Rankin of Newcastle-upon Tyne James was the fourth son and seventh child, and his sister Harriet-destined like himself to distinction—was the third daughter and sixth child. At home he came under strong intellectual and religious influences, and he received an excellent education The original intention was that he should become an engineer, a profession for which his considerable mechanical and mathematical talents would have gone far to qualify him. Soon, however, he realised that his true vocation was the Unitarian ministry. After serving for a time in the school of Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, he became assistant minister at the Eustace Street Presbyterian Meeting House, Dublin—one of the many places of worship which, with Presbyterian foundations, had an Arian or Unitarian faith. Four years later he removed to Liverpool, where he remained, as minister of the principal Unitarian congregation of the town, for twenty-five years. In 1840



DR JAMES MARTINEAU

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

he added to his ministerial duties a lectureship in Moral and Mental Philosophy at Manchester New College, and in 1857, when he severed his connection with Liverpool, it was to take up the more important work of a professor in the same institution—then removed to London From that time forward, even to a greater extent than before, he devoted himself to religious and philosophical study and teaching But not long after his settle ment in London he added the ministerial charge of Little Portland Street Chapel to his already heavy duties He was a man of untiring energy, taking upon himself and fulfilling efficiently, even to the last years of his long life, tasks and responsibilities seemingly far beyond any one man's strength In 1881 he was a candidate for the professorship of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London, a position his fitness for which was generally admitted His opponent was Mr Croom Robertson, a scholar only less able than himself A curious incident occurred in connection with this contest.

The Archhishop of York-Dr Thompson-with held his support from Dr Martineau, notwith standing that he knew his fitness for the position, hecause, as he afterwards ncknowledged, he could not see his way to assist to the vacant office one who did not subscribe to the doctrine of By reason of this scruple, all un the Trinity consciously he aided indirectly in the election of Dr Martueau's opponent, who was a Positivist 1 In 1869 Dr Martineau was appointed to the principalship of Manchester New College, a position lie held until 1885, when, practically, he withdrew from public life. His intellectual activity, however, continued unabated ifter this date that his principal bools, which emhodied the results of a lifetime of thought, were completed and published. He died on the 11th of January 1900

Not until late in life was any public recognition offered by the great centres of learning to this learned man. Harvard University came first with an LLD degree in 1872 Other universities fol lowed-Leyden in 1875, Edinburgh in 1884, Oxford in 1888, and Dublin in 1892 Dr Martincau's chief writings were Lindeavours after the Christian Life (1843-47), Hours of Thought on Sacred Things (1876-79), A Study of Spinoza (1882), Typis of Ethi al Theory (1885), A Study of Religion (1888), The Seat of Authority in Religion (1890) Some of the numerous essays which he had contributed to the Prospective, National, Theological, and Westminster Reviews formed the basis of chapters in his subsequent works, and others were collected in volumes. He edited several collections of livings and prayers, all of which contained original contributions from his pen From 1845 to 1855 he was one of the four editors of the Prospective Review His literary style was dignified, yet markedly simple in structure, and often highly poetical moderate gift of humour, and sarcasm was a weapon which he used sparingly but with effect the faculty of lucid exposition in a high degree His Types of Ethical Theory is probably the clearest statement extant of the philosophical doctrines discussed therein, and his mental vision was comprehensive enough to enable him to do entire justice to ideas far removed from those he held to be true By temperament and conviction alike he was an upholder of liberty Stienuous to maint in his own convictions and to give to them all the force of his strong advocacy, he was just as strenuous in maintaining the right of others to hold and to express what they believed to be true, and to help, if occasion arose, to give them a just hearing opinion would not have seemed to him ripe for acceptance unless it could hold its own against differing opinions and against criticism. However strong his desire might be to be finally assured that certain ideas were true, he was a lover of truth for its own sake, too sincere consciously to permit any bias to direct his judgment. If in the course of his fearless search for truth he had discovered

that the evidences were against his most cherished hopes, and seemed conclusive in support of doctrines repugnant to his feelings, he would-sorrow fully, no doubt, but in all sincerity—have accepted the conclusion Any unconscious bias of tempera ment is another matter. In his case it may have Cert in it is that whereas at one been strong time he accepted the necessarian and utilitarian principles of Hartley, Priestley, and Jimes Mill, while finally his ideas approximated to those of Kant—although on some points, is, for example, the objective reality of space, there was divergence -his fundamental convictions from first to last re mained the same. As the Rev J H Thom happily described it, his 'spiritual identity' continued. With certain modifications of phrase and emphasis, what he preached concerning divine guidance and moral responsibility during his early pulpit nunistrations was the same as the teachings contained in his It was as though this futh was part last books and parcel of his own essential nature, and all his seeking served simply to give it a fuller logical justification and a more valid expression. Yet he never ceased to be a seel er. When at ninety years of age he said, 'I have not outlived the habit of learning evermore from my fellows,' he described truly the lifelong attitude of his mind

## Temptations of Power

There is a sphere in the life of every one, except the child, in which he is appointed to rule, and to exercic some functions by the methods of his own will. From the monitor in a selicol to the minis er of an empire, there are gradations of authority that leave no one with out a place. Would you know the real worth of any soul, be it another's or your own, that is the sphere on which you must fix your eye. It is little that n man goes right under orders and when he is obliged to serve you may always male a good soldier by sufficient drill, and annd the pre-sure of custom and beneath the light of the public gare, even a passive and pliant conscience may be But hon is it shaped into good lool's and wear a gloss with you in your place of power-among the servants whom you govern the children whom you train, the companions who place you at their head? Do you tale liberties there, as if there were nothing to restruin, and flug about your self will, as if it were free of all the field? Do you profine the law of duty by making it a homage to yourself, instead of letting its authority pass through you, as yourself chief expire of the will of God? Do you grant exemptions to yourself, exemptions of sloth, exemptions of temper, exemptions of truth, as if it were given you to loose as well as bind? There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and vanton To souls ness instead of quietude and reverence. baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience, calling them, not into escape from holy rule, but to its full im Only now that no outer rule is given them personation by another, and they have nothing to copy with painful imitation, have they to bring forth the interpretation from within, and set themselves at one with the will of God by a heart of self renunciation—a love that seizes all divine ends, and in expressing itself realizes them. In

short, power is never felt as to ver, except by those who abuse it. Like other things that awaken desire at a distance, no sooner is it entered than it is found to be not more triumphant happiness, but deeper life, utterly disappointing to him who wants more for himself, ennobling to him who can dispense and administer for God (From Hours of Thought on Sacred Things)

## The Beneficence of Change

If, then, the very law of life is a law of change, if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves, if love, and thought, and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the dark ness and the dews, if it is in losing the transient that we gain the Eternal, then let us shrink no more from sorrow and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage and quick our eye for the various service that may await us. Nay, when God himself turns us not bither and thither, when he sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enter prises and worthy sacrifice, by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous view-itudes of holy and progressive souls, keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love And then, when, for us too, death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will be behind us green and sweet as I den, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace Trunquil and fearless we shall resign our claes to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way, which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the Man of griefs

(From Hours of Tlought on Sacred Things)

### God in Humanity

Divine guidance has never and nowhere failed to men, nor has it ever, in the most essential things, largely differed amongst them but it has not always been recognised as divine, much less as the living contact of Spirit with spirit—the communion of affection between God and man While conscience remained an impersonal lav, stern and silent, with only a jealous Nemesis behind, man had to stand up alone, and work out for lumself his independent magnanimity, and he could only be the When conscience was found to be insepar pagan hero ably blended with the Holy Spirit, and to speak in tones immediately divine, it became the very shrine of worship its strife, its repentance, its aspirations, passed into the incidents of a living drama with its crises of alienation and reconcilement, and the cold obedience to a mysteri ous necessity was exchanged for the allegiance of personal affection . And this is the true emergence from the dark ness of ethical law to the tender light of the life divine The veil falls from the shadowed face of moral authority, and the directing love of the all holy God shines forth

(From The Scal of Authority in Religion )

Two excellent works have been written about Dr Martineau-namely, James Martineau, a Biography and Study by A W Jackson A.M (1900), and The Life and Letters of James Mar mean, by James Drummond, LLD, Litt.D, and C B. Upton, P A, B.Sc. (2 vols. 1902) In the latter the full and accurate history of the career of Dr Martineau is not more important than Mr Upton's admirable critical estimate of his mental progress and ultimate philosophical standpoint.

WALTER LEWIN

Richard Chenevix Trench (1807-86). Archbishop of Dublin, was born at Dublin, and passed from Harrow in 1825 to Trinity College. Cambridge, where he graduated in 1820 a voyage to Gibraltar (its object to fight in the cause of Spanish liberty), he took orders and became curate at Hadleigh, incumbent of Curdridge, and in 1841 curate at Alverstoke to Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester During 1835-55 he published seven volumes of poetry—The Story of Justin Martyr, Sabbation, Genoveva, &c In 1845 he became rector of Itchenstoke, in 1847 theological professor in King's College, London, in 1856 Dean of Westminster, and in 1864 Archbishop of Dublin, an office which he resigned in 1884. He died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey In philology Trench contrived to fascinate his readers with the 'fossil poetry and fossil history imbedded in language, his English Past and Present (1855) and Select Glossary of English Words (1850) are among the most suggestive and entertaining works on the subject, though critical studies in English have been greatly developed since his time, and some of his etymological conclusions are no longer tenable. His ecclesiastical scholarship is shown in his Lectures on Mediaval Church History (1877) and his Sacied Latin Poetry (1855), which, in spite of some serious imperfections, is still the best English anthology of the hymns of the Medreval Church the Parables (1841), Notes on the Miracles (1846), and Studies on the Gospels (1867) are among his best-known theological works. His verses show culture and fine feeling, but do not secure for him distinction as a poet

## On Proverbs

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages, that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made them selves a home in the most different lands, and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pruse should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genlal writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the grithering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'No man of fashion,' as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the

people, to utter his seorn of then in seorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these

Hang 'cm !

They said they were an hungry, sighed forth proverbs, That, hunger broke stone walls, that, dogs must eat, That, meat was made for mouths, that, the gods sent not Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds

They vented their complainings ' Coriotanus, Act i. sc. 1

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual arisiocracy of a nation there is abundant Take but these three names in evidence to prove. evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host Aristotle made a collection of proverbs, nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakespeare loves them so well that, besides often eiting them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbaof England, several of his plays, as Measure for Measure, All's Well that Ends Well, have popular proverbs for And Cervantes, a name only inferior to their titles. Shakespeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them Lvery render of Don Quixote will remember his squire, v ho some times cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words I nught name others who held the proverb in honour-men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great, as Plautus, the most genual of Latin poets, Rabelais and Montaigne, the two mo t original of Irench authors, and how often Inlier, whom Coloridge has styled the vintiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb, nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy Hudibras, no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of Lingland Our own Make has while the sun shines is truly Lightsh, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours-not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always slines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverly in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prindence and foresight, they might have avoided It is this He -vho will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock us at once upon some rocky and wreck strewn coast, we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor-that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once-this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. empty, like the Heidelberg tun, could have its home only in Germany, that enormous vessel known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years As regards, too, the following, Not every farish priest can -veu; Dr Luther's shoes, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there he any mistake about it is solemn surkish proverb, Death is a black camel which kneeds at every man's gate, in so far at least as that it would

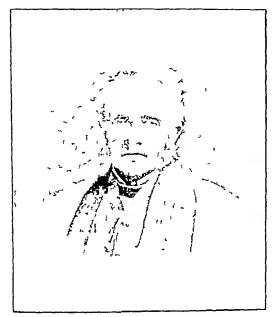
#### Gibraltar

I ngland, we love thee better than we know—And this I learned, when after wanderings long 'Mid people of another stock and tongue, I heard again thy martial music blow, And saw thy gallant children to and fro Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates, Town giants watching the Herculean Straits When first I came in sight of that brave show, It made my very heart within me dance, To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance Forward so far into the mighty sea, Joy was it and exultation to behold. Thing ancient standard's rich emblazonry, A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

Trench's Letters and Menaritls were published in 18 3

Arthur Pemlish Stanley (1815-81) as born at Alderley Rector, Cheshire, the second son of the future Bishop of Norwich, who was one of the Stanleys of Alderley, and related therefore to the Earls of Derby At Rugby (1829-34) he was the favourite pupil of Dr Arnold and the original of George Arthur in Tom Brown's Schooldays, at Balliol College, Oxford, he von the Ireland and the Newdig ite, and graduated with a first class in In 1839 lie was elected a Pellow of Um versity College, and took orders, becoming suc cessively cinon of Cunterbury (1851), Professor of Leclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the Bishop of London (1858), and Dean of Westminster (1864). He was also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied on his tour in the East, 1862) and chaplain in ordinary to Queen Victoria He was the most prominent figure in the Broad Church movement, and scandalised High Church men by championing Colenso, preaching in Scot tish Presbyterian pulpits, and administering the Euch crist to Unitarian and Presbyterian revisers of the Bible. Probably nothing gave more offence than his vigorous denunciations of the compulsory use in religious worship of the (so called) Athana A popular preacher, he was also a he celebrated the English favourite at Court marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edin burgh, and it was in his house that Carlyle met Dean Stanley's principal works Queen Victoria are—The Life of Dr Arnold (1844), one of the best of English biographies, Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age (1846), Memoir of Bishop Stauley, his father (1850), The Epistles to the Corinthians (1854), his one purely theological work, Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History (1855), containing some of his most attractive writing, Historical Memorials of Canterbury (1855), Lectures on the Eastern Church (1861), History of the Jewish Church (1863-76), the delightful Historical Memoirals of Westminster Abbey (1866), and Lectures on the Church of Scotland (1872) His main aim as a Christian divine and as a Churchman was to pro mote mutual understanding and sympathy between

the most opposed schools of thought, he always maintained that the essence of Christianity was practically independent of dogma, rites, or ceremonies. He not merely contended for toleration, denouncing with equal warmth the prosecution of ritualists and of rationalists, but insisted earnestly on such wide 'comprehension' in the National Church as to make enemies within and without, and even disciples and friends, doubt whether such comprehension could be attained without the effacement of essential belief. The charm of his character and the beauty of his charity did more to conciliate esteem than his logic to enforce conviction his personal influence was weighter than his books, of



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co

which, perhaps, the Life of Arnold was his most permanent addition to English literature. In historical writing his concern was more with the personal, the pictorial, and the dramatic than with wide generalisations or listoric precision, in commentary, with the vital spirit than with critical accuracy, in theology, with love than with truth He married in 1863 Lady Augusta Bruce of the Elgin family, and is buried along with her in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey

## At Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs [is] the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph, it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath, it has seen the growth of Moses, it is mentioned by Herodotus, Plato sat under its shadow of

all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo, and this vener able pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt. (From Sinai and Palestine, I xxxii)

#### The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnishes sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the pennisula

'Along the mountain ledges green,
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores'

So were they seen following the daughters or the shep So may they be seen climbing the herd slaves of Jethro rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black veiled Bedoum And in the Tivâha, Towâra, women of the present day or Alouin tribes, with their chicfs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midjanites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of exist The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one Shered Tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadie life long after their settlement in Palestine The deserted villages, marked by rude enclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive saneturry at Shiloh The rude burns grounds, with the many nameless headstones far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress-at Massah, at Sinai at Kibroth hattaavah, 'the graves of desire' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro The constitution of the tribes, with the sub ordinate degrees of sheyks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towara (From Sinai and Palestine, L, pp 22, 23.)

### The Conversion of St Augustine

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self indul gence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived, he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles

of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell, but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin-advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly-he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards good friends, who watched every opportunity to en courage better thoughts, and to hring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be de scribed in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shallon with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates to a life which seemed to hun poor, and profitless, and burdensome Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine, 'when deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mights shower of tears' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude, he threw himself down under a fig tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, 'How long? how long?—to morrow? to morrow? Why not now? -why is there not this hour an end to my uneleanness?" 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart, he says 'when, lo! I heard from a neigh bouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read' Instantly my countenance altered, I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like checking my tears I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find' There by the volume of St Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study 'I seized it,' he says, 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eves first fell "Not in rioting and druntenness, not in chambering and vantonness, not in strife and en ying But put we on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof" No further could I read, nor needed I, for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses, how his mother's heart was rejoiced, how he was baptised by the great Ambrose, how the old trudition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words Te Deum Laudamur. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he hived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of

St Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes
(1 rom Canterbury Sermons \( \gamma\_2 \). X.

The Doctrine of St Paul)

See I if by Mr R. E. Prothero and Dean Bridley (1894) Stanley a

Letters and Verses, edited by Prothero (1895), and Recollections
of 1 P Stanley, by Dean Bradley (1833).

Henry Alford (1810-71), born in London, in 1829 entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and having taken a good degree, in 1834 gained a fellowship Incumbent of Wymeswold, Leicester shire (1835-53), and then of Quebec Chapel, London, iii 1857 lie became Dean of Canterbury Besides upwards of a hundred articles some of them contributed to the Contemporary Review, of which he was the first editor (1866-70), he published near fifty volumes, among them, besides collected sermons and hymns, The School of the Heart and Other Poems (1835), Chapters on the Greek Poets (1841), A Plea for the Queen's English (1863), and an innotated Greek Testament (4 vols 1844-60), which largely followed the Germ in critics, represented 'moderate liberal' views on inspiration and was long the standard work in England Several of his hymns are widely popular, as 'Come, ve thankful people come," I orward be our watch word," 'Ten thousand times ten thousand. There is a Life of him by his widow (1873...

Norman Wacleod (1812-72) vas the third in a succession of Scottish parish ministers bearing the same name—the grandfather in Moren, the father in Campbeltown and next in the Grelic church in Glasgow, the grandson first at Loudoun in Avr. shire, then after the Disruption of 1843 at Dilketh, and finally from 1851 in the Birony Parish of Glas Spite of many sympathies with Chalmers and the Evangelicals the third Norman clung in 1843 to the idea of the National Church, helped greatly to build up the Establishment after the staggering blow of the Disruption, and was erelong An eloquent recognised as a leader of the Church preacher, he became a royal chaplain in 1857, and was the intimate and valued friend of Queen Victoria and her family. His liberal sympathies led him to protest against the more rigid Sabba tarranism as Jewish rather than Christian, and his views on the historic significance of the 'decalogue quá decalogue' rused in 1866 suspicion of his ortho-But in 1867 the Assembly honoured him with a commission to visit the mission field in India, and in 1869 rused him to the Moderator's chair

For many years lie edited the Clistian In structor, but it was as first editor of Good Words (1860) that he became known to the reading public not merely as a tactful and enterprising editor, but as a constant contributor of stories and iniscellaneous articles, some of which were also published as books. His genial manliness and somewhat of his gifts of humour and pathos are reflected in his stories, which are, however, rather lacking in power and literary finish. Hee Danie and The Starling are short tales of Scottish domestic life,

The Old Lieutenant and his Son (1862) is on a larger canvas, but hardly so successful. He wrote also a biography of a cousin, The Earnest Student (1854), Reminiscences of a Highland Parish (his grandfather's, 1867), books or addresses on parochial needs and social duties, and records of two Oriental tours. Of his verses, a curling song became popular, and a religious poem, 'Courage, brother! do not stumble,' was at once admitted into British hymn-books, and is now regularly sung as a hymn. There is a Life of him (1876) by his brother, Dr Donald Macleod, who succeeded him as editor of Good Words.

James M'Cosli (1811-94), an exponent of the Scottish philosophy, was an Avrshire farmer's son who, becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland, joined the Tree Church (in which he held several cures), in 1851 was appointed Professor of Logic at Belfast, and from 1868 to 1888 was president of Princeton College in the United States His Method of the Divine Government (1850, 9th ed 1867) was followed by The Intuitions of the Mind (1860), and in these and in an examination of Mill (1866) he defended what he considered the Natural Realism of Reid against both the empirical school and the relativist views of Kant, Hamilton, and Mansel He published also a comprehensive work on The Scottish Philosaphy (1875), and books on psychology, evolution, fundamental truths, and morals

James Spedding (1808-81) was born at Mirehouse near Bassenthwaite, 26th June 1808, the younger son of a Cumberland squire From Bury St Edmunds he passed in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a scholar, and of which at his death he had long been an honorary From 1835 to 1841 he held a post at **Fellow** the Colonial Office, in 1842 he attended Lord Ashburton to America as private sercretary, and in 1847 he might, had he chosen, have become Under-Secretary of State, with £2000 a year But he had already devoted himself to the task of his life-- to re edit Bacon's works, which did not want any such re-edition, and to vindi cate Bacon's character, which could not be vindi cited' So wrote Edward FitzGerald, the oldest of Speddings many brilliant friends-Tennyson and Carlyle were also of the number—and he added 'He was the wisest man I have known, not the less so for plenty of the boy in him, a great sense of humour, a Socrates in life and death, which he faced with all serenity so long as consciousness lasted' It was in St George's Hospital that Spedding died, on 9th March 1881, having eight days before been run over by a cab

Hardly any writer of equal parts and eminence is so completely identified with the one work to which he chose to devote his best energies for thirty years—the study of Lord Bacon, the editing of his works, and the writing of his life. In Everings with a Kev ever (written in 1845, but

privately printed) he had little difficulty in showing, not without caustic comments, that Michally was not justified in the very low view he took of Bacon's character It was Spedding who did by far the principal part of the magistral edition of Bacon's Horks (7 vols 1857-59) undertaken in conjunction with Ellis and Heath, the accompanying Life and Letters (also in 7 vols 1861-74), pronounced by Carlyle (who ought to be a judge on that point at least) 'the hugest and futhfullest bit of literary navay work I have met with in this generation,' was all Sped ding's own. The general conclusion of more recent critics is that Spedding is decidedly too favourable to Bacon, and is on some points even an apologist -the shorter works by Dean Church (1884) and Dr Abbott (1885) are useful commentaries on Spedding's arguments and conclusions, which must, however, always receive respectful consideration, and, as against Macaulay, are in large measure universally accepted. Sir Leslie Stephen has said that 'Spedding's qualities are in curious contrast with Macaulty's brilliant audacity, and yet the trenchant exposure of Macaulay's misrepresentations is accompanied by a quiet humour and a shrewd critical faculty which, to a careful reader, make the book more interesting than its rival? Spedding produced in 1878, in two volumes, an abridged and popularised Life and Times of Francis Bacon He was one of the first scholars seriously to examine-and denounce-the attribution to Bacon of Shakespeare's plays No man, he summed up, who knew Bacon's work and Shakespeare's well could ever mistake five lines of the one for five lines of the other Other works are a pamphlet on Publishers and Authors (1867), Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon (1879, reprints from serials), and a share in the Studies in English History, mostly written by Mr James Gairdner (1881) There is a Life by Venables prefixed to the 1882 edition of Evenings The following short extract with a Reviewer shows Spedding's method of dealing with the crucial question of

### Bacon and Bribery

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money-who, though nlways too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with invilling that could be construed into corruption-that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him is wonderful That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribers is more wonderful still should have done it often, and not lived under an ab d ing sense of insecurity-from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest

solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first ruinour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise, and that if maybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself, for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

Augustus de Morgan (1806-71), son of Colonel de Morgan of the Indian army, was born at Madura in the Madras Presidence, and brought up at Worcester and Faunton Educated it several private schools, he 'read algebra like a novel'-ordinary novels lie always devoured insatiably, but ifter four years at Trinity, Cambridge, he came out only fourth wrangler (1827) In consequence of his revolt from early evangelical training lie did not take orders, law proved dististeful, from 1828 to 1831 he was the first Professor of Mathematics in University College, London - 1 post he resumed in 1836-66, and he was secretary of the Astronomical Society (1831-38 and 1848-54) A mathematician of the first order, he was minutely versed in the history of the mathematical and physical sciences, he also devoted himself to the development of the Aristotelian or 'Formal' Logic His works include, besides books on arithmetic, algebra, trigonometra, numbers, logic, the famous Budget of Paradoxes (1872), reprinted from the Athenaum He also contributed largely to the Penny Cyclopadia (eight hundred and fifty articles) and many scientific The Memoir of lum (1882) is by his journals wife, Sophia Elizabeth Frend, who printed also her own Remuiscences (1895)

James Frederick Ferrier (1808-64) was born in Edinburgh His father was a brother of Miss Ferrier, the novelist (see page 300), his mother a sister of Christopher North He studied a while at Edinburgh, graduated BA at Oxford in 1831, and next year was admitted to the Scottish Bar, but never practised. An intimate friend of Sir William Hamilton, he studied philosophy seriously at Heidelberg and at home, and by 1840 was contributing to Blackwood's Magazine on philosophical subjects, some of his articles attracting much notice. In 1842 he became Pro fessor of History at Edinburgh, in 1845 of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews In his Institutes of Metaphysics (1854) he sought to construct a system of idealism in a series of propositions demonstrated somewhat after the manner of Euclid His rather thorough going idealism, his 'theory of knowing and being,' has little in common with Kantianism or Hegelianism, and though it professes to be Scottish, is inevitably opposed to Hamilton and ill the 'Scottish school,' with decided affinities to Berkeley. But Feirier belonged to no school and founded none. The Lectures on Greek Philosophy (1866) constituted a most attractively written and unusually luminous introduction to the subject. To these lectures his son in law, Sir Alexander Grant, prefixed a Life

John Hill Burton (1809-81) was the son of an officer and was born at Aberdeen, and admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1831, from 1854 was secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland, and from 1877 a Commissioner of Prisons He was an indefrtigable writer, and contributed much to Blackwood, the Westmuster, and other periodicals. His Lives of Hume (1846) and Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes (1847) became standard works, he wrote a manual of Scots law and a treatise on bankruptcy, a small manual of political economy and a series of Narratives from Criminal Irials in Scotland But his most extensive and best-known v orl was that which began in 1853 with two volumes on the History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection, 1689-1748, a work honestly and diligently executed, not without vicorous and picturesque passages-as the account of the battle of Killicerankic and the massacre of Glencoe, though the style is in the main rather lumbering and lacking in rhythm and He subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolu tion of 1688 (1867-70), which fully sustained his reputation for laborious research, and was accepted as the most complete and, on the whole, accurate history of Scotland-though the narrative is often desultory and disproportionate, and the lack of the historical infiguration is obvious edition of the whole (1873) improved the earliest and Roman part of the work. His History of the Reign of Queen Anne (3 vols ) appeared in 1880 In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, The Book-Hunter, containing 'sletches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature. In 1864 appeared The Scot Abroad, illustrating the close and curious relations of Scotland and Scotsmen in the olden time with foreign countries A small book on The Carragorm Mountains is an exceptionally interesting vade mecuni for climbers there and lovers of hill scenery. He edited two volumes of the Scottish Privy Council Register, helped Bowring to edit Bentliam, and extracted from Bentham's works a very readable collection of Benthamiana Burton's wife prefixed a Memoir to a new edition of the Bool-Hunter (1882)

## The Riding of the Parliament.

The new Parliament, whose career was to be so memorable, assembled on the 6th of May 1703. The 'Riding' of a newly assembled Parliament was an old feudal eeremony, of which the annual procession of the

Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly remains a faint vestige. On this occasion it was performed with more than the usual pomp, and, in association with the legislative history of those who partook in it, left an impression more abiding than that of a vain pageant. It was remembered that all the parade and splendour of the occasion were the decorations of legislative labours which abolished the ceremonial for ever, along vith the ancient national legislature, of which the old usage was a becoming decoration. As these solemnities are in themselves curious, and form a feature of national manners, the opportunity seems appropriate for a brief account of them.

The first operation was to have the long street from the Parliament Square to Holyrood House cleared of dirt and impediments-a task of some difficulty and importance A proclamation was issued, prohibiting the use of mis cellaneous vehicles within the gites of the city during the ceremony, and for preserving strict order in the crowd A passage through the centre of the long street was railed in, and, while the magistrates provided a civic guard to the extremity of their dominion at the Nether Bow Port, the royal foot guards lined the remainder of the strect to the palace gate. It was an absolute injunction on every member, of whatever degree, that he should ride, and any attempt to evade the chivalrous feudal usage was punished with a heavy penalty. Out of consideration, however, for those respectable burgesses or ancient professional men to whom the elevation was unusual, arrangements were made for assisting them to mount and dismount at the extremities of the journey

The first movement of the day was by the officers of state, who proceeded one hour before the rest of the members to arrange matters for their reception. The Lord High Constable, with his robe and baton of office, and his guard ranged behind him, sat at the Lady Stairs, by the opening of the Parliament Close, to receive the members under his protection, being officially invested with the privilege and duty of the exterior defences of the Parliament House. He made his obeisances to the members as they dismonnted, and handed them over to the Lord Marischal, who, having the duty of keeping order and protecting the members within the House, sat at the door, in all his pomp, to receive them

The procession, according to old feudal usage began diminutively, and swelled in importance as it went. The representatives of the burghs went first, then, after a pause, came the lesser barons, or county members, and then the nobles-the highest in rank going last. A herald called each name from a window of the palace, and another at the gate saw that the mcmber took his place in the train All rode two abreast moners wore the heavy doublet of the day unadorned The nobility followed in their gorgeous robes. burghal commissioner had a lackey, and each baron two the number increasing with the rank, intil a duke had The nobles were each followed by a trun bearer, and the Commissioner was attended by a swurm of decorative officers, so that the scrvile elements in the procession must have dragged it out to a considerable It seems, indeed, to have been borrowed from length the French processions, and was full of glitter-the lackeys, over their liveries, wearing velvet coats em All the members broidered with armorial bearings were covered, save those whose special function it was to attend upon the honours-the crown, sceptre, and sword of state. These were the palladium of the nation's imperial independence, and the pomp of the procession was concentrated on the spot where they were borne—the same as they may jet be seen in Edinburgh Castle—before the Commissioner—Immediately before the sword rode the Lord Lyon, in his robe and heraldic overcoat, with his chain and baton—Behind him were clustered a clump of gaudy heralds and pursuivants, with noisy trumpeters proclaiming the approach of the procession which poured into that noble oak roofed hall, which still recalls, by its name and character, associations with the ancient legislature of Scotland

Let us, in the meantime, follow the legislative assembly into their hall, and cast a glance on the scene there presented Instead of the arrangement by parties, with which we are familiar in the British Houses of Parlia ment, the Estates were distributed according to ranks They all sat in one house, and appear to have been much nearer in form to the French States General, whose latest meeting had welcomed the accession of Louis XIII, than to the English Parliament. The Chancellor sat as chairman, and the officers of state clustered round him on what were called the steps of the throne and decorated benches at the upper end of the hall were for the exclusive use of the nobles, and a penalty was incurred by any other person sitting there. In the centre was a table, round which were seated the judges of the Court of Session and the clerks of Parliament Beneath this, on a series of plain benches, or forms, were ranged the lesser barons and burgesses, and strangers specially admitted sat at the extremity of these seats the bar there was sometimes a motley assemblage of the attendants on the higher members and state officers, and it would seem that the miscellaneous public, unless on special occasions, had access there

(From The History of Scotland)

William Forbes Skene (1809-92), Scottish historian, was born at Inverse, on Loch Nevis, the second son of Scott's friend, Skene of Rubislaw He was educated at Edinburgh and elsewhere (learning Gaelic in Laggan manse), and became in 1832 an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet. In 1881 he succeeded Hill Burton as Scottish His toriographer, and he was DCL of Oxford Among his works were The Highlanders of Scotland (1837), editions of The Dean of Lismore's Book (1861), of the Chronicles of the Picts and Scots (1867), and of Fordun's Cronica Gentis Scotorum (1871), The Four Ancient Books of Wales (1868), and The Family of Skene of Skene (1887) By far his most important work, and (though containing some debatable theses) still the standard authority on the subject, was his Celtic Scotland (3 vols 1876-80) Shene was a conscientious and painstaking scholar, with a competent knowledge of his subject, but he cherished some antiquated prejudices and had little sense of literary form

Mark Lemon (1809-70) was born in London, and in his twenty sixth year wrote a farce, the first of a long series of melodramas, operettas, and the like. Of several novels, the best perhaps was Falkner Lyle (1866), he wrote children's stories and essays, and combined the arts of lecturer and

public reader. In 1841 he helped to establish *Punch*, of which for the first two years he was joint editor with Henry Mayhew, and thereafter sole editor till his death. His *Jest Book* (1864) was reissued in 1892. See the works on the history of *Punch* by Mayhew (1895) and Spickmann (1895)

William Rathbone Greg (1809-81), born at Manchester, was educated under Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, and at Ldinburgh University while he managed his father's mill it Bury, and afterwards carried on business on his own account, gaining meanwhile a prize (1842) for an essay on the Corn Laws, and publishing a courteous but negative criticism of the Creed of Christendom He now fairly embarked in literature, and (1851)wrote industriously for the quarterlies and magazines, his essays being subsequently published as books in three collections—Lssays on Political and Social Science (1854), Literary and Social Judgments (1869), and Miscellaneous Essays (1884) He became a Commissioner of Customs in 1856, and was Comptroller of II M Stationery Office from 1864 till 1877. In most of his works he showed a disbelief in the political instincts of democracy, and an expectation of little from social or other legislation The Linguas of Life (1872) received the more popularity for its open eyed and not too hopeful outlook, though there was little direct or aggressive hostility shown to accepted In Rocks Thend (1874) he took a highly pessimistic view of the future of England, foreboding the political supremacy of the lower classes, industrial decline, and the divorce of intelligence from religion Other works were Political Prob lems (1870) and Mistaken Alms (1876) He wrote clearly and calmly, but with the moral force of manifest conviction - His son, Percy (reg (1836-1899), was a poet, novelist, and somewhat wehe mently polenucal author of a History of the United States, having, after being secularist and spiritualist in turn, become the champion of something very like absolutism

## From 'The Enigmas of Life'

Two glorious futures lie before us the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be truns planted in order to excel the past He appears to have Men lised then revelled his perfection centuries ago whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement What sculptor has sur passed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Joh? What de yout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What putriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquire

nients, was Breon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men heat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions, early in history God give to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed worl -namely, to ruse the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard, not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fello " nich into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this he so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cul mators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike described or mistaken their infesion, and turned their back upon the goal

A Memoir of W. K. Grey by his widox was prefixed to the eighteenth edition if The Linguist of Life (1891).

Gilbert Abbott à Beckett (1811-56), born in London and educated at Westminster, was called to the Bar in 1841, and in 1849 became a metro politan police inagistrate. Besides writing for Punch, the Fimes, and many serials, he was author of Fhe Quizziology of the British Diama, and is specially remembered as the inventor of the 'comic' blackstone and the 'comic' Histories of Lingland and Rome—the first illustrated by Crinkshahk, the last two by Leech—One son, Gilbert (1837-91), was a playwright, another, Arthur William, born in 1844, has been playwright, novelist, barrister, journalist, and editor

James David Forbes (1809-68), eminent not merely as an original investigator in various de partments of physics, but as a luminous writer and a teacher who secured the enthusiastic reverence of a series of eminent pupils, was grandson of the first Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo and son of the second, and his mother was Sir Walter Scott's first Born at Edinburgh, voung Forbes studied in the university there, and was called to the bar in 1830 From 1833 lie held the Edinburgh chair of Natural Philosophy, exchanging it in 1859 for the principalship of the United College at St Andrews. Among his contributions to science are his inves tigations on licat, light, polarisation, underground temperature, and the use of the thermometer for determining heights, but he is best known by his researches on the motion of glaciers, in connection with which subject he wrote Iravels through the Alps (1843), Norway and its Glaciers (1853), Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa (1855), and Ocia sional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers (1859) He was certainly the first to establish the viscous theory of glaciers and to secure definite measurements of their motion, he was, indeed, as Professor I'ut said, 'the Copernicus or Kepler of this science. His scientific achievements and his personal life are recorded in his Life and Letters edited by Shairp, Tait, and Adams Reilly (1873)

# Thomas Carlyle

was born on the 4th of December 1795, in a plain two story house still standing in the main street of the tidy village of Ecclefechan, in the parish of Hoddam, Annandale, Dumfriesshire He was the second son of James Carlyle (1758-1832). the chief stone mason in the village, and the eldest by his second wife, Margaret Aitken (1771-1853) Carlyle was fortunate in both of his parents His father was a frugal, earnest, 'well-living Seceder' of (in his son's opinion) 'natural faculty equal to that of Burns, pugnacious, fearless iras cible, and not unmindful of the fact that he was an offshoot of a 'fighting' Border clan His mother was 'a woman of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise' Thomas was, like the other members of James Carlale's family—ten in all, five sons and five daughters - carefully educated He was taught the alphabet and elementary English by his father, arithmetic by his mother, and the rudiments of Latin by Mr Johnston, minister in his father's church Home tuition was supplemented by attendance at the parish school of Ecclefechan, easily recognisable in this connection as the Entepfuhl of Sartor Resartus There Carlyle learned to use 'those earliest tools of complicacy which a man of letters gets to handle -lus class-books,' and was reported by a school inspector 'complete in English' at about seven years of age. He also watched the comedy and not of the annual cattle fur in the village, 'undoubtedly the grand summary of the Entepfuhl child's culture, whither, assembling from all the four winds, come the elements of an unspeakable hurly burly' At the age of ten (1805) he proceeded to the Grammar School of Annan (the Hinterschlag Gymnasium of Sartor), where, although his teachers were 'hide bound pedants who knew Syntax enough, and of the human soul thus much, that it had a faculty called Memory, which could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods,' he learned to read Latin and French fluently, as well as 'some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well, vague outlines of geography, Greek to the extent of the alphabet mainly' But his two years at Annan Academy were among the He was tyrannised over most miserable in his life by some of his fellow pupils, 'coarse, unguided, tyrannous cubs,' who ridiculed him for his sensitiveness as 'Tom the Tearful' But he 'revolted against them, and gave them shake for shake' Edward Irving, his senior by five years and the adviser and friend of later days, occasionally visited the Academy, where he also had received his early education, and Carlyle looked with interest on him as a distinguished student in the University of Edinburgh, now his own goal To Edinburgh, a distance of ninety miles, he travelled on foot in November 1809, and enrolled himself as a student in the Although 'out of England and Spain university ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered

universities,' he attended its classes in arts till 1813, when he left without taking a degree Mathematics was the only subject in the college curriculum that he took kindly to, holding that 'the man who had mastered the first forty seven propositions of Euclid stood nearer to God than he had done before' Yet he took no prize in the mathematical class, although he was a favourite with the professor, Sir John Leslie, who 'alone of my professors had some genius in his business, and awoke a certain enthusiasm in me'

When Carlyle's attendance at the Arts course of Edinburgh University came to an end in 1813, he began preparation for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and enrolled himself as a student of its Divinity Hall on the 16th of November did not attempt to attend the classes in the theological curriculum, but contented himself with observing the form known as 'keeping partial sessions' by going up to Edinburgh twice a year and delivering 'discourses' in the Hall Meanwhile he sustained himself by teaching. In 1814 he obtained by competition the post of mathematical master in Annan Academy, which was worth between £60 and £70 a year He spent his vacation with his parents at Mainhill, a farm about two nules from Lockerbie, to which his father had migrated from Ecclefechan, and where he died in 1832, having saved £1000 There Carlyle began to study German, read extensively in English literature, and wrote of his reading at great length to college friends As one of the consequences of this reading, his 'sentiments on the clerical profession' became 'mostly of the unfavourable kind' In 1816 lie left Annan for Kirkcaldy in Fifeshire, having accepted the post of assistant to the teacher of the parish school, with emoluments estimated at £100 a year He now became the intimate friend of Edward Irving, who had taken the position of head of an adventure school in Kirkcaldy read and walked together, and Carlyle was by his friend introduced to various families, including that of Mr Martin the parish minister, one of whose daughters subsequently became Irving's wife A more important introduction was that to 'by far the brightest and cleverest' of Irving's pupils, Margaret Gordon, a girl who lived in Kirkcaldy with her aunt She is commonly understood to have been the model for the dark and inconstant Blumine of Sartor, although the Strichev family, with whom Carlyle subsequently became intimate, claimed the distinction for Kitty Kil patrick, a cousin of Mrs Strachey If there can ever be said to have been anything of the nature of love making, it was put an end to by Margaret Gordon's nunt. Margaret bade Carlyle farewell in a formal letter full of wise advices, such as 'Cultivate the milder dispositions of the heart, subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain,' and possibly indicated her own feelings by closing her letter with, 'I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.' She subsequently

married Sir Alexander Bannerman Governor of Nova Scotta

Although Kuke ildy wer more con end to Cultile than Annan he found in two rattart; "it were better to per hithm to consumer hee! masterm, be ide, there had pring upone eful professional competition both to him and to? Trump Hain and dron (7) he reamed st November 1815 to I diabate hapty to or as private tea long till the early fall into ome often

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Magazine, and a translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister for an Edinburgh publisher

Mr and Mrs Buller spent the winter of 1822 in Edinburgh, and with them and his pupils Carlyle went in the spring of the following year to Kinnaird House near Dunkeld, on the Tay The family went to London in 1824, and Carlyle paid the capital his first visit in June of that year, living with his friend Irving, and making comments, on the whole more free than laudatory, on the men of letters, such as Coleridge, Hazlitt, Campbell, and Allan Cunningham, whom he came across friendship for the Bullers was now cooling-he describes them in a letter written at this time as 'a cold race of people' who 'love no living creature' -and he took advantage of a proposal to accom pany them to France to bring his engagement to He remained in London, however, till a close March 1825, superintending the publication in book form of his Life of Schiller He also spent some weeks in Birmingham with a friend of the name of Badams, studying the 'Black Country,' exploring Warwickshire, and endeavouring, but in vain, to get a cure for dyspepsia In the end of March he settled with his brother Alexander on the farm of Hoddam Hill, about two miles from Mainhill, and there he engaged in the translation of German At this time also Miss Welsh, after much hesitation, agreed to marry him lowing year he quarrelled with his landlord, and he and his father both removed to Scotsbrig, another farm near Ecclefechan The marriage, another farm near Ecclefechan however, took place on 17th October of that year at Templand, Dumfriesshire, the residence of Miss Welsh's grandfather The couple at once settled in 21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh Carlyle's chief work here was the preparation of four volumes of translations from Tieck, Museus, and Richter, which were published under the title of German He began a didactic novel, Wotton Romance Reinfred, but burned the bulk of the manuscript He also endeavoured, but in vain, to secure the chair of Moral Philosophy in St Andrews in succession to Dr Chalmers The most important event during this period of his life was the commencement of a connection with the Edinburgh Review whom he had met in London, introduced him to His first article, on Jean Paul Richter, appeared in June 1827 By this time he had become known in Germany That same year Goethe said to Eckermann that Carlyle was a moral force so great that he could not tell what he might produce

In May 1828 the Carlyles removed to Mrs Carlyle's property of Craigenputtock, which her husband described as 'the dreariest spot in all the British dominions,' although, as the late Professor Nichol pertinently pointed out, 'on a sunny day it is an inland home, with wide billowy straths of grass around, inestimable silence broken only by the placid bleating of sheep, and the long ridges of the Solway hills in front.' Here they

lived nearly six years—years for the husband of final preparation for his 'mission,' for the wife of melancholy solitude and household drudgery for which she had not been fitted by her upbringing Carlyle subsisted during this time mainly on what he wrote for reviews, such as the Edinburgh, Foreign Quarterly, and Westminster, and Fraser's Magazine It was at Craigenputtock that he produced his most notable essays, those on Burns, Samuel Johnson, Goethe, Diderot, and Voltaire He wrote a History of German Literature, a portion of which also appeared in the form of essays By far the most notable product of this period, however, was Sartor Resartus, his most characteristic and in some respects greatest work, in which, as its hero, Diogenes Teufelsdrockh, Carlyle expounds, under the title of 'The Philosophy of Clothes,' the special philosophico poetic mysticism which had come to be his creed Saitor is further notable in the literary history of Carlyle as revealing the Germanisation of his mind and the abandonment of the comparatively simple diction of his early essays and the Life of Schiller for the thoroughly individual style of his later workseruptive, ejaculatory, but always impressive, and in certain passages rising to an epic sublimity Carlyle found some difficulty in obtaining a publisher for Sartor, but in 1833-34 it appeared in instalments in Fraser's Magazine Life at Cruigenputtock was varied by occasional visits to Edinburgh, in one of which he conceived the idea of writing his French Revolution, by a residence of six months in London, where he made the acquaintance of John Sterling and John Stuart Mill, by visits from Jeffrey, who peremptorily told him, 'Bring your blooming Eve out of your blasted Paradise,' and from Emerson, with whom he had a 'quiet night of clear, fine talk,' and by letters from Goethe, in one of which he acknowledged a lock of Mrs Carlyle's hair

In 1830 Carlyle was in such straits that he had to borrow £50 from Jeffrey to pay the expenses of his trip to London the following year But finding himself master of £200 in 1834, he resolved to try his fortune in London, and on 10th June estab lished himself in 5 Cheyne Row-'a side street off the Thames, winding as slowly by the reaches of Barnes and Battersea as Cowper's Ouse, dotted with brown sailed ships and holiday-boats'-in which he lived till his death. Here he settled down to the writing of his French Revolution, which ap This work was almost put an end peared in 1837 to in 1835 through the destruction by a servantgirl of all but four or five leaves of the manuscript of the first volume, which had been lent to John Stuart Mill Carlyle accepted £100 from Mill as compensation for his loss. At this time Carlyle was again much depressed, his melancholy finding expression in such declarations to his friends as, 'It is twenty-three months since I carned a penny by the craft of literature, and yet I know no fault I have committed I am tempted to go to

I shall quit literature, it does not America. invite me. Providence warns me to have done I have failed in this Divine Infernal Yet he never lost self-confidence. Universe? 'I can reverence no existing man. With health ind peace for one year, I could write a better book than there has been in this country for generations? The publication of the French Revolution in 1837 at last brought Carlyle reputation, and, by way of adding to his income, some of his friends induced him to deliver a course of lectures that year to a select audience on 'German Literature' This was so successful that it was followed up by courses on 'The Successive Periods of European Culture,' 'The Revolutions of Modern Europe,' and 'Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History' His yearly earnings from these lectures varied between £135 and £300 Yet he loathed the work, writing to Emerson in 1839 'O heaven, I cannot "speak," I can only gasp and writhe and stutter, a spectacle to gods and fashionables-being forced to it by want of money' In 1838 Sartor appeared in book form, and also the first edition of his Miscellaines following year he made his first appearance in the literature of politics with a pamphlet assailing the corruptions of modern society, under the title of Clartism By 1840 all fears of poverty were over In 1842 Mrs Welsh died, leaving to the Carlyles a competence of from £200 to £300 Yet till late in life Carlyle's income from literature alone was never more than £400

In 1843 Carlyle published his Past and Present, the most picturesque, popular, and influential of This was followed all his socio political works seven years later by the more savage Latter-Day Pamphlets, which, however, created attention mainly because of the qualified approval extended by its author to slavery. Meanwhile there had appeared in 1845 Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, which is perhaps the most successful of all his works, in smuch as it completely revolutionised public opinion on its subject. In 1851 he pub lished his Life of John Sterling, which he wrote because he was not satisfied with Julius Hare's From this time onward he devoted biography himself exclusively to the preparation of his last and largest, if not also greatest, work ('Mino taur' though it was both to him and his wife), The History of Iriedrich II, commonly called Finderick the Great The first two volumes were published in 1858, and it was concluded in 1865 paration of this work led Carlyle to make two special visits to the Continent. These, with a yachting trip to Ostend, two tours in Ireland (on which subject he intended to write a book based on a darry that was published after his death), and yearly visits to his kindred and friends (like Thomas Erskine of Linlathen) in Scotland, constituted his chief distractions from his literary labours 1866 lie vas elected chairman of the committee that was formed for the defence of Mr Eyre, who

had been recalled from his post of Governor of Jamaica on the ground that he had shown unneces sary severity in suppressing a negro insurrection that had broken out the previous year. This was almost the only public movement with which Carlyle identified himself, although he aided materially in establishing the London Library in 1830.

On 11th November 1865 Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University by a majority of 657 votes to 310 recorded for Mr Disraeli and April 1866 he was installed amidst extraordi nary demonstrations of enthusiasm, when he de in ered an address in which he embodied his experiences of life in the form of kindly advices addressed in an easy conversational style to the Carlyle was greatly pleased with his reception, which had, among other results, the effect of causing a run on his works, although in his somewhat embittered old age he wrote 'No idea or shadow of an idea is in that address but what had been set forth by me tens of times before, and the poor gaping sea of prurient blockheadism réceives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy' The success was, however, extinguished by the intelligence which reached him in Dumfries of the sudden death from heart disease of Mrs Carlyle on 21st April, as she was driving in her carriage in Hyde Park. His grief deepened into profound remorse when he discovered from certain of her letters, and from a journal which she had kept, that during a period of her married life his irritability, absorption in ambition and work, and unconscious want of consideration for her had caused her much misery and even ill-health, which she care fully concealed from him The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, published after his death, also proved that during the years 1855 and 1856 husband and wife were temporarily estranged owing to his liking for the society of Harriet, Lady Ashburton, although they clearly demonstrated that he never understood the cause of the estrangement. After the death of Lady Ashburton there was no friction of any real im portance These Memorials are also of intrinsic literary value, because they show that Mrs Carlyle, in addition to the 'soft invincibility, capacity of discernment, and noble loyalty of heart,' borne testimony to in the tombstone erected to her by her husband in the nave of the Abbey Church at Haddington, was one of the shrewdest critics, most vivacious letter-writers, and accomplished women of her time

Carlyle, now 'a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man gazing into the final cliasm of things in mute dialogue with "Death, Judgment, and Eternity" (dialogue mute on both sides),' wrote no important work after his wife's death. After a visit to the second Lady Ashburton at Mentone in 1867, where he partially composed his Remainscences,

he tried to settle down to his old life, one of his nieces generally superintending the household arrangements of Cheyne Row He put his affairs in order, bequeathing the revenues of Crugenputtock for the endowment of three John Welsh bursaries in the University of Edinburgh In August 1867 he published in Macmillan's Magazine, and under the title of 'Shooting Niagara,' his views of British democracy prepared an edition of his collected works, adding to them a fresh volume containing 'The Early Kings of Norway' and an 'Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.' On 18th November 1870 lie wrote a letter to the Times on the Tranco German war, declaring 'that noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and oversensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest fact that has occurred in my time' He expressed in private very strong opposition to the Irish policy of Mr Gladstone. In February 1874 he accepted the Prussian Order of Merit, which was offered him as a recognition of his having written the life of Frederick the Great, who founded the Order In the same year Mr Disraeli offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath, with the alternative of a baronetcy and a pension of 'an amount equal to a good fellowship,' but he declined both, although he acknowledged the kindliness of the Premier, of whom he had spoken almost uniformly in terms of reprobation eightieth birthday, 4th December 1875, tributes of respect were showered upon him They included 'n noble and most unexpected note from Prince Bismarck' and a gold medal from a number of fervid Scottish admirers On 5th May 1877 there appeared from his pen in the Times a brief letter alluding to a rumour that the 'miraculous' Premier meditated the forcing on 'a Philo-Turk war against Russia,' and protesting against any such enterprise He passed away on 5th February 1881 at his house in Chelsea. His remains were offered a burial in Westminster Abbey, but, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid in the churchyard of Ecclefechan beside his kin

Although Carlyle was separated by a whole continent-to him a terra incognita-of passion from such predecessors in British literature as Burns and Byron, in whom he took the profoundest interest, he was so intensely individual, though not in any ignoble sense 'colossally egotistic,' that in his case, as in theirs, it is undesirable, and indeed practically impossible, to separate life from work or character from career Biography involves criticism as well as the accurate record of in cidents the Reminiscences and the Letters are as distinctly literature as Cromwell or Frederick the Great, Sartor Resartus is as much an autobiography as it is an exposition of mysticism, the fury of the Latter-Day Pamphlets is as sincere if not as pathetic as the wall of the suddenly bereaved life-partner

of Jane Welsh Carlyle-'all of sunsline that remained in my life went out in that sudden moment, all of strength, too, seems to have gone,' the minute industry that discovers more of dyspepsia or of tobacco in a particular passage than of inspiration, and can tell from internal evidence where the French Revolution was recommenced after the Mill fire, is something more than love's labour lost. This intense individuality accounts at once for Carlyle's enormous influence during the latter part of his life, the 'neglect' which followed his death, and the 'reaction' in his favour that has in turn succeeded the 'neglect'-the modern interpreters of which see nothing but Carlylism in action in modern British Imperialism and the gospel according to Lord Kitchener and Mr Rudyard Kipling

During the final twenty years of his life Carlyle was vastly more influential than Coleridge or Samuel Johnson or Pope, or indeed any other clarum ac venerabile nomen in English letters, not only did he preach directly to a generation that idolised him against his will, but he preached indirectly to it through the most popular and powerful of Victorian writers like Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and Thackeray negative influence of Carlyle-the effect produced by his proclamation of an 'Evodus from Hounds ditch' and his diatribes against 'atheistic science,' and especially the 'dismal' variety of it-was at least as great as the positive A competent American critic, Mr W C Brownell, is fully justified in saying 'Much of what Carlyle wrote, the gospel that he expounded so contentiously and polemically, has now become a part of what we now call our subliminal possessions. What once seemed, and of course still is, elemental has become elementary as well' The merciless and deliberately designed self revelation of the Reminiscences, and of the literature of the 'personal equation' variety which followed in the wake of the Reminiscences, was necessary to a complete understanding of Carlyle It led to his being 'forsaken' by the superficially or blindly idolatrous—whose lip service he never wished for, and despised without measure when it came to himon the ground that the idol's feet were of clay, that he had 'behaved like a brute to his wife,' that he was 'meanly jealous' of his contemporaries, and perhaps above all that he imperfectly appreciated the humour, and did not at all appreciate the forenoon gin, of Charles Lamb More cautious if not indiscriminatingly 'sympathetic' critics saw in the Remniscences and their sequelæ but confirmation of their previous conviction that Carlyle had the defects of his strength, that if he had the prophet's vision and that force of will which overcomes mountains of physical disability, he had also the prophet's intolerance alike of the small vices that go with Bohemianism and of the compreliensive and contagious hedonism which is the outcome and practice of 'art for art's sake,'

According to the popular, loose, and unscientific social classification of the time, Carlyle was a 'peasant' He had the 'peasant's' robustness of body and mind, the 'peasant's' contempt for the superficialities and even subtleties of refinement, the 'peasant's' incontinence of graphic speech, and especially of depreciatory characterisation. So he was incapable, until it was too late, of understand ing or giving those delicacies of affectionate attention which to his wife, with her 'middle-class' birth, environment, and upbringing, were of great if not supreme importance. Such defects are also responsible for most of his hasty and unjust judgments, for his ultra Covenanter's hatred and ignorance of 'art' and 'pleasure,' for his refusal even to read that type of poetry of which Keats was and still is the richest voice, his relegation of Scott to the category of mere restaurateurs, his inability to see 'one great thought in all Voltaire's six and thirty quartos,' his dismissal of the most emphatically epoch making book of modern times with 'The Origin of Species showed up the capricious stupidity of mankind, never could read a page of it and waste the least thought upon it?

Practical mysticism, finally adopted as a creed on the fateful day of 'spiritual new birth' in Leith Walk, was the centre and secret, if not the Alpha and the Omega, of Carlyle. It dominated his life and conduct, it is the adequate explanation -or the nearest approach to an adequate explanation that is now possible-of his glorious inconsistencies in religion, politics, ethics, and economics It guided him to the choice of subjects in literature, and impregnated his treatment of them, it explains the splendour of his visions, the pungency of his satire, and what he himself termed the 'conflagration' of his prose-poetry Accept the first principles of this mysticism, which may be largely German in its final development—Taine derived it from Goethe and Hegel, but it is no less suggestive of Eckhardt-but which seems to recall some 'hour of moaning midnight,' when the kirk of Dunscore 'hung spectral in the sky and being was as if swallowed up of darkness,' and acquiescence in the Carly lian gospel of liero worship, veracity, and hard work is virtually inevitable. Agree that 'life is but a thawing ice board on a sea with sunny shore,' that men are but the earthly vestures of spiritual forces, and the most famous of Carlyle's purple patches stand forth as articles of faith

Carlyle being emphatically a thinker sur generis, it is impossible to assign him a definite position in any literary class or caste. Profoundly religious, contending vehemently that 'thought without Reverence is harren, perhaps poisonous,' the sworn foe of 'atheism' and 'beaver science,' holding that strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church,' he yet declared that 'it is as certain as mathematics that no such thing as a miracle has ever been,' that 'all manner of pulpits are as good as broken and abolished,' and that 'the' he admired the foremost-force in that alterature

Temple of Sorrow, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures' He called loudly for an 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' but he had no map of the Promised Land, and flatly declined to lead the way to it. Passionately devoted to social order, maintaining that it is the duty and mission of heroes to discipline into such order, if need be with whips and scorpions, the millions, 'mostly fools,' who inhabit the earth, he yet cannot be ticketed Conservative or Liberal Distrusting if not dreading 'Revolt,' he yet declared, 'I am not a Tory, no, but one of the deepest though perhaps the quietest of Radicals,' and denounced modern materialism-the 'gospel of wealth' and the practice of idleness-with a fierce eloquence which no disciple of Lassalle, Mary, or Bakunin has ever commanded

It is no less difficult to say in which department of literature Carlyle especially excelled, and which is likely to be his most enduring achievement. With the exception—and that a doubtful exception —of Sartor Resartus, all his masterpieces, the French Revolution, Cromwell, Frederick, the best of his lectures and essays, belong to the (in his case at all events) conjunct department of history and biography But even as a historian-even when toiling over the battlefields of the Seven Years' War-he was, and could not help being, prophet, preacher, and poet Indeed, it is because he has successfully insisted on the elements of life connoted by these three designations being fully acknowledged in history and biography that he can be claimed as a successful literary revolu In Germany Frederick is regarded as tionary his masterpiece, and naturally so, because in it he beat the German historians at their own favourite weapon of patient industry not alone in thinking that 'in Cromwell one can touch the truth itself' Carlylians of the cercle intime will ever be found worshipping at; the But as a mere effective per shrine of Sartor formance, the French Revolution is, in spite of the minor historical inaccuracies which it has been proved to contain, probably the most successful of all his works, and his view of that still imperfectly understood social convulsion is now the world's 'He stands,' says Dr Holland Rose in his inno tated edition of the book, after dealing with the inaccuracies already alluded to, 'on a far higher plane than the turgid and rhetorical Lamartine. He yields the palm to Mignet and De Tocqueville in regard to philosophic generalisations, but then we rise from a perusal of their neat and orderly chapters ignorant-that there was such a thing as the guillotine' -

Being what he was, Carlyle had no master, and is not likely to have a successor. At an early period in his career he saturated his mind with German literature, since that seemed to be nearer the truth than any other of his time, and because, as he said, 'Goethe's is the only healthy mind, of any extent, that I have discovered in Europe for long generations, it was he who first convincingly proclaimed to me, "Behold, even in this scandalous Sceptico Epicurean generation, when all is gone but hunger and cant, it is still possible that man be a man": There may be traces of Richter in Carlyle's style, although, as Professor Saintsbury points out, 'something may be traced to our own more fantastic writers in the seventeenth century, such as Sir Thomas Urquhart in Scotland and Sir Roger L'Estrange in England, much to a Scottish fervour and quaintness blending itself with and utilising a wider range of reading than had been usual with Scotsmen, most to the idiosyncrasy of the individual. It was enough for Carlyle that he made for himself a style which forced the austere Thoreau to say, 'His mastery over the language is unrivalled, it is with him a keen, resistless weapon,' which makes him the rival of Milton, Burke, and Ruskin in eloquence, of Dunbar, Swift, and Richter in humour It was Carlyle's individuality that made him the force that he was during his lifetime, it is that individuality which will cause him to be resorted to in the future for consolution and stimulus He has since his death been revealed, in all his weakness as well Yet of none of the sons of as all his strength letters may the British nation be more whole heartedly proud, because none had a higher conception of his calling, none more thoroughly carried into action his own gospel that 'no mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something, he knows not what mischief he does, past computation, scattering words without meaning, to afflict the whole world yet before they cease.'

## Life in Dumfriesshire

CRAIGI IPLTTOCK 25th September 1828

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say n few words about both, while there is still room left Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but tifteen nules to the north west of it, among the granite fulls and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a track of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea mews and rough woolled sheep Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling, here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden, we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation Iwo ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain-six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St Pierre My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result came licre solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to seeme the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own, here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zeilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimer And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of Freuch, German, American, and Linglish journals and penodiculs—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lick I rom some of our heights I can desery, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his komans left a camp belind them At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me so one must let time work But whither am I wander ing? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it, at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an Essay on Burns Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of persant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wreeked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796 We Luglish, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that haed for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light (From letter to Goethe)

(r tom leder to obtine

## Reminiscence of Craigenputtock.

We went over often from Craigenputtock (to Templand) were always a most welcome arrival, surprise oftenest, and our bits of visits, which could never be prolonged, were uniformly pleasant on both sides. One of our chief pleasures, I think almost our chief, during these moor land years. Oh those pleasant gig drives, in fine leafy twilight, or deep in the night sometimes, ourselves two alone in the world, the good 'Larry' faring its (rather too light for the job, but always soft and willing), how they rise on me now, benignantly luminous from the bosom of the grim dead night! Night! what would I give for one, the very worst of them, at this moment? Once we had gone to Dumfries, in a soft misty December day (for a portrait which my darling wanted, not of her self I), a bridge was found broken as we went down. brook unsafe by night, we had to try 'Cluden (Lower Cairn) Water' road, as all was mist and pitch darkness, on our return, road unknown except in general, and drive like no other in my memory Cairn lioarsely

roaring on the left (my darling s side), 'Larry,' with but one lamp-candle (for we had put out the other, lest both might fall done), bending always to be straight in the light of that, I really anxious, though speaking only hopefully, my darling so full of trust in me, really happy and opulently interested in these equipments, in these poor and dangerous circumstances how opulent is a nobly royal heart! She had the worthless 'portrait' (pencil sketch by a wandering German, announced to us by poor and hospitable Mrs Richardson, once a 'novelist' of mark, much of a gentlewoman and well loved by us both) safe in her reticule, 'better far than none,' she clieerfully said of it, and the price, I think, had been 5s, fruit of her thrift too -well, could California have made me and her so rich, had I known it (sorry gloomy mortal) just as she did? To noble hearts such wealth is there in poverty itself, and impossible without poverty! I saw ahead, high in the mist, the minarets of Dunscore Kirk, at last, glad sight, at Mrs Broatch's cosy rough inn, we got 'Larry' fed, ourselves dried and refreshed (still seven miles to do, but road all plain), and got home safe, after a pleasant day, in spite of all Then the drive to Bore land once (George Welsh's, 'Uncle George,' youngest of the Penfillans), heart of winter, intense calm frost, and through Dumfries, at least thirty five miles for poor 'Larry' and us, very beautiful that too, and very strange, past the base of towering New Abbey, huge ruins, pierc ing grandly into the silent frosty sunset, on this hand, despicable cowhouse of Presbyterian kirk on that hand (sad new contrast to Devorgilla's old bounty), &c., &c. -of our drive home again I recollect only her invincible contentment, and the poor old cotter woman offering to warm us with a flame of dry broom, 'A'll licht a bruim coucy, if ye ll please to come in!' Another time we had gone to Dumfries Cattle Show (first of its race, which are many since), a kind of lark on our part, and really entertaining, though the day proved shockingly wet and muddy, saw various notabilities there-Sir James Grahame (buddish, proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards alter our opinion much), Ramsay Macculloch (in sky-blue coat, shruingly on visit from London), &c., &c., with none of whom, or few, had we right (or wish) to speak, abundantly occu pied with seeing so many fine specimens, biped and quadruped (From Renuniscences, vol. u.)

## The Philosophy of Clothes.

It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell strip him of girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner, nay, his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man milliner, he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rain proof court suit on his body, wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection, nav, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting While I-good Heaven 1-have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entralls of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts, and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself auew, day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness. some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed off into the Ash pit, into the Laystall, till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust making, patent Rag grinder, get new material to grind down O subter brutish 1 vale 1 most vile 1 For have not I too a compact all enclosing skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then, or a tightly articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive? Strange enough how creatures of the human kind shnt their eyes to plainest facts, and by the mere mertia of Oblivion and Stapidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard, much readier to feel and digest, than to think and con Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver, mere use and wont everywhere leads him by the nose, thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen twice, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold mantled Prince or russet jerkined peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible, that he is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by fore thought sew and button them For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and man kind, almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is some thing great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages, and sees indeed that he is naked, and as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs,' yet also a Spirit, and unutter able Mystery of Mysteries

(From Sartor Resartus, Book I Chap viil.)

## Sentence on King Louis

Eye witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it,-a seeme protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,-as one Long night of the strangest seen in the Revolution wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces, and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune steps, pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate word, then diving down into the dusk and throng again Phantoms in the hour of midnight, most spectral, pan demonial 1 Never did President Vergniand, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts, the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken Death, Banish ment, Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death, with what cautious well studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy Many too say, Banishment, something short of Death The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows, irrepressible by Ushers The poor Grondins, many of them, under such herce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death, justifying, motirant, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and Vergmand himself says, Death, justifying by jesuitry Rich Lepelletier Saint Fargean had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Lest Side, in the Constituent, and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a httle, against Capital Punishment nevertheless he now says, Death, a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last, but he has been sinking and backslid ing ever since September and the scenes of September In the Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour, he says now, Banishment, and in mute wrath quits the place forever,-much hustled in the corridors Philippe Egulité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shakes its head and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful, his speech is long the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend, hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, 'La Mort sans phrase, Death vitliout phrases;' and fares onward and downward Most spectral, pandemonial! And yet if the Reader fancy it of a finnereal, sorrowful, or even grive charac ter, he is far mistaken 'the Ushers in the Mountain quarter,' says Mereier, 'had become as Box keepers at the Opera,' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for 'D'Orleans Egalite's mistresses,' or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor Gallant Deputies pass and repass thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small talk, the high dizened heads beck responsive, some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of Rouge et Noir Tarther aloft reigns Mere Duchesse with her unronged Amazons, she cannot be prevented making long Ha has, when the vote is not La Mort In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy, 'as in open tavern, en pleine tabagie ' Betting goes on in all coffee houses of the neighbourhood But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages, lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game have fallen asleep, Ushers come and awaken them to vote other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamplight, ufter from this Tribune, only one word Death 'Tout est optique,' says Mercier 'The world is all an optical shadow' Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets, in 'nightgown and nightcap,' to vote for Mercy one vote it is thought may turn the scale. Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergniand, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say 'I declare, in the name of the Convention, that, the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death ' Death by a small majority of Fifty three Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but one.

(From The French Revolution, Book II Chap vil.)

### Pig Philosophy

Pig propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows

- I The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immersurable Swine's trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds,—especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs
- 2 Moral evil is unattrinability of Pig's wash, moral good, attrinability of ditto
- 3 What is Paradise or the State of Innocence? Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, vas (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited Attainability of Pig's wash, perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that the Pig's imagination could not outrun reality a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now sec
- 4 'Define the Whole Duty of Pigs.' It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and in crease that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither and thither only, Pig Science, Pig Enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.
- 5 Pig Poetry ought to consist of the universal recognition of the excellence of Pig's wash and ground barley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough Hrumph!
- 6 The Pig knows the weather, he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be
- 7 'Who made the Pig?' Unknown, -- perhaps the Porl butcher
- 8 'Have you Law and Justice in Pigdom?' Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one Pig provoke another comes out in a more or less destructive manner hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's wash, and rum (temporary rum) to large sections of the universal Swine's trough wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarrelling be avoided
- 9 'What is justice?' Your own share of the general Swine's trough, not any portion of my share
- 10 'But what is 'my' share?' Ah! there in fact lies the grand difficulty, upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My share—hrimph'—my share is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gibbets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which Lawyers have presented.
- 11 'Who are Lawyers?' Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal Commandment of God in reference to the minual claims of his creatures in this world
- 12 'Where do they find that written?' In Coke upon Lyttelton
- 13 'Who made Coke?' Unknown the maker of Coke's wig is discoverable—'What became of Coke?' Died—'And then?' Went to the undertaker, went to the——But we must pull np Sauerteig's fierce himour, confounding ever farther in his haste the four footed with the two footed animal, rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch dancing, and threatens to

end in a universal Rape of Wigs, which in a person of his character looks ominous and dangerous. Here, for example, is his fifty first 'Proposition,' as he calls it

51 'What are Bishops?' Overseers of souls.—'What is a soul?' The thing that keeps the body alive —'How do they oversee that?' They tic on a kind of aprons, publish charges, I believe they pray dreadfully, mace rate themselves nearly dead with continual grief that they cannot in the least oversee it —'And are much honoured?' By the wise very much

52 'Define the Church' I had rather not — Do you believe in a Tuture State?' Yes, surely — 'What is it?' Heaven, so-called — 'To everybody?' I under stand so, hope so!— 'What is it thought to be?' Hrumph! 'No Hell, then, at all?' Hrumph

(From Latter Day Pamphlets Jesuitism.)

## English and American Idols

Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, twitted me with the multifarious patented anomalies of overgrown worth less Dukes, Bishops of Durham, &c , which poor English Society at present labours under, and is made a solecism To which what answer could I make, except that snrely our patented anomalics were some of them extremely light, and yet, alas, that they were not the ugliest! I said 'Have you also overgrown anomalous Dukes after a sort, appointed not by patent? Over grown Monsters of Wealth namely, who have made moncy by dealing in cotton, dealing in bicon, jobbing scrip, digging metal in California, who are become glittering man mountains filled with gold and preciosi ties, revered by the surrounding flunkeys, invested with the real powers of sovereignty, and placedly admitted by all men, as if Nature and Heaven land so appointed it, to be in a sense god like, to be royal, and fit to shine in the firmament, though their real worth is-what? Brick, do you know where human creatures reach the supreme of ugliness in idols? It were hard to know! We can say only, All idols have to tumble, and the hugest of them with the heaviest fall that is our chief comfort, in America as here. The Idol of Somnauth, a mere mass of coarse crockery, not worth five shillings of anybody's money, sat like a great staring god, with two diamonds for eyes, worshipped by the neighbouring black populations, a terror and divine mystery to all mortals, till its day came. Till at last, victorious in the name of Allah, the Commander of the Faithful, riding up with grim battle axe and heart full of Moslem fire, took the liberty to smite once, with right force and rage, said ugly mass of idolatrous crockery, which thereupon shivered, with unmelodious crash and jingle, into a heap of ugly potsherds, yielding from its belly half a wagon load of gold coins You can read it in Gibbon-probably, too, in Lord Ellenborough The gold coins, the diamond eves, and other valuable extrinsic parts were carefully picked up by the Faithful, confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds was left lying, -and the Idol of Somnauth once showing what it vas, had suddenly come to a conclu Thus end all Idols, and intrinsically worthless man mountains never so illuminated with diamonds, and filled with precious metals, and tremulously worshipped by the neighbouring flunkey populations, black or white,even thus, sooner or later, without fail, and are shot hastily, as a heap of potsherds, into the highway, to be crunched under wagon wheels, and do Macadam a little service, being clearly abolished as gods, and hidden from

men's recognition, in that or other capacities, forever and a day 1 You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal friend. suffrage, not by patent The express nonsense of old Feudalism, even now, in its dotage, is nothing to the involuntary nonsense of modern Anarchy called 'Free dom,' 'Republicanism,' and other fine names, which expresses itself by supply and demand! Consider it a little. The Bishop of our Diocese is to me an incredible man, and has, I will grant you, very much more money than you or I would now give him for his work. One does not even read those Charges of his, much preferring speech which is articulate. In fact, being intent on a quiet life, you generally keep on the other side of the hedge from him, and strictly leave him to his own fate. Not a credible man, -perhaps not quite a safe man to be concerned with? But what think you of the 'Bobus of Houndsditch' of our parts? He, Sausage maker on the great scale, knows the art of cutting fit bacon, and exposing it seasoned with gray pepper to advantage Better than any other man he knows this art, and I take the liberty to say it is a poor one Well, the Bisliop has an income of five thousand pounds appointed him for his work, and Bobus, to such a length has he now pushed the trade in sausages, gains from the nniversal suffrage of men's souls and stomachs ten thousand a year by it. A poor art, this of Bobus's, I say, and worth no such recompense. For it is not even good sausages he makes, but only extremely vendible ones, the cunning dog 1 Judges pronounce his sausages bad, and at the cheap price even dear, and finer palates, it is whispered, have detected alarming symptoms of horse flesh, or worse, under this cunningly-devised gray pepper spice of his, so that for the world I would not eat one of his sausages, nor would you You perceive he is not an excellent honest sausage maker, but a dishonest cunning and scan dalous sausage maker, worth, if he could get his deserts, who shall say what? Probably certain shillings a week, say forty, possibly (one shudders to think) a long round in the treadmill, and stripes instead of shillings! And yet what he gets, I tell you, from universal suffrage, and the unshackled ne plus ultra republican justice of man kind, is twice the income of that anomalous Bishop you were talking of! The Bishop I for my part do much The Bishop has human sense and prefer to Bobus breeding of various kinds, considerable knowledge of Greek, if you should ever want the like of that, know ledge of many things, and speals the English language in a grammatical manner. He is bred to courtesy, to dignified composure, as to a second nature, a gentleman every fibre of him, which of itself is something very considerable. The Bishop does really diffuse round him an influence of decorum, conrteous patience, solid adherence to what is settled, teaches practically the necessity of 'consuming one's own smoke,' and does practically in his own case burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of man in several particulars While Bobus, for twice the annual money, brings sausages, possibly of horseflesh, cheaper to market than another! Briek, if you will reflect, it is not 'aristocratic England,' it is the United Postcrity of Adam, who are grown, in some essential respects, stuplder than barbers' blocks. Barbers' blocks would at least say nothing, and not elevate, by their universal suffrages, an unfortunate Bobus to that bad height. (From Latter Day Pamphlets Hudson's Statue)

#### The Battle of Torgau.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it Close ahead of Mollendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Mollendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south west corner of Siptitz Height. South west corner, highest point of it, summit and key of all that Battle area, rules it all, if you get cannon thither It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Rohr graben, where this Mollendorf Austrian fight begins, but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle, Domitsch Wood the crupper part, summit of the Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep -it is here (on the southern saddle flap, so to speak), gradually mounting to the crupper and pommel part, that the agony now is And here in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hulsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire, 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums,-Prussian march, rat tat tan, sharply through the gloom of Chros in that manner, and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Mollendorl's, to Ziethen's, left and the saddle flap there, and fall on The night is pitch dark, says Archenholtz, you cannot see your hand before Old Hulsen's bridle horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off no horse left, and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon, and so rides, and arrives, right welcome the sight of lum, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour and more About 9 at night all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, castward Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10) and that all important pointiel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled them selves in a kind of half moon shape, close on the suburbs of forgau, the Prussians in a parallel half moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time, not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him, that he will have to send a second Courier to And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all aeross and standing With excellent despatch and order Daun on wheels winds himself across,-all of him that is still coherent, and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle field, wander ing Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,-and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected 8000 m all On Torgau field behind that final Prussian half moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground, not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if neces sary, waiting on them and on the happier that were 'Unutterable!' says Archenholtz, who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village The living wandered about in gloom and uncer tainty, lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it water was a priceless luxnry, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff officers seeking to reform their Bat talions, to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory, 'but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word of command saw itself futile? Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground transpled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn further back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather. 'Peace and truce between us, to morrow morning, we will see which are prisoners, which are captors.' So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

(From History of Friedrich II of Prussia, called Frederick the Great, Book XX. Chap. v)

The leading authorities on Carlyle are his works, of several of which numerous editions have been published some of them elaborately annotated, such as Dr J H Rose's French Revolution (1992) and J A G Barretts Sartor Resartus Renamiscences of Thomas Carlyle (two editions, Fronde's and Norton's), Fronde's Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of his Life 1795-1835 (published in 1882), the same author's Thomas Carlyle, a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881 (published in 1884), Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle (1883) Corre spondence between Carlyle and Emerson, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1883) Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1886, second series, 1888) and Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1887). Of the innumerable other biographies of and works dealing with Carlyle which have been published, there may be mentioned Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books, by W H Wylie (1881), Bibliog raphy of Carlyle, by R. Shepherd (1881) volumes of the 'reminiscences order by Rev Moncure D Conway (1881) and Professor Masson (1885) books by Dr Richard Garnett (1887) Professor Nichol (English Men of Letters series, 1892) Hector Macpherson (1896) and G. K. Chesterton (1902), Mrs. Oliphaut's article in Macmillan's Magazini. April 1881. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Conversations with Carlyle (1892) Life of Mrs Carlyle by Mrs Ireland (1891), and Early Letters of here edited by D G Ritchie (1891) and Mr Fronde and Carlyle by David Wilson (1898). New Letters and Memori ils of Mrs Carlyle (2 vols. 1903), edited by Mr Alexander Carlyle revived, in Carlyle's favour the controversy as to the domestic relations (see FROUDE) Sir James Crichion Browne insisting on Mrs Carlyle's neurosthenia. And Mr Alexander Carlyle further published New Letters of Thomas Carlyle (2 vols. 1904). Among countless estimates are Taines in his History of English Literature Scherce's, in Essays in English Literature Sir Leshe Stephens in Hours in a Library W C. Brownells, in Victorian Prose Masters R H Huttons in Contemporary Thought Edward Caird's in Essays in Literature John Tyn dall's in New Fragments Minor inaccurreies in his works have been pointed out, as by Mr Oscar Browning in The Flight to Varennes (1892) The best known German books are-Fischer, Thomas Cartyle (Leipzig, 1881) Engen Oswald, T C, Ein I ebensbild und Goldkörner aus Seinen Weiken (Leipzig, 1882), Flugel, T Carlyles religiose und sittliche Entwickeling und Weltauschaumig (Leipzig 1887), Von Schultze Gavernitz, Carlyles Welt und Gesellschaftsanchaumg (Dresden 1893)

#### WILLIAM WALLACE

Thomas Wright (1810-77), born near Ludlow of Quaker parentage, graduated at Trinity, Cambridge, and in 1836 commenced man of letters in London Elected FSA in 1837, he helped to found the Camden, Percy, and Shakespeare Societies and the Archeological Association. He published upwards of eighty works, several of them on medical England in various aspects, linguistic, social, and other. He wrote on sorcery and magic, on womankind in Western Europe, on caricature. The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon is one of his best known works, there were also a Biographia

Britannica Literaria (1842-46), his dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English, and his edition of the Anglo Latin twelfth century satirists, be sides Archaelogical Essays, Wanderings of an Antiquary, and many others

Thomas Crofton Croker (1798-1854) was a diligent collector of the folklore, poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland A native of Cork, he was apprenticed in 1814 to a Quaker merchant, and four years later got an Admiralty clerkship through John Wilson Croker, a friend, but no relation, of his father's This post he retained till 1850 1824 appeared his Researches in the South of Ireland, in 1825-27, Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland And amongst his other works were Legends of the Lakes (1828), Daniel O'Rourke (1829), Barney Mahones (1832), My Village versus Our Village (1832), Popular Songs of Ireland (1839), and Historical Songs of Ireland (1841) The tales of Barney Mahoney and My Village are his most original works, and neither is of supreme excellence. Miss Mitford no doubt occasionally dressed her village en vaudeville, but Croker in his village errs on the opposite side-producing a series of Dutch paintings too little relieved by imagination or passion is happiest among the funciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, or chronicling the peculi arities of his countrymen, their humours, their superstitions, their attractive and entertaining unconventionality

William Barnes (1800-86), foremost of English dialect poets, was probably England's truest pastoral poet, and was a lyrist of real power Sprung of good old yeoman stock, he was born at Rushay in the north east angle of Dorsetslire, and from school at Sturminster passed into a local solicitor's office By 1820 he was practising woodengraving, studying languages, and writing verses in Dorchester In 1822 he published Orra, a Lapland Tale, and in 1823 began schoolmaster's work at Mere in Wilts, transferred in 1835 to Dorchester A few years later his name was on the books of St. John's, Cambridge (whence in 1850 he had the degree of BD), and, ordained in 1847, added to his school duties a curicy at Whitcomb, three niles from Dorchester From 1862 he was rector of Winterborne Came, within two miles of Dorchester, and there the rest of his life was spent time he had been making himself widely known by his fine idyllic poetry in the Dorsetshire dialect, 'the bold and broad Done of England' His first volume of poems appeared in 1844, the second, the well known Havomely Rhymes, in 1859, the third in 1862, the three, collected together in 1879, and published as Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, are marked by strughtforward simplicity and sincerity of style, with rire imaginative insight into the simple joys and sorrows of country life. But his sympathetic affection for the human life that 'clothes the soil' is paralleled by his patience in observing the quiet life of nature. and his power of reproducing artistically for others the impression it makes upon the mind. sweet air of southern England blows through every stanza lie writes, and lias liad a charm of quite singular influence on thousands who liave seen Dorsetshire but with the inward eye. His verses are none the less artistic that the art is all un conscious, and none the less attractive that the representation of man and nature in them is within its limits completely true, it need not be matter of complaint that he had eyes rather for the pathos and beauty of country life than for its squalor and misery He did not even take all Dorsetshire for his province, as Mr Hirdy his pointed out, the chief scenes of his poetic inspiration were confined to the north and north west of the county, to 'the secluded vale of Blackmore, whose margin formed the horizon of his boyhood? But though his world was Dorsetshire, he was emphatically a man of exceptional culture, it is odd to have proof that the Dorsetshire Burns, the Wessey Theoritus, was consciously and largely—if not very visibly—influ enced by the poetry of the learned humanist, Petrarch, and the philosophical Persian, Sadi. 'Ten in our Professor Palgrave said of him time equal him in variety and novelty of motive, in quantity of true, sweet inspiration and musical None have surpassed him in exquisite verse wholeness and unity of execution?

Barnes made himself well known also by his chivalrous attempt to preserve the purity of the mother-tongue He was an eager philologist, read French and Italian from his wonth up, mastered Welsh, Russi in, Hebrew, Hindustani, and Persian, but as early as 1849 published an Anglo-Saxon His Outline of English Speech craft delectus (1878) is an attempt to teach the English language in purely English words and to inspire abhorrence of Latinisms His so-called English substitutes for customary 'foreign' words can hardly be accounted happy, language is 'speech craft,' tenses are 'time takings,' adjectives are 'mark-words of sucliness,' degrees of comparison are 'pitchmarks,' and sentences like 'These pitchmarks offmark sundry things by their sundry suchnesses' make large demands He wrote several upon the reader's ingenuity works of value on philological subjects, and kept up an active interest in the progress of English scholarship almost till his death at the ape age of eighty-six.

## Evenen in the Village

Now the light o' the west is a turn'd to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome vrom ground,
An' the bells be a zenden all down the Coombe,
From tower, their mwonnsome sound
An the wind is still,

An' the wind is still,
An' the house dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a vied to the elems high an' dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickeren light drough the window peane
Vrom the candle's dull fleame do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a gone down leane,
A playen his shrill valced flute
An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his cider can

#### May

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring t' 'tis May,
The trees be green, the yields be gay,
The weather's warm, the winter blast,
Wi' all his trun o' clouds, is past,
The zun do rise while yo'k do sleep,
To teake a higher daily zweep,
Wi' cloudless feace a flingen down
His sparklen light upon the groun'

The air's a streamen soft-come drow The windor open, let it blow In drough the house, where vire, an' door A shut, kept out the ewold avore Come, let the vew dull embers die, An' come below the open sky, An' wear your best, vor fear the groun' In colours gay mid sheame your gown An' goo an' rig wi' me a mile Or two up over geate an' stile, Drough zunny parrocks that do lead, Wi' crooked hedges, to the mead, Where elems high, in steately ranks, Do rise vrom yollow conslip banks, An' blrds do twitter vrom the spray O' bushes deck'd wi' snow white may, An' gil'cups, wi' the deaisy bed, Be under ev'ry step you tread

We'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look All down the thickly timber'd nook, Out where the squier's house do show His grey wall'd peaks up drough the row O' sheady elems, where the rook Do build her nest, an' where the brook Do creep along the meads, an' lie To catch the brightness o' the sky, An' cows, in water to their knees, Do stan' a whisken off the viees

Mother o' blossoms, and ov all
That's fear a yield vrom Spring till Fall,
The gookoo over white weav'd seas
Do come to zing in thy green trees,
An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,
Do gleam the mwost by thy gay light.
Oh! when, at last, my fleshly cyes
Shall shut upon the vields an' skies,
Mid zummer's zunny days be gone,
An' winter's clouds be comen on
Nor mid! draw upon the e'th,
O' thy sweet ar my leätest breath,
Alassen! mid want to stay
Behine for thee, O flow'ry May!

The Life of Barnes is by his daughter, Mrs Baxter (\*Leader Scott 1887) the obition; appreciation in the Athenaum (Oct 16, 1886) was by Mr Thomas Hard;

Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne (1803-1884) was born in London, and died at Margate at the age of eighty-one, after many picturesque adventures in life and letters. He was educated at Sandhurst for the East India Company's service, but did not get a nomination, his youth was spent in quest of danger by sea and land As a Mexican midshipman he went through the Mexican war, and he toyed with death in the form of sharks, shipwreck, mutiny, fire, and Returning to England, he began vellou fever his poetic career by contributing in 1828 a long poem entitled 'Hecatompylos' to the Athenaum Angrily ambitious, he made many enemies by his Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public (1833), in which he attacked literary middlemen, and laid the-foundations of that edifice of Ishmaelitism in which he lived for half a century. His fame, indeed, was largely due to his pugnacity. He is best known by Orron, an 'epic poem' which he published in 1843, 'price one farthing' It soon went through six editions, the author having aroused public curiosity by the eccentricity of his contempt for public taste. The antithesis between the poem and its price is not great. It is an allegory, not an epic. Allegory is a theme for prose, not for poetry Who cares a straw for the allegorical element in Dante, in Spenser's Facrie Queene, or in Tennyson's Idylls? The greatest allegory in the world is The Pilgrini's Progress, it is written in prose, and could not have been written in poetry Orion is supposed to illustrate the growth of a poet's mind by means of abstract ideas embodied in persons taken from the Greek mythology Abstraction is piled on abstraction, incongruity on incongruity When Wordsworth tried to record in The Prelude 'the origin and progress of his own powers,' he spoke directly, and not through a mist of myth Horne'ş temper ıs not poetic. He has no vitalising imagination, no sense of verbal beauty, no personal vision vague poetic diction has all the qualities of verse He is often eloquent, graceful, except poetry vigorous, but he never crosses the magical border that separates the imitator from the creator chief plays, Cosmo de Medici, The Death of Marlowe, and Judas Iscarrot, are undistinguished Among his voluminous miscellanies The New Spirit of the Age (1844) is interesting only because Miss Barrett (afterwards Mrs Browning) assisted in its production His best line is

There's always morning somewhere in the world

In 1852 he went with William Howitt to Australia, where he was for a time a magistrate, and it was on his return in 1869 that 'Hengist' took the place of 'Henry' in his name.

See Athenaum, March 1884 Mary Howitt's Autobiography Mr Buxton Forman's Memoir and selections in The Poets and the Poets of the Nineteenth Century and Mr A H Bullen's article in Dictionary of National Biography

JAMES DOUGLAS

Robert Smith Smitces (1802-64), of Ham sterley Hall, Durham, the representative of an ancient county family, started in life as a solicitor in London, and, being unsuccessful in his business, took to sporting journalism, and in 1831 became editor of the new Sporting Magazine columns he developed the character of John Jorrocks, a parvenu I ondon grocer with an ambition to shine as a Master of Foxhounds, and pub lished a collection of these articles under the title of Jorrocks's Jaunts (1838) Lockhart, who was taken by the book, suggested that the author should write a novel, and Surtees, who had now succeeded to the ancestral estate, took the advice and brought out his series of sporting novels, of which the best known are Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour (1853), Handles Cross, or the Spa Hunt (1854), Ask Mamma (1858), Plain or Ringlets? (1860), and Mr Farey Romford's Hounds (1865) They are jovial and rollicking, but rather vulgir, and one would need to be a wearer of the red coat and top boots to appreciate them to the full saving feature is their coloured etchings and other illustrations in John Leech's best style

The other Robert Surtees (1779-1834) Scott's antiquarian friend was also a squire in Durham educated at Christ Church, Oxford, who wrote a history of his county and contributed (as nuclent) to Scott's Hinstielly his own 'Barthram's Dirge and The Death of Featherstonehaugh.

George Outram (1805-56), author of 'The Annuity, and probably the first in Scotland, since the days of Sir Richard Mutland, to turn the dry processes of law to poetic account, was born at Clyde Ironworks, Glasgon, of which his father was the managing partner. Benjamin Outram the famous civil engineer, was his uncle, and Sir James Outiam, one of the defenders of Lucknow, his Educated at Edinburgh, he was called to the Bar there in 1827, and gained considerable repute in practice as a chamber counsel years later he became editor of the Glasgov Herald, and he retained this position, as well as that of part-proprietor of the paper, till his death A close friend of Professor Wilson, Outrim col laborated in the production of the Dies Borialis, which followed the more famous Noctes 1mbro His Legal Lyrus were first printed privately in 1851, and afterwards published with a biography in 1874 and 1888. His best piece is 'The Annuity,' justly reputed for its vein of peculiar dry humour A reply in similar vein, 'The Annuitant's Answer,' was written by Outram's friend, Dr Robert Chambers

### The Annuity

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to me—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity
Her grief brak' out sac fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst its shell,
And—I was sac left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity

The bargain lookit fair encueli—
She just was turned o' saxty three,
I couldn't guessed she'd prove sac teach
By human ingenuity
But years hac come and years hac gane,
An' there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The lumnier's growin' young again
Since she got her annuity

She's erined awa' to brine and skin,
But that, it seems, is nought to me—
She's like to live although she's in
The last stage of tennity
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stimps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes
Lo ca' for her annuity

I read the tables drawn we care

l or an insurance company

Iler chance o' life was stated there

We perfect perspicinty

But tables here, or tables there,

She's lived ten years beyond her share,

An's like to live a down mair,

lo ca for her annuity

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast,
I thought a kind might set me free
I led her out 'mang snaw and frost,
We constant assiduity
But deal may care! the blast gaed by
And missed the auld anatomy,
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity

If there's a sough of cholera
Or typhus who see gleg as she?
She buys up boths an' drugs an a'
In siecan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof.
The pest gred ower her very roof.
She taild me sae, an' then her loof.
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak'—
A compound fracture as could be.
Not been the cure wad undertak'
Whate'er was the gratuity
It's cured! She handles't like a flail
It does as weel in bits as hale
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be,
She beats the tacds that lives in stanes,
An fatten in vacuity
They die when they 're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere,
But her '—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity

The water drup wears out the rock,
As this eternal juid wears ine,
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity

It's pay me here, an' pay me there, An' pay me, pay me everman, I'll gang dimented wi' despair— I'm charged for her annuity

Henry Glassford Bell (1805-74) was one of the younger men of the coterie in Edinburgh who gathered about 'Christopher North,' and he was immortalised by that writer as 'Tallboys' in the famous Noctes Ambrosiana Born in Glasgow, and son of a Glasgow advocate, he was educated in Edinburgh, and for some years devoted himself to a life of letters there. He wrote for Constable's Miscellany a 'Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots,' which was translated into several languages, and lie established and edited with much success for three years the Edinburgh Literary Journal He printed privately a volume of Poems in 1824, but his first published volume, Summer and Winter Hours, appeared in 1831 My Old Portfolio, a collection of pieces in prose and verse, was published in the following year. In this year also he was admitted to the Scottish Bar, at which he soon distinguished himself. As a junior counsel in the famous trial of the Glasgow cotton spinners he attracted the notice of Sheriff Alison the historian, and in consequence was appointed a Sheriff Substitute of Lanarkshire in 1839 Twentyeight years later, on the death of Alison, he became Sheriff-Principal In various fields of letters his work ran to twelve volumes, and at the time of his death he was engaged on an edition of the poems of David Gray remembered, however, by the best poem of his early years, it is probable that many one their impression of the luckless Scottish queen, Mary, less to the pages of actual history than to a couple of works of imagination-Scott's Abbot and Bell's Mary Queen of Scots

#### From Mary Queen of Scots'

The scenc was changed —It was an eve of raw and surly mood,

And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood

Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds

That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds

The touch of care had blanched her cheek, her smile was sadder now,

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow,

And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,

The Stuart sceptre well she swaved, but the sword she could not wield

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play

The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,

The songs perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,

They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.

But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas battle cry!

They come, they come! and lol the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!

Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam—her words, her prayers are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!

Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling

'Now for my father s arm,' she said, 'my woman's heart farewell'

The scene was changed —It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,

And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she sliould stoop to sign

The trutorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.

'My lords, my lords' the captive cried, 'were I but once more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,

And once more reign a Stuart queen, o er my remorseless foes '

A red spot burned upon her cheek, streamed her rich tresses down,

She wrote the words, she stood ercet—a queen without a crown!

Philip Meadows Taylor (1808-76), the son of a Liverpool merchant descended from the original John Taylor of Norwich (see Vol II p 712), was born at Liverpool, and held a mercantile post in Calcutta, but still a boy, he obtained a commission in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and served him from 1826 as a skilful, strong, but kindly administrator, for savage chaos substituting order, for barbaric tyranny even handed justice, during the Mutiny he succeeded in maintaining peace. After the Mutiny the British Government gave him charge of some of the ceded districts of the Deccan, in 1860 he came home a colonel, and was created CSI He has left vivid pictures of Indian lustory, life, and manners in his romances—Confessions of a Thing (1839, new ed 1858), Tippoo Sultaun (1840), Tara (1863), Ralph Darnell (1865), Secta (1873), and A Noble Queen (1878) The Confissions of a Thug especially may almost be said to do for a phase of Indian life (happily extinct) what Hajji Baba did for Persia, without special charm of style, Taylor fascinates by the inevitable truth of his story, and surrounds his stay at-home renders with a central Indian atmosphere full of strangeness and terror His Story of my Life (1877, new ed 1881) is only less fascinating than his best romances, themselves largely founded on fact

## Charles Robert Darwin,

naturalist and evolutionist thinker, was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th of February 1809, in the same year, therefore, as Tennyson, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, and Oliver Wendell Holmes He had a rich intellectual inheritance grandfither, Dr Erasmus Darwin (see Vol I p 572), one of the pioneers of the Evolution Theory, was a man of great originality, a shrewd observer, and a poctic genius, with-by the way -nother famous grandson, Mr Francis Galton, his father, Dr Robert Waring (1766-1848), was a wise physician, noted for his discernment-the most acute observer, his son said, 'whom I ever saw, and of a sceptical disposition, 'his mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood - It does not seem far fetched to say that Charles Darwin inherited something of the imagination of his grandfullers, tempered by his father's more sceptical tendency to keep close to facts. Apart from direct inheritance there must have been a scientific tridition in the family, and it is interesting to note that both in heritance and tradition have been sustained since

As a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, Charles Darwin seems to have been more interested in games than in books, but, as he says, 'the passion for collecting, which leads a min to be a systematic naturalist, a vartuoso, or a miser, was very strong m me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers had this taste. At the age of sixteen he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but soon displayed a much keener interest in marine zoology than in the conventional discipline of the medical school He was influenced by naturalists like Robert Grant and William Mac-Gillivray, and it is interesting to recall that he found opportunity to listen to some lectures by the American ornithologist Audubon, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where he heard Sir Walter Scott speak from the chair as President During his Edinburgh period he was much fonder of long walks and shooting than of receiving academic In 1828 he went to Cambridge instruction (Christ's), where he took a pass degree in 1831, having here again occupied himself more with sport and beetle collecting than with his examination subjects But it was during these three years, which he calls 'upon the whole the most joyful in my happy life,' that he came under Professor Henslow's potent influence, and began to become intimate with Professor Adam Sedgwick the geologist, with whom he went on a profitable geological excursion in North Wales It was in his last year at college that he read and was greatly impressed by Herschel's Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy, which 'stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science.' It was then, too, that he read Humboldt's Personal Narrative, which certainly helped to lead him to embrace |

with engerness one of the great opportunities of his life—the post of naturalist on the *Bearle*, a government vessel

This opportunity for *Il andergalice* came at an appropriate time in D irv m's life, and of the voyage of the Beagle (1831-36) he says that it was the far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind' To reason out for himself the geological structure of new regions, to try to account for the different forms of coral islands, to fice the actual facts of the geographical distribution of ruin ils, and to seek to realise the manifold complexity of life-and notably the 'adaptations' -which the long vovage brought under his observation these were real disciplines in scientific method, and it is instructive to observe how his keen love of sport waned before a stronger interest, which led to the acquisition of his characteristic habits of 'steadiness,' 'energetic industry,' and 'concentrated attention'. The voyage gave him a wealth of impressions, a detailed acquaintance with nature as it is, and a confidence in his own powers of scientific judgment. It was then, too, that he began to have 'orcasionally vague doubts' about the trustworthiness of the Linnern doging of the fixity of species Unfortunately, however, the voyage left permanent all effects on his health, though it is probably more accurate to say that the conditions of the voyage finoured, instead of inhibiting, the expression of constitutional disabilities. As far as science is concerned, it seems just to regard the cruise of the Beagle as the Columbus vovage of biology

When Darwin came home from his voyage (1836) his father exclaimed, 'Why, the shape of his head is quite altered,' it may be fairly said that he had found his purpose in life, and that his vouthful bent was now a strenuous passion. At the age of twenty-eight he was one of the best equipped naturalists of his day, he was rich in experience and in ideas, and he had developed that (as he called it) 'dogged' persistence of inquisitive inquiry which was one of his most outstanding intellectual characteristics. He had gained, more over, that marvellous realisation of complex interrelations which is conspicuous in all his work. Settling down for a couple of years in London, he devoted himself to working up his collections and observations, he opened in 1837 his 'first note book on Transmutation of Species,' his 'prime hobby, ' lie wrote his immortal Journal, contri buted various papers to societies, and became the friend of many eminent scientific men, such as These were years of hard Lvell and Hooker work, though scarcely a day passed without suffer-In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, to whose loving care of the great naturalist the world owes much

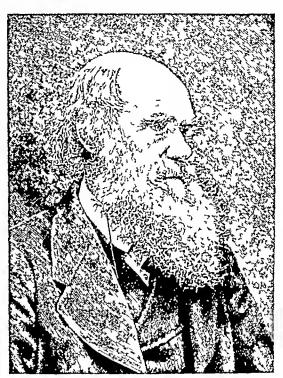
After 1842, when Darwin left London for Down, his life had in one sense few events, but, in another

sense, it was in his quiet country home that the eventful part of his life was lived It was there that he developed with persistent patience his evolution theory, which has revolutionised biology and changed the whole intellectual outlook of After a period of geological worknotably on coral reefs-Darwin gave himself for about eight years to monographing barnacles and acorn shells (Cirripedia)-an arduous task very valuable in itself, but even more valuable as training—'a piece of critical self discipline,' Huxley said, 'which manifested itself in everything he wrote afterwards, and saved him from endless errors of detail' All the time, however, he was pondering over his 'prime hobby,' the problem of the trans formation of species The famous and often quoted sentence is exceedingly characteristic 'After five years' work, I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes, these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to be probable, from that period to the present day (1859) I have steadily pursued the same object'

On 18th June 1858 Darwin received from Alfred Russel Wallace, who was exploring in the Malay Archipelago, a manuscript evolutionary essay, which agreed very closely with his own work, and the dramatic result, brought about by the counsel of Lyell and Hooker, was the famous joint-paper by Darwin and Wallace, On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties, and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Silection, read before the Linnean Society 1st July 1858 There has been nothing in the history of science more magnanimous than the harmonious co operation of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel As Professor E B Poulton says was sufficiently remarkable that two naturalists in widely separated lands should have independently arrived at the theory which was to be the turningpoint in the history of biology and of many other sciences—although such simultaneous discoveries have been known before, it was still more remarkable that one of the two should unknowingly have chosen the other to advise him upon the theory which was to be for ever associated with both their It was a magnificent answer to those who believed that the progress of scientific discovery implies continual jealousy and bitterness, that the conditions attending the first publication of the theory of natural selection were the beginning of a lifelong friendship and of mutual confidence and esteem'

In 1859 Darwin published The Origin of Spicies, which he justly called 'the chief work of my life.' Its complete title was On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. This great work was followed by the now familiar series. The Fertilisation of Orchids (1862), The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication (1868), The Descent of Man and Selection in

Relation to Sex (1871), The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals (1872), Insectivorous Plants (1875), Climbing Plants (1875), The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom (1876), Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the same Species (1877), The Power of Movement in Plants (1880), and The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms (1881) Darwin died suddenly, after a brief cardiac illness, on 19th April 1882. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, a few feet from the grave of another light bringer, Sir Isaac Newton To those who realise at all how much Darwin's



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

great life has meant to mankind, there is a sublime pathos in the simple words of retrospect which he appended to his autobiography. 'As for myself, I believe I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow creatures'

If one dare try to sum up the chief services which Darwin rendered to human thought, it seems that they were fourfold (a) By his scrupulously careful, thorough, and fair minded marshalling of the 'evidences' which suggest the doctrine of descent—the evolutionist interpretation or modal formula of the Becoming of the organic world—he gradually won the conviction of the great majority of thoughtful men. Aided by Spencer and Wallace, Huxley and Haeckel, he made an old and some what discredited suggestion current intellectual

com It is now an almost organic part of all our thinking (b) He applied the evolution idea to various sets of facts, such as the expression of the emotions and the development of instincts, and showed what a powerful intellectual organon it is (c) Along with Wallace, he formulated and developed the particular theory of Natural Selection as a directive factor in the evolution process (d) Apart from all theory, he disclosed a view of nature as a vast system of complex inter-relations—a web of life in which part is bound to part by vital bonds of adaptation and interdependence

More personally it may be noted that after Darwin went to Down he lived, while he was revolutionising biology, the quiet life of a country gentleman, interested in his garden and greenhouse, in his pigeons and poultry Happy in his family life, rich in his friends, unworried by pecuniary cares, master of his own time, undisturbed by interviewers, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to investigation and thought, hampered only by persistent ill health While he was doubtless wrong in explaining his success by saying, 'It's dogged that does it,' it was his pertinacious but never toilsome industry that enabled his fine brain to do so much as it did With the aid of his fascinating Life and Letters, we can see him, as in a Holbein picture, with all the paraphernalia of his daily pursuits round about him-his high chair, his orderly shelves, his torn-up reference books and periodicals, his portfolios of notes, his window sill laboratory, his yellow back novels! There was seldom a great life so devoid of little ness, seldom a record of thought so free from extravagance. According to his own account of his intellectual qualities in his charming auto biography, he had 'no great quickness of apprehension or wit,' 'a very limited power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought,' 'a memory extensive yet hazy,' 'a fair share of invention, and of common-sense or judgment,' an unusual power in 'noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully,' a great industry, 'the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed—that is, to group all facts under some general laws' All this is, of course, too splendidly modest, but there is, we think, more truth in it than in some of the culogies which make him out to have been an extraordinary genius Apart from an insight which cannot be explained, his chief intellectual qualities were simply those characteristic of the scientific mood at its best-a passion and reverence for facts, an innate repugnance to obscurity and verbalism, a highly developed cautiousness and honesty in coming to conclusions, and a marvellous sense of the inter-relations of things. It is with the utmost reverence that we would note that Darwin, like many other great men of science, had very little 'philosophical sense.' He was neither aware of nor interested in the philosophical, as distinguished from the scientific, point of view

kindliness, modesty, magnanimity, and devotion to truth made him, as Poulton says, 'so beloved by his circle of intimate friends that, through their contagious enthusiasm, and through the glimpses of his nature revealed in his writings, he was in all likelihood more greatly loved than any other man of his time by those who knew him not.'

In regard to the literary qualities of Darwin's voluminous writings, there is considerable discrepancy of opinion among those competen, to There are some who regard the Origin judge. of Species and the Descent of Man as fine illustra tions of English expository prose, but it seems probable that their opinion has been in some measure favourably biassed by their keen intel lectual delight in following the resistless argument. There are others who find the pages heavy and the periods inelegant, but it seems probable that their lack of appreciation is partly due to an absence of organic interest in the subject matter, and to the fitigue which the perusal of scientific discourse inevitably involves for those unfamiliar with the objective facts of nature. It must, we think, be admitted that Daiwin was so preoccupied with 'getting at the truth' that he thought little, if at all, about what we call artistic presentation. He was no stylist or rhetorician, he had very little of Huxley's gift of telling phrase or happy epigram, very little of Haeckel's power of expressing him self in picturesque and eloquently moving periods. He often doubles back to answer a possible object tion, and in his honesty mars his own sequence, he often overloads a sentence with a mass of detailed proof, he often introduces saving clauses which inhibit immediate conviction But these are the defects of his great qualities, he was working with big issues, he was dominated by the scientific mood, he did not seek to make points, but to present facts that made his points secure. His is the straightforward, direct, entirely unemo tional style of an advocate who has so much that is new and vital to say, that he cares little about details of elegance or immediate effectiveness thought 'long and intently about every sentence,' he worked most methodically from plan to sketch, from sketch to summary, from summary to the full text, and if the result did not always reward his pains, it is in any case immortal. 'There seems,' he says, 'to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down, but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately' But most of us would prefer Darwin's 'scribbling' to any amount of fine writing it is instinct with veracity

Considering the purpose of this article, we have thought it well to refer briefly to one of Darwin's

confessions, of which, perhaps, too much has been made by some who have sought to draw moral lessons from his life. Up to the age of thirty or more, Darwin found great pleasure in poetry, pictures, and music. During his last twenty or thirty years he lost these esthetic tastes, he could not endure to read a line of poetry, even Shakespearc's, music generally set him thinking too energetically on his work, fine scenery did not cause him the exquisite delight which it formerly Novels, on the other hand, even if only moderately good, were 'a wonderful relief and pleasure' to him, and history, biography, travels, and essays on all sorts of subjects interested him as much as ever they did. In his autobiography he discusses the 'atrophy' of his higher æsthetic tastes, and laments the loss of happiness involved and the possible injurious effects. It was doubtless too severe a self analysis to say, 'My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts,' but it may be allowed that the scientific mood became more and more dominant in his life. It should be remembered, however, that Darwin's working day, shortened by his ill health, was methodically filled up so as to secure the maximum output, and, as it seems to us, what he severely called 'atrophy' should be more generously regarded as the natural result of extreme preoccupation with great issues

The mass of literiture which may be called Darwinian is immense and continually increasing As Asa Gray said 'Dante literature and Shakespeare literature have been the growth of centuries, but Darwinism filled teeming catalogues during the lifetime of the author' Part of this literature consists of ill-judged criticisms on the part of men who did not understand the subject, or were prejudiced by emotional and other vested interests, this has now little more than historical interest, illustrating the difficulty many men find in changing their point of view, its output line rapidly decreased since the coming of age of the Origin of Species in the middle of the eighties A second portion of the Darwinian literature consists of careful and unprejudiced criticisms which have been of much service in the development of the theory of evolution To these Darwin paid courteous and scrupulous attention, and the minor changes in successive editions of his chief works are of much interest in this connection Thirdly, there are those works-eg of Herbert Spencer and August Weismann-which have added constructively to the Darwinian edifice. It would be interesting to show that evolutionist thought has had a marked influence on general literature, but this is implied in the fact that Darwin and his fellow workers were instrumental in changing man's whole intellectual outlook. On the other hand, it is a matter for regret that there have been so few modern attempts to give to the evolutionist's vision of the drinin of life that poetic expression which Goethe proved to be so splendidly possible.

## The Origin of Species

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms erawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these claborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction, Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction, Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse, a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the extinction of less improved forms Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of concciving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one, and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on accord lng to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a begin ning tudless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, cooked

(Conclusion of Origin of Species)

#### The Tree of Life

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species, and those produced during former years may represent the long succession of extinct species. As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever branching and beautiful ramifications.

(Conclusion of Chap IV of Origin of Species, 61h ed., pp. 104-105)

## Natural Selection

If under changing conditions of life organic beings present individual differences in almost every part of their structure, and this cannot be disputed, if there be, owing to their geometrical rate of increase, in severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot be disputed, then, considering the in finite complexity of the relations of all organic beingto each other and to their conditions of life, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, it would be a most extraordi unry fact if no variations had ever occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being ever do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life and from the strong principle of inheritance, these will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection

(Summary Chap IV of Origin of Species, 6th ed , pp. 100, 103.)

# The Struggle for Existence

Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult-at least I have found it so-than constantly to bear this conclu Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in sion in mind the mind, the whole economy of nature with every fact on distribution, rurity, abundance, extinction, and varia tion, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food, we do not see, or we forget, that the hirds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroy ing life, or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey, we do not always bear in mind that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all sersons of each recurring year I should premise that I use this term [Struggle for Existence] in a large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual but success in leaving When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply

(Origin of Species pp 49, 50, 61)

## Malthus and Darwinism.

In October 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic inquiry, I happened to read for amuse ment Malthus On Population and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work, but'I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I deter mined not for some time to write even the briefest In June 1842 I first allowed myself the sketch of it satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in thirty five pages, and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of two hundred and thirty pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess. (Life and Letters, yol 1)

## The 'Beagle' Voyage.

When I visited, during the voyage of H M S. Beagle, the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean about five hundred miles from the shore of South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, repules, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp song of the mocking thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion hawk, in the great candlestick like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and elimate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each suprrate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other The archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare

streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the cour e of their descent, and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and it would have thus remained for ever had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of Selection As soon as I had fully realised this idea, I saw, on reading Malthus On Population, that Natural Selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings, for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals

(Introduction to Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication)

## Adaptations and Inter-Relations

We see on every side of us innumerable adaptations and contrivances, which have justly excited in the mind of every observer the highest admiration I here is, for instance, a fly (Cecidomyia) which deposits its eggs within the stamens of a Scrophularia, and secretes a poison that produces a gall, on which the larva feeds, but there is another insect (Misocampus) which deposits its eggs within the body of the larva within the gall, and is thus nourished by its living prev, so that here a hymenopterous insect depends on a dipterous insect, and this depends on its power of producing a monstrous growth in a particular organ of a particular plant. So it is, in a more or less plainly marked manner, in thousands and tens of thousands of cases, with the lowest as well as the highest productions of nature.

(Introduction to Variation of Animals and Plants)

#### Cats and Olover

I find from experiments that humble bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (Viola tricolor), for other bees do not visit this flower I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover for instance, twenty heads of Dutch clover (Trafolium repens) yielded 2290 seeds, but twenty other heads protected from bees produced not one Again, one hundred heads of red clover (T pratense) produced 2700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed Humble bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble bees became extinct or very rure in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear number of humble bees in any district depends in great measure on the number of field nuce, which destroy now the number of mice is their combs and nests, largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district (Origin of Species, pp 57, 58)

#### Personal

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been—the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have in fluenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this ' (Life and Letters, vol 1.)

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin edited by his son, Mr Francis Darwin appeared in three volumes in 1887 Hore Letters, two volumes edited by Mr Darwin and Mr A C Seward followed in 1903 See the obtuary notices by Huxley in Aature (April 1886), Proc Rojal Soc (1888) and the Collected Essays vol ii., also, Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection by E B Poulton (1896) and the short Lives by Grant Allen (1885), G T Bettany (1837) and C. F Holder (1891)

J ARTHUR THOMSON

Alexander William Kınglake (1809-91), born at Wilton House near Taunton, from Eton passed in 1828 to Trinity College, Cambridge was called to the Bar in 1837, acquired a considerable Chancery practice, and retired in 1856 to devote himself to literature and politics. A tour about 1835 had already given birth to Löthen (1844), one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel Returned for Bridgwater as a Liberal in 1857, he took a prominent part against Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, and denounced the French annexation of Savoy was with the French army in Algiers in 1845, and in the Crimea, where he was present at the battle of the Alma, and made the intimate acquaintance of Lord Ragian It was at Lady Ragian's request that he undertook his Invasion of the Crimea its Origin, and its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan (8 vols 1863-87), largely based upon Lord Raglan's papers The work has been blamed as prejudiced, but on the literary side it is one of the outstanding historical works of the century No doubt, as Lord Raglan's friend, he did perhaps more than justice to the English commander's merits, and his abhorrence of the character and career of Napoleon III made him a somewhat unfair judge of the Emperor's policy generally felt that the history is too long, but the picturesque details give it all the vivacity of the best special correspondent's daily reports The criticism of Napoleon was, indeed, so severe that the circulation of the history was prolibited in France during the Empire. Kinglake examined into all the episodes of the war with enormous and prinstaking particularity, and the too great detail of this record has unquestionably injured the permanent popularity its clear and lively narrative and its polished and admirable style would otherwise have secured in 1868 Kinglake was again returned for Bridgwater, but was unseated on petition. The borough was shown to be corrupt, but Kinglake was free from all suspicion of complicity in the irregular methods employed at the election.

At his death Kinglake was remembered less as the author of the bulky, elaborate, exhaustive story of the Crimean war than as the self centred, vivacious, humorous, luxurious hero of Eothen, a comparatively slight volume which defies the ordinary canons of travel book making, and owes its charm solely to the author's constantly and fully revealed personality. The most objective part is the circumstantial account of the triveller's reception by Lady Hester Stanhope, and the conversation he held with that uncanny recluse of the Lebanon clsewhere you live mainly sensitions, impressions, reflections-and in Palestine rarely of the deepest. Tiberias suggests only a disquisition on the fleas of all countries, Cairo only the aspects of a plague stricken town It is not a Sentimental Journey, indeed, but an impressionist one, with some actual objective experiences, certainly, but almost no geographical, historical, or political facts, and nothing whatever of the guide book, even of the glorified guide-book, about it. See the Memoir by Innes Shand prefixed to a new edition of Eothen (1896)

## With an Osmanli Pasha

The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the cour tier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they one their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ecremony, the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragomnn, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with A traveller may write and say that 'the Pasha of So and So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery, that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry, showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished? But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this -

Pasha The Englishman is welcome most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming

Dragoman (to the Traveller) The Pasha pays you his compliments

Traveller Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha) His I ord hip, this I aghish man, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his encinces to breathe for a moment, and has ero sed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the excrlasing Pashalk of Karagholookoldour

Tra eller (to his Drigoman) What on earth have you been saying about I ondon? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere coel nev. Have not I told you al east to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magnistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy I lentenaut, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of I ord Minintpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you do say anything about me, you'd till the simple truth

Dragoman [15 stlent]

Pusha What says the friendly I and of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the pashall of karagholool oldour?

Drageman (growing sulky and literal). This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudeomla, -this head purveyor of Goldborough -this possible policeman of Pedfordshire is recounting his relievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha. The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Larth, and the entalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heal end.

Drigoman (to the Friveller) The Pasha congratulates your Excellence

Tra eller About Goldborough? The dene he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Linpire, tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging I ngland to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragonan (to the Pasha) This branch of Mideomle, this possible poheeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet claur

Pasha Wonderful climit! Wonderful honses -white! white! all by wheels!—white! white! all by steam!—wonderful climit! yonderful houses! wonderful people!
—white! white! all by wheels!—white! white! all by steam!

Tra eller (to the Dragoman) What does the Pasha mean by that whazing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman No, your Excellency, but he says the I nghish talk by wheels and by steam

Traveller That's an exaggeration, but say

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Drigoman). The ships of the English swarm hile flies, their printed calcoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damiseus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the Ledger books of the Merchants, whose lumber rooms are filled with ancient thrones !—whire! whire! all by wheels!—whire! whire! whire! all by steam!

Diagonan. The Pa ha compliments the cutters of I ugland, and also the I as! In ha Company

Ira ello. The Pisha's upht about the cutlers (I tried my scimitar with the common officers saids belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the left of a Novel) Well (to the Desponse), tell the I'n ha I am exceedingly protined to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufa tur ing energy, but I hould like him to know though, that we have pot omething in Inglan I besid s that The e foreigner are always fancying that we have nothing but slip, and railway, and has India Comdo just tell the Pasha that our remi districts deserve his attention, and that even vition the last two hundred year, there has been an exclent improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not alse any interest about that, at all exents as our explain that we have our virtue in the country -that the Pritish yeoman is still thank God the British yorman -Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it you may as well say that we are a truth telling people, or l, is e the O manke, are futhful in the performance of our

Part i fafter hearing the Dramonian) It is true is true inclined in the I in ash are foremose, and best for the Russian are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping liables and the Italians are toe servants of Songs and the French are the ions of Newspapers and the Greeks they are we vers of health at the I in hish and the O mantees are I others together in righteo isne in for the Osmanlees below in one only God, and cleave to the Koran and decrease in one only the I inglish worship one God, and about it is green images, and tell the truth, and believe in a loss, and though they don't the juice of the grape, set to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they worship they prophet as God, or to say they are caters of pick, these are hes—hes born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Diccoriai The Parlia compliments the Engaglia

Triveller (rising) Well, I've had enough of this lell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his his pitality and still more for his kindne in turnshing me with horse and say that now I mut be off

Lasea (after hearing the Drigoman, and stared agrapon his Divan). Proud are the sires, and bles ed are the darks of the horses that shall entry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saiddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a load swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May I e sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his encines are abroad may his eres flame red through the darl ness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers '—farewell'

Diagonar The Pisha wishes von Excellence a

So ends the visit

# (From Triker)

# At the Battle of the Alma.

At this minute the fiery 03rd—it was commanded by Colonel Ainshe—came storming over the crest, and having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset, and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a lattle calmed down it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering

itself against the strength of the hard, square built column which was solumnly coming to meet it

But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury. Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks. By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

Campbell's charger, twice wounded already, but hitherto not much hurt, was now struck by a shot in the heart Without a stumble or a plunge the horse sank down gently to the earth, and was dead Campbell took his aide de camp's charger, but he had not been long in Shadwell's saddle when np came Sir Colin's groom with his second horse. The man, perhaps, under some former master, had been used to be charged with the 'second horse' in the hunting field At all events, here he was, and if Sir Colin was angered by the apparition, he could not deny that it was opportune. The man touched his cap, and excused himself for being where he was the dry, terse way of those Englishmen who are much accustomed to horses, he explained that towards the rear the balls had been dropping about very thick, and that, fearing some harm might come to his master's second horse, he had thought it best to bring him up to the front

When the 93rd had recovered the perfectness of its array, it again moved forward, but at the steady pace imposed upon it by the chief. The 42nd had already resumed its forward movement, it still advanced firing

There are things in the world which, eluding the re sources of the dry narrator, can still be faintly imagined by that subtle power which sometimes enables mankind to picture dim truth by fancy According to the thought which floated in the mind of the churchman who taught to All the Russias their grand form of prayer for victory, there are 'angels of light' and 'angels of darkness and horror,' who soar over the heads of soldiery destined to be engaged in close fight, and attend them into battle. When the fight grows hot, the angels hover down near to earth with their bright limbs twined deep in the wreaths of the smol e which divides the combatants But it is no coarse, bodily help that these Christian angels bring More purely spiritual than the old Immortals, they strike no blow, they snatch no man's weapon, they lift away no warrior in a cloud What the Angel of Light can bestow is valour, priceless valour, and light to lighten the path to victory, giving men grace to see the bare truth, and, seeing it, to live the mastery To regiments which are to be blessed with victory the Angel of I ight seems to beckon, and gently draw his men forward. What the Angel of Darkness can inflict is fear, horror, despair, and it is given him also to be able to plant error and vain funcies in the minds of the doomed soldier. By false dread he scares them Whether he who conceived this prayer was soldier or priest, or soldier and priest in one, it seems to me that he knew more of the true nature of the strife of good infantry than he could utter in common prose For indeed it is no physical power which rules the conflict between two well formed bodies of foot.

The mere killing and wounding which occurs whilst a fight is still hanging in doubt does not so alter the relative numbers of the combatants as in that way to govern the result. The use of the slaughter which takes place at that time lies mainly in the stress which it puts upon the minds of those who, themselves remaining unhurt,

are nevertheless disturbed by the sight of what is befalling their comrades. In that way a command of the means necessary for inflicting death and wounds is one element of victory. But it is far from being the chief one. Nor is it by perfectness of discipline, nor yet by a contempt of life, that men can assure to themselves the mastery over their foes. More or less all these things are needed, but the truly governing power is that ascendency of the stronger over the weaker heart which (because of the mystery of its origin) the churchman was willing to asembe to angels coming down from on high

The turning moment of a fight is a moment of trial for the soul and not for the body, and it is therefore that such courage as men are able to gather from being gross in numbers can be easily outweighed by the warlike virtue of a few To the stately 'Black Watch' and the hot 93rd, with Campbell leading them on, there was vouchsafed that stronger heart for which the brave pious Muscovites had prayed Over the souls of the mon in the columns there was spread, first the gloom, then the swarm of vain delusions, and at last the sheer horror which might be the work of the Angel of Darkness The two lines marched straight on The three columns shook They were not yet subdued They were stub born, but every moment the two advancing battalions grew nearer and nearer, and although-dimly masking the scant numbers of the Highlanders-there was still the white curtain of smoke which always rolled on before them, yet, fitfully, and from moment to moment, the signs of them could be traced on the right hand and on the left in a long, shadowy line, and their coming was ceaseless

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by the wreaths of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russians who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly, and some, they say, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, mon strous, bestriding giant chargers The columns were full ing into that plight-we have twice before seen it this day-were falling into that plight that its officers were moving lither and thither, with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threateningnay, were even laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places. This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way

But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Sousdal battahons—was seen coming down. It moved straight at the flank of the 93rd

So now, for the third time that day, a mass of infantry some fifteen hundred strong was descending upon the un covered flank of a battalion in English array, and, coming as it did from the extreme right of the enemy's position, this last attack was aimed almost straight at the file—the file of only two men—which closed the line of the 93rd

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear grants. Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the 93rd, yet another array of the tall bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east, and pre-

sently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it advanced upon the flank of the right Sousdal column, and caught the mass in its sin-caught it daring to march across the front of a Highland battalion-a battalion already near, and swiftly advancing in line Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion, and the left Sousdal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the 'Black Watch being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses

Then, again, they say, there was heard the sorrowful wail that bursts from the heart of the brave Russian in fantry when they have to suffer defeat, but this time the wall was the wail of eight battahons, and the warlike grief of the soldiery could no longer kindle the fierce intent which, only a little before, had spurred forward the Vladimir column Hope had fled

(From The Imasion of the Crimea)

Edward FitzGerald (1809-83) was born at Bredfield House, an old Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge in Suffolk His parents were both Irish, and the father, John Purcell, took his wife's surname on her father's death in 1818 The family having returned from a sojourn in France (at St Germains and in Paris), Edward was sent in 1821 to King Edward VI's School at Bury St Edmunds, where James Spedding and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1826, whither Spedding followed him the next year. At Trinity he formed fast friendships with Thackeray and W H Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, and he took his degree in January 1830 father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1822 to 1835, and subsequently nt Boulge Hull, near Woodbridge, there he lived with them until 1838, when he took up his separate residence in a cottage near the park gate. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits from or to friends, his chief friends in the neighbourhood were the Rev George Crabbe (vicar of Bredfield and son of the poet), Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose drughter, Lucy, he married in 1856, only soon to separate Every spring he used to make a long visit to London, where he constantly met Spedding and Thackerry, and was a frequent visitor it the Carlyles' Lord Tennyson and his brother Frederic had been his contemporaries at college, but it was in London that they became intimate, how fist the friendship was is best shown by the dedication of Tiresias In 1853 FitzGerald left the cottage and settled at Farlingay Hall, near Woodbridge, and from 1860 in the town itself, in 1874 he removed to Little Grange, a house which he had built for himself in the neighbourhood

His great outdoor amusement in these years was yachting, and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldborough, the latter locality being of special interest to him as the birthplace of his favourite Crabbe, and the place where he himself had first seen the sea. He thoroughly enjoyed the life on his yacht, carrying his books with him, and delighting to take his friends for short trips, when they might read and talk over well known passages He also enjoyed the rough, bluff ways of together the sailors and fishermen, and liked to collect their peculiar words and phrases But he could not escape 'the browner shade' which Gibbon ascribes to the evening of life, and the sea gradually lost its charm, one old sailor died, and another grievously disappointed him In 1871 he sold his little schooner, the Scandal, but used still to go boating on the river Deben, until that, too, he gave up for his garden, where his favourite walk was called the 'Quarter-deck.' He died suddenly at Merton Rectory, Norfolk, while paying his annual visit to his friend Crabbe He is buried at Boulge of his great characteristics was steadfastness in friendship, he was slow to form intimacies, but, once riveted, the link lasted till death ward manner was reserved, and he might sometimes seem a little wayward or petulant, but under the cold exterior there lay a tenderness like Johnson's, and a fine stroke of imagination or a noble deed would make his voice falter and his eyes fill with

The first forty two years of his life passed in quiet reading and thinking, and it was not till 1851 that he published anonymously his dialogue on youth, Euphranor, which was followed in 1852 by Polonius a Collection of Wise Saus and Modern Instances In the meantime a friend, Professor Cowell, had persuaded him to begin Spanish, and this not only opened a new world of interest, but revealed to him his own powers at once took to Calderon's plays, and afterwards to Don Quizote, and in 1853 lie published a trans lation of six of Calderon's dramas with his name This, however, he soon withdrew from attached circulation, but two more plays by the same author About 1853 were afterwards printed privately Professor Cowell interested him in Persian Sa'di's Gulistán early attracted him by its quaint stories, and in 1856 he published an anonymous version of Jámi's Salámán and Absál, he also wrote, but never printed, an abridgment in verse of 'Attár's Mantik ut Tair But the Persian poet who most attracted him, from the time of his first seeing his works in 1856 in a MS in the Bodleian Library, was 'Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of the These poems were then known eleventh century only by a few current quotations, as they were first printed at Paris in 1857 by M Nicolas, but FitzGerald at once recognised their beauty, and his name and the poet's will remain indissolubly Here his genius as a translinked together

lator appears at its height. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of reproducing on his reader the effect of the original, and, though the original ideas are often altered, condensed, and transposed in an apparently reckless way, these lawless alterations and substitutions are like those in Dryden, and they all tell, the translator becomes 'alter Menander,' not 'dimidiatus Menander' Mr Swinburne has said, 'His daring genius gave 'Omar Khayy'ım a place for ever among the greatest English poets' Later translations were of the Agamemnon of Æschylus and of Sophocles' Edipus Tyrannus and Edipus Coloneus He was great as a letter-writer in an age when letter-writing had almost ceased to be an art, indeed, his letters are among his most valuable literary bequests. For he was a master of style as he himself defined it 'The saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent' The di majores of his Olympus were Shakespeare, Scott, Sophocles, Lamb, Crabbe, Chaucer, and Certantes Thackeray and Dickens he ranked high, for Jane Austen and George Eliot, for Morris, Rossetti, or Swinburne, he had little appreciation painfully frank in his criticism even of his friends, speaking of Tennyson, he said 'I almost think I was wrong in telling him I could take no interest in his Holy Grail, which I should not have done had he not sent it to me! A perilous reason? And a remark about Mrs Browning's poetry, made after her death and reported to her husband, provoked Browning to a bitter retort.

## To Frederic Tennyson, 1844.

I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there but the wits were too much for me Not Spedding, mind who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in I ondon serious men. I mean serious even in fim with a true purpose and character whotsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common limp of eleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with inctropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of Lingland beating healthily down here though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you I read of mornings, the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself We have had such a spring (biting the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure 1 white clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttereups. How old to tell of, how new to see 1 I believe that Leshe's Inf of Constable (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring Constable loved it above all seasons he hated Autumn When Sir G Beaumont, who was of the old

classical taste, asked him if he did not find it difficult to place his brown tree in his pictures, 'Not at all,' said C, 'I never put one in at all' And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an old violin as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and lald it down on the sunshing grass. You would like the In definee of all this, I have hing my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at and purhaps the old masters chose a soberer



EDWARD FITZGERALD

From Vol. I of Letters, by permission of Messis Macmillan & Co

scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dow with lead t

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and finey. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for?

# To Professor C E Norton, 1876

What Mr Lowell says of him [Dante] recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Ligures of Dante and Goethe. I (Luppose) said 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (who e Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said. The Divine' Then Milton, I don't think I've read him these forty years the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looning as grand as anything in my Memory, but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used

to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang, his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there—the last from Mr Lowell

Then, old 'Daddy Wordsworth,' as he was sometimes called, I am afraid, from my Christening, he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at 'Louisa in the Shade,' &c. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College, like all Words worths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and prig gish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the 'Mēesemble Sinner' and his brother the 'Meeserable Poet' Poor fun enough but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronised, 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him and He, dear, noble Fellow, thought they were quite justified Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox ın lus stead I did go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford on Avon and saw that it was good to have so done If you, if Mr Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831 It is a piece of Trugedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lam mermuir, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter, and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Duddy to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vinburgh's Plays, 'Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice 1' And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip

Well then about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William called on The Daddy at Rydul In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit hun, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where 'The Party's' trivelling Carriage stood This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them and he observed it was generally 'WALTER SCOTT's' It was-Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this It is this conceit that diminishes Words worth's stature among us, in spite of the mountain Mists he lived among Also, a little stingmess, not like Sir Walter in that I I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (II C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing

Here then is a long Letter of old world Gossip from the old Home I hope it won't tire you out it need not, you know

## To Fanny Kemble 1879

My Brother keeps waiting—and hoping—for—Death which will not come perhaps Providence would have let it come sooner, were he not rich enough to keep a Doctor in the house, to keep him in Misery know if I told you in my last that he was ill, seized on by a Disease not uncommon to old Men-an internal Disorder' it is polite to say, but I shall say to you, disease of the Bladder I had always supposed he would be found dead one good morning, as my Mother was-as I hoped to be-quietly dead of the Heart which lie had felt for several Years But no, it is seen good that he shall be laid on the Rack-which he may feel the more keenly as he never suffered Pain before, and is not of a strong Nerve I will say no more of this The funeral Bell, which has been at work, as I never remember before, all this winter, is even now, as I write, tolling from St Mary's Steeple

Parlous d'autres choses, as my dear Sévigné says

I—We—have finished all Sir Walter's Scotch Novels, and I thought I would try an English one Kenul worth—a wonderful Drama, which Theatre, Opera, and Ballet (as I once saw it represented) may well reproduce. The Scene at Greenwich, where Elizabeth 'interviews' Sussex and Leicester, seemed to me as fine as what is called (I am told, wrongly) Shakespeare's Henry VIII Of course, plenty of melodrama in most other parts—but the Plot wonderful

Then—after Sir Walter—Dickens' Copperfield, which came to an end last night because I would not let my Reader read the last Chapter. What a touch when Peggotty—the man—at last finds the lost Girl, and—throws a handkerchief over her face when he takes her to his arms—never to leave her! I maintain it—a little Shakespeare—a Cockney Shakespeare, if you will but as distinct, if not so great, a piece of pure Gemus as was born at Stratford. Oh, I am quite sure of that, had I to choose but one of them, I would choose Dickens' hundred delightful Caricatures rather than Thackeray's half dozen terrible Photographs.

In Michael Kelly's Reminiscences (quite worth reading about Sheridan) I found that, on Jinuary 22, 1802, was produced at Drury Lane an Afterpiece called Urania, by the Honourable W Spencer, in which 'the scenc of Urania's descent was entirely new to the stage, and produced an extraordinary effect' Hence then the Picture which my poor Brother sent you to America.

D'autres choses encore You may judge, I suppose, by the N E wind in London what it has been hereabout Scarce a tinge of Green on the bedgerows, scarce a Bird singing (only once the Nightingale, with broken Voice), and no flowers in the Garden but the brave old Daffy downdilly and Hyacinth—which I scarce knew was so hardy I am quite pleased to find how comfortably they do in my Garden, and look so Chinese gay Two of my dear Blackbirds have I found dead—of Cold and Hunger, I suppose, but one is even now singing—across that Frineral Pell. This is so, as I write, and tell yon—Well we have Sinishine at last—for a day—'thankful for small Blessings,' &c.

I think I have felt a little sadder since March 31 that shut my seventieth Year behind me, while my Brother was—in some such way as I shall be if I live two or three years longer—Parlons d'autres—that I am still able to be sincerely yours,

E. F. G.

# The Boat-race, from 'Euphranor'

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walk'd along the fields by the Church (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way), cross'd the Ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite shore, Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassell'd Fellow commoner sprinkled here and there-Reading men and Sporting men-Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews-all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in Bell's Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose farther bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until 'They are off -they are coming 1' suspended other conversation among ourselves, and suddenly the head of the first boat turn'd the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third, the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm, and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, 'Bravo, St John's '' Go it, Trinity ''-the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all-until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurned back toward the goal, where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St John's soaring there instead Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his de feated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under , either arm (Lyeion having got into better company else where), and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of Gowns men with all their confused voices seem'd as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a Nighting de began to he heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus

### From 'Omar Khayyam.'

Awake I for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight
And Lo I the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light

Before the phantom of False morning died, Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried, 'When all the Temple is prepared within, Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door' You know how little while we have to stay, And, once departed, may return no more'

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the descrt from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow

Some for the Glories of This World, and some Sight for the Prophet's Paradise to come, Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go, Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—'Lo, Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow, At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw'

I sometimes think that never blows so red The Rose as where some buried Cresar bled, That every Hyacinth the Garden wears Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green Fledges the River Lip on which we lean—Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To DAY of past Regrets and future Fears
To morrow!—Why, To morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest, Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before, And one by one crept silently to rest

And we, that now make merry in the Room They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom, Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth Descend—ourselves to make a Conch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend,
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to he,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To DAY prepare,
And those that after some To MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There'

Why, all the Sunts and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth—their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument About it and about but evermore Came out by the same door where in I went

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Witer, and like Wind I go'

Into this Universe, and IVh not knowing Nor Whence, like Water willy nilly flowing, And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, I know not Whither, willy nilly blowing

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

We are no other than a moving row

Of Magic Shadow shapes that come and go

Round with the Sun illumined Lantern held

In Midnight by the Master of the Show,

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays Upon this Chequer board of Nights and Days, Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes, But Here or there as strikes the Player goes, And He that toss'd you down into the Field, He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

#### Bredfield Hall.

Lo, an English mansion founded In the elder James's reign, Quaint and stately, and surrounded With a pastoral domain

With well timber'd lawn and gardens And with many a pleasant mead, Skirted by the lofty coverts Where the hare and pheasant feed.

Flank'd it is with goodly stables, Shelter'd by coeval trees So it lifts its honest gables I oward the distant German seas,

Where it once discern'd the smoke Of old sea bittles far away Saw victorious Nelson's topmasts Anchoring in Hollesley Bay

But whatever storm might riot, Cannon roar, and trumpet ring, Still amid these meadows quiet Did the yearly violet spring

Still Heaven's starry hand suspended
That light balance of the dew,
That each night on earth descended,
And each morning rose anew

And the ancient liouse stood rearing Undisturb'd her chimneys high, And her gilded vanes still veering Toward each quarter of the sky

While like wave to wave succeeding
I brough the world of joy and strife,
Household after household speeding
Handed on the torch of life

First, sir Knight in ruff and doublet, Arm in arm with stately dame, Then the Cavaliers indignant I or their monarch brought to shame

Languid beauties himn'd by I ely, Full wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne Tory squires who tippled freely; And the modern Gentleman Here they lived, and here they greeted, Maids and matrons, sons and sires, Wandering in its walks, or seated Round its hospitable fires

Oft their silken dresses floated
Gleaming through the pleasure ground
Oft dash'd by the scarlet coated
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound

Till the Bell that not in vain
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,
Call'd them one by one again
To the church—and left them there!

They with all their loves and pissions, Compliment, and song, and jest, Politics, and sports, and fashions, Merged in everlasting rest!

So they pass—while thou, old Mansion, Markest with unalter'd face How like the foliage of thy summers kace of man succeeds to race.

To most thou stand'st a record sad, But all the sunshine of the year Could not make thine aspect glad To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens
Buried—and his own no more
Than the youth of those old owners,
Dead two centuries before.

Unto him the fields around thee
Darken with the days gone by
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee
Ancient sunsets seem to die

Sighs the self same breeze of morning Through the cypress as of old, Ever at the Spring's returning One same crocus breaks the mould

Still though 'scaping Time's more savage Handy work this pile appears, It has not escaped the rivage Of the undermining years

And though each succeeding master, Grumbling at the cost to pay, Did with coat of paint and plaster Hide the wrinkles of decay,

I et the secret worm ne'er eeases, Nor the mouse behind the wall, Heart of oak will come to pieces, And farewell to Bredfield Hall!

FixGerald's Letters and Literary Remains (3 vols 1889) were edited by Mr Aldis Wright, as also his Letters to Fanny Kemble (1895), and More Letters, under the same editorship, followed in 1991. An elaborate bibliography first printed in Netes and Queries was published as a volume by Colonel W F Prideaux in 1991. The first edition of Euphranior was a mere skeleton of what the book ultimately became a reprint of the last edition appeared in 1993.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

# George Henry Borrow

was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, 5th July 1803. His father, Thomas Borrow, born in 1758, a fine, burly, middle class Cornishnian of eighteenthcentury type, had been obliged, owing to a youthful escapade, to leave Cornwall and to make his way bare handed in the world. Enlisting as a common soldier, Thomas Borrow rose until he became a captain in the West Norfolk Militin His duties being those of a recruiting officer, he moved about from one part of Great Britain to another East Dereham he met Miss Ann Perfrement, a Norfolk lady of Norman Huguenot descent, born The first child of the in that town in 1772 marriage was a son, John Thomas Borrow, born in 1800, who became an artist (but of no distinction), and afterwards a militia lieutenant, and died in Mexico in 1833 There is no doubt that these children were blessed with a very estimable mother Down to her death, in 1858, Borrow cherished the deepest affection for her When he was still a child the family went to Edinburgh, where he seems to have received the rudiments of his education at the High School Aiter moving about through Scotland, Ireland, and parts of England, the Borrow family returned to Norfolk. From 1816 to 1818 Borrow attended the Grammar School at Norwich, where he was a contemporary of Dr Martineau The school was a good one, but Borrow seems to have picked up not much more than a mass of miscellaneous knowledge. After leaving school he was articled to an emment firm of Norwich solicitors. He served his articles, but seems to have given no time or attention whatever to law His energies were exercised partly in the study of 'the noble art of self defence,' as sparring was then called, and partly in the study of languages It is doubtful whether he would ever have taken honours in either of these studies Yet if we are to believe his friend, William Taylor of Norwich, when a very young man he understood twelve languages-English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese But in the understanding of languages there are degrees, the more a scholar knows of a language the more chary is he of saying that he understands it. Borrow's knowledge of German was proved to be unsound as soon as he undertook translations into that language, and the Romano Lavo Lil shows that his knowledge of Romany was shaky and uncertain-not comparable with that of the late F H Groome, or of certain Romany scholars of Germany To say the truth, his method of language-learning was as unscholarly as can well be imagined Like Mezzofanti, he used to learn the vocabulary of a tongue, and then get at the grammatical laws governing it by a sort of loose ınduction Without Mezzofanti's prodigious verbal memory, but still with a very remarkable one, Borrow had a sense of philology as feeble as that

of the great Italian himself, hence it is never safe for the student to follow him

At the expiration of his clerkship—his fither having died in 1824—he went to London with the hope of being able to live by literary work. His first call was upon Sir Richard Phillips the publisher, to whom he took some translated ballads for publication, and a letter of introduction from Taylor. Phillips had just retired from publishing, but he really seems to have done all that could be expected of him for a stranger who showed no capacity whatever for the production of marketable work. Readers of Lavengro will remember the sarcastic, or rather savage, way in which



GEORGE HENRY BORROW
After the Portrait by H W Phillips.

Phillips is delineated in the book. But Borrow, whose dislikes were so many and so violent, must, of course, not be taken too seriously when he attacks a man It is, for instance, instructive to contrast Borrow's portrait of Phillips with the portrait of him printed by another eastern counties man, an eccentic wanderer over England and the Continent-Samuel Jackson Pratt, whose Harvest Home was published by Phillips Phillips lent his town house to Pratt, and was rewarded with certain grateful verses, more remarkable for their likeness to the same author's poems 'Humanity' and 'Sympathy' than for poetic qualities In the study of literary history, nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the tastes and methods of a writer of genius may be traced to the tastes and methods of a mediocre writer who have discovered the influence of Sterne in the style of certain parts of Lavengro are no doubt right, but they would do well to examine The Gleanings of this other protégé of Phillips-the

sentimental and feeble verse-writer but passionate lover of England, at a time when the horse was worshipped because its legs were believed to be the only possible source of locomotion Pratt's prose descriptions were extremely popular when Borrow was a young man, they are forgotten now, but will no doubt, with many other such descriptive books, be reprinted in the not far distant day when people in their motor-cars will meditate with a wondering smile upon simple times when men were dragged along the roads at the tails of other animals Borrow was a great reader of these same Gleanings in England, Wales, and Holland Pratt took his sentimentalism from Sterne, as did Mackenzie, but Borrow's sentimentalism, as well as his pas sionate love of England, her meadows, her trees, her roads, shows something of Pratt's influence Imperfectly equipped as Borrow was for the literary struggle for life, it is no wonder that his experiences in London were bitter. Indeed, they were much more terrible than his pride would allow him to record in Lavengro In literature adaptability is an indispensable requisite of commercial success It was Shakespeare's adaptability as much as his incomparable genius that caused his triumph same inty be said of Scott, the same may be said of Dickens Borrow had no adaptability whatever In after years the lucky accident of his being em ployed by the Bible Society gave him his chance and made him popular, but without that accident he could never have produced such work as the literary market of that time demanded There never was a more idiosyncratic writer-a writer more entirely un able to achieve that compromise between authorial temperament and the temper of the market-than Not even Charles Lamb-not even the author of John Buncle himself-was more governed by temperament than he. Idiosyncratic writers rarely succeed in arresting public attention save through the workings of some lucky accident. But The Bible in Spain, built upon Borrow's picturesque, graphic, and carefully elaborated letters to the Bible Society, for whom he acted as colporteur, opened the way for a still more idiosyn cratic and a still more precious book, Lavengro But all this was years after Borrow's London struggles, the sojourn in London at a time when he was criticising books for Phillips's Universal Review, and compiling the celebrated Trials, published in six volumes in 1825, was a life of the direst penury and gloom. Things got to be so bad with him at last that he must either succumb or quit literature altogether. But what could he turn to? There was positively nothing he could do except take to the road-not after the fashion of Captain Hind and Claude Duval, but after the fashion of the modern tramp; and so, on an afternoon in May, with £20 in his pocket that had come to him by what can only be called an accident, he left his London attic with a stick and a bundle to seek his fortune, feeling that the world was all before him where to choose.

What Borrow lacked in adaptability was in great degree compensated by his personal appearance. No one who has ever walked with him, either through the streets of London or along the country roads, could fail to remark how his appearance arrested the attention of the passers-by As a gypsy woman once remarked to the present writer, 'Everybody as ever see'd the white-headed Romany Rye never forgot him? When he chanced to meet troops marching along a country road, it was noticeable that every soldier, whether on foot or horseback, would involuntarily turn to look at Borrow's strik ing figure. He stood considerably above six feet in height, was built as perfectly as a Greek statue, and his practice of athletic exercises gave his every movement the easy elasticity of an athlete under Those East Anglians who liave bathed training with him on the east coast, or others who have done the same in the Thames or the Ouse, can youch for his having been an almost faultless model of masculine symmetry, even as an old man. With regard to his countenance, 'noble' is the only word which can be used to describe it. When he was quite a young man his thick crop of hair had be come of a silvery whiteness There was a striking relation between the complexion, which was as luminous and sometimes rosy as an English girl's, and the features-almost perfect Roman Greek in type, with a dash of Hebrew To the dark lustre of the eyes an increased intensity was lent by the No doubt, however, what most struck fair skin the observer was the marked individuality, not to say singularity, of his expression If it were possible to describe this expression in a word or two, it might, perhaps, be called a self conscious ness that was both proud and shy

On leaving his lodging Borrow shaped his course to the south-west, and had very soon cleared London and got beyond the suburban villages. After walking several miles, he took a seat on the first coach that he found passing that way Borrow, who loved to dwell upon coincidences, the world was the stage on which a great and varied romantic drama was being played this as much as anything else that made him He eventually such an interesting companion found himself, without any definite object or plan, No one was ever more im on Salisbury Plain pressed by Stonehenge at sunrise, when Nature and man's handiwork seem greeting each other, than the homeless wanderer, Borrow, v hom temperament compelled from the first to live a lonely life, whether as a hermit of the dingle Wonderful dreams of the past or among men and the future came to him among the gigantic remains of Stonehenge, which he would afterwards relate to one or two intimate friends with a glow not to be found in the finest passages of Lavengro In this neighbourhood he lingered Then he went on his way, still without any plan. Meeting a forlorn travelling tinker who had been driven from the roads by the tyranny of a notorious wandering

blackguard, one Bosville, Borrow straightway fraternised with the man, and eventually bought his pony and cart and business, and at once set up as a travelling tinker himself. Having always taken a great interest in smith's work and tin work, he now travelled as an itinerant metal worker, thinking he could gain a lifelihood in this way After having been brought into contact with the gypsies, and after having narrowly escaped being poisoned by a Romany beldam who cherished a jealous lintred of him, he met near Willenhall in Staffordshire in Mumber Lane (called Mumper's Lane by the gypsies), Bosville himself Attacked by this man, Borrow had to stand up and fight for the command of the beat Borrow, at the time when glove fights were looked upon as child's play, took, as has been said before, a genuine interest in the ring was a fairly accomplished bruiser himself, but relied for his effects upon the lumbering, hard hitting of heavy weights like the famous Ben Caunt of later days Hence, being at the time of this encounter partially prostrated from a late illness, and the hard-hitting upon which he relied becoming consequently werkened, he would no doubt have been vanquished but for two of those lucky accidents which were always ready to favour him-the unexpected sympathy of one of Bosville's two female companions, 'Isopel Berners,' and the fact that Bosville, beside himself with rage, struck a tree when he intended to strike Borrow's face, and so empled himself Borrow seized this opportunity to deliver a right-hand blow straight from the shoulder, which stunned and nearly killed the 'Flaming Imman,' who, on recovery, made off, leaving 'Isopel Berners' behind Borrow now became still more thoroughly acquainted with the better class of gypsies, the 'gryengroes' or horsedealers, especially with the Petulengros Petulengros, though not so handsome as the Lovells (the Caulo Kamloes), have always been among the most intelligent of the gypsies, indeed, at this very moment a famous member of the family, Gipsy Smith, is one of the most eloquent preachers in England The days spent with 'Isopel Berners,' mainly in Mumper's Dingle, were the happiest in Borrow's life. But these soon came to an end Readers of Lavengro have often asked why he severed from the magnificent Anglo-Saxon road girl with whom he had entered into a kind of platonic partnership The truth is that this railer against 'gentility nonsense' and 'Charley o'er the waterism' had far too great a belief in respectability to marry either gypsy girl or Anglo-Saxon road-girl Not all Borrow's Odyssean wanderings, and not all his intercourse with the gypsies, ever really freed his mind from the great British and American sophism which to other races is so odious A quite recent writer has remarked that the reason why Englishmen can never be brought to understand people like the Spaniards is that they cannot realise the existence of a social structure where no man considers himself inferior because he is poor, and no man considers himself superior simply because he is well-to-do. This remark applies to Borrow as much as to any one of his contemporaries. Dark as had been Borrow's experiences in London, a period no less dark followed his separation from 'Isopel Berners'. I his is what certain writers upon Borrow call the 'veiled period' of his life.

In connection with any matter concerning Borrow it is always necessary to take into account the secretiveness of his disposition, and also his passion for posing. His fondness for the wonderful was almost childish His own love of investifica tion has led students of Borrow into a somewhat unseemly prying into matters which he wished to keep concealed-has led them into asking why Borrow drew the veil over seven years—has led them into speculating as to whether during the 'veiled period' his life was one of squalid misery, compared with which his sojourn with 'Isopel Berners' had been luxury-or whether he was really travelling, as he pretended to have been, over the world By yielding to his instinct as a born showman he excites an inquisitiveness about his private matters which would otherwise be unjustifiable Upon this subject those to whom Borrow seems to have been most reticent were his wife and her daughter. People having the peculiar pride which characterised Borrow seem to be more reticent with their family circle than even with the outer world Hence it was not until after his wife's death in 1869 that he would allude to this period even to his most intimate friends. To those who know what were Borrow's capacities for earn ing money as a wandering hedge smith it needs no revelation from documents to come to the conclusion that, as he was mainly living in England during these seven years (continuing for a considerable time his life of a wanderer, afterwards living as an obscure literary struggler in Norwich, assisted by his mother's slender store), his life during this period was not a life that so proud a man as Borrow would care to talk about. Yet it had at least one incident of a most poetic and romantic kind, not recorded in Dr Knapp's Life The 'veiled period' came to an end when Borrow obtained, through a patron and friend, the post of agent to the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this capacity he visited St Petersburg (1833-35) where he published Targum, a collection of translations Afterwards he visited Spain, Portugal, and Morocco (1835-39) In 1840 he married Mrs Mary Clarke, the well to do widow of a mival officer, with a jointure of £400 a year. He was now enabled to buy an estate on Oulton Broad, and at last become what he longed to be-a small Norfolk squire. Here he permanently settled with his wife and her daughter, and here he turned to literary work again. The first fruit of his trivels and adventures was the publication, in 1841, of Zucali, or Gypsies of Spair work had been written at various odd moments

during Borrow's wanderings along the roads of Spain, in a parchment bound Spanish note book now in the possession of the present writer is curious as showing the author's method of The book did not attract much composition attention, but The Bible in Spain, published in 1843, was a great success, and Borrow for a time became a literary lion In 1844 he began to travel again, this time in south-eastern Europe, and so got much knowledge of a very interesting section of the Continental Romanies Lavengro, which appeared in 1851, was much more coolly received, in some places it was absurdly attacked the book which will maintain Borrow's place in English literature It was not until 1857 that the sequel to Lavengro, The Romany Rye, appeared, and this had a still more absurd reception from the English press It did not pass into a second edition for several years

In 1862 he published IVild IVales, describing a tour that he made in Wales in 1854 with his step daughter In this book he dwelt at some length on his experiences as an articled clerk in Norwich, but he studiously avoided touching upon the subject of the Welsh gypsies This is the more remarkable from the fact that in the Romany Rie he leaves the reader on the Welsh border In 1874, having ascertained that Leland was preparing a Romany lexicon, he hurried through the press Romano Lavo-Lil, or Word book of the Gypsy Language It is a pity for his reputation as a Romany scholar that he ever published this book. At this period he was living in Hereford Square, Brompton, where his wife died, seeing only a very few friends, including the Hake family, Mr John Murray, Mr Robert Collinson (who lived next door but one to him), and the present writer He retained as vigorously as ever his love of all kinds of athleticism, especially of sparring, wrestling, and running at the famous race, on 14th October 1861, between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and Jackson, generally called the 'American Deer,' and in a note preserved by his biographer, Dr Knapp, he gives a graphic description of the Indian's peculiar method of running Up to the time of his leaving London he used to take those long walks for which in youth he had been notable, and it was at this time that he made those notes of his experiences with the gypsies located around South London that gave its only value to Romano Lavo-Lil A favourite walk of his was through Fulham over Putney Bridge to Richmond and back, and on these occasions he would take no food from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, though he was then past seventy In the summer of 1874 Borrow left London and returned to Oulton On the 26th of July 1881 he died suddenly there, in his seventy-ninth year

There has been much discussion upon Borrow's place in English literature. It is quite unique. Vital literature is that into which the writer

succeeds in pouring his own life stream, there fore it depends upon two things-the inborn, unterchable capacity for literary expression, and a fortunate selection of a congenial subject. If it is true, as has been said, that every man has got within him the making of one book, Borrow was one of the most fortunate of English writers Zin cali, The Bible in Spain, Lavengro, the Romany Rye, and Wild Wales are portions of one book. This book is the literary portraiture of a man of singular temperament moving in the only atmos phere in which he was fitted to move, it is also a picture of the outdoor life of England before she succumbed to cosmopolitanism and before slie was entirely vulgarised by wealth-worship. Therefore it seems safe to prophesy that whatsoever books of the Victorian epoch are smothered and lost beneath the ever-accumulating mass of English literature, Borrow's writings will be remembered At that period-before the railways had cut England into a series of iron bordered lozenges and squaresthe meadows and dingles, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the English climate, were a Paradise for the nomad What these English retreats lack in the sunshine-pleasures of warmer and drier climates is inade up by comparative freedom from the tyranny of the only part of the animal kingdom that now baffles man-or seriously disturbs himthe insect world In sunnier climes, except, of course, in the desert countries, outdoor-life, whether in tent or van, is made almost intolerable by the assault of man's relentless insect foes. It is all very well for Shakespeare to lay the scene of the fairy world of A Midsummer Night's Dream in Greece, but the atmosphere is, and must be, that of England's beloved dingles, where alone Lysander and Demetrius could have dreamt in peace beneath a midsummer moon Although the 'gypsy gentle man' of Lavengro and the Romany Rye, working as a hedge smith in the dingle and by the road side, was working, not, as so many readers and critics of his books suppose, for amusement, but for bread-bread that must have been scant indeed to be bought for the odd supences or the few coppers that he was able to earn-no one ever got greater enjoyment from the charms of a vagabond life, no one ever woke up in the early morning with more delight, when the wild flowers of the dingle are shedding their first perfume, no one ever strode out with more exhibitation to the nearest stream for morning ablutions, than did Borrow at the time when he was living with 'Isopel Berners' A man's good fortune or ill fortune depends upon the kind of people with whom he is brought into contact quite as much Borrow's good fortune both as upon himself as a man and as a writer came to him as soon as he was brought into contact with the Contact with the vivacity of this unique gypsies race was absolutely required by Borrow's morbid temperament, and there is not in literary history a more interesting chapter than that which records

Lavengro's sojourn with the gypsies It is the peculiarity of the subject-matter which will keep Borrow's writings alive, this subject-matter is the Romany world in Great Britain and in It is important, therefore, that his relations with the gypsies should be fully understood by the student of his works. So deficient is the knowledge displayed even by thoughtful writers upon Romany subjects that Victor Hugo calls Esmeralda (of purely 'Gorgio' blood) a 'Boheminn,' and 'Isopel Berners,' the greatest hater of the Romany character that ever mixed with the gypsies, is constantly spoken of by writers upon the subject as 'Borrow's tall gypsy-girl' Nor are these instances more remarkable than is the fact that one of the most brilliant writers of our time, writing upon and editing Borrow, speaks of 'Romany ryes' and their 'rawnees' under a delusion which is evidently very common that a Romany rye is a gypsy There is no room to dwell at length upon these subjects here present writer has discussed them with some fullness in two imaginitive works of his depict ing Romany life-depicting it at a period after that of Borrow's pictures, but still at a time when the leading 'gryengroes' could be met in England and Wales-that is, before their great migration to America.

The question has often been asked of Borrow's friends, 'How did it come about that a man, shy, self-conscious, and sensitive to the last degree, became not only the Ulysses of the writing fraternity, wandering among strangers all over Europe, but also lived upon intimate terms with that proscribed race who, more than all others, are repelled by shy self consciousnessthe gypsies?' In explaining this puzzle we shall throw more light upon the depths of Borrow's personality than by giving such biographical details as are given so admirably and so fully by Dr Knapp When Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of sliy egotism. What Carlyle calls the 'armed neutrality' of social intercourse oppressed him. He seemed always to be on his guard, like one who felt himself to be moving in the enemy's camp He had a way of looking at one from the corner of his eye, as though he were observing what effect his words were having, and this give to his face an unpleasant expression of watchfulness. He seemed to be taking stock of his interlocutor and weighing him against himself But when he was with the gypsies there was no more of the shy, defiant expression with which his English friends were familiar. He threw off tne burden of restraint. The feeling of 'armed neutrality' was left behind, and he seemed to be at last enjoying the only social intercourse that could give him pleasure, this it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with the gypsies The gypsies too have been equally misunderstood Of course by gypsies are here meant the pure Romanies, not the wandering London mongrels claimed as gypsies by professional philanthropists like that bête noire of F H Groome's, the late Mr Smith of Coalville Notwithstanding what is called 'Romany guile' (which is the growth of ages of oppression), the basis of the Romany char acter is exactly the opposite of what all writers previous to Borrow conceived it to be Even such writers of genius as Prosper Merimée can give us in Carmen only the old bloodthirsty conventional gypsy of the stage. It was not until the appearance of Borrow's books that we find in English literature any different conception of the Romany.

Borrow once, when asked by the present writer to tell a common friend what he considered to be the great charm of the gypsy character, said, 'Simplicity—frankness' And he was right, as those few Englishmen who have been really and truly admitted 'behind the tents mouth' well The contradiction between this conception of the Romany character and the popular one in all countries is easily explained. Once let the isolating wall which shuts off the Romany from the 'Gorgio' be broken through, and the communicativeness of the Romany temperament begins to show itself. The gypsies are extremely close observers, they were very quick to notice how different was Borrow's bearing towards them selves from his bearing towards people of his own race, and Borrow used to say that the would be murderess, 'old Mrs Herne, and her little grand daughter, Leonora, were the only gypsies who suspected and disliked him? Thus it came about that the gypsies and the wanderers generally were almost the only people in any country who saw the winsome side of Borrow Some men line an instinctive sympathy with the proscribed races of the world, the Inte Godfrey Leland was one of these, so was the late F H Groome, but not so pre enunently as was Borrow Not that there is anything of the Bamfylde Moore Carew about Borrow As has been said before, he was at heart a John Bull with an ineradicable belief in bourgeois respectability, and yet it was not the bourgeois but the vagabond to whom his heart was drawn Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that in order to understand Borrow it is essential to understand not only the Romanies but the other proscribed races Place any race in the position of a race maudite—the Jews of mediæval Europe (and, alas! of modern Russin), the Cagots, and the Romanies of the present time-and the primal instinct of self preservation, working through generations, must needs show itself in qualities like that which is spoken of as 'Romany guile' It was observable in the Cagots, we see it in the proscribed, There is, as a gapsy wonian races of Asia once said to the present writer and to Borrow, 'somethin' in the wind of a Gorgio that shuts the Romany's mouth and opens his eyes and

ears' The result of this state of things is, of course, mevitable-it is 'Romany guile,' and Nature herself seems to have divided the entire animal kingdom into three great classes-those whom she has developed to oppress, those whom she has developed to resist oppression, and those whom she has developed to flee from it this is a great factor in her scheme of evolution The hungry stomach of the long winded wolf has caused the development of the original ungulate upon which he fed into the swift and long-winded horse whose offspring finally wins the Derby Where the oppressed race has to save itself not by fleetness of foot, but by guile, it is inevitable that natural selection should give rise to what Borrow himself used to call 'the crafty creatures' When the gypsy at the sudden sight of a 'Gorgio' near his tent 'shuts his mouth and opens his eyes and ears,' he does as the other 'crafty creatures' dohe does as the mother partridge does when she shams lameness in order to save her chickens, he does as the winged insect does that, in order to deceive its foe, mimics the leaf on which it is accustomed to settle Lavengro and the Romany Rye show that when once the barrier is broken down the 'simplicity' of the gypsy character reveals itself—becomes, indeed, the Romany's chief charm Until Borrow appeared and gave us his admirable pictures, it was impossible for any writer to approach the subject of the Romanies from the broad point of view. The only fault in his representations of them is that he not infrequently makes them talk in locutions that are too bookish to be dramatically true, the substance of the dialogue, however, is almost always true pure race the gypsies are rapidly becoming extinct in the English-speaking countries When they are extinct, Borrow's writings will be more prized than they are even now, but, apart from this, the charm of his mere style is irresistible. His own remarks upon style, especially upon that art of telling a plain story plainly which seems to be growing rarer and more difficult every day, are as penetrative as they are admirably expressed. Through Lavengro and the Romany Rye the soft flowerladen air moving in England's woods and fields seems to blow, and as years go on, and as Englishmen become more and more familiar with the vaunted charms of other countries, the truth will become more and more evident that Borrow's intense love of England was not misplaced

#### The Flaming Tinman

In the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Timman, disengaging himself of his frock coat and dashing off his red night cap, came rushing in more despertely than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done, in a moment his arms were around me, and in another he had hurled me down, falling heavily npon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous

'Pay lum off now,' said the vilgar woman The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his

knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief which the fellow wore round his neek with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

'Do you call that fair play?' said she

'Hands off, Belle,' said the other woman, 'do you call it fair play to interfere? Hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself'

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the liandkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled, suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly

'I'mish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like, but finish it furly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick up you when he happens to knock you down'

The battle during the next ten minntes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but, on the contrary, received six knock down blows myself 'I can never stand this,' said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, 'I am afraid I must give in, the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,' and I spat out a mouthful of blood

'Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand, why don't you use your right?'

'Because I'm not handy with it,' said I, and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for lus one, but they were all left handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

'Now, will you use Long Melford?' said Belle, picking

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' sud I, graping for breath

'Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more read), much more ready than myself I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me, on he came, striking lest and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when lie first comincaced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled and his nether lip was cut in two, on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him At last he aimed a blow which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven, before the tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right handed blow

'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim, 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over'

At these words I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the I laming Timman stretched upon the ground apparently senscless.

### Telling a Plain Story Plainly

What struck me most with respect to these (Newgate) lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth, but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in People are afraid to put down what is common on paper, they seek to embellish their narratives, as they thinl, by philosophic speculations and reflections, they are unvious to shine, and people who are unvious to shine can never tell a plain story 'So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand,' says, or is made to say, Henry Summs, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narra tive style, it is so concise and yet so very clear

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

### Lord Beaconsfield.

Benjamin Disraeli, statesman and man of letters, was born in London on 21st December 1804 came of a Jewish family which, driven from Spain in the fifteenth century, took refuge in Venice. Thence, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Disraeli's grandfather came to England, where he made a fortune, bought a country house, ind lived in a polished and intelligent society His son Isaac (see Vol II p 715), abandoning husiness, became a famous man of letters, and the young Benjamin, who, in his own phrase, was 'born in a library' lived from his early youth on terms of familiarity with the great men of the Deemed by his mother too sensitive to endure the rough and tumble of a public school, he was educated privately, and he has given a romantic account of his early days in Livium Grey and Contarin Fleming An impartial de scription of this remarkable boy is given by Sir Henry Layard (Autobiography and Letters, vol 1 pp 48 sqq), who, strangely enough, first saw him in boxing gloves and shirt sleeves, and who thought him unkind because he would not answer the questions put to him about the But the youth of Disrieli is by this time legendary, and even if we make full allowance for exaggeration, it must have been a dicam of splendour and nobility Determined to succeed in life, he knew that the first step necessary was to call attention to himself, and taking the motto 'Adventures are to the adventurous' for his own he acted the part of the adventurous vouth with an engaging extravagance. Meanwhile his father destined him for the law, and Disracli spent some wears years at work for which he was obviously unfit. But he was already intent upon hterary schemes, and in 1825 he visited Walter Scott and I ocklart at Chiefswood, with a proposal on I

Murray's behalf that Lockhart should edit The Representative With a magnifoquence which foreshadowed his future grandeur, Dismeli impressed upon Lockhart that he was not invited 'to be the editor of a newspaper, but the director general of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high bred gentlemen and important interests? The fact that Murray entrusted Disracli with so delicate a mission proves that, young as lie was, he was already a personage in society over, he had dipped his own pen in the inkpot, and a year after his visit to Chiefswood he published Vivian Gist his first romance. Truly this young solicitor's clerk awoke to find himself famous Vivian Grey had all the elements which ensure success, it was young, it was daring, it was gry Though, as its author afterwards con fessed, it was 'the result of imagination, acting on knowledge not acquired by experience,' it was fresh enough and sincere enough to make the young Disraeli a reputation which his every word his every action, could but increase. The motto, 'Why, then, the world's my oyster, Which I with sword will open,' struck the dominant note of his eareer, and henceforth all avenues were open to the courageous author Soon after the publication of his first book he fell suddenly ill, and lost, as he says himself, five years of his life. In 1830, indeed, he sought change in foreign travel, which gave him the opportunity of writing to his family the witty and vivacious series of Home Letters, in which the real Disraeli is already alive and alert. Returning to England, he devoted lumself with the greatest energy to the composition of romances The Young Duke (1831) was followed by Contarine Fleming (1832) and The Wondrous Tale of Alrey (1833) These are, perhaps, the most fantastic of all their author's works, they display in the most brilliant fashion Disraeli's love of sentimental romance and bright colours. In all of them the author has a tendency to drop into blank verse, wherever the cessition of dialogue makes it possible to avoid prose. They are all written in an over ornate style, and are splended with the spoils of the teeming Orient 'Jasper and porphyry and agate'-these are the materials out of which Dismeli's famous Palladian piles are constructed On every page of these early stones there is a pose of poetry, which is less sincere, may be, than the other pose of worldliness. While Alroy sees wonders, Contarini, being 'a child of nature, 'learns to unlearn' But at the same time, for all their poetry, the chief merit of Disracli's first essays in romance is the picture of fashionable life which they present. The gambling scene in the Young Duke is a masterpiece of its land, Horace de Bernfort in Contariri Fleming, who thinks everything and everybody a bore is enii nently characteristic while the maxims which are scattered up and down these sparkling pages are the essence of worldlness. 'A smile for a friend and a succe for the world, is the vay to govern

mankind, says Vivian Grey, who, though he took no other refreshment than 'guava and liqueurs,' was already determined to 'manage mankind by studying their temper and humouring their weak nesses' In truth, remarkable as are these carly novels, they would not of themselves have sufficed for immortality. If they possess the eviberance of youth, they possess also youth's absurdity, and they were presently eclipsed by their author's famous trilogy. But in the meantime Disraeli

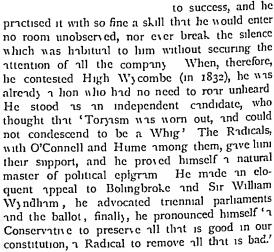
had written three burlesques - Irion in Heaven, The Infernal Marriage, and Popanilla, which for power and irony may be compared only to the highest, even to Voltaire, upon incompar whose able style they are modelled That a youth should have produced these three little masterpieces is wonderful indeed, they show no trace of inde cision, no touch of immaturity, and they prove that when Distacli handled irony lie instantly forgot the extravigances and mannerisms which at times disturbed the serenity of his

But from the first Disraeli recognised that he was a man of action as well as a man of letters

To satisfy his temperament he must discover a profession which brought fame to the adventurous The Bar was little to his mind 'Liw and bid jokes till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet' Besides, said Vivian Grey, speaking for his author, 'to be a great lawyer I must give up my chances of being a great man' And to be a great man Benjamin Disraeli was determined His mind was made up when early in his life he told Lord Melbourne that he meant to be Prime His assurance was evident when, being asked at the hustings upon what he stood, he replied magnificently, 'Upon my head' But seventy years ago the first necessity of an aspirant to politics was interest, and in political interest Disraeli was sadly lacking. He was not the

member of a great house for whose majority in easy borough was waiting. He was a Jew, with nothing to help him save his wits, yet he never doubted his ultimate success, and if he ran the risk of debt and embarrassment, he was playing for a big stake and he knew that he would win Meanwhile he had niade himself known to the great world. His extravigant costumes had at tained the effect which he deliberately anticipated for them, they had made him talled about, and

the publication of his books had en linneed the effect. Layard declares ' he that wore waistcoats of the most gorgeous col ours and the most fantastic patterns, with much gold embroidery, velvet pantaloons , shoes adorned with ribbons? One wit declared that he was 'hanging in chains,'another that he was aspiring to the post of Lord Mayor At Gibraltar he changed his cane as the gun fired, and he was not sure whether it was this piece of coxcombry or the authorship of Vivian Grey which made him finious But he had learned the art of present ing himself to the world, the first art which is essential





LORD BEACON'S ILLD

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery by Lockhart Boyle,
after Sir John E. Millaty, R. A.

Unsuccessful in 1832, he failed again two years later, but he made the election memorable by an epigram that is still famous. 'The people,' said he, 'took Reform as some other people take stolen goods, and no questions asked.' But it was not until 1837 that he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, when he was returned for Maidstone as the colleague of Wyndham Lewis, whose widow he married in 1839.

His maiden speech was delivered on 7th December 1837 in answer to O'Connell, whom District two years before had challenged to a duel, and it was received with shouts of derisive laughter District's dandified air, his trick of deliberate and impressive speech, his pallid complexion, his black curls, his eccentric costume, were enough to provoke the scorn of a commonplace house. But District was indifferent to ridicule. He stood his ground with his customary courage, if he was howled down, he was not dismayed. The day would come said he, when they would hear him. 'When I rise hereafter in this Assembly a dropped pin shall be heard.'

No man was ever more sincere than Disraeli His works and acts were all of the same piece His filmous trilogy-Coningsby, Sybil, and Tancied -is but an expression in another medium of his political life. In the early forties the middle class was rising to greatness, and in its rise was doing its best to crush all that was above or below it To combit a dangerous situation a party had been formed of emancipated Tories, called the Young England Party, pledged to restore their lost comfort to the lower class and its dying influence to the upper The leaders of the party were Disraeli. Lord John Manners, George Smythe, and Baillie Cochrane, their aspirations are eloquently expressed in Disraeli's trilogy Coningsby (1844), in fact, struck a fresh note it was the best novel of politics ever written, and save by its author it has not been surpassed. Admirable as were the early novels, brilliant as were l'enetia and lleurretta Temple (with its magnificent portrait of D'Orsay in Count Mirabel), nothing that Disracli had yet written suggested the ease and mastery of It was, like the others, a roman delif Comnesby It is not difficult to identify the chief personages in the story Connigsby is George Smythe, Disraeli's hrilliant colleague, while Monmouth and Rigby are presentments, overcharged it is true, of the Margus of Hertford and his friend John Wilson Some years later Thackers tried his hand at the same portraiture and a comparison of Vanity Fair with Coningsby proves that in some arts of the novelist Disraeli was incomparably the But the three great novels upon better man which Districts reputation is established are not merely sketches of character, they are also serious political treatises No better sketch of English parties as they were at the passing of the Reform Bill exists than Conn gib; Trdpole and Taper, who never despaired of the Republic, are immortal So, too, is Righy, with his patriotic speeches and his 'slishing' articles As in his earliest speeches, delivered at High Wycombe, so in Coringshy Disrieli went back to Bolingbroke and the theory of the Veneurn Republic And after Bolingbroke, the political influence of Coningsby was Pitt, who was determined that 'the sovereign of Fingland should never be degraded into the position of a Venction Doge,' and the three great elements of whose system were 'a widening of our electoral system, great facilities of commerce, and the rescue of our Rom in Catholic fellow subjects from a Puritanic yoke' But Coningsby contained more than this lucid exposition of Pitt's and Bolingbroke's views, it set forth, for the first time, Disrieli's opinion of the Jewish question. In the person of Sidonia, Disraeli celebrated the Jews, who are an 'unmixed race,' and foreshadowed his own boast that he was a full Jew because he believed not only in Moses but in Calvary Indeed, Commashy is packed with wisdom. Who will ever forget the cry, 'Register, register, register?' Who will ever deny the truth of the uphorism, 'No Government can be long secure without a formid able Opposition'? Sybil (1845), maturer in style than Coningsby, is also graver in substance, in its pages Disraeli pleaded the cause of the workingman with an eloquence which Carlyle should have appreciated and did not. He was not a Chartist, yet he would have accepted many points of the But if he put the case against the capitalist with amazing force, he did not denounce an evil without proposing a remedy He dreamed of an aristocracy which was neither tyrannic il nor oppressive. 'Forvism will rise from the tomb,' s ud he, with splendid optimism 'over which Boling broke shed his last tear, to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty—to secure the social welfare of the people' In Tancred (1847), the last of the trilogy, Disraeli preached once more his favourite gospel of the East, 'The East,' he said, 'is a career,' and he prophesied thus early that Cyprus should be ours that the Orient should recognise 'the Limpress of India as its suzernin' For the rest, he declared that the two great stimulants to action were 'youth and debt,' and he drew in Takredeen a man of shifts and expedients comparable to Panurge himself. But while in this trilogy he announced his political creed, he was practising in the House of Commons what he preached in romance In 1845 he attacked Peel and his party with all the bitterness that was his He declared that 'the right honourable gentleman had caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes? In the same spirit of raillers he asserted that Peel traced 'the steam engine back to the tea kettle his precedents are generally tea kettle precedents," and then with the note of deeper schousness pronounced the Conservative Government 'an organised hypoerisy' So he expounded the same gospel of Tory sm

in book and speech, he had resolved into their elements our political parties, he had pierced 'the strange mystification by which that which was national in its constitution had become odious, and that which was exclusive was presented as popular'

For five and twenty years after the publication of Sybil Disraeli deserted fiction Once only within this period did he take up his pen, to write in George Bentinck the best political biography in the language But from the fall of Peel he was the leader of his party, and it was his business to put into practice the splendid doctrines of patriotism which he had set forth in his novels He led his party in opposition, he served it magnificently in office. In 1852, in 1858, in 1866 he was Chancellor Though he was the absolute of the Exchequer master of his party, though he represented in his own Jewish personality all that was anistocratic and orthodox in English politics, he did not attain to the position of Prime Minister until he was sixty four years of age Meanwhile he had educated the Conservatives up to his level of political in telligence, he had passed a Reform Bill which had baffled his opponents, and he reached the zenith of his power and influence when, at the Congress of Berlin (1878), he gave a practical effect to the dreams of his early life

In 1870, as an interlude to politics, he had published Lothair, in some respects his most finished presentation of English society. If its purpose is less deep than the purpose of the trilogy, it is always witty and amazingly true to life we know no better picture of the times than this admirable novel, which depends for its interest far more upon an intimate knowledge of human nature than upon the curiosity which prompts us to look for real personages in the characters of In 1880 was published Endymion, in which the author handled the old puppets with his habitual mastery, and yet invented no new drama for their performance A year later he died, and was buried at Hughenden by the side of the loyal wife who had been the companion of his many triumphs, and of the faithful friend, Mrs Willyams, who had proudly served him not the place to estimate the services which he rendered his country, but it may be said that he was not only the most skilful parliamentarian of his day—he was also a statesman whose foresight and resolution shaped the destinies of England His life, apart from politics, was distinguished by a singular rectitude and a rare amiability. Though he lived and died a poor man, harassed by debt, he always subordinated his private interests to the public weal His reputation in literature has been steadily growing since his death The old legend of 'the Hebrew conjurer' has long been forgotten, and the man who was laughed at by far less in telligent persons than Carlyle is to-day generally recognised as a great novelist. He did not always treat the English language with the respect it But if he was sometimes careless in

word and grammar, he never fuled in the making of phrases. In this art his touch was as sure as Heine's own, and innumerable coins stamped with the impress of his wit have passed into the general currency. Above all, he was an acute student of men and women. He understood both the grandcur and littleness of mankind, and he revealed his knowledge to others with an uncommon sincerity. Yet no romance that he wrote is more splendid than the romance of his own life. If he cherished many ambitions, he gratified them all, and he presents the rare and liappy spectacle of a career in which literature and experience are indissoluble.

### Genius and Youth.

'Nay,' said the stranger, 'for life in general there 15 but one decree Youth Is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret Do not suppose, he added, smiling, 'that I hold that youth is genius, all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five and twenty ! Youth, extreme vouth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty five, the greatest battle of modern time, had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania Gaston de Foix was only twenty two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocrov at the same age Gustarus Adolphus died at thirty eight. I ook at his captains that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty six when he died Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico Maurice of Saxony died at thirty two, all Europe acl nowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profounded statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive, but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not I worship the Lord of Hosts But take the most illus trious relievements of civil prudence Innocent III, the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom John de Medici was a Cardinal at at thirty seven fifteen, and according to Guiceiardini, baffled with his stateeraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself He was Pope 15 Leo 1 at thirty seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises" Pascal wrote a grent work nt sixteen, and died at thirty seven, the greatest of Frenchmen

'Ah' that fatal thirty seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he punted the palaces of Rome? He, too, died at thirty seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty one. Well then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men left off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney General at twenty four. And Acquaviva, Acquavia was General of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty seven. What a career!' exclaimed the stranger, rising from his chair and walking up and down the room, 'the

secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position!
But it is needless to multiply instances! The history of
Heroes is the listory of Youth' (From Coningsby)

### A Sublime Elopement

It was clearly a runaway match—never indeed was such a sublime elopement. The four horses were coal blick, with blood red mines and tails, and they were shod with rubies. They were harnessed to a busaltic car by a single rein of flame. Waving his double pronged trident in the air, the God struck the blue breast of Cyane, and the waters instantly parted. In rushed the wild chariot, the pale and insensible Proscrpine clinging to the breast of her grim lover.

Through the depths of the hitherto unfathomed like the infernal steeds held their breathless course. The car jolted against its bed 'Save me!' exclaimed the future Queen of Hades, and she clung with renewed energy to the bosom of the dark bridegroom. The earth opened, they entered the kingdom of the Gnomes Here Pluto was popular. The lurid populace gave him a loud shout. The chariot whirled along through shadowy cities and by dim highways, swarming with a busy race of shades.

'Ye flowery meads of Enn' exclaimed the terrified Proserpine, 'shall I never view you again? What an execrable climate!'

'Here, however, indoor nature is charming,' re sponded Pluto ''Tis a great nation of manufacturers You are better, I hope, my Proscrpine. The passage of the water is never very agreeable, especially to Indies.'

'And which is our next stage?' inquired Proscrpine

'The centre of Earth,' replied Pluto. 'Travelling is so much improved that at this rate we shall reach Hades before night'

'Alas I' exclaimed Proscrpine, 'is not this night?'

'You are not unhappy, my Proserpine?'

'Beloved of my heart, I have given up everything for you! I do not repent, but I am thinking of my mother'

'Time will pacify the Lady Ceres. What is done cannot be undone. In the winter, when a residence among us is even desirable, I should not be surprised were she to pay us a visit.'

'Her prejudices are so strong,' murmured the bride 'O' my Pluto, I hope your family will be kind to me'

'Who could be unkind to Proserpine? Ours is a very domestic circle. I can assure you that everything is so well ordered among its that I have no recollection of a domestic broil?

'But marriage is such a revolution in a bachelor's establishment,' replied Proserpine, despondingly 'To tell the truth, too, I am half frightened at the thought of the Furies I have heard that their tempers are so violent'

'They mean well, their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place. I flatter myself you will like my nieces, the Parers. They are accomplished, and favourites among the men'

'Indeed!'

'Oh! quite irresistible'

'My heart misgives me. I wish you had at least paid them the compliment of apprising them of our marriage'

'Cheer up For myself, I have none but pleasant anticipations I long to he at home once more by my own fireside, and patting my faithful Cerberus'

'I think I shall like Cerberus, I am fond of dogs'

- 'I am sure you will He is the most faithful creature in the world'
  - 'Is he very sierce?'
- 'Not if he takes a fancy to you, and who can help taking a fancy to Proserpine?'
  - 'Ah I my Pluto, you are in love'

(From The Infernal Marriage)

#### In Praise of Debt.

Fakredeen was fond of his debts, they were the source, indeed, of his only real excitement, and he was grateful to them for their stirring powers. The usurers of Syria are as adroit and callous as those of all other countries, and possess no doubt all those repulsive qualities which are the consequence of an habitual control over every generous emotion. But, instead of viewing them with feelings of vengeance or abhorrence, Fakredeen studied them nnceasingly with a fine and profound investigation, and found in their society a deep psychological interest His own rapacious soul delighted to struggle with their rapine, and it charmed him to baffle with his artifice their fraudulent dexterity. He loved to enter their houses with his glittering eye and face radiant with innocence, and, when things were at the very worst and they remorse less, to succeed in circumventing them sense, and to a certain degree, they were all his victims True, they had gorged upon his rents and menaced his domains, but they had also advanced large sums, and he had so involved one with another in their eager appetite to prey upon his youth, and had so complicated the financial relations of the Syrian coast in his own respect, that sometimes they tremblingly calculated that the erash of Fakredeen must inevitably be the signal of a general catastroplie

Even usurers have their weak side, some are vain, some envious, Fakredeen knew how to titilinte their self love, or when to give them the opportunity of immoliting a rival. Then it was, when he had baffled and deluded them, or with that fatal frankness, of which he sometimes blushingly boasted, had betrayed some sacred confidence that shook the credit of the whole coast from Scanderoon to Giza, and embroiled individuals whose existence depended on their mutual goodwill, that, langhing like one of the blue eyed hyenas of his forests, he gilloped away to Canobia, and, calling for his nargilly, mused in chuel ling calculation over the prodigious sums he owed to them, formed whimsical and airy projects for his quittance, or delighted himself by brooding over the memory of some happy expedient or some daring feat of finance

'What should I be without my debts?' he would sometimes exclaim, 'dear companions of my life that never desert me! All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them it is in managing my affairs that I have sounded the depths of the human heart, recognised all the combinations of human character, developed my own powers, and mastered the resources of others What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? What degree of endurance have I not calculated? What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors. I have disciplined that diplomatic ability, that shall some day confound and control Calanets Oh my debts, I feel your presence like that of guardian angels! If I be luxy, you prick me to action, if elate, you subduceme to reflection, and thus it is that you alone can secure that continuous yet controlled energy which conquers mankind ' (From Tancred)

# The Crown and the People

And thus I conclude the last page of a work which, though its form be light and impresending, would yet aspire to suggest to its readers some considerations of a very opposite character A year ago, I presumed to offer the public some volumes that aimed at calling their attention to the state of our political parties, their origin, their history, their present position. In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions, and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the lustory of their country and in the energies of heroic youth the elements The present work advances another of national welfare step in the same emprise. I rom the state of Parties it now would draw public thought to the state of the People whom those parties for two centuries have governed. The comprehension and the cure of this greater theme depend upon the same agencies as the first it is the past alone that can explain the present, and it is youth that alone can mould the remedial fature The written listory of a our country for the last ten reigns has been a mere phan tisma, giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar to their natural form and line. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style. Oh garely has been called Liberty, an exclusive Pricathood has been christened a National Church Sovereignts has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while ab olute power has been wielded by thou who profess themselves the servants of the People. In the selfish strife of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of Lingland, the Monarch and the Multitude, as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the People have diap peared, till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a sorf

It is nearly fourteen years ago, in the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution which emancipated neither the Crown nor the People, that I first took the occasion to intimate, and then to develop to the first assembly of my countrymen that I ever had the honour to address, these convictions. They have been misunderstood, as as ever for a season the fate of Truth, and they have obtained for their promulgator much misrepresentation. as must ever be the lot of those who will not follow the beaten track of a fallacious custom But Time, that brings all things, has brought also to the mind of Fing land some suspicion that the idols they have so long worshipped, and the oricles that have so long delude I There is a whisper rising them, are not the true ones in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Faith not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profune exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

That we may live to see England once more possess a free Monarchy and a privileged and prosperous People is my prayer, that these great consequences can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our Youth is my persuasion. We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. We must prepare for the coming hour. The claims of the Future are represented by suffering millions, and the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.

(From Sybil)

# The Jewish Race

The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt to extir pate them has been made under the mos favourable nuspices and on the largest scale, the most considerable means that man could command have been pertimciously applied to this object for the longest period of recorded time Lgyptian Pharnob, Assyrian Lings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian emsaders, Gothic princes, and holy inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to the fulfilment of this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, torture on the most in genious and massacre on the most extensive scale, a curious system of degrading on toms and debasing lass which i ould have I roken the heart of any other peo, le, have been tried, and in vain. The Jews, after all this havoe, are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon the wing are found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prospering in All which proves that it is in win for man to ritempt to baffic the increasile law of nature, which has decreed that a superior ince shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior

But the influence of a great race will be felt, its prentness does not depend upon its numbers oberms the Inglish would not have vanquished the Chinese, no would the Arte , have been overthrown li, Corte., and a handful of Goths. That greatness results from its organisation, the consequences of which are shown in its energy and enterprise, in the strength of its will and the fertility of its brain. Let us observe what should be the influence of the Jeus and then a certain how it is excreised. The Jewish race connects the modern population with the early eges of the worlk, s hen the relations of the Creater with the created were more intimate than in these day, when engers in ited the earth and God Hun off even spot e with man. The Jews represent the Semitic principle, all that is spiritual in our nature. They are the tru tees of tradition and the conversators of the religious element. They are a living and the most striking evidence of the falsity of that permeious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. The political equality of a particular race is a matter of minicipal arrangement, and depends entirely on political considerations and circumstances but the natural equality of man now in vogue, and taking the form of cosmopolitan fraternity is a principle which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy all the gennis of the world What would be the consequence on the great Ang'o Saxon republic, for example, were its citizens to secode from their sound principle of reserve, and mingle with their negro and coloured populations? In the course of time they would become so deteriorated that their states would probably be reconquered and regained by the abongmes whom they have expelled, and who would then be their superiors. But though nature will never ultimately permit this theory of natural equality to be practised, the preaching of this dogma has already caused much mischief, and may occasion much more The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the They have also another characteristic, equality of man the faculty of acquisition. Although the European laws have endeavoured to prevent their obtaining property,

they have nevertheless become remarkable for their accumulated wealth. Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and executive powers enlisted in the cause of existing society.

(From Life of Lord George Bentinek)

The best Lives of Lord Beaconsfield are those by Froude (1890) and Hitchman (3rd ed 1885) but neither is satisfactory. A volume of his Letters (1830-52) was edited in 1887 by Mr Ralph Distaeli

CHARLES WHIBLEY

Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-72) was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born at Normanston near Lowestoft, whence in 1814 the family removed to Frenchy near Bristol, and in 1823 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, thence migrating to Trinity Hall His reputation at the university for scholarship stood high, but, being at this time a Dissenter, he left Cambridge in 1827 without taking a degree, and commenced a literary career in London He wrote for the Westminster Retriev and other serials, and for a time edited the Athenaum, then recently started His spirit had been profoundly stirred and influenced by Coleridge, and resolving to take orders in the Church of England, he in 1830 went to Oxford, where he took the degree of MA., and was ordained a priest in 1834. In that year his novel, Eustace Conway, was published without attracting much notice. He became chaplin to Guy's Hospital in 1837, in 1840 he was made Professor of Literature at King's College, London, and there he was Professor of Theology from 1846 till He was chaplain of Lincoln's Inn from 1853 1846 until 1860, when he accepted the incumbency of Vere Street Chapel, held by him until his election as Professor of Moral Philosophy it The publication in 1853 of Cambridge in 1866 his Theological Essays lost him the professorship of Theology in King's College The atonement he deelared to be not a terrible necessity but a glorious gospel, not of pardon for sin but deliver ance from sin, while Christ's definition of life eternal-and so of eternal punishment-he main tained was opposed to the popular doctrine, which he regarded as a mixture of paganism and Christianity Amongst the views set forth in this and other works were the doctrine that the 'fall of Adam' is not the centre of theology, but an incident in the early education of the race, important only as representing the weakness of man apart from Christ, that creeds, the Bible, the Church, are valuable just in so far as they set forth Christ the King as the object of the faith of man, but as substitutes for that faith are Of some fifty publications, only mischievous the most important (in many cases originally delivered as sermons or lectures) were his Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Rel gions of the World, Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament, Patriarchs and Lawgivers of the Old

Testament, The Kingdom of Christ, The Doctrine of Sacrifice, Theological Essays, Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries, The Gospel of St John, The Conscience, and Social Morality Maurice strenuously controverted Mansel's views on our knowledge of God, and denounced as false any political economy founded on selfishness and not on the Cross as the ruling power of the universe. He was the mainspring of the movement known as Christian Socialism, and the president of the society for pro moting working men's associations, and was also the founder and first principal of the Working-Man's College, and the founder and the guiding spirit of the Queen's College for Women, in both of which he trught Though his views were those that came to be called 'Broad Church,' and he



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE
From the Portrait by Samuel Laurence in National Portrait Gallery

had many friends or followers who accepted his main positions, he vehemently repudiated the position of a party-leader His influence extended throughout all parties in the Church and far beyond the Church, and he profoundly stirred and attracted men of the most various types Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes were disciples, J S Mill and Ruskin acknowledged his power He rather stimu Inted to like aims and sympathies than inculcated a doctrine And it was with some justice complained that his desire to avoid dogmatic definition made some of his positions hard to grasp, and that he was obscure if not confused in thought. His originality and suggestiveness are in his published writings injured by his too great copiousness, but his expositions, though they often seem too like sermons, are constantly marked by profound thoughts and eloquent appeals to heart and conscience

A bibliography of Maurice's writings was published by G J Gray in 1835. His full name was John Frederick Denison Maurice His Life based mainly on his own letters, was written by his son Major General Sir John Frederick Maurice, K.C B. (2 vols. 1884).

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too narrow, and was yearning for an ampler outlook As a philosophy of life he found Benthamism gravely defective, and he shocked his own immediate Utilitarian circle by a sympathetic exposition of the Idealism of Coleridge Mill's dissatisfaction with the narrowness and hardness of the Utilitarian creed was intensified by a severe mental crisis through which he passed in the autumn of 1826, probably brought on by excessive intellectual The characteristic of the crisis was application deadness of feeling, largely due, Mill thought, to exclusive devotion to the habit of analysis inculcated by the Utilitarian philosophy He found relief in the poetry of Wordsworth Out of this experience grew two convictions somewhat alien to the creed of his father and Bentham-namely, that while happiness is the test of the results of conduct and the end of life, yet it should not be pursued as the direct end but as an ideal end, aiming at something else, happiness is found by the way other conviction was that the Utilitarians took too narrow a view of education, they considered the individual too exclusively as an active reforming being, as mainly devoted to the destruction of error and the propagation of truth-a kind of intel lectual machine. Mill now saw that self-culture, the culture of the emotional and passive susceptibilities, were a necessary part of education attitude as revealed in the essays on Bentham and Coleridge created considerable distrust among his old friends, especially the Grotes, but he never abandoned the fundamental tenets of the Utilitarian creed Under the influence of men like Maurice, Sterling, and others who had come under the sway of Coloridge, he gave to Utilitarianism a wider meaning, so as to make it include individual culture as well as intellectual propagandism and revolutionary zeal

That Mill still remained true to his early faith was made evident when his Logic appeared in 1843. It had long been his opinion that the doctrine of necessary truths and intuitions was largely responsible for the strong hold which erroneous beliefs and hurtful institutions have So long as certain beliefs can be upon society traced back to necessary truths, so long, he said, is it impossible to overthrow these beliefs, and so long will reformers spend their strength in vain in attacking institutions which draw their justification from these beliefs Mill's aim in the Logic is to trace all thought and feeling to experience philosophy upon which it rests is mainly that of James Will improved and strengthened, but in the main the principle of Association is used as the master-key with which to open the psychologic The book problems of belief and reasoning attrined extraordinary popularity, and those who dissented most widely from its views were bound to confess that Mill's work, especially the section dealing with Induction, was the product of a The Logic was followed in 1848 by master mind The Principles of Political Economy Here, too, Mill breaks away from his intellectual ancestors in some important particulars The Political Economy of James Mill and Ricardo rested on the idea of The laws of wealth, said they, absolute freedom are as fixed and inflexible as the law of gravitation In his work J S Mill makes a distinction between the laws of production and distribution former he holds to be regulated by causes beyond legislative control, but the latter, he thinks, may be modified by institutions and governmental action At this point Mill touches hands with Socialism, which his predecessors abhorred. He hoped to do in the nineteenth century for political economy what Adam Smith did for it in the eighteenth century, but instead of placing the science on an immovable basis, he succeeded in raising questions of such momentous import that since his time economic science has been in a state of chaos

In 1851 a great emotional influence came into Mill's life. In that year he married Mrs Taylor, a lady with whom, during her husband's lifetime, he had been on terms of intimacy which met with the strong disapproval of his father and his most intimate friends. The tone of eulogy in which Mill spoke and wrote of his wife completely baffled his associates Undoubtedly clever, Mrs Taylor was not a woman of transcendent abilities Carlyle. when asked about her, said 'Slie was a woman with a deal of unwise intellect, she was always wanting to know how and why and what for' It would almost seem as if Mill's emotional life, so long repressed by his father and started by a cast-iron creed, had at this epoch in his life burst its bonds and like a torrent flowed over without discriminating check. His extraordinary devotion to his wife is still to be seen in the inscription he caused to be placed on her grave at Avignon, where she died in 1858

The years 1858 to 1865 were crowded with literary work. In that period were produced the Liberty, the essay on Utilitarianism, the book on Representative Government, and the Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and other smaller productions, including a volume of papers on Comte and Positivism In the book on Liberty, which is one of the best of his writings, Mill deals with a task which has baffled the intellect of all political thinkers-namely, the task of reconciling the freedom of the individual with the restraints rendered necessary by the needs of the social In society, restraints and compulsion there What are their justification, and how must be far are they to be allowed to interfere with the liberty of the individual? These aspects of a many sided problem are handled with a courage, lucidity, and grasp which stamped the book as epoch making in the sphere of political philosophy

The book on Representative Government raises anew questions which the old Radicals believed they had settled for ever. It was a favourite dogma of Bentham and James Mill that the evils of society had their origin in ignorance and mis-

government, hence their fervour in the cause of education and in the attempt to form a scientific theory of government. James Mall's famous essay on Government, which Macaulay attacked so furiously, rested on the assumption that the best form of government was one in which political power was in the lands, not of a monarch or an aristocratic minority, but of a democratic majority. In a word, when power is in the hands of the Community at large the problem will be solved,

for according to Bentham and his school the Community cannot have an interest opposite to its own interest, thereby it was thought government would be. no longer diverted from its proper end-the greatest happiness of the greatest number - by the sinister interests either of a king or self seeking aristocrats his Representative Government find Mill, as in his other works, calling in question some of the dogmas of his intellectual ancestors He saw, what James Mill and Bentham failed to that there may be such a thing as despotism of a majority as

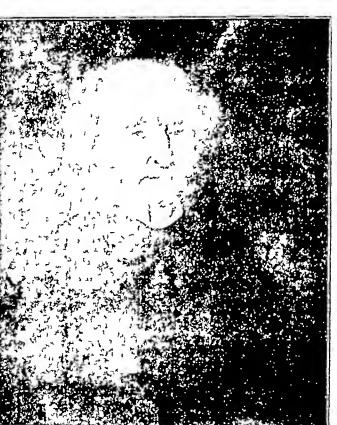
of a majority as
well as of a minority His book is a careful discussion of the fundamental problems of Government, in which, in his usual fair-minded way, he faces difficulties without shrinking, and though fully in sympathy with democracy, courageously points out its inherent defects and dangers

In his essay on Bentham, Mill give indication of dissatisfaction with the narrow interpretation which the early Utilitarians gave of the emotional side of life. Happiness was conceived by Bentham in rather a crude fashion, the happiness associated with the esthetic feelings being practically ignored It was clear that in dealing with Utilitarianism Mill would come into conflict with the crude views of his predecessors. In his *Utilitarianism*, published in 1861, Mill, while holding fast by the greatest happiness theory of Bentham, endeavoured to give an ideal interpretation of happiness, which

included elements which Bentham would have repudited. He was on the right lines, but he had the misfortune to theorise before the new miss of information regarding man's origin and development had crystallised round the evolution theory, consequently, all that is best in the old Utilitarianism has now been incorporated along with his speculations in a new and more enduring framework.

In 1861 Mill turned his attention again to philo-

In his sophy Logic he had set himself to con struct a science of reasoning on the lines of the Experience philo sopliy, but in that book root prob lems were not dealt with exhaus tively Non he seized the oppor tunity of travelling over the entire philosophic field by reviewing the Philosophy of Sir William Hamil-What was intended to be an article swelled into a volume, and was published in 1865 Mill's startingpoint is experi-The mind, ence he holds, has no original intuitions, is not originally supplied with necessary forms of thought. All we know is derived



JOHN STUART MILL.

From the Portrait by G F Witts, R A
(in National Portrait Gallery, Fred Hollyer, Photo)

from experience Experience of what? The answer to that determines the philosophic status of a thinker The two fundamental facts of knowledge are Matter and Mind What does experience tell us of Matter? In the course of his criticism of Hamilton, Mill reaches the conclusion that Matter can only be defined as the Permanent Possibility of Sensation—a definition which immediately links the Experience philosophy with Berkeleyan Idealism And what of Mind? Mind, we are told, may be resolved into a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feelings, of expectations and recollections Mill, with his characteristic frankness, is aware of the difficulty of his theory The supreme difficulty is to understand how with such a theory knowledge itself is possible Grant that what we know of a material world is simply a series of scattered phenomena. Postula'e

a unifying mind working according to definite laws, and there is a possibility of coherent knowledge. But deny unifying power to Mind, reduce Mind to a series of phenomena, and the question arises how out of the two forms of phenomenamaterial and mental-does a Cosmos rather than a chaos emerge? Mill's psychological theory determines his entire system of thought. If, according to it, we can know nothing of the external world beyond particular aspects of matter, and nothing of mind beyond particular aspects of feeling, obviously all our knowledge is limited to experi-Knowledge resolves itself into a recognition of particulars, and logic becomes the science of thought, whereby by means of induction and deduction the mind lays hold of the order which obtains among the various aspects of pheno-In the last analysis, Mill's conception of the world is that of a collection of facts grasped by the mind by means of the law of Association, facts existing by no necessity but resting so far as we know on the arbitrary and the accidental

Insight into Mill's philosophy gives the clue to the essays on Religion which, published after his death, created widespread surprise. He was bound to admit that the present system of things was not held together by any inherent necessity The notion of necessity, he said, was the product of the law of Association, which led us to think that facts which had been always associated in our experience would always be associated in another planet things might be so arranged that two and two make five, even in this planet a supernatural revelition with accompanying miracles might well take place We have no right beforehand to lay down the conditions of the Cosmos, all we have to do is to study pheno mena as they present themselves and tabulate the results for our guidance. Thus it comes about that the Experience philosophy of Mill, with its rational induction, leads ultimately, as faine put it, to 'an abyss of cliance, an abyss of ignorance.'

Mill, who had been living at Avignon pursuing his philosophical labours, was suddenly cilled to another and very different sphere He was in 1865 invited to become Liberal candidate for West-He laid down certain unique conditions minster He refused to canvass or allow any one to canvass He announced that if elected he could He refused to not attend to local interests answer any question as to his religious views, and he declared himself to be an advocate of woman's suffrage. Mill was elected by a majority of some hundreds over his Conservative opponent, and in the House of Commons he showed himself very energetic. He was always to be found in the ranks of the progressivists, and with his usual courage never shrank from identifying himself with the unpopular cause. He never, however, was quite at home in the House He was no orator He could

speak well, but his oratory was too intellectual for a popular assembly, and he never was able, had he been inclined, to sink the philosopher in the politician Mr Gladstone has left on record his belief that Mill gave a certain dignity to the House by the singular moral elevation of his character-a characteristic which led the great Liberal states man to call him the Saint of Rationalism did not long enjoy his parliamentary honours the general election in 1868 he was defeated by the Conservative candidate, Mr W H Smith (who ultimately became leader of the Conservative party), and retired to his philosophic retreat at Avignon The defeat was attributed to the fact that Mill sent a subscription to the election expenses of Mr Charles Bradlaugh, the well known anti Christian writer and lecturer Mill occupied his closing years with congenial pursuits. He was elected Lord Rector of St Andrews University, and delivered a Rectorial address on education friend said to him how good it was Mill replied that it ought to be, for he had thought about the subject all his life. He issued a new edition of his father's Analysis of the Human Mind, and busied himself with his Autobiography, which was published after his death. Suddenly his work was brought to an end Warnings of failing strength were not wanting, but though he was in his sixtyseventh year, there was nothing to cause anxiety Indeed, three days before his death he walked fifteen miles on a botanical excursion by a local endemic disease, he succumbed on 8th May 1873, and was buried at Avignon Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his speculations, Mill's name and personality will ever bulk largely in the history of nineteenth century thought

# The Stationary State

I cannot regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on, that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilisation, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it may yet have it to undergo It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues as America, in her great civil war, has proved to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples, and as England, it is to be hoped, would also prove on an equally trying and exciting occasion. But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising Most fitting, indeed, it is that while riches are power,

and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.

There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for a great increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But even if innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co operation and social intercourse has in all most populous countries been obtained A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character, and solitude in the presence of natural beauty or grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contem plating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature—with every rood of land brought into cultivation, which is capable of growing food for human beings, every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier popula tion, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary, long before necessity compels them to do it

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture and moral and social progress, as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference, that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labour Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inven tions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of

judicious foresight can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and clevating the universal lot

(From Political Economy, vol. ii.)

### The Place of Art in Education.

If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue and feel it an object in itself and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blamable, but also degrading to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the free of this great universe, of the collective mass of our fellow creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poorness and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in minking things comfortable for ourselves and our lin and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Thus feeling, we learn to respect our selves only so far as we feel capable of nobler objects, and if unfortunately those by whom we are surrounded do not share our aspirations, perhaps disapprove the conduct to which we are prompted by them, to sustain ourselves by the ideal sympathy of the great characters in history, or even in fiction, and by the contemplation of an idealised posterity shall I add, of ideal perfection, embodied in a Divine Being? Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato or Demosthenes or facitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers or orntors or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in clevating it-in fostering the milder emotions, as the most exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and leads us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part, and all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously and predispose us to the reception of anything which Who does not comes before us in the shape of duty feel himself a better man after a course of Dante or of Wordsworth, or, I will add, of Lucretius or the Georgies, or after brooding over Gray's 'Elegy' or Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'? I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture, and many of the more delicately organised among ourselves do the All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind, would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time, if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private salon? Their Nativities and Crucifixions, their glorious Madonnas and Saints, were to their susceptible Southern countrymen the great school not only of devotional, but of all the

elevated and all the imaginative feelings We colder Northerns may approach to a conception of this function of art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of liunian nature which corresponds to Art There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as your own Highlands and other mountain regions afford, who are not, at least tem porarily, raised by it above the littleness of humanity, and made to feel the puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share To whatever avoca tions we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every worl seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done, where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of excr cising ligher ficulties and performing ligher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it -which has not properly any other nobility than that which it gives-and which, if ever so humble, is never mean but when it is meanly done and when the motives for which it is done are mean motives. There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the beautiful, when it is real cultivation and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learnt what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realise it in his own life-will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though hable to be misunderstood and per verted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good, for it includes the Good and adds something to it, it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing Now, this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in anything we do, is one of the results of Art cultivation No other human pro ductions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth, but in Art the perfection is itself the object If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour If we meet with even a after perfection in execution piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the work man loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made-we say that Art, when really culti he has worked like an artist vated and not mercly practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained, and by this idea it trains us never to

be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we, ourselves do and are to idealise, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all our own characters and lives

(Inaugural Address at St Andrews, 1st Feb 1867)

Quite a library of biographical and philosophical literature has grown up round the name of J S MIL. No formal biography has appeared, but a great deal of interesting personal details is to be found in the Life of Mill by Alex. Bain, entitled A Criticism, with Personal Recillections (1882) in the Utilitarians vol iii., by Sir Leslie Steplien (1900) and Mr L. Courtney's John Stuart Mell (1889) On the personal side the main authority is the Autobiograph) Expositions and criticisms of Mill's writings have been numerous. Specially valuable are the chapters on Mill in Taine's History of English Liter iture afterwards published separately in book form. Sir Leslie Stephen gives an acute and sympathetic estimate of Mill in his Utilitarians, and an admirable book on the subject is Dr Charles Douglas's Study of Mill's Philosophy (1805) Among others are Mr L Courtney's The Metaphysics of Mill (1879) George Grote's Review of the Work of Mr 7 S Mill (1868) and An Examination of the Utilitarian I hilosophy of Mill, by John Grote (1870). Recent British Philosophy, by Professor Masson (1865), contains a criticism of Mill's book on Sir William Hamilton and in general literature are frequent references to Mill, such as Mr John Morley's Critical Miscellanies (1877) the essay in Scherer's Essays on English Literature translated by Saintsbury (1891), Journals of Caroline Fox, Carlyle's Renums cences (1887) and Carlyle's Life (1889) by James Anthony HECTOR MACPHERSON

William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98) was born at Liverpool, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, MP, a wealthy corn merchant there, of Scottish birth and ancestry Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a doublefirst in 1831, he entered the reformed Parliament next year as member for Newark, still virtually a pocket-borough of that Duke of Newcastle who claimed to 'do what he liked with his own' High Church and Conservative in his principles, Gladstone was described by Macaulay in 1839 as the 'rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories' who 'reluctantly and mutinously' followed Sir Robert Peel Gradually, however, the influence of Peel prevailed to draw him to the popular side, so that ultimately, after his electoral defeat at Oxford University in 1865, he became leader of the Liberal party His political career, in the course of which he was four times Prime-Minister, covered more than sixty years, and displayed an untiring energy and enthusiasm unparalleled in English history It is not here that the manifold aspects and incidents of that brilliant career can be described—the gradual progress in Liberalism, the masterly Budgets of the sixties, the 'reformation in a flood' which distinguished the first Ministry under his control or the Irish policy which was developed in the second, the ardour of his struggle against the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield or the audacious energy of his latest adventure, when, in his seventy eighth year, he declared for Irish Home Rule Certainly no career in English politics has shown a more varied activity, nor has there been any English statesman who exercised more powerful influence in his day or provoked more bitter opposition. It is for history to decide whether his achievement was

the many consect to effort, to there out in religious sentences that will be along with over the food of the tree to of his the choice periods of Chatham and Canning · rit riin Engara 35 ; 4 ) it along the terr greatest i car cour debiter he urpresed mer of profession for the except er early e for. In earlie retied in the concept to and the one of I like the spent case for If for any termination of Mi the limit in study and in nuthor in I are quie as remarkable about restrict a linearing in politics. The the control of the same decole influ the it. True arise movement and his first A North and St. from the Kelations rate the it is a second of the man te increof an tennal code in tical comblishment cterilized exposition. Michael selish g received an look and the cold man of fite the desired is cultured by the discriblisher of the front inflicted his emide the earlies or with the training at his conduction the deat of Glads mes wols. It was there's be more other in a more polemic l for early complifies on The Latter the of letter remaining the chall bound it is in any h in Catholic his voice on I to I I to f Hote Support (1860), r' le ricciar concoct with Husle in to stays on the Graph more left. In most later er a differ one was some hat herepored by ms to the of their knowledge and increst, I to be have a conding to the Morles testi er get are en and the precines of such em i Dir i Die im desemy is conrts a h. Home criticism embedied in the the section of the following Hero mi 1 + I + 1 + 1 + 12 | In come Mont 1869 " Here's but so something which as in to the the hole tardenes of nuclear l low of the diam of cours van in, classiff algord one les of the dr alse, dether Osman lingitions i et errefa tim d'enich introef a " " and it is eith tail certain and the in the lens of the state of the same and the is from the new meaning by ed to be like a not be left the ed too of Tell . I a 1 1 Was to for her The other was a columnide and the section of the section gers on the continue the moderation of section it is a restricted to the same 1 5 C 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 the trace of the c Let Int twenty filling s r Ir A 315

ord Large gran

73 Feb.

### On the Reform Bill of 1868

My princer, but, in regard to the laboral portrisin "I pain the opposite of Larl Kussel's. I have none of the claims he prose see I came among rough outcast from those with whom I associated, diliver from th m. I alim, by ro arbitiary act, but by the slow and res the e forces of consiction. I come among you, to make use of the I gal phrasology in first fully upon. I Ind nothing to offer you but futhful and honouralie service. You received me, as Dido received the shiprecked incu-

# 13 jectum littore, egentem Lxcept '

and I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the entence in regard to me -

# "It regni demens in parte locavi-

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generous, and I may even say with some mastic of confidence And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debors, but that I must for ever be in your debt.

Sir we are assailed, this I'll is in a state of en is and of peril, and the Government along with it. We start or fall in hit as has been declared by my noble friend Lord I a ell We stand with it now, we may full with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or o here in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not a tempt to mea are with precision the forces that are to be arrived against us in the coming is in declars. the prest division of is night is not the last that made tale place in the struggle. At some point of the contest you care possible succeed. You may drive us from a reests. You may bury the Bill that we have introduced but we will write upon its gravestone for an epital hallic line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment-

# "I voriere aliquis nostris ex o ala sultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our The great occal forces which more onwards in their might and maje ty and which the tunnili of our delices does not for a monital impede or disturbethose girld local forces are against you they are more smalled crore le and the lance which we now curs in this fills that, has thops at some moment it may disap over our sinding licids are it partiagram and fire in the eye of Heisen, and it will be I rate by the first lands of the united people of his three lip, tome, perhaps rot to an erea that to a certain zil wani laru tar, victori

# On 1-1-h Disectablishment 1800

I can those in alite country to prost a critical of e es retruits r les tempeny el fiette ten ce et " estim ne con central and had been entire for in the for of preferr I position of an I would bed Church I con there has not that to many in the line had tellar meet? and a come of the first ingle than more place to touchet of market to kin then terfoldent them by blve, and theeft in the A with red in Fing Last Sam. Principles to the

persuade Glo'ster that he has fallen over the chiffs of Dover, and says

'Ten masts at each make not the altitude Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen. Thy life 's a miracle!'

And yet but a little while after the old man is relieved from his delusion, and finds he has not fallen at all I trust that when, instead of the fictitious and adventi tious aid on which we have too long taught the Irish Lstablishment to lean, it shall come to place its trust in 11s own resources, in its own great mission, in all that it can draw from the energy of its ministers and its members, and the high hopes and promises of the Gospel that it teaches, it will find that it has entered upon a new era of existence-an era bright with hope and potent for At any rate, I think the day has certainly come when an end is finally to be put to that union, not between the Church and religious association, but be tween the Establishment and the State, which was commenced under circumstances little auspicious, and has endured to be a source of unhappiness to Ireland and of discredit and scandal to England There is more This measure is in every sense a great measure -great in its principles, great in the multitude of its dry, technical, but interesting details, and great as a testing measure, for it will show for one and all of us of what metal we are made. Upon us all it brings a great responsibility—greatest and foremost upon those who occupy this bench We are especially chargeable-nay, deeply guilty—if we have either dishonestly, as some think, or even premiturely or univisely challenged so gigantic an usue. I know well the punishments that follo s rishness in public affair, and that ought to fall upon those men, those Phaetons of politics, who, with hands unequal to the task, attempt to guide the chanot of the sun But the responsibility, though heavy, does not exclusively press upon us, it presses upon every man who has to take part in the discussion and decision upon this Bill Every man approaches the discussion under the most solemn obligations to ruse the level of his vision and expand its scope in proportion to the greatness of the matter in hand. The working of our constitutional government itself is upon its trial, for I do not believe there ever was a time when the wheels of legislative machinery were set in motion, under conditions of peace and order and constitutional regularity, to deal with a question greater or more profound And more espe cially, Sir, is the credit and fame of this great assembly involved. This assemble, which has inherited through many ages the accumulated honours of brilliant triumphs, of peaceful but courageous legislation, is now called upon to address itself to a task which would, indeed, have demanded all the best energies of the very best among your fathers and your ancestors. I believe it will prove to be worthy of the task. Should it fail, even the same of the House of Commons will suffer disparagement, should it succeed, even that fame, I venture to say, will receive no small, no insensible addition. I must not ask gentlemen opposite to concur in this view, emboldened as I am by the kindness they have shown me in listening with patience to a statement which could not have been other than tedions, but I pray them to bear with me for a moment while, for myself and my colleagues, I say we are sanguine of the issue We believe, and for my part I am deeply convinced, that when the final consumma tion shall arrive, and when the words are spoken that shall give the force of law to the work embodied in this measure—the work of peace and justice—those words will be echoed upon every shore where the name of Ireland or the name of Great Britain has been heard, and the answer to them will come back in the approxing verdict of civilised mankind

The authorised Life of Gladstone is that by Mr John Morley See also the Gladstone bibliography in Notes and Queries, 1892-93, and Lives by M Gilchrist (1868) Barnett Smith (2 vols. 1879), Archer (4 vols. 1853) Russell (1891), Robbins (1894) Justin McCarthy (1897) Sir Edward Humiton (1898) Sir Wemys's Reid (1899) Mr Herbert Paul's article in the supplement of the Dictionary of Varional his graphy (1901), and Mr Bryce's in his Studies in Contemp rary Birgo iphy (1903). Gladstone's own Tragment of Autoliography (1868) is an apology for his policy of Irish Disestablishment. His Speeches and Public Addresses have been edited by Hulton and Cohen (10 vols. 1894 et seq.).

Dr John Brown (1810-82), the author of

Rab and his Triends, was the son of the Rev John Brown, an accomplished, saintly, and beloved minister of the Secession Church first at Biggar, then at Edinburgh, and the great grandson of John Brown of Haddington, the author of the Self-interfreting Bible (see Vol II p 646) He was born at Biggar, and was taught by his father till 1822, when the family removed to Edinburgh, and the boy had four years at a classical academy and the High School After the arts course at the university, he began his medical studies in 1828 and became pupil and apprentice to Syme the eminent surgeon, and after a year at Chathamthe great cholera venr—as a surgeon's assistant, he graduated M D in 1833 and commenced doctor His practice never was large, for m Edmburgh he had too many interests to be exclusively professional, his ambitions were hardly those of the fashionable or successful practitioner. His life was quiet and uneventful, save that his latter years were apt to be clouded by fits of depression. His first notable literary work was a review of the pictures at the Edinburgh exhibition of 1846, written for Hugh Miller's H itness newspaper, and republished as 'Notes on Art' In 1847 he contributed on Ruskin's Modern Painters to the North British Review 'Rab and his Friends,' originally delivered as a lecture at Biggar, was first printed in 1858 in the volume of papers called Hora Subscitua ('leisure hours')-1 name subsequently extended to the three volumes (second series, 1861, third series, 1882) which comprise almost all Dr John Brown's writings and, as finally rearranged, appeared in a new edition in 1882-84 Editors and publishers had to 'pester' him to write, for he was more than most men distrustful of his powers, believing that none should venture to publish aught 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright? Herein lay the secret of his writing so little, and of the surpassing charm of the little he did write Dogs, children, old-world folk, friends gone before, and lowland landscapes-these are the subjects which he wrote on best, his essays on art and on medical history and biography are good, but it is not by them that he will be remembered. Humour is the the state of the s



to HOHN BLOWN

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# From the Letter on his Father to John Calrns, DD

the auf his c'in ter in connexion On comme to Lemburch he give up cir is deliberation rain for and hi elicite et jour desert m in lib he food him eli in a metaline of a papalir a three a grange of a remote that to o-entital ay and Mrs. Tomes do e Milinette per exe at it wirkte com, a con viail exerce enliteret Ca tha F " y epe ads to "t" e t > 1 "sale" In uper Green nerr " Her i int Micheae In A I discord to be or then ham my many

to ber soil. John, if you are going, I would he to indeed with you he wished to see his dynamicial. You allow he wished to see his dynamicial you all the man in the matter of his and he the him try, and I. The mp his was that Mr Stone sont the ches not for me and subsee puny—collect if I forget not, soluth—for his number with all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thoroughbood, and on Golinth.

My father had not been on a horse for nearly twen i verry lie mounted and rode off. He soon got tea of with the short, pattering step of Coliath, and looke? a 1-tfully up at me, and longingly to the tell che that, step ping once for Goliath's twice, lil e the Don striding beat-Sancho I saw what he was after, and when past the to'l he said in a mild sort of way. 'John, did you promise e outer I was not to rule your horse?" "No, father certainly not. Mr Stone, I dure say wished me to do so Lot I didn t "Well then, I think we'll change, this b ast shilles me." So we changed I remember low noble he looked, how at home his white har and his dark eves, his erect, easy, accustomed sent. He som let his erger horse slip gently away. It was first ent; he was off Cohath and I jogging on behind, then cent to and in a twinkling-count I saw them last firshing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying I was unersy, though from his riding I knew le was as yet in command, so I put Golinth to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stone breaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. 'Hay he white hair? "Yes" "And can like a gled s?" "Ye 'Weel then he's fleem' up the road lile the wand, he it In at little lantage (about nine miles off) in the time if he hand on ' I never once so heed him, hat on coming into humper Green there was his steaming the tunt of the gate, neighbor cheerily to Collath. I went in he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the mid! of prayer his words as I entered were, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee " and he was not the least instant In praver that his blood var up He never again an Mrs kobertson, or, with his ride as she was called when they were sonng Sibbie (Sibilly) Piric. On coming out he said nothing but tool the eliestnut, mounted her, and i e came home quietly

# From 'Thackerny's Death'

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in Decomber, when he was walking with two friends at no the Dean Road, to the west of I dudurgh-en of the namest or their to my city. It was a lovely eigenful. such a simple as one never forpets, a nich dick to of cloud horized over the sun going down belond th He blind bille lying bathed in "methy time bloom, in them this close and the fulls there vas a nairm of p or the pire ether, of a ten lor conship colour, heart in i as if it were he very leady of heaven in its clean i every object, tambing out my if etched upon the sly. The mostle we tiend of Constorphine Hill, with his frees or I or I seel, In and I st I make, lay in the heart of this pine sed ance, and there a sized-in arme, it ed in the quarry below s 34 437 1 1 or resource the fewer of a cross, there is not us in toled to lifted up against the cry alone sty. All there " " Pror Iton II or a gaze latit eiler l. Asthe pried logar mierem ", fo - irrepolers, , nile, or I rapid refer to year off were ! feeling in the world! Calving! " The fe who walked on mare two self, in whome, and then torred to other things. All had

evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine thing—of death of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple furth in God and in his Saviour

# From 'Marjorie Floming'

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a lev, so in he and the hound went, shaling them "Marjone" Marjone "shnated her selves in the lobby friend 'where are ve, my bonnie wee croedlin doo?' In a momen a bright, eager child of seven was in I is arms, and he was kissing her all over Out came Mrs Keith 'Comever wars in, Wattie,' 'No not non I am going to take Marjorie we me and you may come to your ter in Dancan Kov's sidan, and bring the brim home in "Tak' Marjorie, and it en ain o' int i " your hp said Mrs Keith He said to himself 'Ond ng-that's orld—that is the very word "Hoot and leaf liete and he displayed the corner of his plaid made to hold lambs-(the true the, herd's plant consisting of two bend is sened together, and uncut at one end, making a prike or cultivariet. "Tal" ver lamb, soul she laugh ing at the continuance, and so the Let was first well happ t up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plant neak and de shephenl strode off with his lamb-Maida gran'r lling through the snow and running races in her muth

Do not he five the angry out, and make her heeld his looking, and in o his own room with her, and look the door, and oit with the warm ross, little wife who took it all will pread composure. There the two remained for three or more hour making the hoese ring with their laughter, you can fance the highman's and Muche's laugh. Having made the fire chiers he set her down in his simple chair, and sinding slicepiths before his largen to say his lesson, which happened to be 'Zircoty, diceoty, doch, the moise rin up the clock the chiek struck wan, down the moise rin, riccoty diceoty, doel.' This done repea edit till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and sloyly, timing it upon her small lingers—he saying it after her—

'Woners, twoers, tiel ers, seven Alaba, crackaby ten, and eleven, Pin, prin, musk,, dan, Tweedle um, twoddle um, twen's a an Lerie, one, ourie, sou, are, out

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Mihi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin Pan, Musky Dan, Tweedle um I coldie um made him roor with laughter. He said Musty Dan especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his last fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind., she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over Gil Morrice or the Baron of Smaithelm, and he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Constance's speeches in King John, till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill Fancy the gifted little creature, like one post-seed, repeating—

'For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears?

'If thou that hidst me be content, wert grim, Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—'

Or, driwing herself up 'to the height of her great

'I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
I or grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit'

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs Keith, 'She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does.'

#### From 'Minchmoor'

Now that every body is out of town, and every place in the guide books is as well known as I rinces Street or Pall Mall, it is something to discover a full every body has not been to the top of, and which is not in Blad. Such a full is Minchineer, nearly three times as high as Arthur Seat, and lying between I weed and Yarrox.

The best was to recend it is from Imquair. You go up the wild old Sell its road a fuch passes almost right over the summit, and his which Montrose and his eavahers fled from Philiphaugh, where Sir Walter's mother remembried crossing, when a girl, in a coach and six, on her was to a ball at Peebles, several footmen marching on either side of the earlinge to prop it up or drig it out of the more we ga, and where, to our nurrement, we learned that the Duchess of Buccleuch had lately driven har ponies Pefore this we had passed the grey, oldworld entrance to Fraginir House, and looked down its grassy and untrod avenue to the pallid, forlorn mansion, stricken all over with old, and noticed the wrought iron gate embedded in a feet deep and more of soil, never having opened since the '45. There are the huge Bradnordine bears on each tile-most protesque supporters -with a superfluity of ferocity and canine teeth whole place, life the family whose it has been, seems dying out-everything subdued to settled desolution. The old race, the old religion, the grunt old house, with its small, deep, comfortless windows, the decaying trees, the still ness about the doors, the grass overrunning everything, nature reinstating heiself in her quiet way -all this males the place look as strange and pitiful among its fellows in the vale as would the Larl who built it three hundred years ago if we met him tottering along our way in the fided dress of his vouth, but it looks the Larl's house a ill, and has a dignity of its own

We soon found the Minchmoor road, and took at once to the hill, the ascent being, as often is with other ascents in this world, steepest at first. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view as we ascended, and got a look of the 'eye sweet' Tweed hills and their 'silver stream'. It was one of the five or six good days of this summer—in early morning 'soft' and doubtful, but the mists drawing up, and now the noble, tawny hills were dappled with gleams and shadows—

'Sunbeams upon distant hills gliding apace'-

the best sort of day for mountain scenery—that ripple of light and shadow brings out the forms and the depths of the Iulis far better than a cloudless sky, and the horizon is generally wider

Before us and far away was the round flat head of Minchmoor, with a dark, rich bloom on it, from the thick, short heather—the hills around being green.

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Bishop Colenso John William Collass, 1514-83 was born it St Austell in Cornwall and graduating in 1536 from St. John's College, Lim bridge as second wringler was elected a fellow Successively assistant master at Harrow, thor at Cambridge and rector of Forncett St Mars in Notfolk he published handbooks on algebra in 1845 and on tragonometry in 1851, and a volume of Illing Sin ins in 1853 in which same year he was appointed the first Bishop of Artill He soon inistered the Julu language, prepared a grammar and diction irv, and translated the Priver-Book and part of the Bible. In a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans (1861) he rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment. Largely through questions asked and puzzles propounded by his Julii converts he became convinced of the inprobability of many statements of facts and numbers in the Bible, and The Pentat nei aid to e book of Josena Certically Examine? (7 parts, 1862-79) brought down upon its writer in avilanche of criticism, and was condemned in both Houses of Convocation. In 1864 he was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan, Bishop Grav of Capetown, but on appeal the Priva Council declared the deposition 'null and void' (1865); and in 1866 the Court of Chancery ordered the payment of his income with arrears—though Bishop Gray next publicly excommunicated him, and consecrated a new histop, so that the tend of spiritual jurisdictions and theological controversy lasted for years. In 1874 Colon o visited I neland and pleaded the cause of Langahbalde, a depossessed July chief He was author of Jen Weels in Natul (1855), He New Bille Commenting Literally Lyamured (1871-71), Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Mood to Stone (1873), and 3 volume of Sermons (1873). This works on algebra and trulimetic are still standard school books, his name is remembered as that of, for many year the best abused man in England, but he special arguments and contentions now occupy but in munitesimal place in the established theorie of moderate critics. He was produciously in car is 5 but he was not a profound or widely read divine, liardly in a professional sense a competent thealog m, it was his peculiar hap, being not march, a Churchman but a bishop to in it, in in in evirable and arritating way, on facts and figure, merceable or self-contradictors, which were completely arreconcilable with the belief in vehil d learned and allow that and course an the orthodox List sh Churches, as Dean Stinle east. The made art epoch in Biblical entire in his m trughtfor vadues ' though Churchmen and e mailen Vonconforms' non often frosti come Col to be profol results to for 100 con errs cornsumptions and in such cost a ste Ing logaria Billion propound theories with note and arrest than Coleman's fulles and react were aborate of donous orders, See I fe bush to W. Cov (2 40) 1885)

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Pendennis, he had acquired expensive habits at Cambridge, among which was the taste for gambling On the authority of Sir Theodore Martin. the vivid saturical story of 'The Amours of Deuceace,' told by Mr Yellowplush, was suggested by his own experience. Years after this period he pointed out in the street at Sna a gambler whom he had not seen 'since he drove me down in his cabriolet to my bankers in the city, where I sold out my patrimony and handed it over to him? It was about the year 1834 that he was confronted with the necessity of working for a living. Although art was his selection, literature was to prevail 1836, the year of the starting of the Constitutional, Thackeray married the daughter of Colonel Shawe. of Doneraile in County Cork The marriage took place in Paris, according to Mr F T Marzials, who first made known the official record, at the British Embassy on the 20th August About a month later he began his contributions to the Constitutional, but the paper came to an end in the following summer, and Thackeray returned to London Much more important than these newspaper speculations was the connection which Thackeray formed about this period with Fraser's Magazine What were his claims to be included in the Fraserian brotherhood, in Maclise's drawing for the January number of 1835, is by no means cerftain By 1837, however, he was a member of the staff and a regular contributor

Thackers was furly launched on his career through his connection with Fraser's His opportunité had come It lies been reserted that his subsequent contributions to Punch graned him immediate popularity If the Snob Papers did more at the time to make his name known than the 'Letters of Mr C J Yellowplush,' or such a masterpiece as Catherine, or the Great Hoggarty Diamond-with which Thackeray signalised his admission to the Friserian circle—the result was due to certain fortuitous circumstances to be regarded as an instance of the ephemeral triumphing over the more weighty literary produc-When Thackery began his famous studies, which may be called an Anatomy of Snobbery, Punch was rising on the top wave of popularity, thanks to the inimit ible drawings of Leech. The subject, too, was 'in the air,' it possessed an irresistible social appeal Now, although the snob is always with us, I doubt if any member of the present generation can conceive the prodigious effect the Snob Papers produced on early Victorian society The theme was new, the exponent was a master But now the edge of the novelty is worn down, and although we acknowledge the mastery, we are conscious of certain flaws, certain excesses and insobrieties in the satirical analysis that were not perceptible to the contemporary reader regard to the correspondence of Mr C J Yellowplush, it is different. Time has not modified the force and piquancy of these amusing sketches which ran through Fraser's in 1837-38 'Miss Shum's Husband' diverts us as it must ever divert. The story of Mr Deuceace, which is told in two sections, is as clear and convincing an example of the blossoming that is the promise of genius as was ever produced by genius. This pungent and bitter little story is unmistakably prophetic-as the sketch of Crab the cynical nobleman alone may show—of the coming I anity \( \Gamma \text{iii} \) In the Epistles to the Literati the satire and burlesque of Mr. Yellowplush deal with subjects that enjoy an imperishable vitality The kind of poetry that is here satirised may take on new guises, but it never dies and ever has admirers of its specious charms Inflated nonsense in blank verse still passes for poetic draina, and unreal sentiment for pathos or Thackeray's criticism of Bulwer Lytton and Dr Lardner has been censured as savage. He lived to think it too severe, it is said, but I do not think there is any injustice in it. The story of Catherine, which appeared in Frasir's in 1839-1840, was professedly written in ridicule of certain popular or fashionable novels by Bulwer Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, and others, in which some criminal or vicious person was endowed with the virtues proper to a hero The burlesque intent of Thackerry is now the least notable thing about Catherine, at the time, however, it served a very real purpose, and one that the author believed in all sincerity was eminently needed doubt of the seriousness of Thackerny's crusade against shams of all kinds, nor of the didactic aim that was involved in it. But, fortunately, his satiric liumour was still stronger, as was also the artistic instinct in the story-teller, hence he does not labour with his didactic aim nor put it to an extreme The reader of Catherine speedily forgets it altogether, and it seems to me that when the author recurs to it, in the person of the pseudonymous lkey Solomons, junior, it is not without a suggestion of sudden transition, as if he too had been better engaged After all, a little philosophic reflection convinces the reader that the ascription of heroic qualities to lawless characters like lack Sheppard or Paul Clifford is a very intelligible and very human foible, of which Claude Duval and even Robin Hood are yet more popular examples It would be easy to make too much of it, this, it is needless to say, is what Thackeray does not do In writing Catherine, he set out to paint vice as a thing

Of such hideous mien As to be hated needs but to be seen

He selected from *The Newgate Calendar* a story of murder of the most revolting kind conceivable, told with all the crudity and brutal realism of which plain prose is capable. For once those excellent attorneys Messrs Knapp and Baldwin, the compilers of that gruesome calendar, have no need, as was their wont, to moralise their tale, the horror of it, one thinks, could not be surpassed. Thackeray adopts but the mere frame work. Without using one jot of the horrible

details of the narrative—deliberately, indeed, shedding the whole of it—he leives an impression of horror which far transcends the original, and is in effect the all pervading atmosphere of the story Mr Trollope has little to say of Catherine but that it is 'certainly not pleasant reading'. To say that Thackerry has provided the is to say nothing bald Newgate tale with an extraordinarily effec tive setting, in which we have something of a microcosm of early eighteenth century times and The society, of course, is none of the choicest There are those finished rascals, Corpor il Brock of Cutts's dragoons, with his comminder the showy and trivial Count von Galgenstein, and Lusign Macshane, the pretty and evil-hearted Catherine and the sottish John II iyes and young Billings complete the list of characters in the drama. All are sketched with the fine, incisive touch of the master, while the play of wit and irony is exquisitely light and spontaneous is evidence, indeed, that should have instantly proclaimed the new writer in Inascr's as a man of genius Such, for example, is the scene in the Marylebone Gardens, where Galgenstein meets Mrs Cat after many years, and that which tells of the interview between Billings and the Count Yet Catherine scarcely attracted any notice, and to this day remains underrated in general estima-It may be worth noting the reference made m Catherine to Dickens, who had lately written Oliver Twist, where Thicker's ironically remarks that 'to trend in the footsteps of the immortal Fagin requires a genius of mordinate stride' His next contribution to Praser's was Tre II story of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond, a story of the risks that attend specu lating in bubble companies, which appeared in Michael Angelo Titmarsh was announced as its illustrator. The story was no great success at the time, and it is said the author received an editorial intimation to shorten it. While it was in preparation he published, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, The Paris Sketch Book, a collection of sketches grave and gay. Among these 'A Gambler's Death,' a cynical and Defoe like story, may possibly be a 'true relation' The characteristic 'Meditations at Versailles' must be noted as containing more than a limt of a famous passage in The Four Georges Thackerry's next contribution to the magazine, The Confessions of George Fitz Boodle, a d other Papers by Mr Fitz-Boodle, began to appear in 1842, and made no particular In the same year he went for a tour in Ireland, where he met Charles Lever, and the result of the tour was one of his most delightful travel books, The Irish Sketch Book, which was The opening month of the year published in 1843 following saw the first instalment in Frasers of what must be considered his second masterpiece this was The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon The work originally appeared as written by Mr Fitz Boodle, with the title The Luck of Barry Lyndon

the incongruity of the association of Fitz Boodle with Mr Redmond Barry must have struck Hinckers at once, and when issued as a book it appeared as the Memoirs of Barry Indon, 'Writen by Himself' Some judges have declared that Thacker's never surpassed this brilliant and amazingly elever study It is certain he never wrote anything with more spirit and gusto than this life history of a gambler The humour and vivacity, the exuberant vinity and evnicism, the prodigious glorification of exploits the reverse of glorious, the explical tone of suave complicancy, that unfilteringly mark the whole recital constitute an example of self-portruture of the finest and most finished kind. It has been supposed by some that the idea of the character was suggested by the Memoirs of Casmova, but beyond the accident that Breek is a gamester there is nothing in common between the two books. The reference to Casanova in Barry's finious defence of caming is a more indication that the Irish adventurer I new the Italian by repute, this, of course, mercly miplies that Thackerry was well read in the subject. Redmond Barry has no real resemblance to Casanova, he never forgets-in a genealogical sense—that he is a gentleman, though a decayed one. The qualities that give Thackeray's work distinction are decidedly not to to be discovered in Casanova. While this con vincing proof of his genius was being produced in Franks, I livel erry lead established limiself as a popular contributor to Punch with burlesque and satire, verse and drawings. I rom 1842-43 until 1851 lie wrote regularly for that journal and seems to have caught the public interest with a completeness that did not it once attend the appearance of Catherine or Barry Lyrden were the 'Lectures' of Miss Tickletoby on English History and the 'History of the Next French Revolution These were followed by the amusing 'Diary' and other papers of the admirable Mr Jennes de la Pluche, with the exquisite 'Ballad' of Berkeley Square. These revelations of life in the 'hupper suckles' need but cursors reminder The drollery of Jennies's contributions on current topics remains a perennial spring of delight, though some of the old topics cease to agitate us Succeeding these came the Snot Papers in 1846, in which every conceivable type of snob is sketched, dissected, or tomplianked in a brilliant In the execution of series of saturical postraits these ridicule and sarcasm are used with an un sparing hand, but it is a light though a certain hand, in spite of the tremendous vigour of attack There is no doubt that the attraction the subject possessed for Thickern was peculiar and idiosyn cratic. It never wholly deserted him. Much of the sature is still fresh and still applicable, the account, for instance, of the costumes of Miss Snobky and Lady Snobky, as quoted from the Comt Circular, is not without parallel in our day The author's comment still holds good of some

of our 'ladies' papers'--'Oli, mothers, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing that is put in the newspapers for you' How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c. of snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?' In the year following the diverting 'Prize Novelists' began to appear These wonderful parodies of Bulwer Lytton, Lever, Disraeli, G P R. James, and others are among the best of the kind. Some, indeed, are absolutely the best such are the burlesque-parodies-for they are masterly blends of both forms-of Lever and The 'Codlingsby' is beyond James and Disraeli question the finest, and in fact unique, it was a severe and unforgettable blow to Disraeli After many years, in the last novel from his pen, he took Jus revenge with an exceedingly clever sketch of Thackeray With these diversions must be named several minor writings of the period, the Stetches and Travels in London, for example, and M A Titmarsh's Journey from Cornhill to Grand Caire, published in 1846, the result of a tour to Egypt Thackeray had made a name and was rapidly increasing in reputation Settled in Young Street, Kensington, he was now at work on the first of his great novels, Vanity Fair, which was to set him side by side with Fielding in the forefront of English novelists

In Vanity Fair the genius of Thackeray found its first complete manifestation. To his contempo raries this brilliant satirical comedy was the revelation of a master, it appeared to them as something absolutely new-new in a sense it is not easy to realise at this date. To appreciate it, one must consider the fiction then current and popular who study Thackeray's previous writings it seems a commonplace of criticism to say that Vanity Fair is naturally developed from them, and that it eveniplifies, in ampler manner and with richer effects, precisely the same gifts of humour and satire, of analysis and observation Catherine and Barry Lyndon, and the rest, are so many phases in a development of which Vanity Fair and its successors are the mevitable harvest. Here was the perfect fruition perfectly in accord with the promise. If the advance was consistently steady, the sum total of evolution was consistently logical Few writers of the first rank have so clearly revealed in the first essays of their art the personality of their genius, there are many pas sages in Thackerav's early writings that might have been virten in the prime of his fame and the maturity of his powers Previously he had appealed to the smaller audience of magazine readers Catherine, for instance, was not reprinted from Fraser's till many years later Vanity Fair, therefore, was not only something amazingly new to the public, its author was practically an unknown man In this great novel Thackeray found his range and addressed the world was a peculiar significance in describing the book as 'a Novel without a Hero,' it was in the nature of a challenge. The novelists of the day, while professing to deal with life as it is, put forth the conventionalised hero and painted in the theatric back-cloth to suit him, evading the facts of life with a bland indifference to truth or verisimilitude Thackeray would sweep away the cult of sham heroics and sham sentiment then fashionable in fiction Such was his professed aim in writing Vanity Fair It implied a new kind of novelnew, that is to say, to a generation that had forgotten Fielding and neglected Miss Austen And like the great master with whose genius he had so much affinity, with much of Fielding's serene detachment from any kind of parti pris, with a knowledge and a command of his material comparable only with Fielding, he takes the world as the stage of his social comedy 'Scenes of all sorts,' as he puts it, he gives us, in which the fool and the rogue, the weak and the brive, single eye and double-face, play their parts as in 'the world of all of us,' while the inconsistencies, the blind inconsequences, and illusions of life are set forth with an irony that has something piercing in its A cynic showman, this of Vanity conviction. Fair, it has been remarked. And if it be cynical to paint the world as it is, to show selfish, clever schemers like Becky Sharp flourishing, while simple goodness and virtue, in the persons of Dobbin and Amelia Sedley, are sorely smitten by fortune, Thackeray's comedy is cynical indeed But the deduction from this, that the author himself was a cynic and one who delighted in the display of his cynicism, is ludicrously contrary to all that is known of Thackeray's character, and completely refuted by the book itself. There have been readers who ascribe the sentiments of Miss Sharp, for instance, to the author himself Prob ably, since humour and imagination are not the property of every body, there will always be readers of this kind. We must all be cynics if, as is beyond doubt the case, we are all less interested in the love affairs of the amiable Amelia and the long delayed bliss of the constant Dobbin than in the shifts and wiles with which the immortal Becky Sharp seeks to allure Jos Sedley, Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt, and the rest. It is the social campaign of this brilliant adventuress that yields the main action of the comedy, and in all the rich and diverse characterisation of the novel Becky Sharp is undoubtedly the supreme achievement.

Vanity Fair was issued in monthly numbers from January 1847. In November of the following year Thackeray's next triumphant venture, Pendennis, was begun, in this delightful novel he further exemplifies his theory of fiction, and he paints life as it is and the society of his time, uninfluenced by any controlling force save the saturic impulse. In the Preface he announces his purpose in the memorable reference to Fielding. Since the author of Tom Jones was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man. Pendennis, then, is another novel

'without'-in the conventional sense-'a Hero' Young Pen has his good qualities, but they ire inextricably combined with certain elements of werkness which the author, is was his wont, is determined the most careless reader shall not fail to observe If Pen, for example, slips on the way of right conduct, he will not allow the effect pro duced to work silently on the render Hi tekerny makes a direct appeal to the reader's conscience, and challenges him as to the truth of his presen tation of human weakness. Some, indeed, have found those interpositions of the author too em plintic, and others think them needless, but with the majority. Thacker iy's method is both useful and popular, since it promotes a certain untente cordiale Pen, however, with all his errors and his weakness, is an attractive voung gentleman, and drawn with a sense of reality that is consistent throughout. The same admirable vitality marks the worldly minded Major, the immitable Loker, the memorable Costigan, and Warrington, who more nearly approaches what ladies consider a hero than any character in the book Miss Laura Bell is perhaps somewhat colourless, and decidedly less 'real' than Amelia Sodlov In Blanche Amory, Thackers gives one of his most penetrative and characteristic studies. One is not greatly con cerned when it looks as if I'en will be captured by this artificial young lady, but it is impossible not to trenible for the impressionable Loker One of the eleverest character sketches in the novel is Mr Harry Foker, the exuberant diollers of it is sustained with wonderful spirit and un Following Pendennis-though not failing truth immediately, for Esmond came between - The Nerveomes was completed in 1854, and brought additional celebrity to the author. The story is somewhat looser in structure than I anity Pair and Pendennis, but its characteristics are the same the elements of sature and humour are as fresh and keen, both in quality and application, as ever In no other work of Thackerry are the illusions of life illustrated with greater poignance is to be noted of The Newcomes that the authors favourite moral, 'Vanitas vanitatum,' is suggested with a tender melancholy that softens the satirical The youth of Clive Newcome is printed purpose with a more genial hand, though the story closes with a gloom that insidiously affects the reader long before the curtain falls, so, too, it must be noted that the disasters that befall Colonel Newcome in his old age are not merely to be accounted among the afflictions with which the irony of circumstance overwhelms unselfish and noble The thought of affliction is entirely characters | banished by the dignity of his bearing under mis-Everybody knows the survity and beauty of the picture of Colonel Newcome's life in the Charterhouse, the exquisite and incomparable final scene, with its measureless pathos and impressive reticence, is among the imperishable things of literature

In 1852 appeared Lismond, a novel beyond ques tion first of its class in Linglish fiction, and ilso, I ini inclined to think, the finest of all the produc tions of its author. The story differs from the rest in some remarkable ways. In the first place, it is provided with a historical environment that reveals both a close study and a singularly complete issimilation of the fruits of study. The success with which Thacker is has created the atmosphere of Queen Annes age is universally idmitted, it permeates the whole book, and involves alike ladies and gentlemen prince and general, wits and men of letters. Lycellent is the still shown by Thackers in utilising his I nowledge of our Augustan age of letters There is no parade or ! osteriation. Nothing could be more lightly and, dexterously contrived than the introduction in Colonel Lismond's narrative of Steele and Addison ! And what admirable sketches those two are 1/2. It is true, I must own I have not succeeded in recog mising Colonel Lismond's sletch of Swift, but his impression of the Dein of St Patricl's is but i fleeting one, and I cannot altoge her accept Hinderny's 'Swift' in the Lections Admirable, again, is the art by which the personal relation of Colonel Esmond acquires the impersonal tone proper to a narrative. What could better become the friend of Steele, a true gentleman and brace officer, than this sinking of himself in his story ' [1] do not take Hard cray seriously when, in a mock ing humour, he called Esmond a prig, perhaps he sought thus to revenge limiself on a public that convicted him at length of having drawn a hero-In still deeper ways does Lamend differ from the other novels. With the exception of Becky Sharpil it must be admitted that the women of his novels; are much less complex characters than the men-In Indy Cistley ood and her daughter Beating? we have two characters, differing as much as mother and daughter concerrably may, each with a certain waywardness of temper complicated by: various antagonistic qualities, and both drawn with a delicacy of finish and a truth to nature that are unsurpassed. Thackeray has deliberately created a most difficult situation in their relations with There is the mother's love of the man Esmond who loves her daughter. Baldly put in these terms, Thickerty s the situation appears intolerable h indling of it is consummately masterly, without paltry evasions of the various points of the diffi culty, and without the least transgression of the immutable conditions of the case, he makes a triumphant solution - Most readers, probably, own a kind of divided allegiance to those two women, for my part, I am of the following of the inagnificent Beatrix AVho but Thackerry would have dured to work out mexorably the logical develop ment of this proud, imperious, ambitious beauty? Who would not have faltered after that fruitless i engagement of Beatrax with the Duke of Hamilton, and have fallen to some example of 'the happy ending'? Genius forbide that infelicity, and decreed the terrible crucial scene that closes the fortunes of Beatrix in this novel and stamps Thackeray as a master of his art. Between 1857 and 1859 The Virginians, a sequel to Esmond, appeared in monthly numbers Like most seauels. it is by no means equal in ability to its forerunner. though it is full of the signs of Thackeray's genius One has to confess, however, that the fortunes of the Warringtons are less interesting than the story of Harry Esmond, and the married life of Beatrix is also of a far less moving character than the days of her stormy youth I confess to a dislike of thinking that the Baroness Bernstein, in whom the Beatrix of old yet lives, could ever have become But something of disillusion was Mrs Tasker mevitable

While the novels that have been mentioned were in progress, Thackeray had gained a great popular success as a lecturer with his 'Lectures on the English Humorists,' and, in America, with the 'Four Georges' He had also written (while Vanity Fair was in progress) his 'Christmis Books' and his delightful burlesques, of which The Rose and the Ring, published in 1854, is perhaps the most charming. In 1860 Thackeray entered upon a new field of activity as editor of the Cornhill Magazine It has been said he was not a good editor, but it is certain lie minde the new magazine a prodigious success. In its pages appeared the novels Lovel the Widower and The Adventures of Philip In the amusing series of 'Roundabout Papers' he expressed his views on many topics with a gaiety and ease which make those occasional papers the most fascinating of Of his last novel, Denis Duval, which was left unfinished, it has been well observed by Sir Leslie Stephen that 'it gave great promise of a return to his old standard'-the standard of Esmond, one may observe But what might have been can only be conjectured In the early morning of the 20th of December 1863, after an attack of illness the previous evening, the great novelist died He was only in his fifty third year

#### Sir Pitt Crawley Proposes

The news of Lady Crawley's death provoked no more grief or comment than might have been expected in Miss Crawley's family circle. 'I suppose I must put off my party for the 3rd,' Miss Crawley said, and added, after a pause, 'I hope my brother will have the decency not to marry again' 'What a confounded rage Pitt will be in if he does!' Rawdon remarked, with his usual regard for his elder brother. Rebecca said nothing. She seemed by far the gravest and most impressed of the family. She left the room before Rawdon went away that day, but they met by chance below, as he was going away after taking leave, and had a parley together.

On the morrow, as Rebecca was gazing from the window, she startled Miss Crawley, who was placifly occupied with a French novel, by crying out in an alarmed tone, 'Here's Sir Pitt, Ma'am!' and the Baronet's knock followed this announcement

'My dear, I can't see him I won't see him Teil Bowls not at home, or go downstairs and say I'm too ill to receive any one My nerves really won't bear my brother at this moment,' eried out Miss Crawley, and resumed the novel

'She's too ill to see you, sir,' Rebeeca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend

'So much the better,' Sir Pitt answered 'I want to see you, Miss Beeky Come along a me into the parlour,' and they entered that apartment together

'I wawnt you back at Queen's Crawley, Miss,' the Baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with its great crape hat band. His eyes had such a strange look, and fixed upon her so steadfastly, that Rebeeca Sharp began almost to tremble

'I hope to come soon,' she said in a low voice, 'as soon as Miss Crawley is better—and return to—to the dear children'

'You've said so these three months, Becky,' replied Sir Pitt, 'and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll fling you off like an old shoe when she's wore you out. I tell you I want you. I'm going back to the Vineral Will you come back? Yes or no?'

'I daren't—I don't tlimk—it would be right—to be alone—with you, sir,' Beeky said, seemingly in great aguation

'I say agin, I want you,' Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. 'I can't git on without you I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come.'

'Come-as what, sir?' Rebecca gasped out

'Come as Lady Crawley, if you like,' the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat 'There I will that zatusfy you? Come back and be my wife Your vit vor't.' Birth be lianged You're as good a lady as ever I see You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county Will you come? Yes or no?'

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' Rebeeca said, very much moved

'Say yes, Beeky,' Sir Pitt continued 'I'm an old man, but a good 'n I'm good for twenty years I il make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like, spend what you like, and 'as it all your own way I'll make you a zettlement. I'll do everything reg'hr Look year!' and the old man fell down on lus knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind, but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

'Oh, Sir Pitt I' she said 'Oh, sir-I-I'm married alread;' (From Vanity Fair)

### Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale free.

He took out his door key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He

was in the ball dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the bailities at the stair head. Nobody was stirring in the house besides—all the servants had been sent away. Kawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Beeky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before a house voice shouted 'Brava' Brava' 'It was Lord Steyne's

Rawdon opened the door and went in A httle table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the soft on which Beeky sate. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings, and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Beeky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of kawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband, and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh, and came forward holding out his hand "What, come had! How diversed, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder

There was that in Rawdon's face which crused Beel y to fling herself before him 'I am innocent, Rawdon,' she said, 'before God, I am innocent' She clung hold of his coat, of his hands, her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and brubbes 'I am innocent—Say I am innocent,' she said to I ord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been had for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. 'You innocent!' Dainn you!' he screamed out. 'You innocent! Why, every trinl et you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You re as innocent as your mother, the ballet girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass,' and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neek cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm 'You lie, you dog' said Rawdon 'You lie, you coward and villam!' And he struct the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trainling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

'Come here,' he said -She came up at once.

'Take off those things.'—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering, and looking up at him 'Throw them down,' he said, and she dropped them IIe tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and fluing it at Lord Steyne II cut him on his bald forehead Steyne were the scar to his dying day

'Come upstairs,' Rawdon said to his wife 'Don't kill me, Rawdon,' she said He laughed savagely —'I want to see if that man hes about the money as he has about me Has he given you any?'

'No, said Rebecca, 'that is'---

'Give me your leys,' Rividon answered, and they went out together

Reduced gave him all the Leys but one, and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and ward robes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained pipers, love letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a poel et book with bank notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fre h one—a no e for a thousand pounds a high Lord Steyne had given her.

'Did he give you this?' Rawdon said

'Yes,' Rebeeca answered

'I'll send it to him to day, Raydon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), 'and I will pay Priggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debte. You will let me know where I shall sind the relation You right have spared me a hundred pounds, Bool v, out of all this—I have always shared with you.'

'I am innocent,' said Pecly And he left her without another word

What were her thou, his when he left her? She remained for hours after he a as gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Relecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about-dresses and feathers, scaris and trial cts a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders, her gown was torn where Landon had wrenched the but hants out of it. She heard him go downstairs a few minntes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back He was gone for ever Would he kill himself? she thought. Not until after he had met Lord Stevne She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents The how dream it seemed, how miserable length, and profitless I. Should she take landanum, and end it too-have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumplis? The I rench maid found her in this position —sitting in the midst of her miserable runs with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, 'Mon Dieu, Madanie, what has and in Steine's par happened?' she asked

What had happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not, but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips, or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selbish ness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptey. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreity and show of I induces, persuaded her mistress to he down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebeeca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steine went away.

(From I anily Fur)

## Henry Esmond Returns from the Wars

'And now we are drawing near to home, she con tinued, 'I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after

that horrid—horrid misfortine I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it how you ined to even the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall?

'He gave me lus blessing on lus death bed,' Esmond said. 'Thank God for that legacy!'

'Amen, amen' dear Henry,' said the lady, pressing his arm 'I knew it Mr Atterbury of St Bride's, who was called to him, told me so And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it'

'You had spared me many a butter night had you told me sooner,' Mr Esmond said.

'I know it, I know it,' she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her 'I know how wicked my heart has been, and I have suffered too, my dear I confessed to Mr Atterbury - I must not tell any more. He-I said I would not write to you or go to you-and it was better even that, having parted, we should part But I knew you would come back-I own that is no one's fault. And to day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," I looled up from the book and saw you I was not surprised when I saw you I knew you would come, dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head'

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

'Do you know what day it is?' she continued 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you my dear' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starht depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty-in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving Gracious God, who was lie, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain-not in vain has he livedhard and thankless should he be to think so-that has such a treasure given him What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you he hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you-follows your memory with secret blessing-or precedes you, and intercedes for you Non omms moriar-if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two, nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me

'If—if 'tis so, dear lady,' Mr Esmond said, 'why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us. Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many said recollections for you. Begin a new life in a new world. My good lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles give its—give his ancestor. Frank will give us that No man there will ask it there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is.'

And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?' she broke out 'He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign, and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him. When the children leave me, I will stry with him. I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way hes—it scares me. They will come and visit me, and you will, some times, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more.'

'I would leave all to follow you,' said Mr Esmond, 'and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?'

'Hush, boy!' she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke 'The world is beginning for you. For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry. Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would retire to one and pass my life in penance. But I would love you still—yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now, and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart, and knows the tears that have washed my sin away—and now—now my duty is here, by my children whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and '——

'And not by me?' Henry said

"Hush 1" she said again, and raised her hand up to 'I have been your nurse You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry Oh! it is horrid to look back to that time It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear Be silent ! let me say all. You never loved me, dear Henry-no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London And they both gave me absolution-bo.h-and they are godly men, having autho nty to bind and to loose And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven?

'I think the angels are not all in heaven,' Mr Esmond said. And as a brother folds a sister to his heart, and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast, so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him (From Esmond)

# Beatrix Esmond welcomes Captain Henry Esmond

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes inight well show surprise and delight at beholding her In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have scen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him She was a brown beauty—that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrous and eyelashes were dark her hair earling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders, but her eomplexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, execut her checks which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song whose shape was perfect sym metry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible and who e motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace -rgile as a numph, lofts as a queen-now melting, now imperious, non sareastic-there was no single morement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, trapping down the stair

to greet Lsmond

'She hath put on her searlet stocking and white shoes,' says my lord, still laughing, 'Oh, my fine mistre s 1 is this the way you set your cap at the Captain?' She approached, shining smiles upon Lismond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him I is her as he used to do when she was a child

'Stop,' she said, 'I am grown too big! Welcome, cousin Harry,' and she made him an arch cuitsey, sweep ing down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from hir Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

'N'est ce fas?' says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still lianging on his arm

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, rapt in admiration of the filia pulcrior

'Right foot forward, toe turned out, so now drop the curtsey, and show the red stockings, Trix
They've silver clocks, Harry
The Dowager sent'em
She went

to put 'em on,' cries my lord

'Hush, you stupid child 's says Miss, smothering her brother with kisses, and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gate him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, 'Oh, Harry, we're so, so glid you're come!'

(From Exmend)

## The Death of Colonel Newcome

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill

After some days the fever which had attacked him left him, but left him so weak and enfechled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The serson was extremely bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warin and spacious it was considered unadvisable to mose him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr Goodenough, came to him, he hoped too but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we eat when we were too many for him customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him-I thel and Madame de I lorae, who had pass d many a faithful year by an old man's bedside, who would have come, as to a vork of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whore life she would once gladly have given her own

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old day Helmm un again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont vas, especially when Boy came, his old eves lighted up vath simple happiness, and, with eagur trambling hands, he would seel under his bedelothes, or the pockets of his dressing gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson There was a little laughing, red checked, white headed gown box of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child who pleased our friend by his archiness and merry ways and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call lum, 'Codd Colonel' 'Tell little F-Codd Colonel wants to see him,' and the little govin hos was brought to him, and the Colonel would listen to him for hour, and hear all about his lessons and his play and prattle, almost as childrehly, about Dr Raine The boys of the school, and his own early school days it must be said, had heard the noble old gentlemans touching history, and had all got to know and love him They came every thay to hear news of him, sent him in books and papers to amuse him, and some benevolent young couls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say 1 painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd The little fellow was made free Colonel's grandson of gown boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely Boy and he would like to be a little gown boy, and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my

The days went on, and our hopes, rused sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too neak to rie Then he remained in his bed, and his friends One afternoon he asked for his visited him there little gown boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very two stricken face and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and The Colonel quite Grey Triars was in and winning understood about it, he would like to see the game he had played many a game on that green when he was a

friend Dr Senior

by He grew excited, Clive dismissed his father's attle friend, and put a sovereign into his liand, and way he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a portune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. I, surre, little white haired gown boy! Heaven speed you, attle friend

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began o wander more and more. He talked louder, he gave he word of command, spoke Hindustance as if to his nen. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing hand that was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, oujours!' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with itm, the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the djoining apartment, Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame e Florae started up 'He is very bad, he wanders a reat deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared ace to our pale group 'He is calling for you again, lear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling, 'and just now he said he wanted rendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know ou'. She liid her tears as she spoke

She went into the room where Clive was at the ped's foot, the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while then again he would sigh and be still once more I heard him say hurriedly, 'Take care of him when I'm in India,' and then with a heart rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Leonore!' She was kneeling by his side now The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs, only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

(From The Newcomes)

At his own wish Thackeray's family published no Life of the novelish. His daughter Mrs Richmond Ritchie, contributed valuable material to the biographical edition of his works (1898-99) her Chapters from some Memoirs (1894) give reminiscences of his later years. Mrs Ritchie also contributed to the article by Sir Leslie Stephen—the chief authority on the subject—in the Dictionary of National Biography. In the Great Writers series there is a Life by Herman Merivale and F. T. Marzials. Another biography is by Anthony Trollope in the English Men of Letters series. The Thackerays in India by Sir William Hunter, and two books by Mr. Eyre Crowe, the artist—With Thackeray in America and Thackerays Hannits and Homes—contain interesting matter the first named volume with regard to Thackerays progenitors. There are many references to the novelist in Forsters Life of Dickens, Mrs Gashells Life of Charlotte Bront? Hayward's Correspondence the Personal Recollections of Sir Frederick Pollock and in many other works by contemporary writers

Thackerry's works as published are Flore el Zephyr (eight lithographs by E. Morton, after sketches by Thackerry 1836)
The Paris Sketch Book (1840) Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshauk (1840) Connic Tales and Sketches edited and illus trated by Mr Michael Angelo Titmarsh (1841) The Second Fineral of Nafoleon and The Chronicles of the Drim (1841) The Irish Sketch Book (1843) Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, &c. (1846) Mrs Perkins & Ball (1847), Vanity Fair (1848) The Book of Snobs (1843) Our Street (1848) The History of Pendennis (1849-50) Dr Birth and his Voing Friends (1849) The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond

(1849) Rebecca and Rowena, illustrated by R Doyle (1850) Sketches after English Landscape Painters, by S Marry, with short notices by W M Thackeray (1850), The Kicklebury's on the Rhine (1850) The History of Henry Esmond (1852), The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century (1853) The Newcomes, illustrated by R. Doyle (1854-55), The Rose and the Ring (1855) Miscellanies in Prose and Verse (4 vols., comprising Barry Lyndon, &c , 1853) , The Virginians (1858-59) , Lovel the Widower (1861) The Four Georges (1861), The Adventures of Philip on his II ar through the World (1862) Roundabout Papers (1863) Denis Dural (1867) The Orphan of Pinilco and other Sketches Frigments, and Drannigs, edited by A. T Thackeray (1876), Etchings by the late W M Thackeray while at Cambridge (1878) Letters-1847-1865 with Introduction by Mrs Brookfield (1887), Sultan Stork and other Stories with Bibliography by R H Shepherd (1887), Loose Sketches, Au Eastern Adventure, &c. (1891) The first library edition of Thackeray appeared in 1867-69, in twenty two volumes. Several other editions followed, until in 1883-85 the Standard edition in twenty six volumes caine out To this edition were added certain contributions to Frasers Magazine such as Catherine some newly collected papers from Punch, and other miscellanea The 'biographical edition has been already mentioned There have been many other editions which need no particular reference

J A. BLAIKIE

Tom Taylor (1817-80), born at Sunderland, studied at Glasgow and Trinity College, Cambridge, came out third classic in 1840, and was elected to a fellowship Professor of English for two years at University College, London, he was called to the Bar in 1845, and held the office of secretary to the Board of Health and the Local Government Board from 1854 till 1871, when he retired with a pension. It was computed that he produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated, many of them highly successful, such as Masks and Faces (with Charles Reade), Our American Cousin (in which Sothern created 'Lord Dundreary'), Still Waters Run Deep, The Ticket-of-Leave Man, Victims, An Unequal Match, The Contested Election, The Overland Route, The Fool's Revenge (from Victor Hugo), Twist Axe and Crown (an adaptation from a German original), and Joan of Aic The three last mentioned are historical dramas of a higher order than the others, and to Joan of Aic Mrs Tom Taylor (Laura Barker, a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entricte a Literary Fund banquet in June 1873 Tom Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the State as his master-a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous-and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office. Besides creating—or manufacturing—his dramatic pieces, Tom Taylor was a steady contributor to Punch, and on the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874 succeeded him as editor. He gave to biographical literature the Autobiography of B R Haydon (1853), compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist, also the Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C R Leslie, RA (1859), and the Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds (1865)—the last commenced by Leshe shorth before his death

## Charles Dickens

was born on the 7th of I ebruary 1812 in Landport near Portsea, his father, John Dickens, being at that time a clerk in the Navy Pay Office in Portsmouth at a salary of eighty pounds a year. His mother was Elizabeth Barrow, daughter of a licutement in the navy, and Charles was the second of the eight children whom she bore to her husband ceived the rudiments of education from his mother Not being a very strong or healthy child, he was thrown back at a very early age on the com panionship of books Fielding, Sniollett, Lesage, and Cervantes were his friends when his health forbade him to take part in the sports of child Quite early, too, he visited theatres in company with James Lamert, a family connection, and thus began to acquire a taste for the stage which lasted throughout his life. At Chitham, whither the family had removed when Charles was four years old, they stayed till 1823, when John Dickens, whose salary lind by that time been increased to £350 a year, was called to duty in London at Somerset House, taking lodgings with his wife and children in Bayham Street, Camden Fown Before this Charles had had a veir or two at school under Mr Giles, a Baptist minister at Chatham John Dickens, however—v hose character has been drawn for us by Dickens himself in Mr Micawber -at this time became involved in money troubles The boy's education was in consequence utterly neglected, he blacked the fimily boots and helped his mother with the younger children, but he still maniged to get books and gratify his taste for reading. Eventually the patience of John Dickens's creditors was cylinusted, and he was arrested for debt and lodged in the Marshal Charles was provided for by being placed in a blacking warehouse, his chief occupation being the sticking of labels on bottles On this period of his life he ever afterwards looked back with detestation and bitterness. The family later on followed the father to the Marshalsea and lodged there with him Later again they moved to Camden Town, Charles, however, remaining, not in, but close to, the prison in another lodging

Fortunately this period of nilsery and degradation was not a long one. John Dickens was able at last to pay his debts and to secure his release In 1825 he left the public service on a pension, and eventually became employed as a reporter on the Morning Chronicle Charles in the meantime had been sent to school, in his thirteenth vear, at the Wellington House Academy, Hampsterd Road, where he stayed two years. After a short interval spent at another school he became a clerk in an attorney's office, first in Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards, from 1827 to 1828, in Gray's 1nn He was now, and had been for some years past, in vigorous health, and he resolved to take every opportunity to improve his education and his prospects by his He read in the British Museum, and became a slifful writer of shortland. He now obtained the post of reporter for the True Sun in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in 1835 transferred lumself to the Morning Chronicle, the managers of which soon learned to appreciate his remarkable skill and quickness. By them he was sent to incetings all over the country, and in this way acquired that varied experience both of adventures and of people which was to serve him so vigil From reporting he soon turned to The first article of the series now original work. known as Sketches by Boz appeared in the Monthly Magazine for December 1833, though it was not until the following August that he used the signature 'Boz,' the nickname of his youngest brother Begun in the Monthly Magazire, the series was continued in the Evening Chroricle, an offshoot of the Morting Chronick, to shieli Dielens vas now attached at a weekly salary of seven guineas In March 1836 the sletches appeared in book form, published by Macrone, who had paid Diel ens £150 for the copyright. On 2nd April of the same year Dicliens was married to Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of his friend and colleague George Hogarth At about this time, too, Diel ens was writing in a small was for the stage. One piece, Is She His Wife? or Something Singular, a comic burletti, was produced at the St Jimes's Theatre in March 1836, another, The Stratge Gentleman, also a comic burletta, at the same theatre in the following September Now came the crisis in Dickens's career Chapman & Hall the publishers were negotiating with Seymour the artist for the publication of a series of plates illustritive of coclines sportsmen. Dickens was applied to by them to write the letterpress. At his suggestion the coclincy sporting notion was abandoned, the Pickwicl Club was adopted as a basis, and the publication of the monthly parts began in April 1836, Dickens receiving a payment of £15, 155 a Shortly before the appearance of the second number Seymour land committed suicide, and, for one number (the third), R W Buss re placed him I hackeray amongst others had applied for the vacant post, but eventually Hablot K. Brown ('Phiz') was chosen by Dickens to be his illus The success of The Pick wick Papers was trator enormous Of the first number four hundred copies were prepared, by the time the fifteenth had been reached the sale liad increased a hundredfold, and Oliver Dickens's fortune was practically made Trust began to appear (January 1837) in Bentley's Miscellany before Pickrick ended, and run on to March 1839, and long before Oliver was finished Nicholas Nichleby began After a short interval Master Humphrey's Cleck began to appear once a Originally this series was to have consisted of detached papers, humorous and saturical, and stories, this plan and the title, however, were soon absorbed into *The Old Currositi Shop* and The last number of this series Barnaby Rudge appeared on 27th November 1841

1842 Dickens sailed for America, with a view to breaking new ground for his next book. He was This feel received with unbounded enthusiasm ing, however, gave way to resentment upon the appearance of American Notes, and resentment was followed by a storm of obloquy when Martin Chuzzlewit (January 1843 to August 1844) showed Dickens as a merciless satirist of a large number of American characteristics and institutions year 1843 saw the appearance of The Christmas

Carol, the first of the Christmas books There were four successors-The Chines. The Cricket on the Hearth, The Battle of Life, and The Haunted Man From July 1844 to June 1845 Dickens spent the greater part of his time in Italy In January 1846 he became the first editor of the Daily News. but resigned the post ifter less than three weeks To the columns of the Daily News he contributed a series of 'Travelling Letters.' subsequently republished as Pictures from Italy In June 1846 he settled at Lausanne, where he began Dombey and Son. which he finished in The book had 1848 an immense popularity, and its pecuniary results were very large. David Copperfield immediately followed (May 1849 to Novem-

ber 1850) At this time, too, he carried out his plan for the establishment of a weekly magazine, Household Words was the title selected for it, and W H Wills became assistant editor House ran in monthly parts from March 1852 to September 1853, Hard Times was published in Household Words from April to August 1854, and Little Dorrit followed in monthly parts from January 1856 to June 1857 This unceasing literary labour did not, however, entirely absorb his energies, for from 1847 to 1852 he occupied himself eagerly with theatrical performances in London and the great provincial towns as actor, stage-manager, and, occasionally, as playwright. During 1855 he spared time to interest himself in various political

In 1856 Dickens bought Gadshill Place, near Rochester, and in 1860, when he sold his London

house, he made Gadshill his permanent home 1858 he gave his first public reading, and thence forward he devoted a large part of his time and energy to this form of entertainment, which proved highly profitable to his finances, though it seriously impaired his health and strength. In the same year Dickens separated from his wife One consequence of the controversy that arose about this matter was that Dickens quarrelled with Bradbury & Evans, who had been his publishers since

1844, and returned to Chapman & Hall Household Words was given up, and All the Year Round took its place The sale of his Christmas stories in All the Year Round reached three hundred thousand this journal, too, were published A Tale of TwoCities (1850) and Great Expectations (December 1860 to August 1861) In Our Mutual Friend (1864-65) Dickens reverted to the plan of monthly numbers In November 1867, after a run of extraordinary success as a public reader in England, he sailed for America He was not in good health an inflammation of his left foot gave him very great trouble, and the strain of travel upon mind and body overtaxed his strength, but his

reception in America was triumphant, and his readings had a magnificent success wherever he gave them Americans had forgiven him his criticisms, and their attendance at his readings swelled his bank-balance by nearly £20,000 He returned to England in May 1868, and began another series of readings, which, however, he was eventually ordered by his doctors to abandon. In the autumn of 1869 he set to work on The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which appeared (first number April 1870) in monthly parts, and was immediately successful On the 8th of June 1870, after working at his book all day, he had a sudden stroke, and died on the He was buried in Westminster following day Abbey on the 14th of June 1870

So ended, in his fifty-ninth year, the great and beneficent genius who through the course of a whole generation had held the minds of English-speaking



CHARLES DICKENS From a Photograph in the possession of Mr F G Kitton

From the time when the publicafolk spell bound tion of the Pickwick Papers began to the day when death came upon him with The Mystery of Edwin Drood still unfinished, his influence had been as widespread as its strength was incontestable life, after its first few wretched years, had been in its broad public aspect a happy one, for he had been able to employ all his powers to the full extent of their capacity. He sprang quickly into fame, and from that moment was able to banish all fear of penury Thus, with the additional incentive that came to him from the enthusiastic admiration of innumerable readers, he was enabled to throw all the energies of his being into the occupation he consciously excelled in, to say everything he most wanted to say with the knowledge that every word would go straight to its mark No life could well have been more thoroughly lived or more delightful

As soon as he had died a question as to the probable endurance of his popularity was raisedchiefly, perhaps, by those who had depreciated it during his life Dickens, so it was said, depends for his force and his interest on accidents that had passed away even before he ceased to write Stage coaches have stopped running, their drivers are an extinct type how will it be possible to interest succeeding generations in the humours of Tony Weller and the mottle-faced man? The Fleet prison and the Marshalsea exist no longer who can now care about a description of their enormities? The modern sick-nurse is a gentle and refined lady will anybody believe that a Gamp or a Prig could ever have spread an aroma of gin over suffering humanity? And so forth, and so forth

In one sense these questions have been quietly answering themselves Edition after edition of the novels was published during the lifetime of He has been dead for a generation, most of the copyrights have expired, but the stream of editions continues to flow Other pub lishers have seized upon the books, and send them out in all shapes and sizes So far as mere popu larity is concerned, and so far as it can be tested by sales, this might seem to be a conclusive answer for the present. Nor must it be forgotten that in America, where there was no first-hand knowledge of the accidents to which reference has been made, where there were no Tony Wellers, no Marshalseas, and no Gamps, and no Courts of Chancery capable of spinning a case out for generations, the popularity of Dickens became at once as great as it was at home, while his readers were even more numerous France and Germany, too, gave him hosts of admirers Without pushing the point too far, it is surely to some extent permis sible to infer the verdict of posterity from the judgment of foreign readers To put it in a different way, it seems hardly conceivable that any generation of Englishmen should cease to take pleasure in these home-bred characters which have delighted foreigners utterly separated from them—at any rate so far as their outward presentment is concerned—by temperament and history

The fact is that a great part of the force of Charles Dickens's books depends not on the per manence of the institutions he describes, or of the particular occupations assigned to his characters, but on the extraordinary sympathy and insight with which he imagined them and on the living strength with which he endowed them coaches, to be sure, are not now the only method of travelling, but men still drive horses, grow stout in the occupation, and deliver caustic apoph thegms on life Sarah Gamp no longer nurses, but, apart from nursing, the great tribe of Gamp still flourishes, with all the humour, the inverted tenderness, and the indifference to mortality and its sufferings that distinguished its founder Driven from the sick bed, its members are still occupied as charwomen, caretakers, or as bedmakers in the college rooms of Cambridge. All these characters, in short, remain as true to life in a broad sense as they were when Dickens dragged them forth from their natural obscurity. The non essentials have changed, the type is still the same. Or take is different examples Messrs Dodson & Fogg, or Mr Vincent Crummles and his company whole status and many of the duties of solicitors have altered in the course of the last sixty years, but can any one deny that there have been, and are, sharp and 'downy' practitioners ready to take advantage of a foolish client, and basing their hope of costs on the riches of a more modern Pickwick? The jargon they talk is different, because the processes of law have changed, but the nature of Dodsons and Foggs is immutable As to Crummles and his flock, they are touring somewhere in the provinces at this moment, though they travel by rulway instead of along the posting roads Even now at some remote railway station that sublime manager's successor is straining a Nicholas Nickleby to his breast, exclaiming as he does so, 'Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy,' while the porters and the passengers on the platform are laughing as did the lookers on round the door of the coach in which the original Nicholas departed for London So the list might be almost indefinitely extended Mrs Bardell, the amorous, with Mrs Cluppins and the rest of her satellites, Mr Justice Stareleigh, the model of grotesque judicial obtuseness, Bumble, the archetype of pudding-headed beadledom, Uncle Pumblechook, trampling pompously on the inferior poor, and cringing to the prosperous, Mr Toots, the non consequential, Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, those forlorn and soft hearted mariners, helpless against the onslaughts of the implicable MacStinger, Miss Pross, the victor in single coni bat over Madame Defurge, Mr F's Aunt, with her trilogy of immortal irrelevancies-'There's mile stones on the Dover Road, 'I hate a fool,' and 'When we lived at Henley, Barnes's gander was stole by tinkers'-these and a hundred

others, all as broadly conceived and as inimitably described, remain with us and have become a part of the common history and everyday life of our race.

How came Dickens to write as he did, or, indeed, to write at all? His family associations were not literary, his education, such as it was, was unliterary to the last degree No great school or university can claim him as its pupil. If we had no record except of his childish years of misery, followed by a few glimpses of him in after-life as a successful reader, an excellent actor, and an agreeable host, it might be as hard for some meticulous critics to believe that he wrote Dombey and Son, Martin Chusslewit, and A Tale of Two Cities as it is for Baconian enthusiasts to believe that Shakespeare wrote Hainlet, Othello, and A Midsummer Night's Dream John Forster's life of his friend may, however, prevent the investigator in the year 2200 from imputing the authorship of the novels to Sir Thomas Talfourd, who, be it remembered, was not only a member of Parliament and a judge, but also wrote four tragedies, one of which, at least, was produced on the stage. In short, this question cannot be answered by a set of formulae in the case of Dickens any better than in the case of any other great creator. No doubt the difficulty of accounting for Dickens, if the expression may be used, is increased by the very force He is not related either to of his originality Richardson or to Scott, and though a connection can be established between his work and the tradition bequeathed by Fielding and Smollett, he is widely separated from both of them, as from all his predecessors and contemporaries, by the form he adopted, by the point of view from which he regarded it and the treatment by which lie developed it.

What we know of Dickens is this As a boy he was what he remained all his life through—nervous, highly strung, excitable, profoundly sensitive and imaginative to the last degree, extraordinarily impressionable, and as tenacious in recollecting as he was quick in registering the impressions he received This boy, so sensitive and shrinking, found himself the sport of fate The misfortunes of his father were visited upon his innocent head with a force increased tenfold by his helplessness and his sense of the injustice of the visitation. To be degraded through a father's calamity is the sharpest stroke that can fall upon a boy, for a boy can make no allowances, he can only realise the exceeding bitterness of his own lot My father, he says in effect, is a grown man, he can fight for himself But I am made a mockery to my companions by his fall, my days are rendered hateful to me, and I cannot lift a hand to better my condition or So the Marshalsea prisoner's son, to help him forced into an occupation against which his whole being revolted and of which he could never trust himself in after-life to speak, became a lonely and a morbid boy He took refuge in books and the

fancies their reading gave him, resolving, too, that if ever the chance came to him after he had grown up he would strike a blow against injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy in high places, and against all the wretchedness and pain that they brought upon gentle and innocent creatures This was the noble revenge he planned for himself His chance was to come sooner than he could have The Sketches by Boz had made him known to a few who were able to appreciate keen powers of observation, strong sympathy, a curious knowledge of human nature, and a lively and direct style of writing as displayed by a man hitherto The Pichwick Papers instantly made unknown The young man of twenty-five found him famous himself the master of the great public. He had secured an immense army to follow him, and could now lead his crusade Even in Pichwick he had shown us a good man struggling against adversity and temporarily overwhelmed by it He followed it with Oliver Tavist, in which he drew directly, not on his own special boyish experiences, but on the feelings roused by them, in order to present to us the terrible picture of a boy wronged from his birth, driven by accident into infamous surround ings, and emerging through horror and despair to justice and peace. Nicholas Nickleby takes up the tale again Nicholas himself (though, like Maitin Chuzzlewit, he is nothing but an automaton framed for the display of proper feeling and the utterance of correct phrases), Kate Nickleby, Smike, and the rest of the boys at Dotheboys Hall—they are all based on the suffering of unmerited pain they appeal to us because they are beaten down by the schemes of wicked men no less than by their own circumstances, and their appeal is brought poignantly home to us because their creator had himself suffered, and through their mouths was telling the story of his wrongs. And the same motive runs through most of the novels, strong and direct in The Old Curiosity Shop, in Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, and David Copperfield, less forcible in some of the others, but undeniably present in nearly all Thus Dickens's booksthose, that is to say, on which his fame chiefly rests-were emphatically novels with a purpose Sometimes, as when he attacked the debtors' prisons, the Yorkshire schools, the Court of Chancery, or the Circumlocution Office, they had not only the broad purpose just indicated, but a special sub purpose of their own It is unnecessary to argue at length the question rused by those who hold that a story should be told for the story's sake only, that it depends for its excellence as a work of art only on the interest of its scheme and the literary manner in which it is presented, and that any such object as the reform of general humanity or the remedy of special abuses by the inculcation of a moral is not merely alien to the story-teller's craft, but also weakens and degrades his story We may admit that an attack on the abuses of a public institution or a Government office does

not of itself necessarily make a good story the cliances, perhaps, are rather in favour of its being a bad one, but everything depends on the treat There can be no valid reason why a writer who feels strongly with regard to some particular form of loguery, injustice, or folly should not employ his humour, his knowledge of human nature, and his observation for the purpose of showing the world how mean and unworthy is the object of his dislike. It is absurd to lay down a rule which forbids novelists to have a moral purpose, or permits them to have it only when it is so carefully disguised as to be unrecognisable In short, we can delight in Scott and Dumas and Robert Louis Stevenson without ceasing to take our pleasure in Victor Hugo, in Dickens, and in Charles Reade To depreciate a novelist merely because he is also a moralist is like blaming a lighthouse because it does not happen to be a bonfire

The appearance of the Pickwick Papers revealed to the world a new and delightful force Here was a writer who had thrown off the shackles of convention, who knew the simple everyday life of humble people and portrayed it with a humour as fresh as it was irresistible, who carried his readers with him from scene to scene and incident to incident by the amizing energy of his own animal spirits and his imaginative power Certainly the publishers had neither intended nor hoped for such a result Their plan has been already described. In a happy moment for themselves and the English speaking world they pitched upon Dickens as their writer He took up the plan and developed it to suit his own ideas, altered it and added to it as he went along, and finally reduced it to something like unity. Complete unity, of course, it could not have, for no art could weld together satisfactorily the detached fragments of its beginning or make them harmonise entirely with its progress and its end The touchstone in this matter is Mr Samuel Pickwick himself eponymous President of the Pickwick Club is introduced to us as a grotesque and pompous old noodle, an object not of sympathy, but of ridicule. If we skip from the first chapter to the last page of the book, we find that Mr Pickwick 'retains all his former juvenility of spirit. He is known to all the poor people about, who never ful to take their hats off, as he passes, with great respect. The children idolise him, and so, indeed, does the whole neighbourhood' Could any one have respected or idolised the Pickwick of Chapter I? young writer was, however, to show immediately that he was capable of writing a consistent story, and of compelling the attention of his readers by an intense tragic power no less than by humour and pathos While Pickwick was appearing he was engaged upon Oliver Twist Its publication gave him a definite place in English literature Nothing so grim, so remorseless, and so direct had ever before moved the conscience of the public in the guise of fiction Its author was recognised as

one who, without the vast learning of Victor Hugo. could do in English what that great master lind done in French in Notre Dame de Paris a few years before-could show the elemental passions of humanity struggling under the dominating in fluence of drdykn, and could purge the emotions by pity and terror Henceforward his own reputa tion was on his special ground his only serious But he was in the full flush of his youth and energy, and within the next six years he produced Nicholas Nickleby, The Old Curiosity Shop, and Barnaby Rudge, an astonishing record of achievement for a ninn of thirty one. For the rest, the tale of his work may be read in his biography It would be idle to pretend that he was at all times equal to his highest standard, Little Dorrit is not without tediousness, and Our Mutual Friend is the least satisfactory of all his efforts But Little Dorrit was followed by A Tale of Two Cities and Great Expectations, and after Our Mutual Friend came his last book, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, which proved him to be still possessed of all his ancient power and variety of sympathy and of interest

One part of Dickens's secret has already been in dicated he had lived amongst the common people, he knew their habits and their modes of speech, and he rendered them with the faithful accuracy of genius—which is a very different thing from the accuracy of the instantaneous photographer who can present to us fractional moments of attitude and gesture never caught by mortal eye. He has been assailed for being a dealer in exaggeration, a caricaturist. The charge may be admitted while the implication is denied. The true caricaturist is not he who gives us a gigantic head perched on a diminutive body supported by infinitesimal legs, but he who in his portrait represents with emphasis those tricks of feature, of gesture, or even of dress that reveal the inward character. In this sense It need not be con Dickens was a caricaturist tended that he always succeeded, or that in his desire for emphasis he never overdrew Mr Carker and Mr Carker's gleaming teeth are only one ex And in the satire of 'society' ample out of many But where he knew the class he Dickens failed could draw the man belonging to it, and draw him with unmatched truth and sympathy and humour If Carker is to be called for the plaintiff, the defence can retort crushingly with Miss Tox, Dr Blimber, Mr Toots, and Captain Cuttle forth and Rosa Dartle can be overwhelmed with the two Peggotys, Mrs Gummidge, Mr Micawber, Traddles, and Miss Trotwood who accuse Dickens of not being 'natural' bring forward the special exceptions In order to prove their point they are willing to forget the great mass of his characters and the richness of humour and humanity with which he dowered them. We mry grant to these accusers that Dickens's occasional use of 'label-names' was a source of some weakness to him, and for this reason If you call a

character Scrooge, or Verisopht, or Gradgrind, you stamp him once for all and set him apart to be what his name indicates and nothing more sequently you may wish to develop or to change his nature, but the fital name hampers you harder to believe that a Scrooge could become generous and sympathetic and cheerful than it would be if his name had been, let us say, Roland or Oliver A man who begins by wanting 'facts, nothing but facts,' might, of course, on some future day 'bend his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances, making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity, and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio into his dusty little mills, ' but before he does it (in a book) he ought to drop the name of Gradgrind And as to Lord Frederick Verisopht, the case is much the same. The description of his quarrel with Sir Mulberry Hawk and the subsequent duel is one of the most powerful in fiction, but it is vitiated by his absurd name. It seems hardly possible to believe that this mixture of pap and cotton-wool could have behaved like a real man, or that 'he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed'-unless he had merged his family label in some territorial title suggesting peace, reform, and all the domestic

The pathos of Dickens has been a subject of somewhat bitter controversy lt could move so unsentimental a critic as Jeffrey to tears, it has been assailed by later critics-on whom, by the way, Mr Swinburne has discharged some crashing thunderbolts (Quarterly Review, July 1902) Much may be admitted even by the most thorough going admirers of Dickens It was not generally in the nature of his impassioned genius to allow the situation he had created to speak for itself, or to submit to the noble and eloquent reticence which has made the death scene of Colonel Newcome a masterpiece Carried away by the intensity of his emotion, he added detail after detail and sentence after sentence, heaping pathos upon pathos in his ardent desire to impress his own sense of tears upon his readers. These, too, if they once yield to his spell, are carried away, and their hearts are wrung by the bitterness and irreparable affliction that Dickens sets before them They are inclined to resent as an intrusion upon sacred ground the subsequent appearance of the cold critic who, having analysed the bitterness and dissected the affliction, tells them that by all the rules of art they ought to have scoffed and not to have wept. They may allow his canons, but they will always prefer to abide by the test of their own feelings. Nor must it be forgotten that, even if in the case of Little Nell and Paul Dombey Dickens overcharged the vials of sentiment, he showed more than once, and notably in A Tale of Two Cities, that he could describe mortal things without a trace of the excess with which lie has been charged

The general style of Dickens's writing was virile

and direct. He had a full command of nervous English, and he used it with a joyous sort of vigour to give flesh and blood to the shapes that filled his memory and to the creatures of his imagination Reinforced, as it was, by sympathy and humour, by a drollery as refreshing as it was unexpected, and by a fierce indignation against wrong, this power became irresistible. Sometimes its very force, working under the stimulus of a violent and lurid imagination, led him astray. The wind, the speed of a post-chaise, the gloom and terror of a murky river, become under its influence portentous human elements of the story, and the story teller is lost in the rhapsodist and the prophet. On the other hand, it must be said that this imaginative power often stood him in good To cite only one instance, it would not be easy to match in our literature the tremendous descriptions of Jonas Chuzzlewit's guilty agony before and after he committed the murder the bluff humour of the guard of the coach and Mr Pecksniff's hypocritical friendliness are fitted into the terrible description of Jonas before the crime, and Mrs Gamp plays her part in the dreadful final scene. This is the Æschylean side of Dickens, just as in the apostrophes to Tom Pinch with their thee ings and thou ings there is found the sham Euripidean which led him into an excess of sentimentality, finding its expression in long passages of bad blank verse. In the construction of his stories Dickens varied very It has already been pointed out how the origin of the Pukwick Papers necessarily made the story one of detached scenes But Martin Chuzzlewit and Nicholas Nickleby, though they do possess definite plots, scarcely attain nearer to an essential unity than Pickwick Their gloomy plots are in reality subordinate to the detached incidents that give them their living interest books, however, Dickens kept a firm grasp on his central story, and made it control the incidents In nearly everything he wrote, certainly in every book that preceded Bleak House, the astounding vigour and vitality of the writer are the chief Body and soul, heart and brain, and clements muscular energy -all that he was, and all that he felt or saw-were thrown into his work, which, from the impulse of his own overwhelming animation, took upon it life and energy And if here and there a reader, and in particular a reader of reademic mind, is startled by riotous evuberance or offended by excess of sentimentality, even lic can turn for instant relief to innumerable scenes of profound and touching insight. Such passages as the dialogues between little Paul and Mrs Pipchin, or the description of David Copperfield's sorrowful sense of importance when the death of his mother was announced, reveal the master no less surely than the broad humours of the Gamps and Wellers and Micawbers it is possible to make a thousand deductions from the sum of Dickens's ments and yet to leave him

securely established, we may hope for many a generation to come, in the enthusiastic and grateful affection of the race for which he wrote.

## Mr Lenville's Apology

He [Mr Folair] had no doubt reported that Nicholas was in a state of extreme bodily fear, for when that young gentleman wall ed with much deliberation down to the theatre next morning at the usual hour, he found all the company assembled in evident expectation, and Mr Lenville, with his severest stage face, sitting majestically on a table, whistling defiance.

Now, the ladies were on the side of Nicholas, and the gentlemen (being jealous) were on the side of the dis appointed tragedian, so that the latter formed a little group about the redoubtable Mr Lenville, and the former looked on at a little distance in some trepidation and On Nicholas stopping to salute them, Mr Lenville laughed a scornful laugh, and made some general remark touching the natural history of puppies

'Oh '' said Nicholas, looking quietly round, 'are you there?'

'Slave'' returned Mr Lenville, flourishing his right arm, and approaching Nicholas with a theatrical stride. But somehow he appeared just at that moment a little startled, as if Nicholas did not look quite so frightened as he had expected, and came all at once to an avkward halt, at which the assembled ladies burst into a shrill laugh

'Object of my scorn and hatred '' said Mr Lenville, 'I hold ye in contempt'

Nicholas laughed in very unexpected enjoyment of this performance, and the ladies, by way of encouragement, laughed louder than before, whereat Mr Lenville assumed his bitterest smile, and expressed his opinion that they were 'minions'

'But they shall not protect ve " said the tragedian, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and ending at the crown of his head, and then a downs ard one, beginning at the crown of his head and ending at his boots-which two looks, as everybody 'They shall not knows, express defiance on the stage protect ye-boy 17

Thus speaking Mr Lenville folded his arms, and treated Nicholas to that expression of face with which, in melodramatic performances, he was in the habit of regarding the tyrannical kings when they said, 'Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, and which, accompanied with a little jingling of fetters, had been known to produce great effects in its time.

Whether it was the absence of the fetters or not, it made no very deep impression on Mr Lenville's adver sary, hovever, but rather seemed to increase the good humour expressed in his countenance, in which stage of the contest, one or two gentlemen, who had come out expressly to witness the pulling of Nicholas's nose, grew impatient, murmuring that if it were to be done at all it had better be done at once, and that if Mr Lenville didn't mean to do it he had better say so, and not keep them waiting there. Thus urged, the tragedian adjusted the cuff of his right coat-sleeve for the performance of the operation, and walked in a very stately manner np to Nicholas, who suffered him to approach to within the requisite distance, and then, without the smallest discomposure, knocked him down.

Before the discomfited tragedian could raise his head from the boards, Mrs Lenville (who, as has been before hinted, was in an interesting state) rushed from the rear rank of ladies, and uttering a piercing scream, threw her self upon the body

'Do you see this, monster? Do you see this?' cried Mr Lenville, sitting np, and pointing to his pro-trate lady, who was holding him very tight round the waist.

'Come,' said Nicholas, nodding his head, 'apologise for the insolent note you wrote to me last night, and waste no more time in talking '

'Never I' cried Mr Lenville.

'Yes-jes-yes,' screamed his wife. 'For my sake -for mine, Lenville-forgo all idle forms, unless you would see me a blighted corse at your feet.'

'This is affecting ' said Mr Lenville, looking round him, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. 'The ties of nature are strong The weal husband and the father—the father that is yet to be—relents apologise.' (From Nicholas Nichleby, Chap. NAL)

### Mrs Gamp in the Home of the Moulds.

The premises of Mr Mould were hard of hearing to the boisterous noises in the great main streets, and nestled in a quiet corner, where the City strife became a drowsy hum, that sometimes rose, and sometimes fell, and sometimes altogether ceased, suggesting to a thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside. The light came sparling in among the scarlet runners, as if the churchyard winked at Mr Mould, and said, 'We understand each oher,' and from the distant shop a pleasant sound arose of coffin making with a low melodious hammer, rat, tat, tat, tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion.

'Quite the buzz of insects,' said Mr Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury 'It puts one in mind of the sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts.

It s exactly lil e the woodpecker tapping?

'The woodpecter tapping the hollow elm tree,' observed Mrs Mould, adapting the vords of the popular melody to the description of wood commonly used in the tride.

'Ha, ha'' laughed Mr Mould 'Not at all bad, mv We shall be glad to hear from you again, Mrs M. Hollow elm tree, eh? Ha, ha! Verv good indeed. I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love.'

Mrs Mould, thus encouraged, took a little more of the punch, and handed it to her daughters, who dutifully

followed the example of their mother

'Hollow elm tree, ch?' said Mr Mould, maling a slight motion with his legs in his enjoyment of the joke. 'It's beech in the song Elm, ch? Yes, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, that's one of the best things I know! He was so excessively tickled by the jest that he couldn't forget it, but repeated trenty times, 'Llm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Elm, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my life, you know, that ought to be sent to somebody who could make use of it. It's one of the smartest thing- that ever was said. Hollow elm tree, ch? Of course. Very hollow Ha, ha, ha!'

Here a knock was heard at the room door

'That's Tacker, I know,' said Mrs Mould, 'by the wheezing he makes Who that hears him now would suppose he'd ever had wind enough to carry the feathers on his head?-Come in, Tacker?

'Beg your pardon, ma'am,' said Tacker, looking in a little way, 'I thought our Governor was here'

'Well, so he is,' cried Mould

'Oh' I didn't see you, I'm sure,' said Tacker, looking in a little further 'You wouldn't be inclined to take a walking one of two, with the plun wood and a tin plate, I suppose?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr Mould, 'much too common Nothing to say to it.'

'I told 'em it was precious low,' observed Mr Tacker 'Tell 'em to go somewhere else. We don't do that style of business here,' said Mr Mould 'Like their impudence to propose it Who is it?'

'Why,' returned Tacker, pausing, 'that's where it is,

you see It's the beadle's son in law'

'The beadle's son in law, ch?' said Mould 'Well, I'll do it if the beadle follows in his cocked hat, not else. We may carry it off that way, by looking official, Lut it'll be low enough then. His cocked hat, mind!'

'I'll take care, sir,' rejoined Tacker 'Ohl Mrs Gamp's below, and wants to speak to you'

'Tell Mrs Gamp to come upstairs,' said Mould — 'Now, Mrs Gamp, what's jour news?'

The lady in question was by this time in the door way, curtsying to Mrs Mould At the same moment a peculiar fragrance was borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hiccoughed, and had previously been to a wine-vaults

Mrs Gamp made no response to Mr Mould, but curtsied to Mrs Mould again, and held up her hands and eyes, is in a devout thanksgiving that she looked so well. She was neatly but not gaudily attired, in the weeds she lind worn when Mr Pecksniff had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and was perhaps the turn of a scale more snuffy.

'There are some happy creatures,' Mrs Gamp observed, 'as time runs back'ards with, and you are one, Mrs Mould, not that he need do nothing except use you in his most owldacious way for years to come, I'm sure, for voung you are and will be. I says to Mrs Harris,' Mrs Gamp continued, 'only t'other day-the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale—I says to Mrs Harris when she says to me, "Years and our trials, Mrs Gamp, sets marks upon us all,"-" Say not the words, Mrs Harris, if you and me is to be continual friends, for sech is not the case Mrs Mould," I says, making so free, I will confess, as use the name' (she curtsied here), "is one of them that goes agen the observation straight, and never, Mrs Harris, whilst I've a drop of breath to draw, will I set by, and not stand up, don't think it" "I ast your pardon, ma'am," says Mrs Harris, "and I humbly grant your grace, for if ever a woman lived as would see her feller creeturs into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp ""

At this point she was fain to stop for breath, and advantage may be taken of the circumstance to state that a fearful mystery surrounded this lady of the name of Harris, whom no one in the circle of Mrs Gamp's requaintance had ever seen, neither did any human being know her place of residence, though Mrs Gamp appeared on her own showing to be in constant communication with hier. There were conflicting rumours on the subject, but the prevalent opinion was that she was a phantom of Mrs Gamp's brain—as Messrs Doe and Roe are fictions of the law—created for the express purpose

of holding visionary dialogues with her on all manner of subjects, and invariably winding up with a compliment to the excellence of her nature.

'And likeways what a pleasure,' said Mrs Gamp, turning with a tearful smile towards the daughters, 'to see them two young ladies as I know'd afore a tooth in their pretty heads was cut, and have many a day seen—ih, the sweet creeturs!—playing at berryins down in the shop, and follerin' the order book to its long home in the iron safe! But that's all past and over, Mr Mould!—as she thus got in a carefully regulated routine to that gentle man, she shook her head waggishly—'that's all past and over now, sir, in't it?'

'Changes, Mrs Gamp, changes 1' returned the under taker

'More changes, too, to come, afore we've done with changes, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, nodding yet more wag gishly than before. 'Young ladies with such faces thinks of something else besides berryins, don't they, sir?'

'I am sure I don't know, Mrs Gamp,' said Mould, with a chuckle.—'Not bad in Mrs Gamp, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, you do know, sir!' said Mrs Gamp, 'and so does Mrs Mould, your 'ansome pardner too, sir, and so do I, although the blessing of a daughter was deniged me, which, if we had had one, Gamp would certainly have drunk its little shoes right off its feet, as with our precious boy he did, and arterwards send the child a crrand to sell his wooden leg for any money it would fetch as matches in the rough, and bring it home in liquor-which was truly done beyond his years, for ev'ry individgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones, and come home arterwards quite bold, to break the news, and offering to drown himself if that would be a satisfaction to his parents. Oh, yes, you do know, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, wiping her eye with her shawl, and resuming the thread of her discourse 'There's something besides births and berryins in the newspapers, an't there, Mr Mould?'

Mr Mould winked at Mrs Mould, whom he had by this time taken on his knee, and said, 'No doubt A good deal more, Mrs Gamp —Upon my life, Mrs Gamp is very far from bad, my dear!'

'There's marryings, an't there, sir?' said Mrs Gamp, while both the daughters blushed and tittered 'Bless their precious hearts, and well they knows it! Well you know d it too, and well did Mrs Mould, when you was at their time of life! But my opinion is, you're all of one age now For as to you and Mrs Mould, sir, ever having grandchildren'—

'Oh! Fie, sie! Nonsense, Mrs Gamp,' replied the undertaker 'Devilish smart, though Ca pi tal!' This was in a whisper 'My dear'—aloud again—'Mrs Gamp can drink a glass of rum, I dare say —Sit down, Mrs Gamp, sit down'

Mrs Gamp took the chair that was nearest the door, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, feigned to be wholly insensible to the fact of a glass of rum being in preparation, until it was placed in her hand by one of the young ladies, when she exhibited the greatest surprise.

(From Martin Chuzzlea I, Chap AXV.)

#### Dinner at Dr Blimber's

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began There was some nice soup, also roast meat, boiled meat vegetables, pie, and choese Every young gentleman had a massive silver fork, and a napkin, and all the arrange ments were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons who gave quite a winey flavour to the table beer—he poured it out so superbly

Nobody spole, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blumber, Mrs Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engaged with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blumber, Mrs Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr I ceder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked belind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul

Only once during diffure was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or three, said—

'It is remarkable, Mr Feeder, that the Romans'---

At the mention of this terrible people their implicable enemies, every young gentleman fastened his give upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking and who cought the Doctor's every glaring at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was consulsed for some moments, and in the equal ruined Doctor Blumber's point

'It is remarkable, Mr I ceder,' said the Doctor begin ning again slowly, 'that the Romans in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when higher had attained a height un I nown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet'——

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently

'Johnson,' said Mr Feeder, in a low reproachful voice 'take some water'

The Doctor, looking very stern, made a paise until the water was brought, and then resumed—

'And when, Mr I ceder'---

But Mr I ceder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eve off Johnson, and thus was enuglit in the fact of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mr I ceder, reddening

'I beg your pardon, Doctor Blunber'

'And when,' said the Doctor, raising his voice, 'when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand disher.'—

- ' lake some water, Johnson-dishes, sir,' said Mr
  - 'Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes'-
  - 'Or try a crust of bread,' said Mr I eeder
- 'And one dish,' pursued Doctor Blimber, raising his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, 'called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants'——

- "On, on, on I" (from Johnson)
- 'Moodcoils ---
- 'Ow, on, or 1'
- 'The sounds of the fish called scan'-
- 'You'll burt some vessel in your head,' said Mr Feeder 'You had better let it come.'
- And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea,' pursued the Doctor, in his severest voice, 'when we read of costly entertainments such a these, and still remember that we have a Taus'—
- "What vould be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy r" said Mr I ender
  - 'A Dountian'-
  - 'And you re blue, you know,' and Mr Feeder
- "A Nero, a Tiberius a Cali, alt, a Helogabalas, and many more" pair used the Doctor, "it is, Mr Feeder-if you are do no me the honour to attend-remarkable, VERY remarkable vir

But Johnson, unable to impriest it any long r, burs at that more entrate such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that although both his immediate neighbour thinned him on the back, and Mr. Leeder himself helding but of water to his hip, and the bathy walkel him up and down several times between his own chair and the side board, like a sentry, it was full five minuter before he was mode ately composed and then there was a profound silence.

Gentlemen, said Doctor Blunker, tree to grant Cornelia, lift Dombes down monthing of whom said Inscribe a combingly seen above the table cloth. John son will repeat to me to increase morning before beak fast, without book, and from the Greek Te tunen, we first chapter of the I picke of Saint Paul to the Fpirsians. We will resume our sinkes Mr Feeder, in half an hour?

(From Discrepant Sin Grape XII)

#### Jack Bunsby's Marriage

Here peaceful scene, and particularly the region of I intel ouse. Hole and thereabouts a ere so influential in calming the captain, that he will ed on with restored tranqualitis, and was, it fact reguling himself, under his breath, with the ballad of I ouch Peg, when on turning a corner, he was suddenly transfixed and real-red speechless by a triumphant procession that he beheld advancing towards him

This awful demonstration was headed by that deter mined woman, Mrs MacStinger, who preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and weiring con spiciously attached to her obdurate bosom a stupe-dous witch and appendages, which the captum recognised at a glance as the property of Bansby, conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner, he, with the distraught and melancholy visage of a captive home into n foreign land, meekly resigning himself to her Belind them appeared the young MacStingers in a body, exulting Behind them, two ladies of a terrible and steadfast aspect, leading between them a short gentle man in a tall list, who likewise exulted. In the wake appeared Burshy's boy, bearing umbrellas. The whole were in good marching order, and a dreadful smartness that pervaded the party would have sufficiently announced, if the Intrepid countenances of the ladies had been want ing, that it was a procession of sacrifice, and that the victim was Bunsby

The first impulse of the captain was to run away. This also appeared to be the first impulse of Bunshy, hopeless

as its execution must have proved. But a cry of recog nition proceeding from the party, and Alexander Mac Stinger running up to the captain with open arms, the captain struck

'Well, Cap'en Cuttle I' said Mrs MaeStinger, 'this is indeed a meeting! I bear no malice now Cuttle, you needn't fear that I'm a going to cast any reflections. I hope to go to the altar in another spirit Here Mrs MacStinger paused, and drawing herself up, and inflating her bosom with a long breath, said, in allusion to the victim, 'My 'usband, Cap'en Cuttle 1'

The abject Bunshy looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor at his bride, nor at his friend, but strught before him at nothing. The captain putting out his hand, Bunsby put out his, but, in answer to the cap tain's greeting, spake no word

'Cap'en Cuttle,' said Mrs MacStinger, 'if you would wish to heal up past animosities, and to see the last of your friend, my 'usband, as a single person, we should be 'appy of your company to chapel. Here is a lady here,' said Mrs MacStinger, turning round to the more intropid of the two, 'my bridesmud, that will be glad of your protection, Cap'en Cuttle.'

The short gentleman in the tall hat, who it appeared was the husband of the other lady, and who evidently exulted at the reduction of a fellow creature to his own condition, gave place at this, and resigned the lady to Captain Cuttle. The lady immediately seized him, and, observing that there was no time to lose, give the word, in a strong voice, to advance

The captain's concern for his friend, not unmingled at first with some concern for himself-for a shadowy terror that he might be married by violence possessed him, until his knowledge of the service came to his relief, and remembering the legal obligation of saying, 'I will,' he felt himself personally safe so long as he resolved, if asked any question, distinctly to reply 'I won't '-threw him into a profuse perspiration, and rendered him for a time insensible to the movements of the procession, of which he now formed a feature, and to the conversation of his fair companion But as he became less agitated, he learned from this lady that she was the widow of a Mr Bokum, who had held an employment in the Custom House, that she was the dearest friend of Mrs MacStinger, whom she considered a pattern for her sex that she had often heard of the captain, and now hoped he had repented of his past life, that she trusted Mr Bunsby knew what a blessing he had gained, but that she feared men seldom did know what such blessings were until they had lost them, with more to the same purpose,

All this time the captain could not but observe that Mrs Bokum kept her eyes steadily on the bridegroom, and that whenever they came near a court or other narrow turning which appeared favourable for flight, she was on the alert to cut lum off if he attempted escape The other lady, too, as well as her husband, the short gentleman with the tall bat, was plainly on guard, according to a preconcerted plan, and the wretched man was so secured by Mrs MacStinger, that any effort at self preservation by flight was rendered futile. This, indeed, was apparent to the mere populace, who ex pressed their perception of the fact by jeers and cries, to all of which the dread MacStinger was inflexibly in different, while Bunsby himself appeared in a state of unconsciousness.

The captain made many attempts to accost the philo sopher, if only in a monosyllable or a signal, but always fuled, in consequence of the vigilance of the guard, and the difficulty, at all times peculiar to Bunsby's constitu tion, of liaving his attention aroused by nny outward and visible sign whatever. Thus they approached the chapel, a neat whitewashed edifice, recently engaged by the Reverend Melchisedech Howler, who had consented, on very urgent solicitation, to give the world another two years of existence, but had informed his followers that then it must positively go

While the Reverend Melchisedech was offering up some extemporary orisons, the captain found an opportunity of growling in the bridegroom's car-

'What cheer, my lad, what cheer?'

To which Bursby replied, with a forgetfulness of the Reverend Mclelusedech, which nothing but his desperate circumstances could have excused-

'D--d bad'

'Jack Bunsby,' whispered the captain, 'do you do this here o' your own free will?'

Mr Bunsby answered, 'No.'

'Why do you do it, then, my lad?' inquired the captain, not unnaturally

Bunsh, still looking, and always looking with an immovable countenance, at the opposite side of the world, made no reply

'Why not sheer off?' said the captain

'Eh?' wluspered Bunsby, with a momentary gleam of

'Sheer off,' said the captain

'Where's the good?' retorted the forlorn sage 'She'd capter me agen '

'Cheer up 1 'Try!' replied the captain now's your time Sheer off, Jack Bunsby!'

Jack Bunsby, however, instead of profiting by the advice, said in a doleful whisper-

'It all began in that there cliest o' yourn ever conwoy her into port that night?'

'My lad,' faltered the captnin, 'I thought as you had come over her, not as she had come over you has got such opinions as you liave!'

Mr Bunsby merely uttered a suppressed groan

'Come!' said the captain, nudging him with his elbow, 'now's your time! Slicer off! I'll cover your retreat. The time's a flying Bunsby! it's for liberty Will you once?'

Bunsby was immovable

'Bunsby 1' whispered the captain, 'will you twice?' Bunsby wouldn't twice

'Bunshy '' nrged the captain, 'it's for liberty, will you three times? Now or never 1'

Bunshy didn't then, and didn't ever, for Mrs Mac Stinger immediately afterwards married him

(From Dombey and Son, Chap LX.)

#### David Copperfield hears of his Mother's Death

'David Copperfield,' said Mrs Creakle, leading me to a soft, and sitting down beside me, 'I want to speak to you very particularly I have something to tell you, my

Mr Creakle, at whom of course I looked, shook his head without looking at me, and stopped up a sigh with a very large piece of buttered toast

'You are too young to know how the world changes every day,' said Mrs Creakle, 'and how the people in it pass away But we all have to learn it, David, some of its when we are young, some of its when we are old, some of us at all times of our lives?

I looked at her earnestly

'When you came away from home at the end of the vacation,' said Mrs Creal le, after a paure, 'were they all well?' After another pause, 'Was your manual well?'

I trembled without distinctly I not ing why, and still lool ed at her carnestly, and ing no attempt to answer

'Because,' said she, 'I gireve to tell you that I hear this morning your mamma is very all '

A mist rose between Mrs Creal le and me, and her figure seemed to move in it for an instant. Then I felt the burning tears run down my free, and it was steady norm.

'She is very dangerously ill 'she added

I knew all now

"She Is dead "

There was no need to tell me so. I had already broken out into a desolate ery, and felt an orphan in the wide world

She was very lind to me. She kept me there all day, and left me alone sometimes, and I cried, and wore myself to sleep, and awoke and cried again. When I could cry no more, I begin to think and then the oppression on my breast was heaviest, and my first a dull pain that there was no case for

And yet my thoughts were idle, not intent on the calimity that weighed upon my heart, but filly lottering near it I thought of our house but up and husbel I thought of the little baby, who, Mrs Creal le said, hall been pining away for some time, and who, they believed, would die too. I thought of inv father's grave in the churchyard, by our house, and of my mother lying there beneath the tree I knew so well. I stood upon a chair when I was left alone, and loof ed into the glass to see how red my eyes were, and how sorrowful my face considered, after some hours were gone if in tears were really hard to flow now, as they seemed to be, what, in connection with my los, it would affect me mot to think of when I drew near home-for I was going home to the funeral. I am sensible of having felt that a dignity attrehed to me among the rest of the boys, and that I was important in my affliction

If ever child was stricken with sincere grief, I warBut I remember that this importance was a kind of satis
faction to me, when I walled in the playground that
afternoon while the boys were in school. When I saw
them glancing at me out of the windows as they went
up to their classes, I felt distinguished, and lool ed more
melancholy, and walked slower. When school was over,
and they came out and spoke to me, I felt it rather good
in myself not to be proud to any of them, and to take
exactly the same notice of them all as before.

(From D rand Cofferfeld, Chap. IX.)

Lyfe of Dickens, by John Forster (3 vols. 1877, abridged by George Gissing 1900) I etters, edited by his sister in law, Mics Hogarth, and his daughter Mary (3 vols. 1820-82), Charles Dickens, by G A. Sala (1870) Chiries Dickens, by F I Matzials, 'Creat Writers series with good bibliography by J P Anderson (1887) Dickens, by A W Ward 'Men of Letters series (1882), Chili hood and Youth of Dickens, by Robert Langton (1883) article on Dickens in Dictionary of National Biography, by Leslie on Dickens in Dickens in Pen and Pencil, by F G kitton (1889), Charles Dickens Ilis Life, Il ritings and Personality by F G kitton (1902).

R. C LEHMANN

John Forster (1812-76), the eldest son of i cattle dealer it Newcastle, inseducated for the Bir, but early devoted himself to penodical His political articles in the London Examiner, for which he commenced virting in 1833, iteracted more attention than is usually be stoned on new paper leaders, awing to their ugour ind point, consistency, and ourspoten lionesty He edited successively the Loreign Quarterly Re n e, the Dails Acas, and from 18,7 to 18,6 the Laammer He was the author of many visorous and suggestive Inographical and Instorical essits, such as the two volumes of Earl area and Quartals articles reprinted in 1858, and the elaborate series dealing with the times and slates. men of the I malish Common calth—Tre History of the Grand Lemerstrine (1869), The Arrest of the I rie Memb is (1869); Sir John Eliot, a Diegrafis (1664), and Lives of the Statemer of the Common realth (1836-39). These latter gae evidence of industrious research, but Dr Gardirer has shown that they are inserted by frequent machiners. Torster's literar memoirs are III Life and Times of Ohren Goldsn ti (1848, and and tup o ed ed 18545 one of the nost popular b ographies in Luglish Incrature, Walter Saving Landor (2 vols 1868), Fre lafe of Cearl's Dictors (3 vols 1871-74) and the Irst volume of a Ithe of South 1875. The Life of Dulens was as inted is having exposed with too great frankness the falings of his hero, a more valid objection in that in the me had of treatment adopted the biographer is almost as prominent as his subject. Torster who became secretary to the Commissioners in I muses in 1855, and a Commissioner in Lunney in 1861, was an indefitigable student and a constant and devoted found, and, as was said by the Im safter his death, those who at first sight the ight him obstinate and everbearing were reach to confess that they had in reality found him to be one of the tenderest and most generous of men

#### Literature and Copyright.

'It were well,' and Goldsmith on one occasion, with lutter truth, "if none but the dunces of soriely were combined to render the profession of an author ridica lons or unhappy. The profession themselves have veto learn the secret of co-operation, they have to put away internal jealousies they have to claim for them selves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fishion very leadly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld in fine, they have frackly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthest and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other is the way to obtain justice from the world - If writers had been thus true to them sches the subject of copyright might have been equi tably settled when attention was first diawn to it, but while De Poe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Toe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in forma painters the rights of the Lughsh author

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning, for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists, and though it may be reasonable, as Dr Johnson argued that it was, to sur render a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every Continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty five years, whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to day, but if they bave laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time

(From Forster's Goldsmith, Chap. XXII)

Samuel Smiles, born at Haddington in 1813, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and having practised for a while in his native town and in Leeds, became editor of a Leeds paper, but from 1845 till 1866 was a railway secretary. He wrote a Life of George Stephenson (1857), but it was the success of his book on Self-Help (1859), erelong translated into nearly a score of languages, which led him to become a professional author and compiler. Books on character, thrift, duty, and life and labour followed, and in 1861 his well known Lives of the Engineers (2 vols). There were further several collections of lives of men notable in the history of invention and industry, books on Boulton and Watt, on Nasmyth, Wedgwood, on John Murray

the publisher, on the humble naturalists Thomas Edward and Robert Dick, as well as on Jasmin the Provençal poet and on the Huguenots in England and in France He died 16th April 1904

William Edmonstoune Aytoun (1813-65) was born in Edinburgh, from the Academy proceeded to the university, and in 1833-34 studied German at Aschaffenburg In 1835 he became, like his Whig father, a Writer to the Signet, and in 1840 was called to the Scottish Bar. To his mother he owed his love of ballad-lore and Jaco bitism, and, taking early to literary work, he entered in 1836 on his lifelong connection with Blackwood A prize poem, Judith, had commended him to Professor Wilson (Christopher North), afterwards his father-in law In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the univer sity, and in 1852 was made Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland, his duties as supreme judicial authority for the islands not involving his absence from the courts in Edinburgh His Lais of the Scottish Cavaliers (1849), some on Macaulayan lines, some on other well known models, made him famous, and the mingled martial verve, tender regrets, and whole hearted Jacobite fervour of the lays (though not free from melodramatic elements) have secured them a permanent vitality—there have been wellnigh half a hundred editions and reprints, some of them elaborately illustrated The first of the lays, 'The Burial March of Dundee,' was printed in Blackwood in 1843 Bothwell (1856) was a poem dealing with the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots Much of his best worl appeared first in Blackzvood, and many of his contributions, both in prose and verse, are witty and humorous, whether with or without a measure of satire and caricature-the story of the 'Glenmutchkin Railway' and 'How I became a Yeoman,' notable examples, being amongst the most popular and amusing of the Tales from Maga Tirmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy (1854), professedly by 'T Percy Jones,' was a brilliant skit on (amongst others) George Gilfillan, 'Festus' Bailey, Sydney Dobell, and Alexander Smith, thereafter known as 'the spas modic school,' it appeared first in Blackwood as a bogus criticism with extracts, then as a complete poem But the thing, 'typifying intellect without principle,' and in some things curiously anticipating Nietzsche, contained so much power, imagination, and poetry that it was for a while accepted by many as a mere original Norman Sinclair (1861), a semi-autobiographical (and rather diffuse) novel, was one of the things that first saw the light in the magazine. Along with his friend Theodore Martin, whom he had met in college about 1832, Aytoun had produced the frmous Book of Ballads, edited by Bon Gaultier -a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to Fait's and Fraser's Magazines in 1842-44, and collected in 1855, and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation

of the ballads of Goethe (1858) The Bon Gaultier Ballads—whimsical but not unkindly-meant parodies and imitations of many poets and many styles—well nigh rivalled the Rejected Idarisses or the Ingeldsty Legends in popularity, and though some of them are rather futile, they are still constantly reissued, and have themselves become models for the imitator. Aytoun wrote poems on subjects as various as 'Chone,' 'Blind old Milton,' and 'Hermotimus,' translated from Romaic as well as from German and the classics, and edited a collection of Scottish ballads. There is a Life by Sir Theodore Martin (1867), and see Miss Masson's Pollok and Aytoun (1899)



WILLIAM LDMONSTOUNE ANDOUN
After the Bust by P Park

#### From 'The Burial March of Dundee'

On the heights of Killiecrankie Yester morn our army lay Slowly rose the mist in columns I rom the river's broken way. Hoar-cly roared the swollen torrent, And the Pass was wrapped in gloom, When the clansmen rose together From their lair amidst the broom Then we belted on our tartans, And our bonnets down we drew, As we felt our broadswords' edges, And we proved them to be true, And a c prayed the prayer of soldiers. And we cried the gathering cry, and we clasped the hands of kinsmen, And we snore to do or die ! Then our leader rode before us, On his war horse black as night-Well the Cameronian rebels Knew that charger in the fight '-

And a cry of exultation From the bearded warmors rose. For we loved the house of Claver'se, And we thought of good Montrose. But he raised his hand for silence-'Soldiers ! I have sworn a yow, Ere the evening star shall glisten On Schehallion's lofty brow, Either we shall rest in triumph, Or another of the Gremes Shall have died in battle harness For his country and King James! Think upon the royal martyr-Think of what his race endure-Think on him whom butchers murdered On the field of Magus Muir By his sacred blood I charge ve, By the ruined hearth and shrine-By the blighted hopes of Scotland, By your injuries and mine-Strike this day as if the anvil Lay beneath your blows the while, Be they covenanting traitors, Or the brood of false Argyle 1 Strike i and drive the trembling rebels Backwards o'er the stormy Forth, Let them tell their pale Convention How they fared within the North Let them tell that Highland honour Is not to be bought nor sold, That we scorn their prince's anger As we loathe his foreign gold Strike! and when the fight is over, If you look in vain for me, Where the dead are lying thickest Search for him that was Dundee 1' Loudly then the hills re echoed With our answer to lus call, But a deeper echo sounded In the bosoms of us all For the lands of wide Breadalbane, Not a man who heard him speak Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing cheek Told the clansmen's fierce emotion, And they harder drew their breath, For their souls were strong within them, Stronger than the grasp of Death Soon we heard a challenge trumpet Sounding in the Pass below, And the distant tramp of horses, And the voices of the foe Down we crouched amid the bracken, Till the Lowland ranks drew near, Panting like the hounds in summer, When they seent the stately deer From the dark defile emerging, Next we saw the squadrons come, Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers Marching to the tuck of drum, Through the scattered wood of birches, O'er the broken ground and heath, Wound the long battalion slowly, Till they gained the field beneath, Then we bounded from our covert Judge how looked the Saxons then,

When they saw the rugged mountain Start to life with armed men 1 Like the tempest down the ridges Swept the hurricane of steel, Rose the slogan of Macdonald-Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel I Vainly sped the withering volley Amongst the foremost of our band-On we poured until we met them Foot to foot, and hand to hand Horse and man went down like drift wood When the floods are black at Yule, And their carcasses are whirling In the Garry's deepest pool Horse and man went down before us-Living foe there tarried none On the field of Killiecrankie, When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining On Schehallion's distant head When we wiped our bloody broadswords, And returned to count the dead There we found him gashed and gory, Stretched upon the cumbered plain, As he told us where to seek him, In the thickest of the slain And a smile was on his visage, For within his dying ear Perled the joyful note of triumph, And the elnnsmen's elamorous elicer So, amidst the battle's thunder, Shot, and steel, and scorehing flame, In the glory of his manhood Passed the spirit of the Grame !

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that daintless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chicftain than oar own Dundee!

(From The Lags of the Scotlish Cavaliers)

## Sonnet to Britain, by the D- of W-

Halt I Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were! Right wheel! Lyes left! Attention! Stand at ease! O Britain! O my country! words like these Have made thy name a terror and a fear To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks. Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo, Where the grim despot muttered Sainte qui peut ! And Ney fled darkling-silence in the ranks. Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash Of armies, in the centre of his troop The soldier stands-unmovable, not rash-Until the forces of the foeman droop, Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash, Pounding them into mummy Shoulder, hoop ! (From Bon Gaultier)

#### From 'Firmilian'

Three hours of study—and what gain thereby? My brain is recling to attach the sense Of what I read, as a drunk mariner Who, stumbling o'er the bulwark, makes a clutch At the wild incongruity of ropes, And topples into mud l

Good Aristotle! I orgive me if I by thee henceforth by, And seek some other teacher. Thou hast been, For many hundred years, the bane and eurse Of all the budding intellect of man Thine earliest pupil, Alexander-he The most impulsive and tumultuous sprite That ever spurned old systems at the licel, And dashed the dust of action in the cyes Of the slow porers over antique shards-Held thee, at twenty, an especial fool And why? The grand God impulse in his heart That drove him over the oblique domain Of Asın and her kingdoms, and that urged His meteor leap at Porus' giant throat-Or the sublime illusion of the sense Which give to Thais that tremendous torch Whence whole Persepolis was set on fire-Was never I indled surely by such trash As I, this night, have heaped upon my brun! [I lings areas the book Hence, vile impostor l Who shall take his place?

What houry dotard of antiquity Shall I invite to dip his clumsy foot Within the limpid fountain of my mind, And stnmp it into foulness? Let me see-Following Salerno's doctrine, human lore Divides itself into three ficulties, The Eden rivers of the intellect There's I aw, Theology, and Medicine, And all beyond their course is barren ground So say the Academics, and they're right, If learning's to be measured by its gains. The Lawyer speaks no word without a fee -The Priest demands his titlies, and will not sing A gratis mass to help his brother's soul The purgatorial key is made of gold None else will fit the wards, -and for the Doctor, The good kind man who lingers by your couch, Compounds you pills and potions, feels your pulse, And takes especial notice of your tongue, If you allow him once to leave the room Without the proper greasing of his palm, Look out for Azrnel 1

So, then, these three Mnintain the sole possession of the schools, Whilst, out of doors, amidst the sleet and run, Thin garbed Philosophy sits shivering down, And shares a mouldy crust with Poetry!

And shall I then take Celsus for my guide, Confound my brain with dull Justinian's tomes, Or stir the dust that lies o'er Augustine? Not I, in faith! I've leaped into the air, And clove my way through rether, like a bird That flits beneath the glimpses of the moon, Right eastward, till I lighted at the foot Of holy Helicon, and drank my fill At the clear spout of Agamppe's stream

I've rolled my limbs in ecstasy along The self same turf on which old Homer lay That night he dreamed of Helen and of Troy And I have heard, at midnight, the sweet strains Come quiring from the hill top, where, enshrined In the rich foldings of a silver cloud, The Muses sang Apollo into sleep Then came the voice of universal Pan, The dread earth whisper, booming in mine ear-'Rise up, Firmilian-rise in might!' it stid, 'Great youth, baptised to song! Be it thy task, Out of the jarring discords of the world, To recreate stupendous harmonies More grand in diaptson than the roll Among the mountains of the thunder psalm! Be thou no slave of passion Lct not love, Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill That sways the actions of ungifted men, Live for thyself alone Affect thy course Let appetite thy ready handmaid be, And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life, Be it forbidden or no If any comes Between thee and the purpose of thy bent, Launch thou the arrow from the string of might Right to the bosom of the impious wretch, And let it quiver there! Be great in guilt l If, like Busiris, thou canst rack the heart, Spare it no pang So shalt thou be prepared To make thy song a tempest, and to shake The earth to its foundation—Go thy way ! I woke, and found myself in Badajoz. But from that day, with frantic might, I've striven To give due utterance to the awful shrieks Of him who first imbued his hand in gore-To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain 1

Sir Theodore Martin, KCB, born in Edinburgh in 1816, was educated at the High School and university, and in 1846 settling in London, became a prosperous parliamentary solicitor Besides his poetical labours in collaboration with Aytoun (see page 475), he translated Horace, Catullus, Virgil, and Goethe's Faust, the Vita Nuova of Dante, the Correggio and Aladdin of the Danish poet Ehlenschlager, King Rene's Daughter, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Hertz, and Poems and Ballads by Heine. He was selected by Queen Victoria to write the Life of the Prince Consort (5 vols 1874-80), on its completion being made a KCB He wrote Lives also of Professor Aytoun (1867), of Lord Lyndhurst (1883), of the Princess Alice (1885), and of his own wife (1901), whom he married in 1851—Helen Frucit (1820-1898), the accomplished actress, and author of the delightful studies On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters (1885)

Sir Arthur Helps (1813-75), born at Streatham in Surrey, passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a member of the famous Apostles' Club, along with Maurice, Trench, Monckton Milnes, and Tennyson He was private secretary first to Spring-Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, next to Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary, and on the fall of

the Melbourne Ministry he retired to enjoy twenty years of lettered leisure. Appointed Clerk to the Privy-Council (1860), he became well known to Queen Victoria, who formed a high opinion of his character and talents Thus he was employed to edit the Principal Speeches and Addresses of the late Prince Consort (1862), and the Queen's own Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands (1868) His first work was a series of aphorisms, Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd, published as early as 1835, his next, Essays written in the Intervals of Business (1841) Two poor plays followed, then The Claims of Labour (1844) Friends in Council (two senes, 1847-59) was a collection of wonderfully attractive discussions on social questions, thrown into a conversational form The same familiar speakers (Milverton, Ellesmere, and Dunsford) reappeared in Realmah (1869), Couversations on War and General Culture (1871), and Tall about Animals and their Masters (1873) His strong interest in the question of slavery prompted his Conquerois of the New World (1848-52), and the greater work, The Spanish Conquest in America (4 vols 1855-61). Out of his studies for this history grew his admir able biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes Other books were a Life of Thomas Brassey, Companions of my Solitude, Casimir, Marenuna, Brivia, and treatises on government and social pressure. Helps, who was made successively DCL, CB, and KCB (1872), was a most suggestive essayist, revealing everywhere acute ness, humour, a satire which gives no pain, and a keen sense of man's social responsibilities, his But though style is unusually clear and graceful many of his works—especially Friends in Council and Realmah-were eminently popular, his message was mainly to his contemporaries

## Discovery of the Pacific by Balboa

Early in September 1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa set out on his renowned expedition for finding 'the other ear,' accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens He went by sea to the territory of his father in law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and accompanied by whose Indians This cacique took he moved on into Poncha's territory flight, as he had done before, seeking refinge amongst his mountains, but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy, but he now did no harm to Poncha, and, on the contrury, he secured his friendship by pre senting him with looking glasses, hatchets, and hawk bells, in return for which he obtained guides and porters from among this cacique's people, which enabled him to prosecute his journey Following Poncha's guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commenced the ascent of the moun tains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called

Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops. meaning to make a vigorous attack, but they could not withstand the discharge of the firearms, indeed, they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands-not an unreasonable fancy-and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain. to the number of six hundred. In speaking of these people. Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, and how all the words might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentionsand there is reason for thinking that he was rightly in formed—that there was a region not two days' journey from Ouarcqua's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwreeked on this coast Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or over weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty five days to do it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions A little before Vasco Nuñez reached the licight. Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to it. It was a sight which any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nuñez bade his men sit down while he alone ascended and looked down upon the vast Pacifie, the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so Talling on his knees, he give thinks to God for the favour shown to him in his being the first man to discover and behold this sea, then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up When they had come, both he and they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words 'You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being necomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be cer tain, for as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told of this set to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being in comparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in it' Ivery great and original action has a prospective greatness, not alone from the thoughts of the man who relieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a re markable event may go on acquiring more and more sig nificance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Visco Nuñex then beheld, occupies more than one half of the carth's surface, is an element of thought which in our ninds lightens up and gives an ane to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters To lum the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror, indeed, Peter Martyr likens Vaseo Nuñez to Hammbal showing Italy to his soldiers

Sir William Smith (1813-03), who by his dictionaries of classical and Christian learning rendered great service to general culture in the nineteenth century, was the son of an Enfield houscholder He studied classics at University College, London, after being articled to a solicitor, and becoming a teacher, was soon editing classical manuals and writing for the Penny Cyclopadia His Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. largely his own work, with contributions from scholars like J W Donaldson, Benjamin Jowett, Henry George Liddell, and George Long, appeared in 1842, and was ultimately much extended. Other dictionaries of which he was mainly editor were those of Greek and Roman biography and myth ology (1849), of ancient geography (1857), of the Bible (1860-65), of Christian antiquities (with Cheetham, 1875-80), and of Christian biography (1877-87) He also edited smaller dictionaries of classical subjects, a 'Principia' series of school books, students' manuals of various kinds, and an annotated Gibbon, he wrote a 'student's' history of Greece, and from 1867 till his death he edited the Quarterly Review LLD, DCL, and PhD of Leipzig, he was knighted in 1892

Mark Pattison (1813-84) was born at Hornby in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and brought up in the neighbouring parish of Hauxwell, of which his father had become rector. The eldest of twelve children (of whom ten were daughters), he was educated at home until he entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1832 A shy and awkward lad, diffident and hesitating, he suffered much in his first years as an undergraduate, but duly took his Bachelor's degree in 1836 with a second class in classics, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, and ordained deacon Under the dominant influence of Newman he give lumself first to the study of theology, wrote two Lives of the Saints, translated for the 'Library of the Fathers,' and almost followed his master into the fold of Rome. We have his own account of his spiritual growth out of the Puritanism of his home into Anglicanism, and see how the still wider horizon of the Catholic Church opened itself up before his eyes, only to disappear before 'the highest development, when all religious appear in their historical light as efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with that Unseen Power whose presence it feels, but whose motives are a riddle? The reaction from Newmanism reawakened his zeal for pure scholarship, he became a tutor of exceptional influence, and acting head of the college as sub rector, under Dr Radford Radford's death (1851) Pattison was kept out of the headship which was his right, and a further un successful attempt was made to deprive him of his fellowship on a technical plea. The result of his disappointment was that for ten years he took little real interest in the life of Oxford He published

an article on education in the Oxford Essays, acted on a commission on education in Germany, and served for three months of 1858 as Times correspondent at Berlin Meanwhile he gave himself to severe and unbroken study, and scholars soon came to recognise his Roman hand in the columns of the Quarterly, the Westmuster, and His report on Germin the Saturday Review education appeared in 1859, his paper on 'Ten dencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750,' was one of the famous Essays and Revueus (1860) At length in 1861 he was elected Rector of his college, but, though he made an exemplary head, the spring and elasticity of earlier days were gone In 1862 he married the accomplished Emilia Frances Strong, afterwards Lady Dilke, who helped him to make Lincoln a social and intellectual centre for a world much wider than the walls of Oxford Down to his last illness he lived wholly for study, maintaining the medieval rather than the modern ideal of the scholar's life. Everything he wrote was characteristic, nowhere else among contemporaries could be found such fullness of knowledge set in such terse and vigorous English Yet his standard of perfection was so high that his actual achievement is rather suggestive than representative of his powers, and the greatest project of his life—the study of Scaliger-remains a fragment printed in his collected *Essays* (1889) He actually published Suggestions on Academical Organisation (1868), admirably annotated editions of Pope's Essay on Man (1869) and Sattres and Epistles (1872), the monograph on Isaac Casaubon (1875), which grew out of his Scaliger studies, Milton, almost the best book in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1879), the Sounets of Milton (1883), and a collection of Sermous (1885) His volume of posthumous Memoirs (1885) was a strikingly frank judgment of himself and others, and a remarkable revelation of a singular moral and intellectual personality

George Gilfillan (1813-78), son of the Secession minister at Comrie, studied at Glasgow University, and from 1836 till his death was minister of a Secession (later United Presbyte rian) congregation in Dundee But it was by a series of papers on the literary men of the time that he became known These, ultimately pub lished as a Gallery of Literary Portraits (3 vols 1845-54), were originally contributed to a Dum fries newspaper edited by Gilfillan's friend Thomas Aird, and from the first were immensely popular and stimulating He had a high reputation as an eloquent preacher and genial liberal theologian, but henceforward wrote, edited, and compiled incessantly, being remarkable rather for the warmth and width of his literary sympathies than for his critical For Nichol, an Edinburgh publisher, he edited a comprehensive series of British poets, with memoirs, dissertations, and notes (48 vols 1853-He celebrated the Scottish Covenanters, the English Puritans, and the Secession preachers in volumes, wrote Lives of Burns, Scott, David Vedder, and others, published, besides sermons, lectures, and smaller theological works, Alpha and Ounga (1850), a volume of Bible studies, and Bards of the Bible (1851), which reached a seventh edition in 1887, and in his History of Man (1856) produced a curious melinge of autobiography and fiction (The Skilbes Library and Theological, published in 1881 after his death, were excerpts from an unfinished continuation of this work.) His only poem in verse—though much of his prose was dithy rambic, rhetorical, and full of audacious flights of fantasy—was Aight, a Poin (in nine books, 1867), which, spite of many years' polishing, turned out to be less poetic and popular than his prose.

David Livingstone (1813-73), greatest of missionary explorers, was born at Blantire in Lanarkshire, and from ten till twenty four years old worked in a cotton mill there. Resolving to become a missionary, he was trained for the service of the London Missionary Society, and sailing for Africa a fully equipped medical missionary in 1840, he laboured for years amongst the Bechuanas Repulsed by the Boers when he attempted to estab lish native missionaries in the Transvaal, he struck north and discovered Lake Ngami, and between 1852 and 1856 made his famous journey westiard across the continent to the Atlantic, amidst sick nesses, penls, and difficulties without number story of his adventures and of his discovery of the Victoria Falls of the Lambesi awakened ex traordining enthusiasm, and was recorded in his Missionary Travels (1857) He next took service under Government as chief of an expedition for exploring the Zambesi, and between 1858 and 1863, when he was recalled, studied the Zambesi, Shiré, and Rovuma rivers, discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and became convinced that, spite of Portuguese officials and slave traders, Nyassa and its basin was the best field for inissionary and com His second book, The Zambesi mercial enterprise and its Tributaries (1865), was largely designed to His next expose the Portuguese slave-dealers. Journey, begun in 1866, was undertaken on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, to settle vexed questions as to the sources of the Nile and the watershed of Central Africa. He discovered Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, saw the Lualaba, which he supposed to be the upper Nile, though not certain it was not (what it proved to be) the upper Congo, and, after severe illness, found Mr Stanley, or was found by him, at Ujiji on Tanganyika (in November 1871) Stanley had been sent by the New York Herald to look for and succour him, and the two examined Tanganyika and decided it was not part of the Nile basin But spite of ill health determined to solve the problem, he returned to Bangweolo, and in Ilala was found dead by his attendants (1st May 1873), who, faithful to the last, carried his body to the coast. By his strenuous and self denying labours and his singularly great

and valuable geographical discoveries, he had worthily earned the resting place in Westminster Abbey to which he was borne nearly a vear after his death in Central Africa. His own Last Journals, published in 1874, bring the record of his great third journey down to within a few days of its tragic close.

The indomitable and powerful but simple and noble character of the man is reflected in his literary work, which is artless and straightforward, without any attempt at securing literary effect. His books are but an accident of his work. His most exciting adventures and his most brilliant discoveries are told in the main with the same unaffected simplicity as the most ordinary daily experiences, though episodes like his first great adventure with the lion and his first view of the Victoria Falls stand out from the background of prinfully plotted marchings and delays, daily recurring successes and failures, and frankly recorded hopes and aspirations.

Robert Mcoll (1814-37) was the son of a ruined farmer at Auchtergaven in Pertlishire After being an apprenticed grocer at Perth, he managed a circulating library at Dundee, and having steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he became editor of the Leeds Times, a weekly paper representing extreme Liberal opinions He overworked lumiself in an election contest at twenty three died of consumption at Trinity near Edinburgh, and was buried in Leith. He wrote songs and occasional poems marked by simplicity, tenderness, and some humour. Some of the Scotch poems of this lad of twenty-three are still remembered by his countrymen, among the best known are 'We are Brethren a',' 'Thoughts of Heaven,' 'The Dew is on the Summers greenest Grass?

See the Memoir by Mrs Johnstone in the edition of 1844, and the biography by P. R. Drummond (1884)

Charles Hackay (1814-89), author of 'Cheer, Boys! Cheer!' and a hundred other songs vastly popular in their day, was born, the son of a half pay naval lieutenant, at Perth His mother being dead, he spent his first eight years with a nurse in a lonely house on the Firth of Forth He was educated at the Caledonian Asylum in Hatton Garden, and later at Brussels acquired 1 knowledge of French, German, Italian, and While acting as private secretary to Spanisb an ironmister near Licge he began contributing French articles and English poems to Belgian newspapers In 1834, having returned to London, he published his first volume, Songs and Poems, and began his career as a journalist I rom the office of the Sun he passed to that of the Morning Chronicle, and in 1844 became editor of the Glasgow Argus Meanwhile he had written a History of London, a romance, Longbeard, Lord of London, and bools on The Thames and its Tributaries and on Popular Delusions, as well as two further volumes

It was while he was in Glasgow in 1846 of poetry that some of his songs were set to music by Henry Russell, and suddenly attained a world wide popularity, selling in editions of hundreds of thousands Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of LL.D in 1846, and in 1852 he became editor of the Illustrated London News In the previous year this paper had begun to issue musical supplements, each containing an original song by Mackay set to an old English air by Sir Henry Bishop These also proved immensely popular, and were afterwards collected and published as Songs by He was entertained to a banquet Charles Mackay at the Reform Club to celebrate his starting of the London Remeto in 1860, but neither this nor Robin Goodfellow, another periodical he took in hand, proved successful As Times correspondent during the American Civil War lie discovered and revealed the Fenian conspiracy in America During his later years many volumes, both of prose and poetry, Among others were a History came from his pen of the Mormons, a fantastic book on Gaelic etymology, and two interesting volumes of reminiscences By his first wife he had three sons (one of them Eric-1851-98-author of half a dozen volumes of verse) and a daughter, and Miss Maric Corelli was his adopted child

## Cheer, Boys! Cheer!-The Departing Emigrants

Cheer, loys' cheer' no more of idle sorrow,

Courage, true licarts, shall bear us on our way!

Hope points before, and shows the bright to inorrow,

Let us forget the darl ness of to day

So farewell, Lingland! Much as we may love thee,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,

Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?

So farewell, Lngland ! farewell evennore!

Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest
labour—

Cheer, boys ' cheer '-in the new and happy land !

Cheer, boys I cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
The world shall follow in the track we re going,
The star of empire glitters in the West
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,
And boundless prairies ripe with golden grain

Cheer, boys! elieer! for Lingland, mother England!

Cheer, boys! elieer! united heart and hand!—

Cheer, boys! elieer! there's wealth for honest
labour—

Cheer, boys ' cheer '-in the new and happy land l

#### Who shall be Fairest?

Who shall be furest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest
When Fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring,

Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our saduess,
Angel of life when its pleasures take wing !
She shall be furest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest, and dearest,
Named but with honour and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,
Fearless of danger,
To false hood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's Duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore

Frederick William Faber (1814-63) was born at Calverley in Yorkshire, passed from Shrewsbury School to Harrow, and thence to Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1834 he was elected a scholar of University College, in 1837 a Fellow Already he had come under the influence of Newman, and in 1845, after three years' tenure of the rectory of Elton in Huntingdonshire, he followed him into the Roman fold, and at Birmingham founded a community of converts, 'the Wilfridians,' he himself being Brother Wilfrid, from his Life of St Wilfrid (1844) With his companions he joined in 1848 the Oratory of St Philip Neri, of which a branch was then established in England by Newman, next year a branch under l'aber's care was established in London, and finally located at Brompton in 1854 Faber wrote many theological works, but his fame rests upon his hymns-'The Pilgrims of the Night,' 'The Lind beyond the Sea,' 'My God, how wonderful Thou art,' 'Souls of men, why will ye scatter?' are amongst those in use by Christians of all denominations, for though they were designed for the use of English Roman Catholic fellow believers, many of them have been heartily adopted as a fervent expression of their faith alike by English Churchmen and by evangelical Nonconformists A collection of a hundred ind fifty of them was published in 1862 Lives by J E Bowden (1869, new ed 1892) and his brother, F A. Faber (1869)

Sir John William Kaye (1814-70), son of a London solicitor, was educated at Eton and Addis combe, served in the Bengal Artillery for ten years, and was ultimately John Stuart Mill's successor as secretary of a department in the East India Company's office in London. He wrote a memorable series of works, begun by a novel in 1845, and in cluding the famous history of The War in Afghanistan (2 vols 1851) and The Sepoy War in India (3 vols 1857-58, completed by Malleson as The History of the Indian Mutuny, 6 vols 1890), besides histories of the East India Company and of Christianity in India, and Lives of Sir John Malcolm and

other Indian soldiers and statesmen. His works showed not only conscientious research but much of the true historical spirit, and were written with a dignity suited to his subjects. His name was a household word in India, both amongst Anglo-Indians and natives. He was KCSI and FR.5

William Henry Giles Kingston (1814-80), though born in London, was the son of a merchant in Oporto, and there spent much of his youth. He had already published two stories and a book of Portuguese travel, when he found his life work in the immediate success of Peter the Whales (1851), the first of over a hundred and fifty similar books for boys, simple, vigorous, healthy in tone, and full of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes Among the most popular were The Three Mid shipmen (1862), The Three Lieutenants (1874), The Three Commanders (1875), and The Three Admirals Kingston took in active interest in many philanthropic schemes, such as seamen's missions and assisted emigration. A Portuguese knight hood was conferred on him in 1842 for helping to bring about a commercial treaty with England

Samuel Phillips (1814-54), son of a Hebrew shopkecper in Regent Street, tried the stage, studied at London and Gottingen, and at Cam bridge was qualifying for orders in the Church of England when his father died. After a vain struggle with the family business, he took to writing for a livelihood, his best-known novel, Caleb Stukely (sent to Blackwood in 1842) just serving to save him and his wife from starvation. In 1845 he became a leader-writer to the Fines, a post he held all the rest of his life, he was also 'literary director' to the Crystal Palace from 1853.

Charles Reade was born at Ipsden House in Oxfordshire, on the 8th of June 1814. The youngest of eleven, he came on both sides of good lineage, his father a squire, from his mother, a clever woman of strong Evangelical convictions, he 'inherited his drumatic instinct.' After five years (largely flogging) at Iffley, and six under two other and milder private tutors, in 1831 he grined a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1835, having taken a third-class in honours, Next year was duly elected to a lay fellowship he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1843 was called to the Bar, having meanwhile made the first of many tours abroad and at home, and developed a eraze for trading in violins 'I studied the great art of Fiction for fifteen years before I presumed to write a line of it,' is his own report, and it was not till 1850 that he put pen seriously to paper, 'writing first for the stage-about thirteen dramas, which nobody would play ' Through one of these dramas, however, he formed his platonic friendship with Mrs Seymour, a warm hearted actress, who from 1854 till her death in 1879 kept house for him She animated, counselled, guided him, and, apart from his quarrels and lawsuits-which were many

—his life after 1852 is little except a record of the production of plays and novels, by the former of which he generally lost money, though by the latter he won profit and fame. The plays include Masks and Faces (1852), written in conjunction with Tom Taylor, and having Peg Woffington for its leading character, Gold (1853), the germ, and Sera Nunquam (1865), the dramatised form, of Never too Late, and Drink (1879), an adaptation of Zola's Of his eighteen novels may be L'Assommoir mentioned Peg Woffington (1853), Christie Johnstone (1853), with a Newhaven fisher-lass for its central figure, It is Never too Late to Mend (1856), a tale of prison abuses and life in Australia, The Closster and the Hearth (1861), its hero the fither of the great Erasmus, Hard Cash (1863), levelled against private lunatic asylums, Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy (1866), Fonl Play (1869), in conjunction with Dion Boucicault, against ship knackers, Put I ourself in his Place (1870), against trades unions, A Terrible Temptation (1871), and A Womanhater (1877), on behalf of woman's rights. His last years clouded by sorrow and ill-health, he died at Shepherd's Bush on Good Friday, 11th April 1884, and was buried in Willesden churchyard beside his 'beloved friend'

Charles Reade has not been usually accounted one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century. though Sir Walter Besant unhesitatingly ranked him with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, but few would hesitate to place him foremost, or amongst the very foremost, of the second order He 1s sometimes coarse, theatrical sometimes rather than dramatic, and sometimes even dull, weighed down with his authorities-the blue books, the books of travel, the all too copious scrap-books and note books with which he fettered his imagination. With the greatest novelists the reader is conscious only of the story, with him one is always conscious of the story-teller, some tone or mannerism from time to time jars upon us what a story-teller he is-how he carries us with him, stirs us, saddens, gladdens, terrifies, delights! By critics, however, he has been very variously judged Thus humour and pathos have been denied him by some, and by others recognised as peculiarly his gifts, it has been affirmed that 'Reade invented the True Woman,' and contrariwise declared that 'of the woman who is essentially of our time he has never had even the faintest conception,' one enthusiastic admirer has discovered 'in the short Wandering Heir at least half-a-dozen situations all new and all strong,' and to a not unfriendly censor it appeared 'very decidedly the worst of Reade's shorter stories' These things need not perplex the admirers of Griffith Gaunt, of the fight with the pirates, of the bursting of the reservoir, and of the scenes at the gold-But it may be broadly asserted that critics pass a unanimously favourable verdict on The Closster and the Hearth, which Mr Swin burne-from whom praise is praise indeed-places 'among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative,' extolling its stirring adventure and inexhaustible incident not more than 'its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardour and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humour, the frequent passion of its pathos' And Mr Swinburne does not understand how any competent judge of letters could possibly hesitate to affirm of Reade that 'he was at his very best, and that not very rarely, a truly great writer of a truly noble genius'

## The Fight with the Bear

Gerard did not answer, for his car was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the



CHARLES READE.
From a Photograph by Lombards.

dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distant

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale

'Denys!' he cried 'Oh, God! Denys!'

Denys whirled round

It was a bear as big as a cart horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent

The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper—

'THE CUB!'

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whis pered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trul, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, and it DEATH

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage) she ruised her head big as a bull's, her swine shaped jaws opened wide

at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her lile a whirlwind as she came

'Shoot'' screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaling from head to foot, useless

'Shoot, man' ten thousand devils, shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!' and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side, and as they fled, both men

uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree, but the bear stopped a moment at the cub

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none, and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and male short vork of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay

'My hour is come,' thought he 'Let me meet death like a man.' He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and elench ing his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hur. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear s body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head liresolutel,

'Keep aloof'' cried Denys, 'or you are a dead man'

'I care not,' and in a moment he had another holt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, 'Take that! take that!'

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him 'Get away, idiot!'

He was right the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were daughing some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed, and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, 'Go out on the bough!' He

lool ed, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle—he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end

Then he lool od round panting

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her class scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Here eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drev breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong she paused presently she caught sight of him. She cyclhim steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a pay and tried the bough. It was a stiff only branch, cound as iron. Instinct thought the creature this. It crayled care fully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He vas forty feet from the ground. Death below Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair briefled. The sweat poured from him He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue tied

As the fearful monster crawled growling to vards him, incongruous thoughts coursed through his mind. Mar garet—the Vulgate, where it speaks of the rage of a she bear robbed of her whelps—Rome—Eternity

The bear crawled on And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man, he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist

As in a mist he heard a twang, he glanced down, Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on Agun the erossbow twanged, and the bear snarled, and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon The bough rocked. The Gerard as from a pump wounded monster was reeling, it clung, it stuck its siekles of claws deep into the wood, it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's struning paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of buffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the elaws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of diemay, for Gerard had swooned, and vithout an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

(From The Cloister and the Hearth)

## Captain Dodd's Battle with the Pirates

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first, he hoisted his mainsail and drev rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter boat, by way of a parting kick

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him, they thought they had beaten him off. Dut Dodd knew better He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever he would soon wear, and cross the Agra's defenceless bows, to rake her fore and

aft at pistol shot distance or grapple, and board the eafecbled slup two hundred strong

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the Destroyer As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coiming swiftly up on his lee quarter

It was a schooner Was she coming to his aid?

Horror 1 A black flag floated from her foremast head

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death blow to hope, Monk fired again, and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear 'Our amaiunition is nearly done!'

Dodd seized Sharpe's hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirates consort coming up to finish them, and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, 'Cutlasses 1 and die hard!'

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun It sent a clinin shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's force mast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail, the latter over lapping the deck and burying itself, black flag and all, in the sea, and there, in one moment, lay the Distroyer buffeting and wriggling-like a beron on the water with his long wing broken-an utter cripple

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer

'Silence '' roured Dodd, with his trumpet hands make sail l'

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the empled pirate's bows, within eighty yards, and sore was the temptation to rake him, but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self command to resist the great temptation

He hailed the mizen top 'Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?'

'I rather think we can,' said Fullalove, 'ch, colonel?' and tapped his long rifle.

The ship no sooner crossed the schooner's bows than n Malay run forward with n linstock Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flev out of his hand A tall Portu guese, with a movement of rige, snatched it up, and darted to the gun the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's bow chaser, and crashed into the Agra's side, and passed nearly through her

'Ye missed him! I'e missed him!' eried the rival theorist, joyfully He was mistaken the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yells of dismay and vengeance They jamped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge, and the white eyebills of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly, and the wounded captum rused his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jamming her fore latine

as flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the Agra could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so atterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck, but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help

The sea was blank

The bright sun was hidden now, drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait '

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter deck When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute, his great thoughtful eye saw no more the eaemy, the sea, nor anything external, it was turned inward officers looked at him in silence

'Sharpe,' said he at last, 'there must be a way out of them both with such a breeze as this is now, if we could but see it '

'Ay, if,' grouned Sharpe

Dodd mused again

'About ship 'said lie, softly, like an absent man 'Ay, ay, sir'

'Steer due north!' said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to ensure eo operation in the delicate and dangerous manœavres that were sure to be at hand

The wind was W N W he was standing north one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deek clear of his broken mast and vards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, luffed up, and give the slip a brondside, well nimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up and ran under the pirate's stern while he was jummed up in the wind, and with his five eighteen pounders raked him fore and aft, then paying off, give him three carronades crainmed with grape and canister, the rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke, loud shricks and groans were heard from the schooner the smoke cleared, the pirate's mainsul hung on deck, his jib boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling, his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea Dodd squared his yards and bore

The slup rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad But not for long, the pirate wore and fired his bow chasers at the now flying Agra, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar,

and made a hole in the foresail, this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, hut all signs of life disappeared on lier, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth bore question than they went up

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes, one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened

Yes, this had happened the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the Agra had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortnred was a patient but tremendous man It was not only to rake the fresh schooner lie had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring masterstroke to hurl his monster ship hodily on the other Without a foresail she could never get out of her way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken fore mast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail Nothing easier than to shp out of her way could they get the foresail to draw, but the time was short, the deadly intention inanifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and ruise the sail, while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered, but the Agra's response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harhour

'Starboard' said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand

"Starboard it is"

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd

'Port '' said Dodd quietly

'Port it is.'

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischicvous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man ro e from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant, she seemed to know she reared her lofty figure head with great awful shoots into the air

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout, it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the Agra's heels just then sconred her deek with grape.

'Port !' said Dodd, calmly

'Port it is.'

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail, it flapped oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her, the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces haid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or erouched and whimpered, the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one colour now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasps' stings. CRASH1 the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside down went her masts to leeward like fishing rods whipping the water, there was a horrible shriek ing yell, wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck-a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulphing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel-and the fearful majestie monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe struck on her deck, a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relie of the blotted out destroyer, and a wounded man staggering on the ganguay, with hands uplifted and staring eyes

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

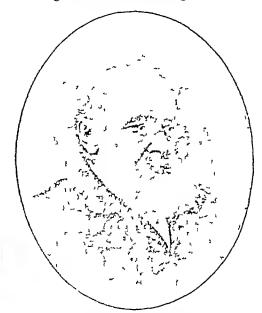
With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him, but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the ganguay, and his blood ran fast and puttered in the midst of them, on the deek he had defended so bravely

(From Hard Cask)

The Memoir (1827) by his brother and a nephew is not a happy piece of biography Readiana (1882) is a collection of the novelists fragments and Extracts from his works, with an Introduction by Mrs Ireland, appeared in 1891 See Mr Swinburne's Miscellautes (1886) for an estimate, and Coleman's Charles Reade at 1 Knew Him (1993) Mr Justin McCarthy's Reminiscences (1899), 1809, 1819, 18

Anthony Trollope (1815-82), third son of Mrs Frances Trollope (see page 276), was born in His child London and brought up at Harrow hood and boyhood were made singularly squalid and miserable by the disorder of his home and the misfortunes of his father, an eccentric barrister who ruined himself by bad temper and foolish specula Boarded-one can hardly say educated-at tions Harrow School and Winchester College for nearly eleven years, he was snubbed and neglected by the masters, and bullied and excluded from all games and companionship by the boys. A final catastrophe in his father's affairs in 1834 drove the family to Belgium, where Anthony somehow got the offer of a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and proceeded to acquire the necessary knowledge of French and German as usher in a private school

at Brussels. An appointment in the British Post-Office, however, brought him speedily back to London, and from 1834 to 1841 he was a jumor clerl in the head office at St Martin's le-Grand Notorious as a hopelessly incompetent public servant, and leading, according to his own account, a somewhat irregular life, he yet contrived to pick up a fair knowledge of English literature, mastering French and Latin for reading pur poses, and even thinking it possible he might write a novel. The turning point of his career came in 1841, when he accepted the unpromising situation of a 'surveyor's clerk' in the postal service in the vicst of Ireland Severed from the mean associations of his youth, he suddenly developed remarkable energy and ability at his work as well as an unexpected passion for foxhunting, gained the confidence of his superiors, married lrappily in 1844, and three years later realised his visions by publishing his first novel, The Macdermots of Ballycloran That effort. hovever, and its two immediate successors, The Kellys and the O Kellys (1848) and La Vendée (1850), fell almost dead from the press, and it vas not till 1855 that he attracted notice by The Wurden, the first and not the least pleasing of the 'Barsetshire' novels It was followed in 1857 by Barchester Towers, which in the formidable Mrs Proudic added a new character to English fiction, and by the other volumes of the series-Doctor Thorne (1858), Framley Parsonage (1861), The Small House at Allington (1864), and The Last Chronicle of Barset (1867) These novels, which contain the best of his vork, were the fruit of a two-vears' expedition through the south west of England for the improvement of the rural delivery of letters, but it is noteworthy that Trollope seems never to have been familiar in that cathedral town society which he is acl nowledged to have described so well. He wrote in all about fifty novels, some of which, like The Three Clerks (1858) and Orley I arm (1862), were founded on memories of his early life. Others were Castle Richmond, Can You Forgive Her? Miss Wackenzie, The Claverings, Phineas Finn, He knew he was Right, John Caldigate, Ayala's Angel, The Fixed Period, and 4n Old Man's Love His last novel, The Land Leaguers, was unfinished at his death in 1882. In addition, he utilised his business journeys and pleasure tours for the rather too hasty production of volumes on The West Indies (1859), North America (1862), Anstralia and Nev Zealand (1873), and South Africa (1878) He was one of the founders of the Fortnightly Review, became first editor of St Paul's magazine in 1867, and in 1868 stood without success as a parliamentary candidate for Beverley of his ventures outside of fiction were unlucky Dean Mericale somewhat cruelly acknowledged a presentation copy of his contribution to the series of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' with a tribute of thanks for 'your comic Cresar,' and it must be acl nowledged that his monographs on Cicero and Thackeray are unsatisfactory Artistically his novels are faulty enough, as indeed they were bound to be from his practice of writing to time with his watch upon the desk. He is lacking, moreover, in good taste and intellectual elevation. Yet the readableness and essential healthiness of his best work are incontestable, and just as little can it be denied that he had a shrewd eye for certain aspects of life and society, a gift of character-drawing, and the knack of telling a story. Probably the best criticism of his work as a novelist is his own summing up of one of his books. The story was thoroughly English. There was a little for hunting and a little tuft hunting, some Christian



ANTHONY TROLLOPE
From a Photograph by Elhott & Fry

virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villain; I here was much Church, but more love making. And it was downright honest love.'

### Mr Slope Bids Farewell

'Mr Slope,' said the bishop, 'it has become necessary that I should speak to you definitively on a matter that has for some time been pressing itself on my attention'

'May I ask whether the subject is in any way connected with myself?' said Mr Slope.

'It is so—certainly—yes, it certainly is connected with yourself, Mr Slope'

'Then, my lord, if I may be allowed to express a wish, I would prefer that no discussion on the subject should take place between us in the presence of a third person'

'Don't alarm yourself, Mr Slope,' said Mrs Proudie,
'no discussion is at all necessary The bishop merely
intends to express his own wishes'

'I merely intend, Mr Slope, to express my own wishes—no discussion will be at all necessary,' said the bishop, reiterating his wife's words

'That is more, my lord, than we any of its can be

sure of,' said Mr Slope, 'I cannot, however, force Mrs Proudic to leave the room, nor can I refuse to remain here's 1 the your lordship's vish that I should do so'

'It is his fordship's wish, certainly,' said Mrs Proudie.

'Mr Slope,' began the bishop in a solemn, serious voice, 'it grieves me to have to find fault. It grieves me much to have to find fault with a clergyman, but especially so vith a clergyman in your position'

'Why, what have I done amiss, my lord?' demanded

Mr Slope, boldly

'What have you done amiss, Mr Slope?' said Mrs Proudie, standing erect before the culprit, and raising that terrible forefinger 'Do you dare to ask the bishop what you have done amiss? Does not your conscience.

'Mrs Proudic, pray let it be understood, once for all, that I will have no words with you'

'Ah, sir, but you will have words,' said she, 'vou must have words. Why have you had so many words with that Signora Acrom? Why have you disgraced yourself, you a clergyman too, by constantly consorting with such a woman as that—with a married woman—with one altogether unfit for a clergyman's society?'

'At any rate, I was introduced to her in your drawing room,' retorted Mr Slope

'And shamefully you behaved there,' said Mrs Proudie, 'most shamefully I was wrong to allow you to remain in the house a day after what I then saw I should have insisted on your instant dismissal'

'I have yet to learn, Mrs Proudie, that you have the power to insist either on my going from hence or on my

staying here '

'What' said the lady, 'I am not to have the privilege of saying who shall and who shall not frequent my own drawing room! I am not to save my servants and dependents from having their morals corrupted by improper conduct! I am not to save my own daughters from impurity! I will let you see, Mr Slope, whether I have the power or whether I have not Wou will have the goodness to understand that you no longer fill any situation about the bishop, and as your room will be immediately wanted in the palace for another chaplain, I must ask you to provide yourself with apartments as soon as may be convenient to you.

'My lord,' said Mr Slope, appealing to the bishop, and so turning his back completely on the lady, 'will you permit me to ask that I may liave from your own lips any decision that you may have come to on this

matter?'

'Certainly, Mr Slope, certainly,' said the hishop, 'that is but reasonable. Well, my decision is that you had better look for some other preferment. For the situation which you have lately held I do not think that you are well suited '

'And what, my lord, has been my fault?'

'That Signora Neroni is one fault,' said Mrs Proudie, 'and a very abominable fault she is, very abominable and very disgraceful. Fie, Mr Slope, fie! You an evangelical clergyman indeed!'

'My lord, I desire to know for what fault I am turned

out of your lordship's house'

'You hear what Mrs Proudie says,' said the bishop

'When I publish the history of this transaction, my lord, as I decidedly shall do in my own vindication, I presume you vill not wish me to state that you have discarded me at your wife's bidding—because she has

objected to my being acquainted with another lady, the daughter of one of the prehendaries of the chapter?'

'You may publish what you please, sir,' said Mrs Proudie. 'But you will not be insane enough to publish any of your doings in Barchester. Do you think I have not heard of your kneelings at that creature's feet—that is, if she has any feet—and of your constant slobbering over her hand? I advise you to beware, Mr Slope, of what you do and say. Clergymen have been unfrocked for less than what you have been guilty of'

'My lord, if this goes on I shall be obliged to indict this woman-Mrs Proudic I mean-for defamation of character''

'I think, Mr Slope, you had better now retire,' said the bishop. 'I will enclose to you a cheque for any balance that may be due to you, and, under the present circumstances, it will of course be better for all parties that you should leave the palace at the earliest possible moment. I will allow you for your journey back to London, and for your maintenance in Barchester for a week from this date.'

'If, however, you wish to remain in this neighbour hood,' said Mrs Proudie, 'and will solemnly pledge yourself never again to see that woman, and will promise also to be more circumspect in your conduct, the hishop will mention your name to Mr Quiverful, who now wants a curate at Puddingdale. The house is, I imagine, quite sufficient for your requirements, and there will, moreover, be a stipend of fifty pounds a year'

'May God forgive you, midam, for the manner in which you have treated me,' said Mr Slope, looking at her with a very heavenly look, 'and remember this, madim, that you yourself may still have a fall,' and he looked at her with a very worldly look. 'As to the bishop, I pitt him!' And so saying, Mr Slope left the room. Thus ended the intimacy of the Bishop of Bar chester with his first confidential chaplain.

(From Eurchester Texers)

#### Frank Gresham's First Speech.

He felt rather sick at heart when Mr Baker got up to propose the toast as soon as the servants were gone. The servants, that is, were gone officially, but they were there in a body, men and women, nurses, cooks, and ladies' maids, coachimen, grooms, and footinen, standing in the tio doorways to hear what Master Frank would say. The old housekeeper headed the mids at one door, standing boldly inside the room, and the butler controlled the men at the other, marshalling them back with a drawn corkscrew.

Mr Baker did not say much, but what he did say, he said well. They had all scen Frank Gresham grow up from a child, and were now required to welcome as a man amongst them one who was so well qualified to carry on the honour of that loved and respected family. His young friend, Frank, was every inch a Gresham Mr Baker omitted to make mention of the infusion of De Courcy blood, and the countess, therefore, drew herself up on her chair and lool ed as though she were extremely bored. He then alluded tenderly to his own long friendship with the present squire, Francis Newbold Gresham the elder, and sat down, begging them to drink health, prosperity, long life, and an excellent wife to their dear young friend, Francis Newbold Gresham the younger

There was a great jungling of glasses, of course, made

the merrier and the louder by the fact that the ladies were still there as well as the gentlemen. Ladies don't drink toasts frequently, and, therefore, the occasion coming rarely was the more enjoyed 'God bless yon, I rank'' 'Your good health, Frank!' 'And especially a good wife, Frank!' 'Two or three of them, Frank!' 'Good health and prosperity to you, Mr Gresham!' 'More power to you, Frank, my boy!' 'May God bless and preserve you, my dear boy!' and then a merry, sweet, eager voice, from the far end of the table, 'Frank' rank' do look at me, pray do, Frank, I am drink ing your health in real wine, ain't I, papa?' Such were the addresses which greeted Mr Francis Newbold Gresham the younger as he essayed to rise upon his feet for the first time since he had come to man's estate

When the clatter was at an end, and he was fairly on his legs, he cast a glance before him on the table, to look for a decanter. He had not much liked his cousin's theory of sticking to the bottle, nevertheless, in the difficulty of the moment, it was well to have any system to go by. But, as misfortune would have it, though the table was covered with bottles, his eye could not catch one. Indeed, his eye at first could catch nothing, for the things swam before him, and the guests all seemed to dance in their chairs

Up he got, however, and commenced his speech. As he could not follow his preceptor's advice as touching the bottle, he adopted his own crude plan of 'making a mark of some old covey's head,' and therefore looked dead at the doctor

'Upon my word, I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen and ladies—ladies and gentlemen I should ay—for drinking my health, and doing me so much honour, and all that sort of thing Upon my word I am Especially to Mr Baker I don't mean you, Harry, you're not Mr Baker'

'As much as you're Mr Gresham, Master Frank'

'But I am not Mr Gresham, and I don't mean to be for many a long year if I can help it, not at any rate till we have had another coming of age here'

'Bravo, Frank! and whose will that be?'

'That will be my son, and a very fine 1rd he will be, and I hope he'll make a better speech than his father Mr Baker said I was every inch a Gresham Well, I hope I am' Here the countess began to look cold and angry 'I hope the day will never come when my father won't own me for one.'

'There's no fear, no fear,' said the doctor, who was almost put out of countenance by the orator's intense gaze. The countess looked colder and more angry, and inuttered something to herself about a hear garden

'Gardez Gresham, ch? Harry I mind that when you're sticking in a gap and I'm coming after you Well, I am sure I am very much obliged to you for the honour you have all done me, especially the ladies, who don't do this sort of thing on ordinary-occasions. I wish they did, don't you, doctor? And talking of ladies, my aunt and cousins have come all the way from London to hear me make this speech, which certainly is not worth the trouble, but, all the same, I am very much obliged to them' And he looked round and made a little bow at the countess 'And so I am to Mr and Mrs Jackson, and Mr and Mrs and Miss Bateson, and Mr Baker—I'm not at all obliged to you, Harry—and to Mr Oriel and Miss Oriel, and to Mr Umbleby, and to Dr Thorne, and to Mary—I beg her pardon, I mean

Miss Thorne' And then he sat down, amid the loud plaudits of the company, and a string of blessings which came from the servants behind him

After this the ladies rose and departed As she went Lady Arabella kissed her son's forehead, and then his sisters kissed him, and one or two of his lady cousins, and then Miss Bateson shook him by the hand 'Oh, Miss Bateson,' said he, 'I thought the kissing was to go all round' So Miss Bateson laughed and went her way, and Patience Oriel nodded at him, but Mary Thorne, as she quietly left the room, almost hidden among the extensive draperies of the grander ladies, hardly allowed her eyes to meet his.

He got up to hold the door for them as they passed, and as they went he managed to take Patience by the hand, he took her hand and pressed it for a moment, but dropped it quickly, in order that he might go through the same ceremony with Mary, but Mary was too quick for him

'Frank,' said Mr Gresham as soon as the door was closed, 'bring your glass here, my boy,' and the father made room for his son close beside lumself 'The ceremony is over now, so you may leave your place of dignity' Frank sat himself down where he was told, and Mr Gresham put his hand on his son's shoulder and half caressed him, while the tears stood in his eyes 'I think the doctor is right, Baker, I think he'll never make us ashamed of him'

'I am sure he never will,' said Mr Baker

'I don't think he ever will,' said Dr Thome

The tones of the men's voices were very different Mr Baker did not care a straw about it, why should he? He had an heir of his own as well as the squire, one also who was the apple of his eye But the doctor—he did care, he had a niece, to be sure, whom he loved, perhaps as well as these men loved their sons, but there was room in his heart also for young Frank Gresham

After this small expose of feeling they sat silent for a moment or two. But silence was not dear to the heart of the Honourable John, and so he took up the running

'That's a niceish nag you give Frank this morning,' said he to his uncle 'I was looking at him before dinner. He is a Monsoon isn't he?'

'Well, I can't say I know how he was bred,' said the squire. 'He shows a good deal of breeding'

'He's a Monsoon, I'm sure,' said the Honourable John 'They all have those ears, and that peculiar dip in the back. I suppose you gave a goodish figure for him?'

'Not so very much,' said the squire.

'He's a truned hunter, I suppose?'

'If not, he soon will be,' said the squire

'Let I'rank nlone for that,' said Harry Baker

'He jumps beautifully, sir,' said Frank 'I haven't tried him myself, but Peter made him go over the bar two or three times this morning'

The Honourable John was determined to give his cousin in helping hand, as he considered it. He thought that I rank was very ill used in being put off with so in complete a stud, and thinking also that the sou had not spirit enough to attack his father himself on the subject, the Honourable John determined to do it for him

'He's the making of a very nice horse, I don't doubt I wish you had a string like him, Frank.'

Frank felt the blood rush to his face. He would

not for worlds have his father think that he was discontented, or otherwise than pleased with the present lie had received that morning. He was heartily ashamed of himself in that he had listened with a certain degree of complacency to his cousin's tempting, but he had no idea that the subject would be repeated—and then repeated, too, before his father, in a manner to ver him on such a day as this, before such people as were assembled there. He was very angry with his cousin, and for a moment forgot all his hereditary respect for a De Courey.

I tell you what, John,' said he, 'do you choose your day, some day early in the season, and come out on the best thing you have, and I'll bring, not the black horse, but my old mare, and then do you try and keep near me. If I don't leave you at the back of God speed before long, I'll give you the mare and the horse too' (I rom Doctor Thorne)

Irollope's character and career are best described in his frank and amusing Intobiography (1883), in the kindly estimate in Sir Leshe Stephen's Studies of a hiographic (1902) and in the sketch in Mr Bryce's Studies in Contemporary Biography (1903)

## ROBERT AITKI N

Thomas Adolphus Trollope (1810-92), elder brother of the novelist, was educated at Winchester and Oxford in happier circumstances than poor Anthony, in 1841 settled in Italy, and died at Clifton. He wrote several books on Italian history and biography, the most notable of which we The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici, A Duade of Italian Women, a History of Florence, and a Life of Pitis IV, and produced a number of novels such as La Biata, Marietta, I indisfaine Chase, Gemma, The Garstangs, and The Dream His second wife, trances Cleanor Numbers Trollope, wrote Anni Margaret's Trouble (1866), Black Spirits and White (1877), That Unfortu nate Marriage (1888), and, with her husband The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Posts (1881) See his autobiographical IVhat I Remember (1887-89)

Henry Cockton (1807-52), comic novelist, born in London, died at Bury St Edmunds, where in 1841 he had married and become a maltster Save for their illustrations, his ten works are almost wholly forgotten but one—Valentine Vox, the I cutriloquist (1840), which is largely extravaganza

John Stuart Blackic (1809-95), born in Glasgow of Kelso ancestry, was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities, and during 1829-30 studied at Göttingen, Berlin, and Rome. In 1834 he published a good verse translation of Goethe's Faust, and passed advocate at the Edinburgh Bar, but from 1841 to 1852 was Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and then of Greek at Edinburgh till 1882 A versatile, vivacious, irrepressible writer and talker, he took an active part in educational reform, figured as the champion of Scottish nationality, and in 1874-76 rused funds for the foundation of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University He published an admirable metrical translation of Æschylus in 1850, and one of the *Huad* in ballad metre in 1866, as well as several volumes of verse. His prose works dealt with subjects in moral and religious philosophy, the method of history, and the land laws, and included *Self-Culture* (1873), *Horæ Hellemuæ* (1874), and a short Life of Burns. There is a Life of Blackie by Miss Stoddart (2 vols 1895), and a shorter sketch by his nephew (1895).

William Bell Scott (1811-90), poct painter and brother of the Blake like painter David Scott, was born in Edinburgh and settled in London in 1837, but exhibited only twenty pictures between 1840 and 1869, on subjects mostly historical or From 1843 fill 1858 he was in charge of the government school of art at Newcastle, and till 1885 a South Kensington examiner principal work was the series of pictures of Northumbrian history at Wallington Hall, he also executed a series from The King's Quair at Penkill Castle near Girvan He published five volumes of poetry, a Memoir of his brother (1850), Half hour Lectures on Art (1861), Albert Durer (1869), and The Little Masters (1879) in the 'Great Artists' series He was one of Rossetu's intimates His Autobiography, edited by Professor Minto (1892), created not a little surprise and irritation by its frank personal criticisms

Sir Thomas Erskine May (1815-86), edu cated at Bedford School, became assistant librarian of the House of Commons in 1831, clerk assistant in 1886, and Clerk of the House in 1871. Successively CB and KCB, he was on his retirement (1886) created Biron Famborough. His Trialise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament (1844, 10th ed. 1901) has been translated into various languages. His Constitutional History of England, 1760-1860 (1861-63, 3rd ed. 1871), is practically a continuation of Hallam. His Democracy in Europe (1877) showed varied learning and studious impartiality.

Whitworth Elwin (1816-1900), born at his father's house of Thurning in Norfolk, studied at Crius College, Cambridge, served as curate in Somerset, and succeeding in 1849 to the family living of Booton in his native county, lived in his country rectory all the rest of his life. In 1843 he began to write in the Quarterly, and was editor, in succession to Lockhart, from 1853 to 1860, coming to London once a quarter only for a short sojourn His best articles were perhaps those on Johnson and Goldsmith, Sterne and Fielding, Gray and In 1860 he undertook to complete Croker's edition of Pope, and by 1872 had published five volumes of it, but, becoming ured of the task, left the other five volumes of the magistral edition to be edited by Mr Courthope. Like his articles in the Quarterly, his notes and introductions in the Pope are important and ad mirably written contributions to English literary history and to criticism As editor of the Quarterly

Elwin was eminently autocratic, put a swift end to the dominance of Croker, and freely altered, condensed, expanded, and reconstructed his contributors' work without respect of persons rarely or never answered letters, and often left them in piles unopened. He had strong opinions and prejudices-cared little for Tennyson and was contemptuous of Browning, Matthew Arnold, and George Eliot. He loved science, but derided Darwin and belittled Huxley and Tyndall printing and music he had equally strong and individual likes and dislikes, and he rebuilt his church on imposing lines from his own plans without professional advice. A collection of his essays was published by his son, with a Memoir, as Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters (2 vols 1902)

Martin Farquhar Tupper (1810-89) was horn at Marylebone, son of an eminent surgeon, and studied at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church, Oxford, where in 1831 he defeated Gladstone over a theological essay. Prevented by a stammer from taking orders, he yet was called to the Bar (1835), but soon found the vocation that pleased him in a life of authorship volume, Sacra Poisis, liad been published anonymously in 1832, Geraldine (1838), designed as a continuation of Christabel, was severely handled by the critics But of his forty works, one had an amazing success—Proverbial Philosophy (1838-76) brought him and his publisher a profit of 'some thing like £10,000 spiece.' The first of the four series ran through sixty editions, by 1881 a million copies of the work had been sold in America, and it was translated into French and Danish Though Proverbial Philosophy is but a heap of platitudes in stilted prose cut into lengths which have neither rhvine nor rhythm, texts from it were quoted as authoritative, and put to strange uses-thus it is recorded that Mr Spurgeon proposed to the lady who became his wife by help of a passage from Tupper His practical inventions were less successful-safety horse shoes, glass screw-tops to bottles, steam vessels with the puddles inside, and the And his War Ballads, Rifle Ballads (in support of the Volunteer movement), and Protestant Ballads never attained to popularity Rides and Reverses of Mr Alsop Smith (1857) was a satire, on his novel, The Crock of Gold (1844), a two act melodrima was founded by Edward Fitzball Tupper was elected to the Royal Society, and received the Oxford DCL, as well as Prussian and other foreign distinctions, and he was twice received in America with enthusiasm. His home was at Albury in Sussex, from time to time he gave readings from his own works to audiences in England and Scotland In 1873 he received a pension of £120, and next year Allibone's Dutionary intimated that a baronetcy was expected to be conferred But he had some savage tomahawking to endure at the hands of the reviewers-as from Fraser in October 1852 From his huge 'archnes' (in Bozzy's self-complacent use of the word) he compiled My Life as an Author (1886)

#### The Child of Sensibility

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry cold,

Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the society of men

He grieveth, and hath deep reasons, for falsehood hath wronged his trust,

And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled with the briars of suspicion

For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity liath hoped well!



MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER From a Photograph by Maull & Fox

How few there be among men who forget themselves for other!

Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,

Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends. And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,

For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an enemy,

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board

But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want?

Such be as vultures round a carcass, assembled together for the feast,

But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they speeks among the clouds

There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence

Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee To them is the chilling world a drear and burren scene, And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find they the occasion

For, though no man excludeth himself from the high capability of friendship,

let verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a friend (From Proverbial I hilosophy)

Albert Smith (1816-60)-in full Almert RICHARD SMITH-was the son of a surgeon at Chertsey, was educated at Merchant Taylors', and having qualified in London, commenced practice with his fither, but taking to lecturing and light literature, he had erelong published over a score of books, some of them illustrated by Leech wrote much for Bentley's Miscellany and for Punch, and produced or adapted many pieces for the stage His novels include The Adventures of Mr Ledbury (1844), The Scattergood Family (1845), The Marchioniss of Bimvilliers (1846), Christopher Tadpoli (1848), and The Pottleton Legacy (1849), of his 'entertainments,' the first (after a tour in the East) was 'A Month at Constantinople,' the most successful was 'The Ascent of Mont Blanc' (1852) Edmund Yates prefixed a Life of him to an edition (1860) of the Mont Blanc

Edwin Waugh (1817-90), the Lancashire poet, was born a shoemaker's son at Rochdale, and after a little irregular schooling was apprenticed to a local printer and bookseller, he read industriously all books he could find about Lancashire and its traditions, as well as general literature, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship worked as journeyman in London and elsewhere Rochdale he on his return established a literary institute, and in 1847 was made assistant-secretary to the Lancashire Public School Association, and with his removal to Kelsal near Manchester he became one of the most active members of the Manchester Literary Club His first sketches of Lancashire life and character appeared in the Man chester Examiner, and at once attracted friendly attention to the author Among his numerous prose writings may be cited his Factory Folk during the Cotton Famine, the Besom Ben Stories (possibly the best of his humorous pieces), The Chimney-Corner (a series of exquisite village idyls), and the admirable descriptions of natural scenery in his Trifts of Heather, Irish Sketches, and Rambles in the Lake Country But it is as a singer rather than as a story teller that our author will be best remembered. For several years he had been in the habit of contributing dialect songs to various periodicals, and these pieces, first col lected in 1859 as Poims and Songs, secured for their author immediate recognition as a poet Rivalling all known north of England dialect poems, and comparing favourably with the best work of the rustic followers of Burns, these rude lyrics won the hearts of his countrymen by the power, pathos, and kindly humour with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his

country-people, indeed, few poems enjoy such popularity in Lancashire as Waugh's 'Come whom to the childer an' me' As an expositor of dialect Waugh merits high praise shades of local patois current in villages separated by only a few miles are tenderly discriminated. and the idiom is nowhere maintained to the tedium of the general reader, but relieved by brilliant descriptive passages written in terse and pure English Outside his native country Waugh's rendering of dialect is somewhat less happy, and the specimens of the country speech of Cumber land and Ireland, as given in Jannock and Irish Statches, can scarcely be accounted a success. For some years he lived solely by writing in prose and verse, giving occasionally readings from his own pieces, and in 1882 received a small pension from the Civil List In failing licalth lie removed to New Brighton, Clieshire, where he spent his last years

The best edition of Waugh's collected works is that mediter volumes with Caldecott's illustrations (1881-89). A selection meight volumes (1892-93) has a Memoir of him by the editor, Mr. Militer

Charles William Shirley Brooks was born 29th April 1816, in London, and was the son of an architect. At the age of sixteen he was articled to his uncle, a solicitor at Osnestri, and passed the examination of the Incorporated Law Society, but drifted into journalism, and became a contributor of poetry and prose to For five sessions he was in the periodicals the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, and wrote the parliamentary summary for the Morning Chronicle Much miscellaneous unting was done by him for this journal, and in 1853 he was its special commissioner to inquire into the condition and labour of the poor in Russia, Syrn, and Egypt. The result of his investigations was given in a series of letters, subsequently re printed in a book called Russians of the South Brooks edited the Literary Gazette 1858-59, and for a time the Home News He wrote several light and bright pieces for the stage, and two novels, Aspen Court (1853) and The Gordian Knot (1858) For a while a contributor to rival comic papers, in 1851 Brooks joined the staff of Punch, and was soon recognised as its leading contribu tor, his 'Essence of Parliament' being extremely At the death of Mark Lemon in 1870 popular he was appointed editor, and conducted the paper until his death on 23rd February 1874 On his deathbed he wrote Election Epigrams and The Situation, which appeared in Punch after his death His best poetical pieces contributed to Punch were issued in book form in 1883 under the title of Wit and Humour

Francis Edward Suncdley (1818-64), a cripple born at Marlow, took early to writing, his half dozen works including Frank Fairlegh (1850), Lewis Arundel (1852), and Harry Cover dale's Courtship (1855), in which horsemanship and

hunting divide the interest with the orthodox passion Bright cheery books, these appeared originally in *Sharpe's Magasine*, of which he for a time was editor, and they were illustrated by Cruikshank and 'Phiz.'

Frederick William Robertson (1816-53) was born in London, the son of an artillery captain, and was educated for the army at Beverley, at Tours, at Edinburgh Academy, and at Edinburgh Resolving, however, to take orders, University he studied at Brasenose, Oxford, from 1837 to 1840, but was in nowise moved by the current Newmanism to depart from the Evangelicalism in which he had been brought up Ordained in 1840, lie for nearly a year held a curacy at Winchester, where his health broke down, but a walking tour on the Continent restored it, and at Geneva he married the daughter of a Northamptonshire In 1842 he became curate of Christ Church, Cheltenham Here he suffered much from despondency, and having passed through a severe mental struggle, he found his faith in Evangelicalism shaken by the intolerance of its partisans After preaching to the English church at Heidelberg for a time, and holding a curacy in Oxford, in 1847 he became incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, where his carnestness, originality, and wide sympathy arrested public atten-But the comprehensiveness of his Christian ideal exposed him to not a little odium—he was suspected alike by Evangelicals and High Churchmen, for he was unquestionably a Broad Church thinker, though not of the school of Maurice or of Kingsley Indeed, he could not be said to belong to any school, and while he sympathised warmly with what was best in all schools, he was strongly conscious of his differences from them, and never hesitated to denounce what he thought contrary to his own fervent conception of Christian truth, based essentially on the historical significance of the life of Christ, revealing at once sonship with God and brotherhood with man He was naturally vehement and even passionate, and his keen, perhaps morbid, sensitiveness contributed its share to the power of emotion, the spirituality of thought, the delicate suggestiveness, the infectious enthusiasm of his sermons, which, without rhetorical eloquence or striking originality, wielded a quite extraordinary influence on English religious temper During his list years he suffered from disease of the brain. He resigned in June 1853 because the vicar of Brighton had refused to confirm his nomination of a curate, and died two months later. He published but one sermon—the five series (1855-90) so well known over the English-speaking world are really recollections, sometimes dictated and sometimes written out by himself for friends, but in abbreviated form, yet even so they reveal an exceptional religious genius and an unique type of the preacher's power Expository lectures on the Epistle to the Corinthians (1859) and notes on Genesis (1877) were printed, and a volume of Lectures and Addresses (1858), reissued with additions as Literary Remains (1876). He had translated Lessing's Education of the Human Race (1858), and prepated an admirable analysis of In Importance, were privately printed. His letters are hardly inferior to his sermons in charm and power, and the Life and Litters by Mr Stopford Brooke (1865) at once took a place amongst classic English biographies. The extracts are from lectures delivered in 1852 to the Mechanics' Institute at Brighton

## Poetry and the Working Classes

And this alone would be enough to show that the Poetry of the coming age must come from the Working Classes In the upper ranks, Poetry, so far at least as it represents their life, has long been worn out, siekly, and sentimental Its manhood is effete. Fendal aristocracy with its associations, the eastle and the tournament, his passed away Its last healthy tones came from the harp of Scott Byron sang its funeral dirge But tenderness, and heroism, and endurance still want their voice, and it must come from the classes whose observation is at first hand, and who speak fresh from nature's heart What has Poetry to do with the Working Classes? Men of work! we want our Poetry from you-from men who will dare to live a brive and true life, not like poor Burns, who was fevered with flattery, manful as he was, and dazzled by the vulgar splendours of the life of the great, which he despised and still longed for, but rather like Ebenezer Elliot, author of the Corn Law Rhymes. Our soldier ancestors told you the significance of high devotion and loyalty which lay beneath the smoke of battlefields. Now rise and tell us the living meaning there may be in the smoke of manufactories, and the heroism of perseverance, and the poetry of invention, and the patience of uncomplaining resigna-Remember the stirring words of one of your own poets

'There's a light about to break,
There's a day about to dawn
Men of thought, and men of action!
Clear the way!'

#### Poetry and War

Through the physical horrors of warfare, Poetry discerned the redeeming nobleness For in truth, when war is not prolonged, the kindling of all the higher passions prevents the access of the baser ones. A nation split and severed by mean religious and political dissensions suddenly feels its unity, and men's hearts beat together at the mere possibility of invasion. And even woman, as the author of the History of the Teninsular War has well remarked, sufferer as she is by war, yet guns, in the more chivalrous respect paid to her, in the elevation of the feelings excited towards her, in the attitude of protection assumed by men, and in the high calls to duty which arouse her from the frivolous ness and feebleness into which her existence is apt to I will illustrate this by one more anecdote from the same campaign to which allusion has been already made—Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Seinde.

A detachment of trion rai marching along it alleg, the cliffs o ernanging of the more crested by the enemy n serger, "in the money charced to be one spa rated from the rest to taking the ero gode of a raine, raich the experience to term as , but buch sadderly despend to an inpartite the m. The officer is commend as about to it serve an order a smarr They to so the grat for a command to charge, the brave felio, an trib it's a cheer, and construct. At the term of the sitch mountain was a thangular platform defer and bill test north, brand naish nere in a lite in On ter near, energing to once to fortigat, the magain ments. The content or gire doubted that even odds. One of r



BENJAMPA JOKETT Irms & Program by Elva & Fr.

another they fell in upon the spot, the seconder haned hee' eards, he is an lithe, had last need true time own number. That is a resion, we are to'l, among the hillemon, that when a great chiefia n of their over falls in earlie, as an esterned in a inread wher of red or green, the red denoing the a himes rad. According to co on, they supped the de 1, and threw their bodies over the precipion. When in it commades came, they four I their companies and po feel, her count both on the fevery Brush here was trined the relationed?

I think you will perceive how Postry, expressing in this rade symbolism unuserable admiration of beauti daring, tal given erriver a prot to war than that of i burchery, end rou will understand here, with each a foc, and zorn a general as the Fords h commander, who more a than once reduced hartle because the vives and thi fren of the enemy ere in the hortile camp, and he fared for I their lives, carnage charged its character, and became I who hase become most emmen. In their time, and

to treat their cay's a norm will respect, and the cheftains of the Later or half offered their smooth and perfect with enthusian to their constant, withe rold hill inver, tran planted to the plant, because principling in agreement as they had been before a

I for your sections of this my is 'To Ned Took of the House' in Tring in Hat go Dog as Petining the Gards and other Poems (1'65)

Benjamin Jowett (1817-95), Master of Ballol, as born at Camberrell and elicated at St Paul's School and Balliol, Orford -herele vas emmently distinguished—for he won the Heford in 1837, a classical first in 1659, and the Leta c.a in 1821. Alread, a Fellor in 1856, he res tutor from 1840 all his elem or as "faster in 1870, from 1255 to 1293 ne has Pegius Professor of Greek He fought for teleration when the Jerman's the being persecuted in Oxford, and has consell earl, regarded as here reall. 'Broad Courch' To: martership of his coolege has not given him hi 1854, and strenuous agitation lept from him & usual emoluments attached to the Greek char for ten ears. For no article On the interpret of of 5 upiture' in Escays and Peviews (1850) he was tried but acquitted by the Vice-Chancellors count He published a famous commentary on the Epr 245 to the Thee Jonany Galatians, and Ponians (195) grd ed 1894, in mich his actitude to hip rains and to the doctrine of the alonement was be rot ser unes regarded as unea fefacion But zo > best known by his ranslation, with learned and suggestive introductions, of the dialogues of Plans (1871, ard of 18/2) and his fless happy, Territors of Thue thous (1861 and the Politics of Arts and With Professor Campbell he was report sible for an edition of Plate's Pepublic (1894) "laster of Balliol his influence permeated ibcollege to a degree almost unexampled. He was made Doctor by Let den (1875), Edmbargh (1861and Cambridge 1000s and was Vice-Charector of the uni erait, from 1882 till 1886. On the 2194 it me be raid that his one on Plato has more remarkable for the perfect English of the transa t on and the pregnant thoughts of the introductions than for his exact philological scholarship in re-der ing the Greek. He made no attempt to recommend Plato's philocoph as a sistem, nor did be think this possible or desirable. He did not greatly whice system in philosophi or theology; that of those no unfriendly to him thought the surred his or in hehels was no system, but a series of com-He certainly founded no part, and promises headed to school, this to the end charged with tagueness and misuness, and gale an uncertain sound on doctrines the Church has always re garded is fundamental. But he was an emmer le pregnant and suggesting thinker and enter, warmly attached to what he regarded as the mentral truths of religion. His pupils included many of the rien chiraly, and have you that the British troops beamed, most of them regarded him with warm devotion

In the latter years of his mastership he was the subject of a kind of hero worship in Oxford, in spite of his formidable power of snubbing the inconsiderate, he was very popular with the students His witty sayings were in everybody's mouth, and many others were fathered on him he would have He cherished warm friendfailed to recognise ships with old pupils, delighted in the intimacy of his most eminent contemporaries, and was rather a striking than an eloquent talker, he uttered him self more copiously in letters to his friends worked hard for the well being of his college, and was zealous in promoting educational reform essays and translations rank him high amongst English writers Three collections of his sermons have been published (1895-1901), College Sermons, sermons on biographical subjects and the like, and Sermons on Faith and Doctrine

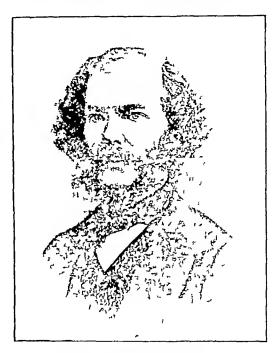
#### Immortality

Again, believing in the immortality of the soul, we must still ask the question of Socrates, 'What is that which we snppose to be immortal?' Is it the per sonal and individual element in us, or the spiritual and universal? Is it the principle of knowledge or of goodness, or the union of the two? Is it the mere force of life which is determined to be, or the con sciousness of self which cannot be got rid of, or the fire of genius which refuses to be extinguished? Or is there a hidden being which is allied to the Author of all existence, who is because he is perfect, and to whom our ideas of perfection give us a title to belong? Whatever answer is given by us to these questions, there still remains the necessity of allowing the perma nence of evil, if not for ever, at any rate for a time, in order that the wicked 'may not have too good a bargain' For the annihilation of evil at death, or the eternal duration of it, seem to involve equal difficulties in the moral order of the universe. Sometimes we are led by our feelings, rather than by our reason, to think of the good and wise only as existing in another life. Why should the mean, the weak, the idiot, the infant, the herd of men who have never in any proper sense the use of reason, reappear with blinking eyes in the light of another world? But our second thought is that the hope of humanity is a common one, and that all or none have a right to immortality Reason does not allow us to suppose that we have any greater claims than others, and experience sometimes reveals to us unexpected flashes of the higher nature in those whom we have despised Such are some of the distracting thoughts which press upon us when we attempt to assign any form to our conceptions of a future state.

Again, ideas must be given through something, and we are always prone to argue about the soul from analogies of outward things which may serve to embody our thoughts, but are also partly delusive. For we cannot reason from the natural to the spiritual, or from the outward to the inward. The progress of physiological science, without bringing us nearer to the great secret, has perhaps tended to remove some erroneous notions respecting the relations of body and mind, and in this we have the advantage of the ancients. But no one imagines that any seed of immortality is to be discerned in our mortal frames. The result seems to be that those

who have thought most deeply on the immortality of the soul have been content to rest their belief on the agree ment of the more enlightened part of mankind, and on the inseparable connection of such a doctrine with the existence of a God and our ideas of divine justice—also in a less degree on the impossibility of thinking other wise of those whom we reverence in this world. And after all has been said, the figure, the analogy, the argument, are felt to be only approximations in different forms to the expression of the common sentiment of the human heart. (From the Introduction to the Photoe of Plate)

The official Life and Letters by Dr Evelyn Abbott and Professor Lewis Campbell appeared in 1897 followed by another volume of Letters (1899). Studies of him were published by Mr Tollemiche (1895) Sir Leslie Stephen (1898) and Mr C. G Montefiore (1900) And two volumes of selections from his sacred and secular writings have been published by Professor Lewis Campbell (1902)



GEORGE HENRY LEWES From n Photograph by Ellioit & Fry

George Henry Lewes (1817-78) was born in London, the grandson of the comedian Charles Lee Lewes Educated partly at Greenwich under Dr Burney, and partly in Jersey and Brittany, he spent some time in a notary's office, and then in the house of a Russian merchant, tried medicine, but could not stand the operating-room, and in 1838 went to Germany for two years. On his return to London he tried the stage as a profession, but soon was at work as a Penny Encyclopædist and Morning Chronicler, as contributor to a dozen journals, reviews, and magazines, and as editor of the Leader (1851-54), and of the Fortnightly (1865-66), which he himself had founded His versatility was remarkable, many of his innumerable articles are on dramatic subjectsthe drama in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Ancient Greece-but also on Browning, Tennyson,

Districli, Micaulay, Dumas, and Leopardi. He had exceptional gifts as a theatrical critic. In Mr Frederic Harrison's words, he 'began life as a journalist, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, and an essayist, he closed it as a mathematician, a physicist, a chemist, a biologist, a psychologist, and the author of a system of abstract general philosophy. An intellect clear and sharp if not profound, a wit lively and piquant if not very rich, and a style both firm and graceful made. Lewes an eminent critic, biographer, and populariser of science and of what he accepted as philosophy.

The last twenty four years of his life were coloured by his close relations with George Eliot He had been married, but unhappily, in 1840, divorce was not practicable, but in 1854 he and Miss Evans went to Germany, and thenceforward till his death they lived as man and wife, not without embarrassment to both. Lewes greatly helped to encourage George Eliot in her literary work, though one cannot but believe that his advice and influence must in many respects have been disadvantageous Neither of his own novels, Ranthorpe (1847) and Rose, Blanche, and Violet (1848), had or could have any permanent place in literature, and their slender merits consist in direct borrowings from the French, the second, aiming to illustrate three types of character, the gay, the gentle, the decided, satirises current fallacies, follies, and delusions His successful play, The Game of Speculation, is largely a reproduction of Balzac's Mircadet, his comparatively original Noble Heart and Chain of Lvents were failures on the stage and are now forgotten

His Biographical History of Philosophy (1845) was in the third edition recast and expanded as The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte He had a singular gift in popularising dissertations on philosophical and psychological subjects, but as he started from the Comtist position that metaphysics leads to nothing, his history of philosophy is rather a history of the vanity of philoso By degrees he drifted farther from Comte's position, and insisted that psychology was entitled to rank as a scientific study was neither trained in philosophy nor a completely equipped biologist, there is much of the amateur in all his works on philosophical subjects, which are rather unsystematic but frequently brilliant disquisitions, sometimes containing original and luminous suggestions that have been adopted by authoritative physiologists such as Wundt. associated psychology and physiology more closely than was then usual. Among works in this department are his exposition of Comile's Philosophy of the Sciences (1853), The Physiology of Common Life (1859-60), Anstotle (1864-showing that his anticipations of modern scientific results were smaller thin 15 sometimes alleged), and Problems of Life and Mind (1874-79), dealing in five volumes with the foundations of a creed, the physical basis of |

mind, the study of psychology, and mind as a function of the organism Among Lenes's norks were also Seaside Studies (1858) and Studies in Autmal Life (1862), a book on The Spanish Drama (1846), an apologetic Life of Robespierre (1848). On Actors and the Art of Acting (1875) But by far his best-known work is his Life and Horks of Goethe (2 vols 1855), which not merely tool its place as the standard English Life, but was made the basis of two French works on Goethe, and hid before the end of the century passed through six teen editions in the German translation defects, no doubt, especially in the view of those who emphasise the spiritual element in Gotthe Lewes disliked mysticism, allegory, and much that Germans love, but the book is eminently interest ing and readable, and is sane and sensible and independent in criticism The Story of Goethe's Life (1873) is an abridgment.

## Weimar in 1775

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jenn, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—'the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakspeare calls it-will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is Weinin ar, because it was the wine market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called Il'an But of this each reader may believe just what mas er he pleases '

On a first aequaintance, Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple, and though ancient in its architecture, has none of the pieturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German eities The stone coloured, light brown, and apple green houses have high peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller One learns to love its quiet, simple streets and pleasant paths, fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the seene, but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now, but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect, gates and port culls still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs vere about seven thousand inhabitants-for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in eart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book, even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Fran von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the

tions, where they still form a most conspicuous Layard erroneously identified Nimrud, feature where he exposed several palaces, with Nineveh (really at Kuyunjik) instead of with Calah his discoveries were great and brilliant, and his book on Aincoch and its Remains (1848), followed by The Ruins of Americk and Babylon (1853), after he had excavated with success at Kuyunjik and elsewhere, made him famous as 'Nineveli Layard,' although his first book had little to do with Ninesch, but with the palaces of Ashur-nasirpal, Esarhaddon, and Shalmaneser II at Calah, another capital of the Assyrian kings with enthusiasm as a great discoverer, he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, was made DCL by Oxford, and was Lord Rector of Aberdeen University 1855-56, and he became MP for Aylesbury 1852-57, for Southwark 1860-69, Foreign Under Secretary 1861-66, Chief Commissioner of Works 1868-69 In 1869 he went as British Ambassador to Spain, and in 1877 to Constantinople, where he strenuously supported Beaconsfield's policy His philo Turkish sympathies during and after the war provoked comment nt home, and in 1878, having been made a GCB, he withdrew from public life. Two volumes of basreliefs in plates were called Monuments of America (1849 and 1853), and he issued abridged editions of his two descriptive books. He was a skilled excavator and a good describer, but no archæologist, the decipherment of the inscriptions was done by Rawlinson and others But he was keenly interested in Italian art, revised Kugler's Handbook of Painting, edited a handbook to Rome, and wrote the Introduction to the English version of Morelli's great book on the Italian printers and their methods. In 1887 he published an interesting volume on his Early Adventures in Persia, Sustana, and Babyloma, his Autobiography and Jallers was edited in 1903 by the Hon W N Bruce, who made it known that a work by Layard on his diplomatic experiences would at some future date be given to the public. The extracts are from his first book

# Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot The spring runs had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant regetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, potters, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well defined wedges of the cunciform character. Did not the e remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appear ance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and The river flowed at some formed a vast quadrangle distance from them its waters, swollen by the incluing of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built neross the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current, but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity The Arab who guided my small raft gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this on usual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopo tamia, which were undertaken to ensure n constant supply of water to the innumerable canals spreading like net work over the surrounding country, and which, even m the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Arthur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us-of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali-and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Brighdad

# The Unearthing of a Winged Bull.

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd ur rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped, 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God,' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to cele brate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the nlabaster of the country They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the re mainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged hon or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the The cap had three horns, works of so remote a period and, unlike that of the human headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparation. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on eatching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his

basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd ur rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench the two Arabs and reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit and convince himself that the image he saw was 'This is not the work of men's hands,' ex claimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him !- has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree, this is one of the idols which Noah-peace be with lim !-cursed before the flood. In this opinion, the result of a careful examina tion, all the bystanders concurred

Sir George Webbe Dasent (1817-96) was born in St Vincent, of which his father was Attorney-General, the family, of Norman-French extraction, had owned property in the West Indies since the Restoration He was educated at Westminster School and King's College, London, and graduated B A from Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1840 Through John Sterling he came to know his father 'The Thun derer,' Carlyle, Mill, Julius Hare, and Flinckeray In 1841 he went to Stockholm as secretary to the British Envoy, and during his four years' sojourn there developed his love for the Scandinavian literature and mythology, in which he was encour aged by Jakob Grimm About 1840 he had begun to write for the *Times*, on his return to England in 1845 he became assistant editor to Mr Delane (whose sister he married), and for twenty-five years filled this post with great ability Called to the Bar in 1852, and made DCL, he was for thirteen years Professor of English Literature and Modern History at King's College. He often acted as Civil Service examiner in English and modern languages, from 1870 to 1892 was a Civil Service Commissioner, and was knighted in 1876. He more than once visited Iceland Among his works were four novels -The Annals of an Eventful Life, Thee to One, Half a Life, and The Vikings of the Baltic, an Icelandic grammar, a translation of The Prose or Younger Edda (1842), dedicated in gratitude for encouragement to Carlyle, Popular Tales from the Norse (1859) and Tales from the Fjeld (1874), both from the Norwegian of Asbjörnsen, and translations from the Icelandic of the Saga of Burnt Njal (1861) and the Story of Gish the Outlaw (1866), as also of the Orkney and Hacon sagas for the Rolls Series in 1894 A Life of Delane by him has been withheld from publication till 'the times are ripe.' His Introduction to Asbjörnsen's Popular Tales nas a solid contribution to folklore, and nas by him considered his best piece of work, his command of terse and vigorous English is best known to the average reader from Burnt Njal He wrote frequently for the Ldinburgh, the Quarterly, and Fraser's Magazine A new edition of the Popular Tales, with a biographical Preface by his son, was issued in 1903

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (1818-78) was the son of Mr Stirling of Keir, and it was only on the death of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, in 1865, and his succession to the estates, that he assumed the baroneter and changed his name to Stirling-Maxwell He was born at Kenmure House near Glasgow, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, travelled in Italy, Spain, and the Levant (1839-42), and sat in the House of Commons as Conservative representative for Perth He repeatedly visited Spain, and lived mainly a life of learned leisure, but was Rector of the Universities of St Andrews and of Edinburgh, Chancellor of Glasgow University, DCL, and KT, and he died of fever at Venice His second wife was the Hon Mrs Norton (see page 386) His minor publications—save the first, poems published in 1839-mainly concern bibliography and His first important work was The Annals of the Artists of Spain (3 vols 1848), part of which was rewritten and published separately as I clasques and his Works (1855) book showed remarkably wide information and great good taste, proved highly entertaining, and completely eclipsed all earlier works dealing with the subject, though the style was somewhat The Closter Life of the Emperor laboured Charles I' (1852) supplied deficiencies and corrected errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History Stirling-Maxwell had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was greatly more familiar with Spanish literature, and his story, while adding materially to what had been known of Charles's last years, rather impaired the romantic conception till then prevalent. At once accepted as authoritative and admirable by scholars like Richard Ford, Prescott, and Motley, it is still by far the most complete and interesting account in English, though Mignet in France and Gachard in Belgium have both dealt more exhaustively with the same subject. Stirling-Maxwell's most elaborate work, at which he had been working ever since he finished the Cloister Life, was not published till 1883, five years after his death-Don John of Austria, or Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century He had bestowed much labour on precise verification of facts, and on the perfecting of the style, which is simpler and clearer than in his earlier works

Charles V, even after his retirement to the cloisters at Yuste (in February 1557), continued to wield the imperial power as firmly and almost as fully as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo, though he joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks, and even performed special rites

humself In the Closter Life Stirling-Waxwell thus tells how

Charles performed a Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the his torran of St Jerome his thoughts seemed to turn more than neurl to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or Inights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obseques to be performed by the frare, and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the fes tivals of the gloomy life of the cloister The drily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solumnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bear ing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a lattered prayer book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his Majesty, please God, might hie many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it about the matter not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would, pous works done during life being far more efficiences than when postponed till after death parations were therefore at once set on foot, a catafalque. which had served before on similar occasions, was erected. and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monlish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights, the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see him self interred and to celebrate his own obseques! While the solumn mass for the dead was sting, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker High above, over the I neeling throne and the gargeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splended causas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepried for the blessed. The funeral rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, best strongly upon the white walls ing a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morn ing to Narandrilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering con siderably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst He told his confes or, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some

time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sletch of the Last Judgment, by Titran Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares and years and sick ness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his revene On being spoken to, he turned round and complimed that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut tree, full into the gallery From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

There is a biographical note in the six volume edition of Stirling Maxwell's Works (1891), which includes The Artists of Spain (new ed.) The Cloister Life (4th ed.) and a volume of Essays, Adds sees &c.

# James Anthony Froude.

Like his master, Carlyle, Froude holds a place apart among the historical writers of his age both the one and the other (due proportion guarded) are, in the first place and pre-eminently, prophets and men of letters rather than historical specialists In choosing to write history, both were primarily determined not by the simple scientific desire of ascertaining what had actually happened in the past, but by the consideration that historical narra tive was a suitable vehicle for the expression of their individual views regarding man's life and destiny In the case of Froude the distinction is forced upon us at once by the character of his work as a whole, and by the special gifts and temperament of which it is the expression. He belongs to a different order of spirits from Hallam or Macaulty or Freeman, and it is as a literary artist and a teacher of complex and illusive nature that he presents himself equally in his writings and in his mental history

James Anthony Froude was born at Dartington near Totnes, Devonshire, 23rd April 1818. His fither was Archdeacon of Totnes, and, according to his son, was a typical English Churchiman of the period preceding the uphdaval caused by the Tractarian movement. The Church 'he regarded as part of the constitution, and the Prayer book as an Act of Parlament which only folly or disloyally could quarrel with' 'Dissent in all its forms,' adds his son, 'was a crime in our house' in certain traits of the archdeacon's character we find suggestions at once of contrast and resemblance to his distinguished son. He had been 'a hard inder' in youth, and it was a marked trait in his son that all through life he was passionately fond of outdoor

sports, and was never happier than then he had a roa or a gun in his hand, or was steering his yacht in the English Channel. The archidecton was 'a Fort of the old school,' and, after a fishion of his own Anthony was his course a Tort of increasing intensity to the close of his day. On the other hand, there is as 'a sort of Stoicism about Archideacon Froude's character which sometimes surprised those was had only seen him for a day or two.' His son namired the Stoical type beyond

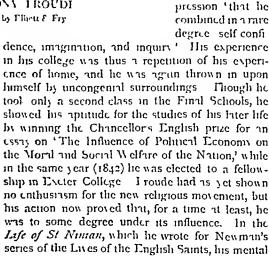
all others, wit Stocism is the last characteristic ne sheeld that of actributing to him either in volth or age Itis evident macco, that father and son tere of corntially differ ent matures, and ding the one never quite understood the other And not only with his father but also with his trockder brotners, Hurrell William, and Froude never appears to have been in contril sympathy Hur rell, has a bril lant gifts and enthus as the temper mode him one of the most distir guished figures among his contemporaries at Ox ford, was one of Newman's most ardent associates in his mis ion of de Protestantising

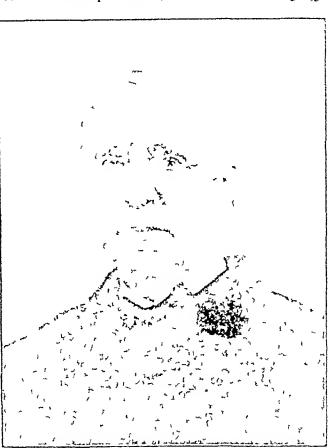
the Church of England, and, as Anthony's future career was to show, the mission was one which appealed neither to his heart nor his As for the second brother, William, his tastes his in another direction than those of Anthony-mechanical science being the subject to which be devoted himself with all the ability which was the common inheritance of the family From his early years, we are told by a friend of the family, 'Anthony felt chilled, crushed, and fettered, and, as such an experience is never outlived, it may partly explain that undertone of austerit, which is seldom absent from anything he wrote. But, if his home was uncongenial, he was in lively sympathy with the surroundings where his home lay. It was in youth that he acquired that

love of the sca which remained the chief ple is ure of his life, and it was then, also, that he acquired that interest in those 'forgotten worthies'—the naval heroes of his native Devon—to vhose e ploits he has devoted some of his most brilliant pages. And from these tv o interests we may deduce another characteristic—his passionate patriotism, which to foreigners is the predominating note of his work as a historian

After three veirs 1830 331 spent at Westminster

School, and other two at a private school at Morton, I roude proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford 71 the inc of ecvention He High Church movement which Yeuman. al allow of Orial, was the inspiring leader, was then in full flood, and from the example of hts brother Hurrell, it was to be expected that Anthony would naturally be drawn into it Nev man was prepared to give him a warm welcome from the first Froude Showed that he meant to tale a way of his He held lumself aloof from Neuman and his friends, and gave the general im pression 'that he combined in a rare





JAMES ANTHON TROUDI

and spiritual attitude is as correct as either his brother Hurrell or Newman could have wished, he speaks of the 'awful note of heres,' with pure sacramental fervour, and he virtually accepts all the astonishing miracles of the saint. As about the same date (1814) he also took Deacon's orders, it seemed as if he had definitively chosen his career

But the spell of Newman over Froude, if it was ever real, was of brief duration In 1847 lie published a volume entitled Shadows of the Clouds, under the pseudonym of Zeta, and in 1848 his Nemes's of Faith (anonymously) Taken together these two books reveal a moral and intellectual distemper which is a vivid commentary on the spiritual strain which their author had undergone Morally, they are the product of a nature which had lost its bearings in the conflict of morbid sentiments and emotions, intellectually, they prove that Froude had lost his faith not only in Tractarianism, but in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian The loss of his fellowship, his abandonment of the Church, and his resignation of the headmastership of the High School of Hobart Fown in Insminin, to which he had been appointed, were the necessary consequences of his spiritual transformation. His 'Sturm und Drang' period, the only period at which we have a glimpse into his inner life, was now at an end, and a fortunite destmy had brought him into contact with a teacher who renewed his moral basis and gave a direction to his life which he was henceforth to follow with such happy results for English literature Froude ungrudgingly acknowledged his debt to the teaching and example of Carlyle, and the whole scope and tendency of his work bear manifest proof of the extent of his obligation fundamental ideas of Carlyle-his views regarding the function of great men, his contempt for the vex populi, his deflication of force as the expression of ethical value, his antagonism to the develop ments of modern civilisation-all these are likewise the stock ideas of Froude, who saves his originality only by his individual manner of expressing them

Froude had turned his thirtieth year when he broke with his past by the publication of his Nemesis of Faith, and henceforward the world knows him only as the indefatigable author who speedily took his place among the chief literary figures of his time In the Westminster Review he began that series of papers, continued in Fraser's Magazine (of which he was editor from 1860 to 1874) and in other magazines, which are collected in the four volumes entitled Short Studies on Great Subjects The general character of these papers is the sufficient proof that their author was essentrally the 'man of letters' rather than the historical specialist The historical specialist hesitates to pass beyond his proper domain, knowing as he does what accumulated knowledge is necessary towards a well grounded judgment, but Froude in these short studies discusses philosophers and poets, theologians and saints, statesmen and commanders of every age and country. He made no pretension to add to our knowledge regarding the different subjects which he treated, but only pedantry would deny that, in adorning as he did every theme that he touched, he clothed them with an interest which it is not the least valuable function of literature to evoke.

In 1856 appeared the first two volumes of his greatest literary achievement, his History of England from the Fall of Cardinal II olses to the Spanish Armada, which, in his own words, was 'the companion of twenty years of pleasant but unintermittent labour' Like all Froude's historical work, it was conceived with a controversial intention, and it expressed at once the new influence of Carlyle and his rebound of feeling from his Trac tarian bondage In his delineation of Henry VIII, the most original part of his work, both of these tendencies were focussed, he made him a figure in the mould of Carlyle's 'heroes,' and in so doing passed judgment on the High Church view that Henry was merely the unscrupulous author of an unhappy schism Few books have been subjected to more searching criticism, but no fair reader will deny the justice of the estimate of the work as a whole pronounced by Bishop Stubbs, a historian whose methods and general views were so funda mentally opposed to Froude's own It is a book, says Bishop Stubbs, to 'which even those who differ in principle from the writer will not refuse the tribute of praise, as a work of great industry, power, and importance' Equally polemical in in tention and equally inspired by the Carlylean oracle was The English in Ireland, which appeared in three volumes between 1871 and 1874. The immediate occasion of the book was Mr Gladstone's policy of conciliation towards Ireland, and its object was to prove that only by the strong hand could Ireland be made a prosperous country and tolerable neighbour His Casar, a Sketch (1879), in which the hero is again the providential 'strong man,' Froude regarded as his best book, an opinion which was not shared by Carlyle, whose brief comment on it was-'It tells me nothing of Cæsar 3

From the beginning of his career as an author, Froude had shown that he deliberately meant that each of his books should produce a sensation, and an opportunity now came to him of surpassing all his previous efforts in this direction. As literary executor of Carlyle, it devolved on him to be at once his editor and his biographer, and by the manner in which he performed both tasks he evoked a storm of controversy which is hardly to be paralleled in the history of English literature. Of his edition of Cirlyle's Reminiscences (1881) it may be safely said that no English writer of eminence ever gave a work to the public with such cynical disregard of the primary duties of an editor take but one example of his negligence-surely Froude should have laid his hand on his heart when he made Carlyle speak of his friend Sir Henry Taylor's 'morbid vanity,' when the words he actually wrote were 'marked veracity' Inaccuracy had from the first been Froude's besetting sin, but the general public now first realised the full measure of the sins of which he was capable under this head With regard to the portrait of Carlyle which he has drawn in the biography (1882-84), there will probably be always a difference of opinion, but it is to be noted that to the great majority of those who knew Carlyle as well as Froude himself (the only fitting judges) it seemed an essentially distorted image, the creation of the idiosyncrasies of the man who drew it. Nevertheless, of all Froude's books it is doubtless the one which will preserve his name longest, the eminence and distinctiveness of its subject and the skill of the biographer combine to make it a representative book of an epoch, and as such it has its only companion in Boswell's Life of Johnson

A few pleasant incidents had diversified Froude's somewhat stormy career as a man of letters 1869 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of St Andrews-an honour which he described as the first public recognition which he had received, in 1876 he was appointed a member of the Scottish University Commission, and in 1875 he was sent out as a commissioner to South Africa, for whose troubles he prescribed his borrowed panacea of a benevolent dictatorship Two unofficial journeys, one to the Australian colonies and the other to the West Indies, resulted in his Oceana (1886) and the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses (1888)—in both of which, though he expressed the hope it might be otherwise, he as usual 'trod on many corns' But the distinction of his life which he valued most came to him near its close. In 1892 he was made Regius Professor of History in Oxford, and thus, by an irony which he keenly appreciated, he came to sit in the chair of his adversary Freeman, who in serson and out of season had denounced him as a sciolist and a charlatan. He held his appointment only for two years, but in that space he crowned his long and industrious life by the most charming books that came from his hand-The Life and Letters of Erasmus (1894), Elizabethan Scamen of the Sixteenth Century (1895), and Lectures on the Council of Trent (1896) He died on the 20th of October 1894, at Salcombe, his home in his native Devon

In many passages of his writings Froude has told us how he thought history should be conceived and written. 'The address of history,' he says, 'is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions' 'History,' he says again, is 'nature's drama,' should be written like a drama, and should teach like a drama. A science of history he scouted as a vain imagination, and maintained that, if our knowledge of the past taught us anything, it was 'that we should draw no horoscopes' But, if history cannot be reduced to a science for the guidance of states, it performs a service of no less

importance 'It is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong'. In his own treatment of history Froude gave the freest play to these conceptions The essential character of his chief historical writings is that they are conceived and written as dramas Ever in his foreground there is a great central figure—hero or villain-round whom all events cluster, and with reference to whom they are selected and appraised This personage develops in his hands, not as the rigid scrutiny of facts should determine, but in the fashion in which a character grows in the mind Such are his delineations of the creative artist of Henry VIII, of Thomas Cromwell, of Mary Stewart, of Charles V, of Julius Cæsar, and, it may be added, of Carlyle-all of whom, before he has done with them, become gigantesque figures with their natural traits distorted beyond recogni-Equally characteristic of Froude as a historian is his insistence on the ethical import of persons and events In this respect he, of course, resembles his master, Carlyle, but, though he owes to Carlyle his fundamental ethical principles, it was by his own natural instincts that he was primarily concerned with the problems of human destiny In the case of Froude, as in the case of Carlyle, it was but the accident of circumstances that made him a historian and not an official preacher, and to his ethical fervour is doubtless due the polemical tone which is present in most 'Having nobody to abuse,' of what he wrote he writes to his friend [Sir] John Skelton, with reference to his Oceana, 'I am like trying to fly a kite without wind'

History thus conceived makes a wide popular appeal, and Froude possessed precisely the requisite gifts for the successful exemplification of his He was master of a style which by its theories rapidity, clearness, and idiomatic grace is unsurpassed for the purposes of pure narrative. much a man of the world as a student, he knew the range of common interests, selected his facts accordingly, and in his presentation of them had an unerring instinct as to the limits of the average intelligence. Moreover, though the only dull book he ever wrote was his romance, The Two Chiefs of Dunboy, he had in a high degree that 'picturesque sensibility' which instinctively appreliends the poetie aspects of persons and events, and can From these eminent make them visible to others ments, however, large abatements have to be made, his inaccuracy was such that in matters of fact he cannot be quoted with confidence, and there are few writers of equal intellectual force whose judgments carry less authority than Froude's Yet, after every reserve, he remains one of the most interesting and important literary figures of his time. For the general public he has done the invaluable service of making history an attractive study, and English literature owes him a debt of another kind and of not less account no writer has done more than Froude to maintain the best

traditions of English prose in that middle style which is the work a-day instrument of every literature.

# History

What, then, is the use of History? and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past and nothing of the future, who waste our time over so barren a study?

Firs, it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions after, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or un righteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for last or vanity the price has to be paid in last not always by the chief oficinders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in I rench revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of History Another is, that we should draw no horoscopes, that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—tho e vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium-have not borne the fruit which they looked for Millenniums are still far These great convulsions have the world changed -perliaps improved -but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be Luther would have gone to work with less heart could be have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tubingen Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against Lingland could be have seen the country which he made as we see it now [February 1864].

The most reasonable anticipations full us—antecedents the most apposite mislead us, because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything—some element which we detect only in its after operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a mergre outcome Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquests, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another sade

If you'vere asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention, perhaps, among others, this, that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another, and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved—something which the artist give, and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that i e are necustomed to sai Shakespeare's supreme truth hes. He represents real life. His dramas teach as life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as include does, on right and wrong, but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil—in the unmerited sufferings of innocence—in the disproportion of penalties to desert—in the seeming blindness with which justice, in intempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shalespeare is true to real experience. The mysters of life he leaves as he finds it, and, in his most tremen dous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding—knowing well that

the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child

(From 'The Science of History in Short Studies or Great Subjects, vol 1)

Flight of Mary Stuart from Holyrood to Dunbar after the Murder of Rizzio

The important point gained, Darnley would not awake suspicion by returning to the Queen, he sent her word privately that 'all was well,' and at eight in the evening Stewart of Traquair, Captain of the Royal Guard, Arthur Erskine, 'whom she would trust with a thousand lives,' and Standen, a young and gillant gentlemm, assembled in the Queen's room to arrange a plan for the escape from Holyrood The first question was where she was to go Though the gates were no longer occupied, the Palace would doubtless be watched, and to nttempt flight and to fail would be certain ruin. In the Castle of Edinburgh slie would be safe with Lord Erskine, but she could reach the Castle only through the streets, which would be beset with enemies, and unfit as she was for the exertion, she determined to make for Dunbar

She stirred the blood of the three youths with the most touching appeal which could be made to the generosity of man. Pointing to the child that was in her womb, she adjured them by their loyalty to save the unborn hope of Scotland. So addressed, they would have flung themselves insked on the pikes of Morion's troopers. They swore they would do her bidding be it what it would, and then, 'after her sweet manner and wise directions, she dismissed them till midnight to put all in order as she herself excellently directed.'

'The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepultures in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood' A secret passage led un derground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey, and at midnight Mary Stuart, accompanied by one ser vant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—'erawled through the charnel house, among the bones and skulls of the antient kings,' and 'came out of the earth' where the horses were shivering in the March midnight nir

The moon was clear and full 'The Queen with incredible animosity was mounted en croup belind Sir Arthur Erskine upon a beautiful English double gelding' 'the King on a courser of Naples,' and then away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, neross the bridge and neross the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed, 'six in all—their Minjesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the Queen' In two hours the heavy gate of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe. (From the History of England, Chap. VLIV.)

Froude's account of the escape is based on a letter of Standens. The King is Darnley, and animosily means 'spirit' Prestonnias is nearer Edinburgh than Seton, and should accordingly come first.

# Character of Erasmus

Trouble enough and naviety enough! Yet in the midst of had health and furious monks—it is the noblest feature in him—his industry never slackened, and he drew out of his difficulties the materials which made his name immortal. He was for ever on the wing searching libraries, visiting learned men, consulting with politicians or princes. His correspondence was enormous. His letters on literary subjects are often treatises in themselves, and go where he would his eyes were open

to all things and persons. His writings were passing He was always adding and through edition on edition correcting, while new tracts, new editions of the Fathers, show an acuteness of attention and an extent of reading which to a modern student seems beyond the reach of any single intellect. Yet he was no stationary scholar confined to desk or closet. He was out in the world, travelling from city to city, gathering materials among all places and all persons, from palace to vallage alehouse, and missing nothing which had meaning or amusement in it. In all literary lustory there is no more extra ordinary figure. Harassed by orthodox theologians, uncertain of his duties in the revolutionary tempest, doubtful in what country to find rest or shelter, anxious for his future, anxious for his life (for he I new how Orthodoxy hated him, and he had no wish to be a martyr in an ambiguous cause), he was putting together another work which, like Moria, was to make his name immortal Of his learned productions, brilliant as they were, Erasmus thought but little. He considered them hastily and inaccurately done, he even wondered how any one could read them But his letters, his Moria, and now the Colloquies, which he was composing in his intervals of leisure, are pictures of his own mind, pictures of men and things which show the hand of an artist in the highest sense, never spiteful, never malicious, always delightful and amusing, and finished photographs of the world in which he lived and moved. The subject might be mean or high, a carver of genius will make a work of art out of the end of a broomstick. The jour ney to Brindisi was a common adventure in a fly boat, Horace has made it live for ever Erasmus had the true artist's gift of so liandling everything that he touched, vulgar or sublime, that human interest is immediately awal ened, and in these Colloquies, which are the record of what he himself saw and heard, we have the human inhabitants of Europe before us as they then were in all countries except Spain, and of all degrees and sorts, bishops and abbots, monks and parish priests, lords and commoners, French grisettes, soldiers of fortune, treasure seekers, quacks, conjurers, tavern keepers, there they all stand, the very image and mirror of the time Miserable as he often considered hunself, Erismus shows nothing of it in the Colloquies No bitterness, no complainings, no sour ansterity or would be virtuous earnestness, but everywhere a genial human sympathy which will not be too hard upon the wretchedest of rogues, with the healthy apprehension of all that is innocent and good

(From Life and Letters of Erasmus, Lecture 11)

Froude left injanctious that no authorised biography of him should be written. For the early part of his life our chief sources of information are his Exaa, entitled 'The Oxford Connter Reformation (Short Studies, vol 11) and Canon Mozley s Reminiscences (vol. 11). Regarding his later life there are interesting details in The Table Talk of Shirley ([Sir] John Skelton) See also Mr Pollards article in the Appendix to the Dictionary of National Biography and Mr David Wilson's Mr Fronde and Carlyle (1898). Estimates of Froude are given by Sir Leslie Stephen (National Review January 1901) and by Mr Goldwin Smith (North American Review clix, 677). In 1903 in reply to criticism by Mr Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton Browne, there appeared a posthumous volume, entitled My Neutons with Carlyle, in which Froude defended his estimates of Carlyle and his wife and main tained his own fairness as executor printing a letter from his to-executor Sir James Stephen completely approving Froudes discharge of his trust. The Nemesis of Froude was a rejoinder by Sir James Crichton Browne

P HUME BROWN

Ernest Jones (1819-69)-in full, Ernest CHARLES JONES-Chartist poet, was the son of Major Charles Jones, equerry to the Duke of Cum berland who became King of Hanover The major lived long on his German estate, and the son, born at Berlin, was carefully educated at Luneburg, and early became a poet and a politician to England with his father in 1838, was popular in society, published a highly romantic novel, The Wood Spirit (1841), and in 1841 was called to the Bar In 1846 he threw himself strongly into the Chartist movement, supported Feargus O'Connor energetically on the platform and in the press, and was believed to have resigned brilliant prospects to become a political agitator. In 1848 lie was active as far north as Aberdeen, but, arrested at Manchester, was sentenced to two years' imprison ment for seditious speeches. On his release lie was for a while the leader of the lost cause, and in his Notes to the People wrote a history of the democratic movement and edited a People's Paper When the Chartists disappeared as a party he, to the disgust of the faithful remnant, was content to energise as a mere Radical and advocate land nationalisation About the same time he re sumed practice at the Bar, and began to write industriously—at first sensational novels and tales, such as The Lass and the Lady, The Maid of Warsaw, Woman's Wrongs, Beldagan Church, The Painter of Florence Landor praised enthusi astically the poem that gave name to The Battle Day and other Poems (1855) In 1857 Jones published The Revolt of Hindostan (privately printed in 1850), a poem said to liave been written with his own blood in an old Praver-book while he was in prison, Corayda and other Poems ap peared in 1859. He continued to issue pamphlets and lecture in the democratic cause, had stood unsuccessfully for Parliament repeatedly from 1847 on, and was expected to get in for Manchester as Radical member when he suddenly died best-known lyrics were 'The Song of the Poor,' 'The Song of the Day-labourers,' 'The Song of the Factory Slave,' and 'The Song of the Poorer Classes?

Augus Bethune Reach (1821-56), born at Inverness, came to London in 1842, and wrote much for Punch, for many of the magazines, and for the newspapers His two novels were Clement Lorimer (1848, illustrated by Cruikshank) and Leonard Lindsay (1850), but, spite of failing health, he produced innumerable saturcal and social sketches and dramatic trifles

Thomas Mavne Reid (1818-83), known as a story-teller to a world wide circle of readers as 'Captain Mayne Reid' (he dropped the 'Thomas'), was born at Ballyroney, County Down, a Scoto Irish Presbyterian minister's son, his mother being of Scottish Borderer blood, and was himself educated for the ministry in Ulster But with quite other ambitions he in 1840 emigrated to New

Orleans, and either by stress of circumstances or a happ instinct entered on the oddly diversified career that in his novels he turned to such good account. Successively storekeeper and negro-overseer, schoolmaster and play-actor, hunter and snarpshooter in the Indian wars, he from time to time plunged into journalism, but in 1847 he took service in the United States army, and as heutenant distinguished himself in the Mexican war—especially at the storming of Chapultepee, where

he was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of, and he never completely recovered from his injuries When convalescent he began his first novel, The Rifle Rangers (pub lished 1850) But in 1849, a United States captain, he came to Europe to offer his sword to the Hun garian revolutionists Finding that the revolutionary move already ment had crushed. becn cstablished himself in or near London and embarked on the business of novel writing, and this lienceforward the work of his life. varied only by un lucky building speculations and three years' journalistic en terprise in New York



THOMAS MAYNE REID From a Photograph by Mauli & Fox

Ilis last years he spent at Ross in Herefordshire In a long succession of novels-well over thirty in number-he utilised to the full the strangely varied adventures of his own early career vigorous style and the profusion of daring feats, perils, hurbreadth escapes, and romantic episodes riveted the attention of two or three generations of young readers. His romances are lacking in artistic form, but at times he attained to high excellence in narrative style and in description of scenery and character Among the best known of his stories (in v luch he sometimes at least took Tenimore Cooper as model) are The Scalp Hunters (1851), The Boy Hunters (1852), The Young Voyageurs (1953), The War Trail (1857), The Maroon (1862), The Headless Horseman (1866), The Castaways (1870), and The Free Lances (1881) Many of these tales were translated into French and German

Mayne Peid found time to write also books on natural history for loss and on croquet. The *Henterr* published by his widow in 1890 was in 1900 expanded into a full reord of his life and adventures. Ebenezer Jones (1820-60) was born at Isling ton, of a Welsh family, and was bred a Calvinist. In 1837 he was forced by his father's long illness to turn clerk in a City warehouse, his hours were from eight to eight six days a week. But long ere this he had been writing verses, and now he was powerfully stimulated by influences so various as those of Shelley, Carlyle, and Robert Owen. In 1843 he published his Studies of Sensation and Event, poems amazingly unequal, crude, eccenting

and faulty, or even at times 'excruciatingly bad,' yet 'full of the very essence of poetry,' as was ulu mately recognised by Browning and Ros-But at the setti time-spite of kindly encouragement from Bryan Waller and llengist Horne-Jones sav his work was rejected by the world, and he published no more, save a pamplilet on the Land Monopely (1849), which antici rated Henry George by thirty years in proposing to nationalise the land, and three powerful poems, 'To Snow,' the Death,' and 'When the world is burning, not long before his death. He had by professional work as an accountant.

1844 he had married a niece of Edwin Atherstone (see page 146), but the marriage brought only misery and a separation. See three articles by Mr Watts Dunton in the Atheneum (1878), and two notices by Sumner Jones (Ebenezers elder brother, himself a poet) and W J Linton prefixed to a reprint of the Studies (1879)

John Tulloch (1823–86), born at Bridge of Earn, studied at St Andrews and Edinburgh, and after holding charges in Dundee and elsewhere, was in 1854 appointed Principal and Professor of Divinity in St Mary's College, St Andrews. In 1879–80 he was the editor of Fraser He wrote on theism, on the Reformation and its leaders (1859 and 1861), on Pascal, on sin, and on modern religious thought (1884–85) But his principal work was Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century (1872, new ed 1886), a standard authority Mrs Oliphant wrote his Life (1888)

# Philip James Bailey.

Philip James Bailey (1816-1902), poet, was born at Nottingham on 22nd April 1816 His father, Thomas Bailey, owned and edited the Nottingham Mercury from 1845 to 1852 Educated at various schools in his native town, in 1831 he matriculated at Glasgow University, which in 1901 conferred on him the degree of LLD In 1836 he settled at Basford, just out of Nottingham, and devoted himself to the production of his masterpiece, Festus, which was published anonymously by William Pickering in 1839 In 1840 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but he never In 1856 he received a Civil List practised pension of £100 From 1864 to 1876 he lived in Jersey, travelling from time to time in Switzerland, France, and Italy Returning to England, he resided near Ilfracombe till 1885, when he moved to Blackheath In his later years lie lived in retirement with his wife, whose death in 1896, after a union of thirty three years, tried him sorely On 6th September 1902, at the age of eighty six, he died at his house in the Ropewalk, Nottingham He was never in close touch with literary circles, though about 1870 he was sometimes present at Westland Marston's symposia, where Rossetti, Swinburne, 'Orion' Horne, and other celebrities were wont to meet. He was sweet, gentle, and rather timid in nature. Superbly handsome in physique and countenance, he rivalled Tennyson in the art of looking like a poet

No poem like Festus has ever been written by a boy of twenty. It is a miracle of mature im maturity Its vogue was almost Byronic Twelve editions have been issued in England, and over The poem was praised by thirty in America Tennyson, Thackeray, Buly er Lytton, and other eminent men 'I can scarcely trust myself,' wrote Tennyson, 'to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance' The success of Festus stereotyped Bulley's poetic impulse, which was wasted in vain attempts to imitate himself Angel World (1850), The Mystic (1855), The Age (1858, a weak satire), and The Universal Hymn (1867) failed The poet rishly tried to propitinte oblivion by incorporating 'The Angel World' and portions of the other poems in later editions of Testus The result was disastrous generation recoiled in dismay from a philosophical poem of over forty thousand lines, and Festus joined the limbo of books that are revered unread If the poem is to recapture its first fame, its earlier and better form must be restored

Festus is a variant of that Taust legend which has haunted literature since its birth in the Book of Job. It owes little to Goethe or to Marlowe, their Fausts are incarnations of pessimism, Festus is an incarnation of optimism. It has been called an epic drama, but although it is divided into fifty-two scenes, the action is epic rather than dramatic. The sublimity of its action equals, and

its moral altitude surpasses, other epics. Modern thought sees for beyond the spiritual horizon of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Their poetry is imperishable, much of their morality is outworn. Festus presents a loftier view of God and Man than any other world-poem. In it deity is more humane and humanity more divine. It adumbrates a prophetic ideal of a divine humanity which will ultimately transmute all evil into all good. Doomsnian of time, Festus impersonates the destiny of humanity, moving through cycles of sin and suffering towards that harmony with itself which is harmony with the Infinite. Lucifer,



PHILIP JAMLS BAILLY
From a Photograph by A W Cox Nottingham

who guides him through the universe of sensation, is not the more conventional fiend of Marlowe or of Goetlie, but a subtle symbol of the evil that is half good and the good that is half evil. The action sweeps through celestral, terrestrial, and infernal space towards its stupendons culmination, the apotheosis of I estus, the last man, whose attainment of spiritual sovereignty is the signal for the end of all things. Magnificent is the passage in which Festus describes the withering of the world.

The earth is breaking up, all things are thawing, River and mountain mich into their atoms, A little time and atoms will be all. The sea boils, and the mountains rise and sink Like marble bubbles bursting into death. O thou Hereafter, on whose shore I stand, Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me, What am I? Say, thou Present say, thou Past, I e three wise children of Eternity! A life, a death, and an immortal? all? Is this the threefold mystery of man? The lower darker Trinity of earth?

'Tis vain to ask. Nought answers me, not God The air grows thick and dark The sky comes down The sun draws round him streaky clouds, like God Gleaning up writh. Hope hith leapt off my heart, Like a false sibyl, fear smote, from her seat, And overturned it I am bound to die God, why wilt thou not save? The great round world Hath wasted to a column 'neath my feet I'll hurl me off it, then, and search the depth Of space in this one infinite plunge Farewell To earth and heaven and God Doom, spread thy lap, I come, I come But no, may God forbear To judge the tempted purpose of my heart. Me hath he stablished here, and he will save, And I can smile destruction in the face Let his strong hand compress the marble world, And wring the starry fire blood from its heart, Still on this earth core I rejoice in God, I know him and believe in him as Love, And this divinest truth he hath inspired, Merey to man is justice to himself Open thine arms, O death, thou fine of woe And warranty of bliss. I feel the last Red mountainous reinnant of the earth give way The stars are rushing upwards to the light, My limbs are light and liberty is mine The spirit's infinite purity consumes The sullied soul Lternal destiny Opens its bright abyss I am God's Gol Man, die !

Judged solely and separately by the moral and spiritual grandeur of its imaginative conception, Testus is not inferior to any other epic. Issuing with volcanic intensity out of the fiery heart of youth, it moves majestically aniid the stars. The poet, unlike Antreus, falters only when he touches It is in the more familiar scenes that his genius flags. Youth is not ripely humorous or nobly patient, and in the frantic haste of his feverish toil, Bailey failed to fuse all the episodes and incidents, characters and conceptions, into a lucid and In architectonic symmetry harmonious whole Festus is as far below the great epics as it is above them in imaginative conception knew better than he built. His soul outran his hand, his imagination outsoared his technique The poem lacks not only the vaster rhythms and deeper harmonies, but it is full of minor technical flaws Metrical irregularities abound, the lyrical interludes are feeble, many of the characters are shadowy The amorous ratiocinations of Festus, Angela, Clara, Helen, and Elissa mar the austerity of the theme. Doubtless they are meant to show the regenerative nobility of womanhood, but this platonic parliament of platonic loves brings a breath of incongruity into the severe heroism of the action. Neverthe less in spite of its manifold defects, Festus stands unchallengeably among the great spiritual epics of the world Its profound significance will be gradually perceived as religion emerges from the mists and morasses of mechanical theologies, for it foreshadows the only Christian philosophy which can endure Bailey, indeed, was far in advance of his time and of our time. His mystical optimism is equally repugnant to scientific and to religious materialism, but as science and religion abandon their unreal antagonisms for common and co-ordinated research in the unexplored field of spiritual experience, his imaginative solution of the problem of life will find a juster evaluation. Like all possible solutions, it is and must always be a splendid hypothesis, but until a still more magnificent hypothesis be evolved, it will be supreme.

In the realm of absolute poetry Testus has never been adequately appraised. It occupies a lonely pinnacle whose altitude has not yet been measured by a comparative criticism which is apt to overvalue purely literary skill and purely technical What is Bailey's place in Victorian literature ' In our judgment, not far below Tenny son and Browning At its best, his blank verse is as fine as any since Marlowe or since Milton. His imaginative energy is of the first order sees in flashing symbols, he thinks in thunder and lightning His passionate mind pours out mighty torrents of majestic imagery An artificer of terse phrase and gnomic epigram, his incandescent style is shaped by the powerfully wielded hammer of his imagination on the iron anvil of his thought. In his work there are faint vestiges of Miltonic and Shakespearian influence, his lyrics are debased by Byronisms, but of other poets there is barely an On the other hand, many poets, both con temporary and posterior, dead and living, great and small, have borrowed from Bailey Festus is a vast quarry of poetry out of which many a block has been and will be hewn, and although its author is not yet numbered by literary pundits among the great poets of the nineteenth century, it is certain that a critic will arise, or soon or late, to do for him what Addison did for Milton In the meantime, this brief estimate may help to broaden the basis of a reputation hitherto perilously poised on the sliding sands of religious whim

The best passages in *Festus* are too long to be quoted here, and too fine to be mutilated, but the quality of its poetry may be shown by a few characteristic lines

The visionary landscapes of the skies,
The golden capes far stretching into licaven
It was the rush of God's world winnowing wing
Earth heaves with tomblets as the sea with waves
Love's heart turns sometimes faint, like a sick pearl
Why, deathling, wilt thou long for heaven?
Lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow
Nought happens but what happens to oneself
A wreck

Whose board scarce floats flush with the face of death
The dreamy struggles of the stars with light

To most man's life but showed A bridge of groans across a stream of tears

God's hand hath scooped the hollow of the world I feel death blowing hard at the lamp of life. Art is man's nature, nature is God's art. Like autumn's leaves distained with dusky gold To live like light or die in light like dew Drowned lands and verdurous meadows submarine And age but presses with a halo's weight

It is the sun, God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens Loaded with golden rain of annual stars. The heavens grow darker as they purer grow Time's sun, declining down the eternal skies, Leaves his last shining shadow upon the sea.

Bailey's blank verse often reaches a serene spontaneity of verbal beauty. In such passages as Lucifer's address to Night, the large rhythm moves on the surface of the thought as the waves move on the surface of the sea

Night comes, world jewelled, as my bride should be Start forth the stars in myriads at the sign Of light, divine usurper, as to wage War with the lines of darkness, and the moon, Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth After the sun's red sea death, quietless Immortal Night, I love thee Thou and I Are of one strain, the eldest blood of God He makes, we mar, together, all things, all But our own selves.

The poem marches with spacious strides through a dazzling prgernt of symbol and simile, massively epic in its grandeur

As when by sunset hues Invited, some fair falcon, whose broad eye Mirrors the welkin, through air's shadowy blue Wheeling with wing unwavering, every plume Stretched tense, 'mid sky serencly balanced, calls Forth from his eyric, crown of sea faced crag, Her nughtier mate, these twain each other now In unconceived ellipse, curve following curve, Redoubled runbow like, outsweep, thrice o'er Snatch from ambition's touch the zenith mock With playful fall the expectant earth, now, thwart, In arbitrary and intercircling flights, Their mutual orbits emulous, this below Echolng the other's ery on high, till heaven Closes, by hint of stars, the rapt contest.

The whole range of poetic vision is found in The audacity of the theme would be ridiculous were it not made sublime by the most solemn, the most sombre, and the most tremendous images, swift, simple, concrete, concentrated, direct. The dream of Festus is an impassioned and piercing fintasy

Up we flew Sheer through the shining air, far past the sun's Broad blazing disk, -past where the great, great snake Binds in his bright coil half the host of heaven,-Past that great sickle saved for one day's work When he who sowed shall reap creation's field,-Past those bright diademed orbs which show to man

His crown to come, up through the starry strings . Of that high harp close by the feet of God, Which he, methought, took up and struck, till heaven In love's immortal madness rang and reeled, The stars fell on their faces, and far off The wild world halted, shool his burning mane, Then, like a fresh blown trumpet blast, went on, Or like a god gone mad On, on we flew, I and the spirit, far beyond all things Of measure, motion, time, and aught ereate, Where the stars stood on the edge of the first nothing, And looked each other in the free and fled ,-Past even the last long starless void, to God, Whom straight I heard, methought, commanding thus Immortal, I am God Hie back to earth And say to all that God doth say-love God! Lucifer God visits men a dreaming I, awake. Testus And my dream changed to one of general doom

Wilt hear it?

Ay, say on. 'Tis but a dream Lucifer Festus God made all mind and motion cease, and lo! The whole was death and peace An endless time Obtained in which the power of all made failed God bade the worlds to judgment and they came, Pale, trembling, corpse like To the souls therein Then spake the Maker deathless spirits, rise! And straight they thronged around the throne. His arm The Almighty then uplift, and smote the worlds Once, and they fell in frigments like to spray And vanished in their native void. He shook The stars from heaven like raindrops from a bough, Like tears they poured adown ereation's face Spirit and space were all things Matter, death, And time left nought, not even a wake, to tell Where once their track o'er being

Magnificent, too, is the pæan which Festus chants to the sun

Shepherd of worlds and harmonist of heaven, The music of whose golden lyre is light

The holiest mystery of poetic magic trembles in such lines as these

Jewels are baubles only, whether pearls From the sea's lightless depths, or diamonds Culled from the mountain's crown, or chrysolith, Cat's eye, or moonstone, or hot carbunele, That, from the bed of Eden's sunnest stream Extracted, lamped the ark, what time the roar Of lions pining for their free sands smote The hungry darkness.

Not even Shakespeare confronted the irony of existence with a more august regard

Long we live thinking nothing of our fate, For in the morn of life we mark it not, It falls behind but as our day goes down We catch it lengthening with a grant's stride, And ushering us unto the feet of night.

Not even Milton carved sterner thoughts in more adamantine phrase than the inspired singer who sang of

Men who walk up to fame as to a friend, Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and gripe,

Men who, like death, all bone and all unarmed, Have ta'en the giant world by the throat and thrown him,

And made him swear to maintain their name and fame At peril of his life, who shed great thoughts As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves. In a kindly largesse to the soil it grew on, Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue, Like sound upon the falling of a force, Whose words, if winged, are with angel's wings, Who play upon the heart as on a harp, And make our eyes bright as we speak of them, Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open To the whole noon of nature, these I have waked And wept o'er night by night, oft pondering thus Homer is gone, and where is Jove? and where The rival cities seven? His song outlives Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save heaven

Not even Wordsworth has surpassed the heavy beauty of the four glamour-laden words into which Bailey pours the cosmic romance of the soul

The rieli star travelled stranger

Not even Dante forged imaginative utterance more fierily poignant than the simple words in which Festus, with sword like pathos, addresses the spirit of his Beatrice

Immortal, from thine eye Wipe out the tear of time

And where in all poetry can we find a more tremulously ecstatic sob of love than this?—

Come to the light, love Let me look on thee
Let me make sure I linve thee. Is it thou?
Is this thy hand? Are these thy velvet lips,
Thy lips so lovable? Nay, speak not yet,
For oft, as I have dreamed of thee, it was
Thy speaking woke me. I will dream no more
Am I alive? And do I really look
Upon these soft and sea blue eyes of thine,
Wherein I half believe I can espy
The riches of the sea? Nay, heavenly hued,
As though they had gained from gazing on the skies
Their high and starry beauty. These dark rolled
locks!

Oh God, art thou not glad, too, he is here?

Shimmering with romantic innuendo, these lines are the very voice of love, uttering an ecstasy of sobbing joy and trembling rapture that suddenly flames into a glory of divine invocation tran scendently daring in its triumphant egoism. The angels in *Festus* are mystically incorporeal

Light as a leaf they step, or the arrowy Footing of breeze upon a waveless pool, Sndden and soft, too, like a waft of light, The beautiful immortals come to me

Often the poet chisels out of verbal marble a subtle beauty that rivals the rhythmic curves of plastic art. Here is a statue of death which a Michelangelo could hardly better

Behold there Death! Throned on his tomb, entombed in his throne, Just as he ceased he rests for aye, his scythe

Still wet out of his bloody swath, one hand Tottering sustains, the other strikes the cold Drops from his bony brow, his mouldy breath Tainteth all air

Another nuance of visionary glamour glimmers in this ravishing nightscape

Eve came, the dewy night stole forth dim veiled,
Arcturis, heavenly oxherd, bowed his knee
Star cusped, upon the hill, as though with all
His worlds he worshipped God, his conquering head
Bowed 'neath the orb gemmed crown, hollow with
heaven.

God o'er him holds as one who had striven with God, And gained the day o'er deity

And yet another in this magical symphony of gloom

Wave

On wave of darkness, like the shadowy tides Of that tenebrous sea which billowing breaks Soundless on linar promontories

The poet brandishes the bright sword of optimism in the procession of mortality

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood, 'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart, The coward and the small in soul scarce do live. One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem Than if each year might number a thousand days, Spent as is this by nations of mankind. We live in deeds, not years, in thought, not breaths, In feelings, not in figures on a dial We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best Life's but a means unto an end, that end, To those who dwell in Him, He most in them, Beginning, mean, and end of all things, God The dead have all the glory of the world Why will we live and not be glorious? We never can be deathless till we die. It is the dead win battles, and the breath Of those who through the world drive like a wedge, Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close It dims his well worn scythe But no, the brave Die never Being deathless, they but change Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart. Give then the dead their due 'tis they who saved us, Saved us from woe and want and servitude. The rapid and the deep, the fall, the gulph, Have likenesses in feeling and in life, And life so varied hath more loveliness In one day, than a creeping century Of sameness

The heroically youthful optimism of Festus fulls like a snowflake on the feverish lips of the modern pessimist. It rejects the superstitious creeds of cynicism and the blind dogmas of materialism, affirming that life is lifeworthy, being an endless pursuit of an eternal ideal by everlasting runners.

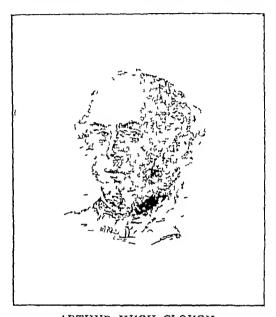
Star on star the heavens fulfil Their issne, and truth quickens here the soul Dipped in substantial lighting of the sun Spiritual, and with the eternal saving saved

JAMES DOUGLAS

At thur Hugh Clough (1819-61) was born at Liverpool, the son of a cotton-merchant of good Denbighshire stock, who in 1822 emigrated to Charleston in South Carolina. There the boy lived a home-life of singular happiness, until in 1828 he was sent back to school first at Chester, and next year at Rugby, where Dr Arnold profoundly impressed him. Here he gained every honour the school had to bestow, became a powerful swimmer and a crack goalkeeper, and edited and wrote much for the Rugby Magazine November 1837 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, astonished all who knew his powers by obtaining only a second-class in 1841, but in 1842 was elected a Fellow of Oriel. As tutor from 1843 he laboured for five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, by the Cumberland lakes, or in the Scottish Highlands For a time he fell under the spell of Newman's influence, but this was soon followed by a period of severe in ward struggle, erelong he shook himself free of the neo Catholic movement, and in 1848 felt it his duty to withdraw from Oriel A little earlier in the same year he had published his first long poem, The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, a 'Long Vacation pastoral' in rough hexameter verse. He next spent some time in travelling in France and Italy, part of the time with Emerson, and was appointed on his return (October 1849) Warden of University Hall, London His life here was far from congenial, but he found much help in the warm friendship of Carlyle At Rome, in 1849, he had produced his Amours de Voyage, also in heximeter, and at Venice, during a holiday in 1850, he wrote Dipsy clius, a poem of much deeper significance, in which the representative of idealism is vanguished by the spirit of the world In 1852 he resigned his office, and sailed to America in the same ship with Lowell and Thackeray, but an examinership in the Education Office soon recalled him to England, and in June 1854 he married He took a keen interest in the work of his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale, his life was truly described as uneventful but full of work. In the spring of 1856 he was nominated secretary to a Commission for examining military schools on the Continent, but his health now began to give way, and after visits to Greece, Constantinople, the Pyrenees, and Italy, he was carried off at Florence by paralysis succeeding a malarial fever

Clough's poetry reflects with singular sincerity all the spiritual unrest and conflict of his life, his passionate love of truth, and intense longing for reality. His hexameters are extraordinarily rugged, at times even harsh and unrhythmical, though in the later editions of the Bothie (originally called The Bothie of Toper na Fuosich) their uncouthness was much toned down. Even at the best this peculiarity imparts an air of something approaching burlesque. His few short laries are much more perfect in form and matter, but his best gift was doubtless his humour, which is of a rare and

indeed exceptional quality, and is well exemplified in the prose epilogue to *Dipsychus*. He had command also of pithos and of irony, possessed the gift of character drawing, conveyed a sense of joy in life and the beauties of nature, and was perhaps too trenchant in satire and sceptical speculation. His defects repel many readers, and Mr Swinburne pronounces him simply a bad poet. Lowell, on the other hand, thinking more of matter than form, is recorded in his Life. have said the *Bothie* was to his thinking one of the most charming books ever written, and he the forecast its author's true significance. 'We have a



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
From an Engraving by C. H Jeens, by permission of
Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd

foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dving before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived? Clough is the subject of Matthew Arnold's elegy Thyrsis, one of the finest tributes of passionate admiration to the dead in the English language, and almost worthy to be compared with In Memoriam

## Woman and Man

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could

But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,

How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi quixotic, Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman

Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world, some tenderest girl, now

Over weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only

his Cambridge lectures. Neither a profound metaphysician nor a precise logician, he was a picturesque rather than a deeply read or accurate historian, and his lectures were rather severely liandled by the critics. Water Babies (1863), called 'a fairy-tale for a land baby,' took a place of its own in the literature of fantasy for children, other works were, besides many volumes of sermons, Glaucus, on the wonders of the shore (1854), The Heroes, Greek fairy-tales (1856), Town Geology (1872), Prose Idylls (1873), Health and Education (1874). In 1869 Kingsley resigned his professorship and was appointed a canon of



CHARLLS KINGSLEY
From a Photograph by Elhott & Fry

Chester, in 1871 he made his voyage to the tropics, of v hose scenery he had written so enthu siastically, and on his return to Eversley from the West Indies he gave to the world one of its most charming books of travel, At Last 1873 he was appointed a canon of Westminster and chaplain to the Queen, he died at Eversley on 23rd January 1875 By nature he was hottempered, frank, and combative, his 'muscular Christianity' (a phrase he himself disliked) was cheerful and robust. He had to live down much animosity and suspicion alike on political and theological grounds, and though ultimately he became apparently reconciled to the existing social order, he remained to the last an outspolen Broad-Churchman and an eager polemic. His controversy with Newman, in which the Cardinal secured a great dialectical success, has already been referred to at page 338 Many of Kingsley's essays are charming

His poetry, like his prose vorks, reflects his eager, strenuous, open, sympathetic character, and is frank, simple, and straightforward, not seeking

to probe spiritual depths, but not without its own characteristic charm. Two lyrics have by universal consent become everywhere well known as proverbs—'The sands of Dee' and 'Three fishers went sailing,' both tender, musical, simple, and perfect in their own way, but they are less characteristic of the man and his temperament than verses that ring with his own joy in free and strenuous life—'The Last Buccanier,' 'The Outlaw,' the 'Ode to the North-East Wind,' 'The Delectable Day'

## Sixteenth Century Lotus-Eaters

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are,' and Amyas, pushing him self gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the farther side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foam ing into a clear rock basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its farther side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon banl of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which dropped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness At its more quiet outfall, it was half hidden in linge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems, but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves, while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth or the deep toll of the bell bird came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, life the Indians, with arnotta and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side, the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca juice, with half shut dreamy eyes fixed on the ever lasting sparkle of the waterfall—

'While beauty, born of murmuring sound, Did pass into his face.'

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaining palm fibres into a basket, the other was boring the stem of a huge milk tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of

on his breast. Amyas stood spell bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a he but how to prove it a he? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly farther and farther off the more he sought for it

A rustle 'n roar! a shrick! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark har shoot from the crag above the drenmer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder, and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed midly forward before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora, for, with a shrick which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammool! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and rused its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyrs's blade down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel, the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse.

'And all stood still who saw him fall, While men might count a score'

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me' And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the lithe corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould, and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, lile one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too, but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad, you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you, and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong, in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child

(From Westuard Hol)

# The Last Buccanier

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,

But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I, And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish Main

There were forty craft in Aves that were both svift and

All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about.

And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free To choose their valuant captains and obey them loyally

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old.

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,

Who flog men and keel haul them, and starte them to the bone

Oh the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold,

And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee, To welcome gallant sailors, a sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze A swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees, With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore

But Scripture saith, in ending to all fine things must be, So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were we

All day we fought his challdogs, but they burst the booms at night,

And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside, Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died,

But as I lay a gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to Lingland here, to beg-until I
die

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where,

One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there

If I might but be a sea dove, I'd fly across the main, To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

#### Ode to the North-East Wind

Welcome, wild North easter I Shame it is to see Odes to every zephyr, Ne'er a verse to thee Welcome, black North easter l O er the German foam, O'er the Danish moorlands, From thy frozen home Tired we are of summer, Tired of gaudy glare, Showers soft and steaming, Hot and breathless air Tired of listless dreaming, Through the lazy day Jovial wind of winter Turn us out to play!

Sweep the golden reed beds, Crisp the lazy dyke, Hunger into madness Every plunging pike Fill the lake with wild fowl, Fill the marsh with snipe, While on dreary moorlands Lonely curley pipe. Through the black fir forest Thunder harsh and dry, Shattering down the snowflakes Off the curdled sky Hark 1 The brave North-easter 1 Breast high lies the scent, On by holt and headland, Over heath and bent Chime, ye dappled darlings, Through the sleet and snow Who can override you? Let the horses go ! Chime, ye dappled darlings, Down the rouring hlast, You shall see a for die Tre an hour be past. Go I and rest to morrow, Hunting in your dreams, While our slates are ringing O'er the frozen streams Let the luscious South wind Breathe in lovers' sighs, While the lazy gallants Bask in ladies' eyes. What does he but soften Heart alike and pen? 'Tis the hard grey weather Breeds hard English men What's the soft South wester? 'Tis the ladies' breeze, Bringing home their true loves Out of all the seas But the black North caster, Through the snow storm hurled, Drives our English hearts of oak Seaward round the world Come, as came our fathers, Herilded by thee, Conquering from the eastward, Lords by land and sea Come, and strong within us Stir the Vikings' blood, Bracing brain and sinew, Blow, thou wind of God !

# Young and Old.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,,
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day

When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down, Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young

(From The Hater Babies)

His widow published his Life and Letters in 1876 (2 vols.) and there is a monograph on Kingsley as a 'Christian Socialist and reformer by Kaufmann (1892). A collected edition of his works appeared in twenty-eight volumes in 1879 81, an édition de luxe of the Life and Work was issued in 1901-3 in mineteen volumes of which the sixteeoth was occupied by the poems. Mrs Harrison distinguished as a novelist under the pen name of Lucas Malet, is his youngest daughter.

George Henry Kingsley (1827-92), the second brother in a gifted family, was born at Islington, was educated at King's College School, and graduated in medicine at Edinburgh and at His devotion to professional duty in a time of cholera was commemorated by his brother in Truo Years Ago In attendance on patients he travelled much, and lie wrote, besides Notes on Sport and Travel, one famous book, South Sea Bubbles, by the Larl and the Doctor-his compagnon de vojage on this occasion being the Earl of Pembroke.—His daughter, Mary Henrietta Kingsley, was educated mainly at home on account of her weak health, and early became a voracious but desultory reader of books of all kinds after the death of both father and mother slie resolved to trivel and study the minners and customs of uncivilised peoples She made two journeys in the Congo country, in the Cameroons, and on the Ogowc, her Travels in West Africa (1897), besides being 'rich in incident and bub bling over with racy humour,' showed a marvellous instinct for looking at savage rites, religions, and usages from the native point of view, and her original and unconventional views on some missionary methods, and on the services of the traders to Europe and civilisation, provoked criticism, but proved the writer's absolute good faith and scrupulous desire to do justice to all aspects She had planned another voyage to of truth study 'fishes and fetishes,' but at Cape Town volunteered to nurse sick Boer prisoners, and fell a victim to enteric fever in the Simon's Town hospital

Henry Kingsley (1830-76), the younger brother of Charles, was born at Barnack rectory, near Stamford, and was brought up at Clovelly From King's College, London, and Chelsea he passed in 1850 to Worcester College, Oxford, but went down in 1853 without a degree, and started for the Australian gold-diggings never talked of his colonial experiences, but is known to have been for a time in the mounted police He turned up again at Chelsea in 1858, and next year wrote at Eversley The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn, which, like The Hillyars and the Burtons (1865), is full of the strong, vivid life of the antipodes Still, Ravenshoe (1861) is his masterpiece Austin Elliot (1863), Mademoiselle Mathilde (1868), and Stretton (1869) deserve men-



If there is, let me tell you that I feel more kind and hearty toward you and Hamlyn for coming to me like this to day than I've felt toward any man this twenty year. By the bye, let no man go to the gallows without clearing himself as far as he may. Do you know that I set on that red haired villain, Moody, to throttle Bill Lee, because I hadn't pluck to do it myself?'

'Poor Lee '' said the Major

'Poor devil' said Hawker 'Why, that man had gone through every sort of villainy, from' (so and so up to so and so, he said, I shall not particularise) before my beard was grown Why, that man laid such plots and snares for me when I was a lad, that a bishop could not have escaped. He egged me on to forge my own father's name. He drove me on to ruin And now, because it suited his purpose to turn honest, and act as faithful domestic to my wife for twenty years, he is mourned for as an exemplary character, and I go to the gallows. He was a meaner villain than ever I was '

'George,' I asked, 'have you any message for your

'Only this,' he said, 'tell her I always liked her pretty face, and I'm sorry I brought disgrace upon her l'hrough all my rascalities, old Jeff, I swear to you that I respected and liked her to the last I tried to see her last year, only to tell her that she needn't be afraid of me, and should treat me as a dead man, but she and her blessed pig headed lover, Tom Troubridge, made such knife and pistol work of it that I never got the chance of stying the word I wanted She'd have saved herself much trouble if she hadn't acted so much like a frightened fool. I never meant her any harm You may tell her all this if you judge right, but I leave it to you Time's up, I see I am't so much of a coward, am I, Jeff? Good bye, old lad, good bye'

That was the last we saw of him, the next morning he was executed with four of his comrades

(From Geoffry Hamlyn)
F HINDES GROOML.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (1797-1851), born in London, was the only child of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft In her seventeenth year she eloped to the Continent with Shelley, and after living with him for two years, she was married to him when his first wife, Harriet, had committed suicide. In the summer of 1816 Byron, Shelley, and Mary were living on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati Having during a week of rain amused themselves with reading German ghost stories, they agreed to write something in imitation of them Thus began Byron's tale of the Vampire, which Polidon, his physician, completed and published as his patron's But the most memorable result of the story-telling compact was Mrs Shelley's romance of Frankenstein, recognised on its publication in 1817 as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife. is on the model of St Leon A native of Geneva, Frankenstein is sent to the University of Ingolstadt, where, having already dabbled in magic and mystery, he pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits

sepulchres and dissecting rooms, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue succeeds in discovering the secret of life. Full of his discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and after revolting experiments constructs a gigantic figure eight feet high, and, a veritable modern Demiurgus, breathes into its nostrils the breath of life. The Monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, haunts him like a spell, murders his friend, and strangles his bride. Frankenstein pursues him to the Arctic regions, and then perishes of cold and anguish, while the Monster disappears from the scene, resolved to put a period to his unhallowed existence.



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY
From the Portrait (1841) by R Rothwell, R.H A, in the National
Portrait Gallery

After the death of her husband, Mrs Shelleywho was left with an only surviving son to inherit the baronetcy-returned to London, and devoted herself to literary pursuits, producing Valperga (1823), The Last Man (1826), Perkin Waibeck, Lodore (1835, largely autobiographical), and other works of fiction, none of which merited the success of Frankenstein, though several of them contain admirable passages Her father-in-lan, when making her an allowance, insisted on the suppression of the volume of Shelley's Posthumous Poems which she had issued in 1824. She wrote industriously and gracefully for the annuals, contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the Cabinet Cyclopædia, edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's Poetical Works (1839), and also edited Shelley's Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments (1840) Her last book

was a record of her travels with her son in Italy and Germany She was buried at Bournemouth There are Lives by Mrs Julian Marshall (1889) and Mrs W M Rossetti (in the 'Eminent Women Series, 1890).

Geraldine Endsoi Jewsbury (1812-80) was born at Measham, Derbyshire, and from 1854 lived at Chelsea, to be near her intimate friends, the Carlyles The Half-Sisters and The Sorrows of Gentility were by far the best known of the series of novels which included also Zoe, Marian Withers, Constance Herbert, and Right or Wrongnot to speak of stories for children and short tales of various kinds Delicate health alone prevented her from becoming a regular writer for the Times, she was for many years a constant contributor to the Athenaum and a member of its staff, her theo logical views were 'advanced,' and her brilliant and humorous conversational gifts 'made her a social force in literary and artistic circles' Her indiscreet gossip unduly affected Froude's view of the relations between Mr and Mrs Carlyle her Letters to Mrs Carlyle, edited by Mrs Ireland (1892) -Her sister, Maria Jane (1800-33), wrote poetry, articles in the annuals and in the Athenæum, Phantasmagoria, or Sketchis of Life and Character (1825), Letters to the Young (1828), and The Three Histories (of an enthusiast, a nonchalant, and a realist, 1830) Wordsworth addressed his poem of Liberty to her She mar ried in 1832 an Indian chaplain, the Rev W K Fletcher, and died of cholera at Poonah

Lady Georgiana Fullerton (1812-85), a daughter of the first Earl Granville, was born at Tivall Hall in Staffordshire, and in 1833 married Alexander George Fullerton, an officer in the Her father was ambassador in Paris, and the young couple were for the first eight years of their married life in Lord Granville's household The husband became a Catholic in 1843, and Lady Georgiana, two years after publishing her first story, Ellen Middleton (1844), also became a convert to Catholicism The rest of her life was mainly devoted to charitable and religious works and the writing of tales of religious sub ject or tendency-amongst them Grantley Manor (1847), Too Strange not to be True (1864), Coustance Sherwood (1864), A Stormy Life (1864), Mrs Gerald's Niece (1871), and A Will and a Way (1881) Two were written and first pub lished in French-La Comtesse de Bonneval (1857) and Rose Leblanc (1861) She published two volumes of verse, and wrote or translated the story of several saintly lives After her son's death she became one of the Tertiaries of the order of St Francis, she helped in establishing the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul in England, and was herself one of the founders of a minor order of women. Dying at Bournemouth, she was buried in the cemetery of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton Several of her novels are still read and reprinted, the most popular, Too Strange not to be True,

being the history of a pious but much-afflicted French emigrant to Canada. See her Life by Father Coleridge, from the French of Mrs Craven (1888), and Miss Yonge in Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign (1897)

Hrs Henry Wood (1814-87), novelist, whose maiden name was Ellen Price, was born at Worcester, married early Mr Henry Wood, a ship agent living in France, and after his death settled in London, and commenced writing for the New Monthly Magazine and Bentley's Miscellany Her temperance story, Danesbury House (1860), was followed by East Lynne (1861), which had an almost unexampled success Having found her public, Mrs Wood poured forth upwards of thirty more novels, perhaps the best The Channings (1862) The Shadorv of Ashlydyat (1863), Osrvald Cray (1864), A Life's Secret (1867), Dene Hollow (1871), Within the Maze (1872), and Pomeroy Abbey (1878). Her work rarely rises above the commonplace, though she revealed some power in the analysis of character in her anony-In 1867 mous Johnny Ludlow stories (1874-80) she acquired the monthly Argosy, and her novels went on appearing in it long after her death novelist of her day was more popular with girls of the middle class Her son published Memorials of her in 1895

Charlotte Brontë, third child of the Rev Patrick Bronte and Mary Branwell, his wife, was born at Thornton, Bradford, 21st April 1816 Her father was an Irishman of County Down, a man of strong character and some literary talent. His wife, who was a native of Penzance, died of cancer on 15th September 1821, leaving behind her six children. By this time Patrick Bronte had removed to Haworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he remained to his death. It was a large village of nearly five thousand inhabitants, most of the people being engaged in the woollen manufacture.

The motherless children were cared for by their aunt, Miss Branwell, and they displayed an extriordinary precocity of talent Their father treated them as his intellectual equals, and discussed with them the public affairs of the day They had very little intercourse with their neighbours, their refuge was in the unenclosed, untilled, heathery moors, with their becks and hollows eldest daughters were sent, in July 1824, to a school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge near Kirby Lonsdale, and Charlotte and Emily followed in September A low fever broke out in the school, and Maria and Elizabeth became seriously ill, and were taken home only to die. Though Charlotte was but eight years old, the liabit of observation had set in, and she attributed the death of her sisters to their cruel treatment in the school, an injury avenged in the opening scenes of Jane Eyre At Haworth, where the diminished family now gathered, Miss Branwell gave the girls

lessons, and their father told them the news The three sisters, Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne, and their brother, Branwell, devoted themselves to writing, and Charlotte composed in a few years some twenty or thirty tales as well as many poems In 1831 she went again to school at Roe Head, a country house between Leeds and Huddersfield, and made the friendship of Ellen Nussey and Mary and Martha Taylor On her letters to Miss Nussey our knowledge of her life is mainly based Mary and Martha Taylor suggested the Rose and Jessy Yorke of Shirley Returning to her home in 1832, Miss Brontë found that her brother Bran well had contracted vicious habits, and he was to the last a source of increasing misery to the family She had experiences as a school teacher, and as a governess at a salary of £20 a year, the discipline of teaching was pronounced 'equally painful and priceless? The sisters began to think of starting a school, and in February 1842 Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels in order to improve their knowledge of foreign languages. They entered the school kept by M Héger and his wife in the Rue d'Isabelle.

There can be no doubt that this was the decisive event in Miss Brontë's life. It was then she began to live and to write out of her heart nearly twenty-six, and had written incessantly but without the smallest success. Though she had received two proposals of marriage, her heart had never been touched. She had never met a man of intellect, culture, and imagination Yet through all the years she craved for intellectual sympathy, and at last she found it. M Heger, then twentysix, was a man of accomplishment, enthusiastic, passionate, tender, and religious in his nature. His pupil regarded him with steadily growing affection and admiration. He recognised her gifts and pitied her loneliness After spending nine months at Brussels, the Bronte girls returned to Haworth Vicarrage on the death of their aunt Emily remained at home to keep house for her futher, but Charlotte returned to Brussels wrote to Miss Nussey 'I returned to Brussels after nunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal, for more than two years, of happiness and peace of mind' The attempts to explain away these words make them only more significant During her second period at Brussels Charlotte Bronte instructed M Héger and his brother-inlaw in English She suffered much from low spirits, and on one occasion paid a visit to the confessional She says to Emily 'I actually did confess—n real confession, a confession doubtless not of sin but of pain. By the advice of her friend Mary Taylor she suddenly returned on 18th January 1844. A month after she wrote 'I suffered much before I left Brussels I thmk however long I live I shall not forget what the parting with M Higer cost me.' She carried on a correspondence with her teacher for eighteen months, but it was sharply ended through the intervention of Madame Héger. There was nothing dishonourable in the episode, and it is obvious that M. Héger never felt for his pupil anything more than friendship. But the result was deep and abiding

She returned to a very gloomy home. Her brother Branwell, who had become thoroughly vicious—an opium eater, a drunkard, and a confirmed liar—was dismissed from a situation as tutor, returned to his father's house, and after years of steady deterioration, during which his sisters endured unspeakable agonies, died in September 1848. He was intellectually the weakest of the family, there is little trace of talent in his writings. The enforced contact with shameless vice from which the sisters had to suffer left its mark upon their works.

Miss Bronte's thoughts turned to literature, and the three sisters put together a little volume of verses, published at their expense, in May 1846, by Messrs Aylott & Jones The sisters adopted the pseudonyms Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell corresponded with their initials. One or two critics recognised the excellence of Ellis Bell's work, but it appears that only two copies of the book were Later on Miss Bronte reissued the volume with additional poems from the literary remains of Ellis and Acton Bell Miss Bronte had written n novel, The Professor, based on her Brussels experience, and sent it to various publishers manuscript shows that the title originally chosen was The Master It went to six publishers, and was returned without comment, but Mr W S Williams, the reader to Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and a critic of rare discernment, saw its value, and Miss Bronte was advised to write a novel of the threevolume size. The Professor made only two regulation volumes, otherwise it would probably have been accepted. The book did not appear till after Miss Bronte's death, and has been unaccountably depreciated by critics, it is, however, an exquisitely fresh and tender love story, and the herome, Frances Evans Henri, is perhaps the most charming in Charlotte Bronte's gallers gives full proof of the writer's power, and Miss Brontë herself never swerved in her high estimate of its value. It is a story of the love between a master and his pupil, a subject from which Miss Brontës thoughts never moved far Messrs Smith and Elder couched their refusal of the tale in such reasonable and courteous terms as were almost an encouragement. Miss Bronte replied that she had a second narrative in three volumes now in progress and nearly completed, to which she had endeavoured to impart a more vivid interest than belonged to The Professor The pub lishers desired to see the manuscript, which was despatched to them on 24th August. It was accepted, printed, and published by 16th October, and in a very short time, and without the aid of the critics, attained a great success. One of its

reviewers thus commenced his article 'Since the publication of Grantley Manor no novel has created so much sensation as Jane Ejie' The secret of Miss Bronte's triumph is not at all obscure. She combined passion with power of expression. The glow and energy of the story held its readers captive. Very soon there came fierce protests against its unconventionality. Miss Rigby (see page 387), in the Quarterly Review, went so far is to suggest that the writer might be a woman 'who for some sufficient reason had long forfeited the society of her sex,' and the North British Review followed suit by saying that 'if Jane Eyre be the production of a woman, she



From an Engraving after the Drawing by G Richmond, RA, by permission of Messrs Smith, Elder & Co

must be a woman unsexed? Doubtless the book was unusually outspoken The obsession of Branwell's conduct and conversation at the time she wrote it goes further than anything else to account for this There is also abundant testimony that her father and one or two men who visited her home talked before her, if not to her, with as little reticence as Rochester talked to Jane Eyre. Her experience of Brussels schoolgirls must also be reckoned However, the main point to be noted is that the subject in itself was absolutely unconventional. In this, as in all her novels, she describes love not from the man's but from the woman's point of view She lifts the veil from the love-agonies of her heroines, and expresses the suffering which women are doomed to bear in silence. It has often been said that Charlotte Brontë's books are autobiographical,

and this is true in a very real sense her characters from life, some of them, she ad mitted, were merely photographs But in another sense, equally important, her books do not render the outward part of her own experience. As we know her, Charlotte Bronté was a martyr to her sense of duty She lived for her family -her father, her sisters, her brother, her servants She would suffer nothing to shake the supremacy of her home duties, and almost denied herself the solace of friendship. But her heroines have no tie to home or family they are able to choose and shape their destinies, they enter the world free, and yet with qualities of culture and feeling that bring to them at last the full investiture of life through love. She writes much of love re quited, but her main theme is the suffering of love which is in doubt, the pain of unrequited Did she know it? For answer we quote her own words 'Details, situations which I do not understand and cannot personally inspect, I would not for the world meddle with Besides, not one feeling on any subject, public or private, will I ever affect that I do not really

experience.' The grounds of the main objections that have been taken to Miss Brontë's novels are their occasional outspokenness and their unsparing revelations of the heart. The second edition of Jane Lire, with a dedication to Thickeray, appeared in January 1848 Thacleray had already expressed his admiration of the book, though he complained that the plot was familiar to him Miss Brontc said meekly that she had read few novels, and that she imagined the plot was original Her intense but strictly critical and qualified admiration of Thackeray seems to have been based entirely on Vanity Fair, the first number of which appeared in January 1847 and the last in July 1848

There was eager speculation on the authorship of Jane Lyre Many critics thought the book must bave been written by a man Others believed that a man and a woman had been at work togetber, and the names of Barry Cornwall and his wife were suggested But one, the able critic in the Christian Remembrancer, said 'We, for our part, cannot doubt that the work is written by a female, and, as certain provincialisms indicate, by one from the north of England.' It is impossible to trace the literary connections of Jane Eyre, but it has been suggested that in Charlotte Bronte's conception of love there are distinct traces of Harriet Martineau's forgotten novel, Deer brook There are also bints of the influence of Pamela, which, we know, was read by her father, and imitated by him in a little book. The attempts to suggest foreign origins are not plausible.

Miss Brontë, who had kept her secret even from her publishers, went up to London in July 1846 with her sister Anne and revealed herself. After a short visit, they returned to a sorely tried home. Branwell Bronte died, as we have said, in September 1848, Emily in December, and Anne Brontë in May 1849 During this painful time Miss Bronte was writing Shirles, which is the brightest of her She had partially escaped from sweet and stories Nearly every character in the bitter memories book was a Yorkshire friend. It was impossible any longer to hide the secret of the authorship Yorke family in particular were 'almost daguerreotypes' of the Taylors Shirley Keeldar, the heroine, represents traces of her sister Emily, Louis Moore, the tutor, is the inevitable M Héger, Mr Helstone is a Mr Roberson, a fighting Tory parson of the The love story of Robert and Caroline is even more beautiful than that of Louis and In both cases the man is dominant. Shirley Sharley expressed Charlotte Bronte in her happiest mood, and will always be the favourite novel of many readers, though Jane Eyre has been more esteemed by the public and Villette by the critics

Miss Bronte's genius had by this time brought her into a circle of friendly admirers, and among others she came to know Thackeray, G H Lewes, Mrs Gaskell, and Miss Martineau With none of these, however, was she on terms of real intimacy She was shy and shrinking, melancholy and selfconscious, and her feeble, nervous, suffering body was always sinking to its fall. There could be no greater contrast than that between her fiery soul and her extreme reserve and timidity. Outwardly her life was one of decorous, uneventful simplicity, but as a writer she plunged boldly into the whirl of passion, and never hesitated to lay bare the inner sanctuary of feeling. Yet her friendships and her fame gave her pleasure. 'How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all the raven, weary of surveying the deluge and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustains me still.

Villette, her last completed story, and artistically the most perfect of all, is a reproduction of her life in Brussels, with touches from more recent experience It appeared in the beginning of 1853 Her publisher, Mr George Smith, and his mother are among the characters, and it contains a description of Rachel's acting which Miss Brontë had seen in London. The book was received with a burst of acclamation Harriet Martineau protested against the place it gave to love, and Anglican journals against its attacks on sacerdotalism But its picture of love, its romance, its poetry, its sarcasm, and occasional phyfulness captivated the world Villette is an autobiography in the fullest sense of the word. Charlotte herself is Lucy Snowe, and M. Héger is Paul Emanuel Her father urged that the story should end happily with the marriage of the professor and his pupil Miss Brontc, however, was inflexible. The lovers are left unwedded. Amidst all the praise the writer's heart was sinking. Her courage was

failing, the oppressive quietness of her home life, and, above all, the haunting memories of Brussels, crushed her spirits Solitude fearfully aggravated She sat day by day in her chair, other evils with saddest memories for her only company, late into the night, conversing with the spirits of the A gleam of happiness came before the Her father's curate, Mr A B Nicholls, had long loved her Though Miss Bronte esteemed him, she thought him narrow and uncongenial in feelings and tastes Her father furiously opposed the match, he thought that his famous daughter would be throwing herself away on a curate with £100 a year Miss Bronti was touched at last by the steadfast devotion of Mr Nicholls, her father yielded, and she was married on 19th June 1854 After a visit with her husband to his Irish relations, she returned to Haworth Her married life was very happy, but her health became precarious, she sank steadily, and died on 31st March 1855 of an illness incidental to childbirth Her last words were 'Oh, I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy' So ended a deeply shadowed life. Her early friend, Mary Taylor, declared that Mrs Gaskell's biography was 'not so gloomy as the truth,' that Miss Bronte had lived all her days in a walking nightmare of poverty and self-suppression. For her three great books she received only £1500, practically all this sum was saved and bequeathed to her husband. It was her lot to be unfortunate in almost all things, but her fortitude remained unshaken She was rigidly faithful to her views of duty, and though often wounded she was never stained It has been well said that 'no apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Bronte's life and character' The vitality of her works is undiminished, and to day they are as widely read as ever

#### Mme Rachel

The theatre was full crammed to its roof royal and noble were there palace and hotel had emptied their inmates into those tiers so thronged and so hushed

I wondered if she would justify her renown with strange curiosity, with feelings severe and austere, yet of riveted interest, I waited. She was a study of such nature as had not encountered my eyes yet a great and new planet she was but in what shape? I waited her rising

She rose at nine that December night above the horizon I saw her come She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might, but that star verged already on its judgment day Seen near, it was a chaos—hollow, half consumed, an orb perished or perishing—half lava, half glow

What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now lile twilight, and wasted like wax in fiame. I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a fruit creature, and as the actions rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote Hell on her straight,

haughty brow They tuned her voice to the note of torment They writhed her regal face to a demoniae mask. Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate she stood

It was a marvellous sight a mighty revelation

It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral

Swordsmen thrust through, and dying in their blood on the arena sand, bulls goring, horses disembowelled, made a meeker vision for the public—a milder condiment for a people's palate—than Vashti torn by seven devils devils which eried sore and rent the tenement they haunted, but still refused to be exorcised.

Suffering had struck that stage empress, and she stood before her audience, neither yielding to, nor enduring, nor, in finite measure, resenting it—she stood locked in struggle, rigid in resistance. She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular like scilpture—A background and entourage and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver—rather, be it said like Death

Where was the artist of the Cleopatra? Let him come and sit down and study the different visions. Let him seek here the mighty brawn, the musele, the abounding blood, the full fed flesh he worshipped let all materialists draw nigh and look on

I have said that she does not resent her grief the weakness of that word would make it a lie. To her, what hurts becomes immediately embodied she lools on it as a thing that can be attacked, wormed down, Scarcely a substance herself, she torn in shreds grapples to conflict with abstractions. Before calamity she is a tigress, she rends her woes, shivers them in convulsed abhorrence Pain, for her, has no result in good tears water no harvest of wisdom on siekness, on death itself, she looks with the eye of a rebel Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong, and her strength his conquered Beauty, has overcome Grace, and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair and docile as Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each m-enad movement royally, imperially, incedingly up borne Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo. Tallen, in surgent, hanished, she remembers the heaven where she Heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its rebelled confines and discloses their forlorn remoteness

(From Villette, Chap XXIII)

# Rain.

But Jessie, I will write about you no more an autumn evening wet and wild There is only one cloud in the sky, but it curtains it from pole to pole The wind cannot rest it hurries sobbing over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight and mist has beat all day on that church tower it rises dark from the stony enclosure of its graveyard the nettles, the long grass, and the tombs all drip with wet evening reminds me too forcibly of another evening some years ago a howling, rainy autumn evening too-when certain who had that day performed a pilgrimage to a grave new made in a heretic cemetery, sat near a wood fire on the hearth of a foreign dwelling. They were merry and social, but they each knew that a gap never to be filled had been made in their circle. They knew they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for so long as they lived, and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling, and that the sad sighing gale was mourning above her buried head. The fire warmed them, Life and Friendship yet blessed them, but Jessie by cold, coffined, solitary—only the sod screening her from the storm

(From Shurley, Chap XXIII)

# Hope Dead.

Jane Lyre-who had been an ardent, expectant woman-almost a bride-was a cold solitary girl again her life was pale, her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer, a white December storm had whirled over June, ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses, on hay field and corn field lay a frozen shrond lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to day were pathless with untrodden snow, and the woods which twelve hours since waved lenfy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine forests in wintry Norway My hopes were all deadstruck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first born in the land of Egypt I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glow ing, they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive I looked at my love, that feeling which was my master's-which he had created, it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold eradle, sickness and anguish had scized it, it could not seek Mr Rochester's arms-it could not derive warmth from his breast never more could it turn to him, for faith was blightedconfidence destroyed 1 One idea only still throbbed life like within me—a remembrance of God it begot an unuttered prayer these words went wandering up and down in my rigless mind, as something that should be whispered, but no energy was found to express them-

'Be not far from me, for trouble is near there is none o help'

It was near, and as I had lifted no petition to Heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came in full heavy swing the torrent poured over me

(From Jane Eyre, Chap. XXVI)

# Villette by Moonlight

Hush! The clock strikes. Gliostly deep as is the stillness of this house, it is only cleven. While my ear follows to silence the hum of the last stroke, I catch faintly from the built art capital a sound like bells, or like a band—a sound where sweetness, where victory, where mourning blend Oh to approach this music nearer, to listen to it alone by the rushy basin 1 Let me go-oh let me go l What hinders, what does not aid freedom? Quiet Rue Fossette! I find on this pavement that wanderer wooing summer night of which I mused, I see its moon over me, I feel its dew in the air Bnt here I cannot stay, I am still too near old haunts, so close under the dungeon, I can hear the prisoner s moan This solemn peace is not what I seek, it is not what I can bear to me the face of that sky bears the aspect of a world's death The park also will be calm-I know, a mortal screnity prevails everywhere Villette is one blaze, -yet let me seek the park. one broad illumination, the whole world seems abroad moonlight and heaven are banished the town, by her own flambeaux, beholds her own splendour-gry dresses, grand equipages, fine horses, and gallant riders throng the bright streets. I see even scores of masks. It is a strange scene, stranger than dreams That festal night would have been safe for a very child Half the peasantry had come in from the outlying environs of Villette, and the decent burghers were all abroad and around, dressed in their best. My straw hat passed amidst cap and jacket, short petticoat, and long calico mantle, without, perhaps, attracting a glance, I only took the precaution to bend down the broad leaf gipsy wise, with a supplementary ribbon—and then I felt safe as if masked

Safe I passed down the avenues—safe I mived with the crowd where it was deepest. To be still was not in my power, nor quietly to observe. I drank the elastic night air—the swell of sound, the dubious light, now flashing, now fiding. (From Villette, Chap XXVIII)

#### Prayer

Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. Night after night the sweat of agony may burst dark on the forehead, the supplicant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible, 'Spare my beloved,' it may im plore. 'Heal my life's life Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature heaven-bend-hear-be element!' And after this cry of strife, the sun may rise to see him worsted opening morn which used to salute him with the whisper of zephyrs, the carol of skylarks, may breathe as its first accents, from the dear lips which colour and lieat have quitted-'Oh, I have had a suffering night This morn ing I am worse I have tried to rise I cannot Dreams I am unused to have troubled me

Then the watcher approaches the patient's pillow and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh, knows it is God's will his idol shall be broken, and bends his head, and subdues his soul to the sentence he cannot avert, and scarce can bear

Happy Mrs Pryor! She was still praying, unconscious that the summer sun hung above the hills, when her child softly wolle in her arms. No piteous unconscious moaning—sound which so wastes our strength that, even if we have sworn to be firm, a rush of unconquerable fears sweeps away the oath—preceded her waking. No space of deaf apathy followed. The first words spoken were not those of one becoming estranged from this world, and already permitted to stray at times into realms foreign to the living. Caroline evidently remembered with clear ness what had happened.

(From Shirley, Chap. XXV.)

## Love

'Love a enme! No, Shirley love is a divine virtue—ohtrusiveness is a enime, forwardness is a crime, and both disgust—but love!—no purest angel need blush to love. And when I see or licar either man or woman couple shame with love, I know their minds are coarse, their associations debased'

'You sacrifice three fourths of the world, Caroline.'

'They are cold—they are cowardly—they are stupid, on the subject, Shirley! They never loved—they never were loved!'

'Thou art right, Lina! And in their dense ignorance they blasphome living fire, seraphs—brought from a divine altar'

'They confound it with sparks mounting from Tophet!'
(From Shirler Chap XVII)

The Bronte literature is considerable, but practically all the facts are contained in Mrs Gaskell's biography, edited by Clement Shorter, and in Mr Shorter & Charlotte Bronte and her Circle (1896). The latter work contains many letters to Miss Nussey, W S Williams, and others. Charlotte Bronte, a Monograph, by T Wemyss Reid (1877) is based on Miss Nussey's letters. Some information may be obtained from Pictures of the Past, by F H Grundy (1879) and F A Leyland's The Bronte Family (1886), but neither book is quite trustworthy Dr Wright's work, The Brontes in Ireland (1893), is legendary A very convenient reprint of Miss Bronte's letters, in chronological order, was issued by Mr J Horsfall Turner for private circulation but very few copies are extant. Mr Augustine Birrell's little book in the Great Writers series is marked by its sense and humanity. Almost all the existing material is now in print the letters to M. Heger having probably been destroyed. A complete edition of her Works, with Introductions by Mrs Humphry Ward, was issued in 7 vols. in 1899-1900 a complete edition, with some new matter, and Introductions by the present writer, was published in 1903. Criticisms are very numerous the most impor tant is A Note on Charlotte Bronte, by Mr Swinburne (1877) A work full of judicious comment is The Brontes Fact and Fiction, by Angus M Mackay (1897) The Transactions of the Bronte Society include some valuable papers and nn excellent bibliography Of the numerous critical essays among the most important are two articles on Jane Eyre and Shirley in the Reone des Deux Mondes, by Eugene Forçade (1848 and 1849) these were considered by Charlotte Bronte the best interpretations of her novels. The Christian Remembrancer in 1848, 1853, and 1857 published acute enticisms to one of which Miss Bronte replied (see Christian Remembrancer, vol xxxv) We may note also the essays by W C. Roscoe in the National Review, reprinted in his Essays (1860) Sir Leslie Stephen Hours in a Library (3rd series, 1879), and his article in the Dictionary of National Biography, Sir John Skelton in Europs in History and Biography (1883).

## W ROBERTSON NICOLL

Emily Jane Bronti was born at Thornton in 1818, and died at Haworth on 19th December 1848, leaving behind her one imperishable novel, Wuthering Heights, and some poems which cannot be forgotten She was an enigma in life, she remains an enigma in death. She went in infancy to the school at Cowan Bridge, and was for some time in 1836 a teacher in a school at Halifax, where she worked from six in the morning till eleven at night. Later on, she was with Charlotte during her first period at Brussels For the rest, she remained at Haworth, and is said to have been an excellent housekeeper. She had no intimacies except with her sister Anne, and their correspondence has been destroyed. Her two sisters, her father, her brother, her dog, and the old servant in the house were necessary to her, but she never studied their comfort nor returned their confidence. It was said of her that she never showed a regard for any human creature, that all her love was reserved for animals. This is an exaggeration, but her reserve was extreme. She could not live away from the moors, and whenever she was absent she suffered from vehement home sickness Miss Nussey tells us that on the top of a moor or in a deep glen she was a child in spirit for glee and enjoyment, that few people had the gift of looking and smiling as she could look and smile. The only man for whom she showed any friendship was a curate, Mr Weightman had an exceptional gift for music. Her poems showed remarkable force and vigour, as well as deep feeling. Her creed was never put into explicit form, but it is manifest that she was far

from adopting the doctrines of the Church December 1847 her novel, Wuthering Heights, was published by T C Nev by, with her sister's story, Agnes Grey, the two making three volumes Newby was a commission publisher of no high The sisters paid him £50, and he character issued an edition of two hundred and fifty copies Charlotte Bronte went over it carefully after Emily's death, and it is now printed with Charlotte's corrections Emily Bronte did not live long enough to witness its recognition, she died on 19th December 1848, refusing medical advice, doggedly rejecting sympathy, and clinging passionately to life The earlier critics of Wuthering Heights dwelt on its inhuman characteristics, and it obtained its first recognition from Sydney Dobell in an article published in the Palladium Dobell refused to believe that Ellis Bell and Currer Bell were dis tinct, and urged Currer Bell to write as she wrote in Withering Heights Though he deprecated the employment of the author's wonderful pencil on a picture so destitute of moral beauty and human worth, he declared that Wuthering Heights was such an elaboration of a rare and fearful form of mental disease-so terribly strong, so exquisitely subtle-with such niceties in its transitions, such intimate symptomatic truth in its details, as to be at once a psychological and medical study book bore everywhere the stamp of high genius, though one looked back at the whole story as to a world of brilliant figures in an atmosphere of mist. Mr Dobell's judgment was confirmed by Matthew Arnold, who wrote of Emily as one

Whose soul Knew no fellow for might, Passion, vehemence, grief, Daring since Byron died

Mr Swinburne in a noble panegyric reckons her the greatest genius of the Bronte sisters

The attempts made by Dr Wright to find the origin of Wuthering Heights in Irish stories, and by Mrs Humphry Ward to connect the book with the German romantic movement, have failed Equally without foundation is the story that Branwell Bronte had a share in the book. Charlotte Brontc writes after his death 'My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature-he was not aware that they bad ever published anything? She also points out that her sisters wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and their stores of observation Emily Bronte remains the sphinx of literature

## Distraction.

She found childish diversion in pulling the feathers from the rents she had just made, and ranging them on the sheet according to their different species her mind had strayed to other associations.

'That's a turkey's,' she murmured to herself, 'and this is a wild duck's, and this is a pigeon's Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor

when I he down And here is a moor cock's, and this —I should I now it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's Bonny bird, wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor! It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells, and it felt rain coming This feather was picked up from the heath, the bird was not shot we saw its nest in the winter, full of little skeletons. Heath cliff set a trap over it, and the old one, dared not come I made him promise he'd never shoot a lapwing after that, and he didn't Yes, here are more! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly? Are they red, any of them? Let me look?

'Give over that baby work,' I interrupted, drigging the pillow away and turning the holes towards the mattress, for she was removing its contents by handfuls. 'Lie down and shut your eyes you're wandering There's a mess' The down is flying about like snow'

I went here and there collecting it

"I see in you, Nelly," she continued dreamily, "an aged woman you have grey hair and bent shoulders. This bed is the fury cave under Penistone Crags, and you are gathering elf bolts to hurt our heifers, pretending, while I am near, that they are only locks of wool. That's what you'll come to fifty years hence. I I now you are not so now. I'm not wandering, you're mistaken, or else I should believe you really "cere that withered hag, and I should think I "vas under Penistone Crags, and I'm conscious it's night, and there are two candles on the table making the black press sline lile jet."

(From Wuthering Heights, Chap. XII)

#### The Old Stoic

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn,
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty'

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore,
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

Anne Bronte would have been forgotten if it had not been for her sisters Born at Thornton in 1819, she died at Scarborough in May 1849 She had two unhappy experiences as a governess, but, with the exception of a visit to London, she only once left her native county She was in every way more normal than her sisters, gentle, pleasing in appearance, and intellectually commonplace. She was devoutly evangelical, but declined to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Her two books, Agnes Grey and The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, have value as throwing light on the Brontc experience, in some of her religious poems she rises above mediocrity But it is perhaps to be regretted that her novels, especially The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, should continue to be reprinted This was Charlotte Bronte's opinion Anne had none of the power and fire of her sisters, but was almost as taciturn as they

Prictically everything that is known of Emily Bronté is to be found in Chapter VI of Mr Shorter's Charlotte Bronte and her Circle The Preface by Charlotte Bronte for the reprint of Withering Heights in 1850 is singularly affecting. Mr Dobell's article appeared in the Palladium for September 1850, the Palla lium was an Edinburgh magazine written mainly by members of the spasmodic school. It is reprinted in his Biography (vol. 1 p. 163). Some of Emily's school exercises appear in The Woman at Home (vol. 1i. p. 445). The volume on Finily Bronté by A. M. F. Robinson is of little value, and is mainly concerned with Branwell Bronte. For Anne reference may be made to Currer Bell's biographical notice, and to the chapter in Mr Shorter's book.

#### W ROBLRTSON NICOIL

Mrs Gaskell (Elizabeth Cleghorn Steven-SON) was born in Lindsay Row, now part of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on 29th September 1810 She was the daughter, by his first marringe, of William Stevenson, an ex-Unitarian minister, who, after a chequered career, had settled as Keeper of the Records to the Treasury in London mother, who was a Miss Holland, daughter of Mr Holland of Sandlebridge in Clieshire, died within a month after the child's birth. The infant was transferred almost immediately to the care of lier mother's sister, Mrs Lumb, at Knutsford in Cheshire, quaint little country-town about fifteen miles from Manchester Knutsford is the place she afterwards described as Cranford in her book bearing that title, and as Hollingford in Wives and Daughters, there Mrs Gaskell spent most of her childhood and girlhood, growing up a beautiful and accomplished girl She was two years a pupil in a school at Stratford on Avon, and paid lengthened visits to London, Edinburgh, and Newcastle on Tyne On 30th August 1832 she was married to the Rev William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Her first publication was a poem, written in conjunction with her husband and published in Blackwood, January 1837, under the title 'Sketches among the Poor' It was followed by a sketch of Clopton Hall near Stratford-on-Avon, contributed to William Howitt's book, Visits to Remarkable Places (1838) she finished her first novel, Mary Barton, the scene was laid in Manchester, and the book dealt with the period of distress which suggested Disraeli's Sybil Her aim was to represent the thoughts and feelings of the workman appeared anonymously in 1848, and was received with enthusiasm, winning the praise of Miss Edgeworth, Carlyle, and Landor Early in 1850 Dickens invited Mrs Gaskell's co-operation in his new venture, Household Words, and the first number contained the beginning of a short story, 'Lizzie Leigh? This was followed by many short stories and articles covering a long period Her second important novel, Ruth, though written with more finish than Mary Barton, dealt, perhaps unsuccessfully, with a difficult ethical problem, and was less popular Her most enduring work, Cranford, appeared irregularly in Household Words from 1851 to 1853 It sold slowly, but its place in English literature is assured It shows a specially clear and tender comprehension of a calm autumnal

existence, as clear as Miss Austen's and much more tender, it had a marked effect on the early work of George Eliot More ambitious was her next novel, North and South, published in 1855, which returns to the problem of the working classes In 1857 Mrs Gaskell published her biography of Charlotte Bronte, based on personal knowledge and full and accurate investigation, and written with conspicuous skill and charm Recent investigations have only confirmed its substantial truth It must be admitted, however, that Mrs Gaskell showed herself singularly reck less in her treatment of living people, and she had to withdraw various passages under threat



MRS GASKELL
From a Drawing by G Richmond R A in the possession of
Miss Gaskell, Manchester

In 1859 she published a volume of short stories, under the title My Lady Ludlow Sylvia's Lovers (1863), which is perhaps the least satisfactory of her novels, depends for its story on the press gang at the close of the eighteenth century, its scene being laid in Whitby To 1863 also belongs the beautiful little idyl, Cousin Phillis Mrs Gaskell's last story, Wives and Daughters, is her fullest and ripest, but she did not live to finish it. On Sunday, 12th November 1865, without a moment's warning, she died from disease of the heart, in the company of her daughters, and at the country house at Holybourne, Hampshire, which she had purchased with the proceeds of her last book. Mrs Gaskell wrote many articles, which have never been collected, in All the Year Round, Fraser's Magazine, and the Pall Mall Gazette Her short stories have been collected in several volumes, and the complete edition of her novels and tales was issued in eight volumes in 1872-73 Though not a writer of

the first rank, she succeeded more than most in measuring her powers and in achieving her ambitions. Her work moves between the manu facturing cities and the quiet country towns, and she is more successful in the latter than in the former, her effects are produced by a multitude of tender and delicate touches, rather than by dark shadows or brilliant lights. No one describes like her a society where the stage of life to which belonged vivid passion, forcible incident, and absorbing motives has passed by for the principal personages of her story, and has not yet arrived for the secondary characters

There is no authorised Life of Mrs Gasl ell, but see Mrs Gaskell by Miss Flora Masson (1903), the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica by the same writer, and that in the Dictionary of National Biography by Dr A. W Ward. The best criticism is by William Minto in the Fortinghtly Review (vol. xxx.) See also the obituary notice in the Saturday Review (1865) by Mr John Morley (!)

W ROBERTSON NICOLL



JEAN INGELOW
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons

Jean Ingelow (1820-97) was the daughter of a banker at Boston in Lincolnshire, her mother being of Aberdeenshire stock, and lived in the fen country or at Ipswich till about 1863, when she settled permanently in London. Her first efforts in verse were published anony mously as A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Teelings (1850). It was her second volume of Poems (1863), which ran through four impressions in a year, that revealed her gift and her accomplishment—seen especially perhaps in 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire in 1571'. Much of her poetry is of a religious, introspective cast, simplicity, grace, tenderness,

pathos, and sympathy are conspicuous characteristics, perhaps the ballads best show her power to move She wrote many admirable stories for and about children, like Mopsa the Fairy (5th ed 1891) and Stories told to Children, and a series of successful novels, amongst them Off the Skelligs (1872), Fated to be Free (1875), Don John (1876), and Sarah de Beienger (1879) A one volume edition of her poems was issued in 1898, Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow, published anonymously, appeared in 1901

Eliza Cook (1818-89), daughter of a London brazier, contributed to magazines from an early age, and issued volumes of poetry in 1835 (Lay's of a Wild Harp), 1838, 1864, and 1865 For five years she conducted Eliza Cook's Journal (1849-1854), and reissued great part of her contributions to it in Joilings from my Journal (1860) Diamond Dust (1865) contained aphorisms and apophthegms, her last book of verse, New Echoes, had appeared in 1864 'The Englishman' ('There's a land that bears a well known name', and 'The Rover's Song' ('I'm afloat-I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide') are among her most successful things 'The Old Arm-Chair,' 'God Speed the Plough,' and 'The Raising of the Maypole' also appealed to a wide audience, but many of her poems are very conventional and wooden sometimes affected a kind of imitation Scotch, apostrophised 'Charlie O'Ross, wi' the sloe black een,' as 'the laddie wha blithely comes wooin' o' me,' and celebrated Burns's memory in stanzas with the refrain 'Oh, bonnie sweet Robin is nae dead and gane'

Adelaide Ann Proeter (1825-64) inherited her poetic gift from her father, B W Procter ('Barry Cornwall,' see page 227), and at eighteen as contributor to a Book of Beauty was writing But most of her poems were published in Household Words (from 1853) and All the Year Round, though Dickens, her father's friend, did not for some time know who was the 'Miss Berwick' from whom her verses professedly came. poems were collected in two volumes, Legends and Lyrics, in 1858, a tenth edition appeared in 1866, and there were reprints in 1895, 1900, and 1901 Miss Procter, who became a Roman Catholic in 1851, took a lively interest in schemes for furthering the well-being of working women years of her life were clouded by sickness, and she died of consumption after a long illness the best known of her narrative poems are the legends of Provence and of Bregenz, 'The Angel's Story,' and 'The Story of a Faithful Soul' Most of her best poetry is of a serious cast. 'Cleansing Fires' and 'The Lost Chord,' familiar as household words, are more solemn and significant than many hymns, and 'The Message' is grave and tender Of her actual hymns two in common use are 'I do not ask, O Lord,' and 'My God, I thank Thee who hast made.'

# George Eliot

is the name by which the great English novelist, MARY ANN or MARIAN EVANS, elected to be The youngest daughter of known as an author the second family of Robert Evans, a Warwickslure land agent, she was born at Arbury Farm, near Nuneaton, on the 22nd November 1819 Four months later her father removed to the farm of Griff, 'a charming, red-brick, my-covered house,' and this was her home for the first twenty one years of her life Evans was a man of strongly marked and strenuous character, many of the leading traits of which were transferred by his daughter to Adam Bede and Caleb Garth, and of the life at Griff, many of the features are given in the sketch of Maggie Tulliver's and Tom's childhood in The Mill on the Floss, especially her relation to her brother Isaac. Between five and nine she was at school at Attleboro, then at Nuneaton, and between thirteen and sixteen at Coventry She lost her mother, whom she loved devotedly, in 1836, and from the marriage of her elder sister Christiana (1837) took entire charge of her father's house Masters came over from Coventry to teach her German, Italian, and music, and of music she was passionately fond throughout life. She was also in immense reader Her worship for Scott dated, she tells us, from the age of seven, 'and afterwards when I was grown up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life hy reading aloud to him Scott's novels' In 1841 her brother Isaac married and took Griff, and her father removed to Coventry, where she became icquainted with Charles Bray, a writer on the philosophy of necessity from the phrenological standpoint, and with his brother in-law, Charles Hennell, who had published in 1838 a rationalistic Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity Evangelicalism had a strong hold on her from fifteen to two and-twenty, and she seems at first to have hoped to convert her new friends, but by 1842 she had so greatly offended her father by refusing to go to church that he threatened to break up his household and go to live with his married daughter Subsequently she withdrew her objection to church-going, and the breach At the opening of 1844 the work was avoided of translating Strauss's Leben Jesu was transferred from Mrs Hennell to Marian Evans, and at this she worked laboriously and in very scholar like fashion until its publication in 1846. Her fither died in May 1849, and in June she went abroad with Mr and Mrs Bray, who left her at Geneva. In March 1850 she returned to England, and began to write for the Hastminster Review, and in September 1851 she became its assistant-editor and the centre of a literary circle, two of whose members were Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes (q v) then that she translated Teuerbach's Essence of Christianity, the only book that bore her real name.

Gradually her intimacy with Mr Lewes grew, and in 1854 she formed a connection with him which lasted until his death in 1878. In the July of that year they went abroad together, staying three months at Weimar, where Lewes was preparing for his Life of Goethe. After a longer stay at Berlin, they returned and took up their abode first at Dover, then at East Sheen, and finally at Richmond. At Berlin she had read to him a bit of description of life in a farmhouse, and to Lewes's influence the impulse to novel writing is almost certainly due, but if we judge from the defects of Lewes's own novels, we may doubt whether his influence on her work was



GEORGE ELIOT
From the Etching by P Rajon after Sir F Burton's Drawing,
by permission of Messra Seeley & Co

altogether for good. In 1856 she attempted her first story, The Sad Fortunes of the Rev Amos Barlon, it came out in Blackwood's Magazine in 1857, and at once showed that a new author of great power had risen Mr Gilfil's Love Story and Janet's Repentance followed, the former based on an Arbury episode. All three were reprinted as Scenes from Chrical Life (1857), 'by George' Eliot, that pseudonym being adopted because George was Mr I ewes's Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth filling, easily pronounced name." The brilliant story of Adam Bede (1859) had the most marvellous success, but, to George Eliot's amazement and annoyance, a Mr Liggins, who had lived in the same district of the Midlands as herself, lind the effrontery to claim the authorship, and Mr Blackwood land actually to intervene ere Liggins was discredited The Mill on the Floss (1860) is, as has been said, largely autobiographical in its earlier part, but its 'St Ogg's' is Gainsborough, which George Eliot visited in September

Stlas Marner (1861), Romola (1863), and Felia Holt, the Radical (1866), appeared next in succession Romola, a story of Florence in Savona rola's time, appeared originally in the Corulull, and brought her £7000 Her first poem, The Spanish Gypsy (1868), was followed next year by Agatha, The Legend of Jubal, and Armgart, and in 1871-1872 appeared Middlemarch, by some considered her greatest work After that Daniel Deronda (1876), a Jewish story, showed a marked falling off , so, too, did Impressions of Theophiastus Such (1879), a volume of somewhat miscellaneous essays Essays and Leaves from a Notebook (1884) con sisted of old articles from the IVestminster, Fraser's, and other scrials

After the death of Mr Lewes in 1878 George Eliot, who was always exceedingly dependent on some one person for affection and support, fell into a very melancholy state, from which she was roused by the solicitous kindness and attention of Mr John Cross, a friend of her own and of Mr Lewes's since 1869, and to him she was married on the 6th May 1880. Their married life lasted but a few months, she died in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on the 22nd December of the same year, and is buried in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to that of Mr Lewes.

As a novelist, George Eliot will probably always stand among the greatest of the English school, above Richardson, whom she greatly admired, and with whose prinstraking and elaborate style of portraiture she had something in common, though in her preference for studies taken from simple rural life, from commonplace subjects so delineated as to bring out the humorous side of human shortcomings and the overmastering power of pitiable passions, she approached nearer to the still greater genius of Fielding But her mind had not the movement and vivacity of Fielding's If it had had that movement, that elasticity, that freedom of life in it, her genius would probably have shown itself much earlier than it did, and not waited till she was close upon forty before it betrayed even its existence. In early life she seems to have given her whole mind to the higher problems of life, and to have declared them virtually insoluble before she took refuge in portraying the disap pointments, the breakdowns, the narrow discontents, as well as the generous hopes and unsatisfied ideals of other human beings Having accepted with her usual too great docility the negative view of those who held that Christianity is a mere dream dreamt in the idealising mood of cager human aspiration, she passed on sadly to a pitying study of man in the frame of mind of one who is determined to make the best of a bad business And she extracted, perhaps, from our human lot all the good that it is possible for any one to extract from it who has once come deliberately to the conclusion that, though something may be done to elevate, and a good deal to alleviate it, and though not a little amusement may be extracted from it, yet that no power can really transfigure it, and that the more modest the aim, the less serious will be the inevitable disappoint-This subdued tone of regret that the highest human endeavour is destined to be baffled runs through all her tales, and it can hardly be doubted that their pervading melancholy is at least in some degree due to the false step which she herself, under the influence of a negative school of religious thought, had dehbcrately taken, when she sacrificed her own life to the ends of a connection out of which most of the joy, and almost all the sacredness, were taken by the unnatural and morally humiliating circumstances under which she entered upon it. It was greatly to her credit that in spite of these circumstances she steadily refused to lower the moral ideal at which she aimed, though she pursued it with scanty hope and without the assistance of the faintest trust in the help of any higher power

George Eliot's mind was one of extraordinary reflective power, but deficient in vivid personal She notices in Silas Mainer how slowly impressions grow up within its, and how little we are sometimes aware of the origin of even those impressions which are destined to produce the greatest effects upon our character and external 'Our consciousness,' she sais, registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us There have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud' Her Life and Letters appear to show that the surve and long drawn melancholy and somewhat artificial condition of self-repression in which she lived grew upon her more and more as 'the sap circulated' and fed her ideal of the true relation of husband and wife In story after story she attempted to impress upon others the absolute sacredness of the rela tions to which her own action had apparently shown her to be indifferent. Her most impressive stories, Adam Bede, Silas Marner, Romola, Felix Holt, Middlemarch, and Daniel Deronda were all penetrated with the desire to show how selfish and desecrating what is called love may be without marriage, and how equally selfish and desecrating marriage may be without love, yet at every return to that subject there seems to be, in her treatment of the theme, less of hopefulness, less of awe, less of testimony to the sharp remorse which follows wrong doing, less of vivid instinct, more of the tone of tragic warning, more of a tendency to acquiescence in inevitable misery

Her studies of English farmers and tradesmen and of the lower middle class of the Midland counties are hardly surpassed in English literature, and give us at least as good a view of the life of the Midland counties, as masterly and full length portraits of the slow-moving, beef consuming, habit-ridden population of those counties in the earlier nineteenth century, as Sir Walter Scott

has given us of the Borders and Highlands in older days, with their wilder and more adventurous people But there is a great difference in method between the two novelists, corresponding pretty closely to the difference between their favourite subjects Sir Walter loved to show his favourites embarked in perilous adventures George Eliot, on the other hand, is seldom so successful as when she patiently develops her characters in rather slow but humorous dialogue—such dialogue as Shakespeare loved to interpolate in his plays when he chose to show us how the 'Goodman Dull' of the Midlands talked away in his stupid but comfortable self satisfaction Perhaps now and then she a little overdoes this microscopic view of marticulate natures In that curious short story of hers, The Lifted Veil, she gives a picture of a man with a quite preternatural insight into the vagrant and frivolous background of the minds of those amongst whom he lives, who is made to complain of 'the obtrusion on my mind of the mental process going forward in first one person and then another, with whom I happened to be in contact, the vagrant, frivolous ideas and emotions of some uninteresting acquaintance force themselves on my consciousness like an importunate, ill played musical instrument, or the loud activity of an imprisoned insect.' Had not George Eliot herself some curious gift of the same kind? She seems sometimes to have had the buzz of dull but excited gossip almost revealed to her by a kind of disagreeable intuition, and to have written it down at too great length in order to rid herself of its leaden predominance over her imagination

At all events, she is greatly inferior to Scott in play and richness of pictorial imagination, in rapidity of movement, and in warmth of colour Romola, her one historical romance-though it is full of subtlety of conception, contains some very striking figures, and is painted with a surprising minuteness of realistic detail—is a doubtful suc-Sir Walter Scott never failed in miking the chief historical figure of his Instorical romances the most interesting figure in his group. George Chot did not thus succeed in painting Savonarola, it was in Tito and Tessa that she achieved her great successes. As regards the historical back ground of Romola, one can hardly say that it holds its place at all as compared with even the least successful historical romance of Sir Walter Scott George Eliot's imagination was not buoyant enough to travel back into these far regions of history, and create them anew for us, nor does her story move rapidly enough to make up for the difficulty of transporting our sympathies to so distant a region. We miss the vividness and we miss the action which are needful for the art of historical romance

In her poetry, too, George Eliot falls far short of Sir Walter Scott, she is sombre stately, even Miltonic after a fashion of her own, but Miltonic

without Milton's felicity and charm. She is as grandiose as Milton without being as grand. Sometimes she attains true grandeur—though not Milton's sweet and winning grandeur—as in her delineation of the selfishness that remained at the heart even of the inspired musician Jubal.

This little pulse of self that living glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness, still in good that had no bound

Usually she falls quite short of true grandeur in her poetry, and seems to be impressive without actually impressing the reader. The rhythm is laboured, the thought is laboured, the feeling is laboured, and the effect is more artificial than artistic.

Perhaps the most curious feature of George Chot's genius is that she wrote so very much better and with so much more ease when she was writing dramatically than she did when she was writing her own thoughts in her own name. There is hardly a good letter-considered as a letterin the whole three volumes, made up chiefly out of her letters, which Mr Cross gave to the world There is, on the contrary, hardly an ineffective speech put into the mouth of any of the characters whom she delineated in her novels Sir Walter Scott has given us a fir larger proportion of in effectively printed characters than George Eliot, though also a greater number of effectively painted There is hardly a country squire, or characters dairy maid, or poacher, or minkeeper, or country lad or lass to whom George Eliot does not give a thoroughly individual voice, but when she comes to speak for herself, her voice is measured, artificial, monotonous, and a little over sweet Her letters read as if they were turned out by machinery, though machinery invented by some gently intellectual and laborious mind letters are delightful reading, Miss Bronte's are full of interest, even Miss Austen's, though they disappointed everybody, give the impression of a lively and observant mind But George Eliot's have no freedom or personal stamp upon them, unless the absence of personal feeling be itself a personal stamp. It almost seems is if her mind had been intended more as an instrument for interpreting the minds of others, more as a phonograph through the agency of which the natures of all the various interlocutors with whom she met could be delicately registered and made to report themselves to the world, than as a distinct organ of her own taste and purpose George Eliot is in the highest degree original in her power of interpreting others, but she gives an effect of faded second liand survity when she comes to interpret herself. Nevertheless she will be named in the same categors with Sir Walter Scott, Thickeray, and Dickens, perhaps even above Miss Austen, if only for the richness and quantity of her admirable work

Death of Mrs Barton The following Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs. Hael it were serted conifortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rueliel, the housemand, came in and said-

If you please in, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs Barton's wasy and not expected to Inc?? Mrs Hael it turned pile, and hirried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad new at an alchanse in the village out and said, cloud better have the pony chance, and Mr Hackit followed her

Yes end Mrs Hackit, too much overcome to utter Rachel, come an help me on m When her husband was wrapping her close round her feet in the pony chaise, she and

If I don't come home to night I shall said bret the Pony chart, and you'll I now I in wanted there

It was a bright frosts day and by the time Mrs Had it armed at the Vicarings the sun was near its There was a carriage and pair standing at the Eate, which she recognis d as Dr Madeles & the physician from Rotherby She entered at the Intelien door that she might word I nocl mig and quietly questioned \ \mink No one was in the Inchen but prosing on she saw the siting room duer open, and \amplitum, with Walter in her arms removing the knives and forks which had been had for damer three hours ago

Waster says he can t cat no dinner was lanne's hrst word He's never tasted nothin sin Jisterlin mornin' but a cup o' ica ' When was joint missis took worse?

O Monday mght They cent for Dr Madeley t the middle of the day disterday, an he's here again now

She come and took 'em That last might but the master sate they must be fetched soon The children , dl u Mrs stairs now, we Dr Madeley and Mr Brand

At this moment Mrs Hael it heard the sound of a hers), slow foot, in the passage, and presently Anio. Barton entered, with dry despuring eves largered and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting room as he left il, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly, work basket in the corner of the soft, and the children total overturned in the bow window Hach it come towards him with maswering sorrow in her face the pent up found in of tears was opened, he threw But when he saw Mrs himself on the sofa, hid his face, and solibed aloud Bear np, Mr Parlon, Mrs Hackit vertured to kay

at last bear up, for the sale o' them dear children The children, said Amos, starting up be sent for Some one must fetch them 11 2111 to '\_ 'They must

He couldn't finish the centence, but Mrs Hael it inders'ood him, and said, 'I'll send the man with the  $M_{III_{V}}|_{WIII}$ pony carriage for 'em'

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr Madeles and Mr Brand, who were just going Mr Brind and I am very glad to see you are here,

Mrs Hackit No time must be lost in sending for the 'Do you quite give her up, then?'

She can hardly hie through the night She hegged

to tell her how long she had to live, and then asled for the children

The pony carring e was sent, and Mrs Hael it, return ing to Mr Barton said she would like to ro up tairs now He went upstairs with her and opened the door The chamber fronted the west, the sun was just setting and the red helit fell full upon the bed, where Mills 1with the hand of death visibly upon her bed had been removed, and the lay lon on a mattress with her head lightly raied by pillous. Her I my fair neel seemed to be strikeling with a prinful effort her features were pulled and I melied, and her eyes were closed There was no one in the room but the runs and the mistices of the free sensol, a ho had conce to 1 6) e her help from the leginning of the change

Anno, and sire Huch took be the bod, and Willy opened herete We during Mr Hael it is come to see you

Williamid and Instead at her eath that strange for off Io, which belongs to chling life

he the children coming to the end printing Be, they vill be here directly She closed hereign zin

tresents the peny carrier was heart and Amen motioning to Mr. Had it to follos him I ft il re a On their was downs airs the sug estel that il a camage should remain to take them away 3, an afterwards, and Amos a cented

There that 'cool in the inclincholy atting room—the fixe sweet clubbica, firms Privite Chubbs sall and their mo hers even all except Path hoel as up with 3.17 ne fear of their father as he entered. Party upder stood the frest orros that was come upon them, and fined to cheef her cap as of heard her habas coolered My children and Amor, rad and Chubby in his arms Give is going to tale and, some dear manima from ne

She wants to see you to say food by You must try to he vers bood and u vers He could (7) no more but turned ro m l to we ff Nann was there with Walter, and then led the vay

upstairs, leading Diel () with the other Iral Wis Hael it followed with Sophy and Patty and then carry Namy with Walter and Fred

It seemed as if Willy had heard the Intle footsteps or the stairs, for when Anios entered her eyes were wife open, eagerly looking tou ards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amo nerrest to her holling Chulbs and Diel es But she motioned for Patts to come first and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said-

Palls, I'm going away from you Love your papa Comfort him and take care of your little brotlers and swers God will help you ,

Party stood perfectly quiet, and said, "Yes, mamma," The mother motioned with her pulled lips for the dear child to fean lowards her and Jase her and then Patty's great another overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amo, drew her lowards hum and pressed her head gently to him, while Mills beloned I red and

Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darling. You will be good and not vex her?

They leaned lowards her, and she strolled their fur heade, and ki sed their terr straned cheels. They cried because manina was ill and papa Jooked so unhappy, but they thought perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her Little Walter said, 'Mamma, mamma,' and stretched out his fat arms and smiled, and Chubby seemed grively wondering, but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with hip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere, his little heart swelled and he cried floud

Then Mrs Hackit and Nanny took them all away Patty at first begged to stay nt home and not go to Mrs Bond's again, but when Nnnny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By and by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly—

'My dear-dear-husband-you have been-very-good to me. You-have-made me-very-happy'

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

'Music-music-didn't you hear it?'

Amos knelt by the bed and held her hand in his He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream He did not know when she was gone. But Mr Brand, whom Mrs Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him, and said—

'Slie feels no more pun now Come, my dear sir, come with me.'

'She isn't dead?' shricked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr Brand, who had taken him by the arm But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room

(From The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton)

# Mr Tulliver and the Uncles and Aunts

'Why,' said Mr Tulliver, not looking at Mrs Glegg, but at the male part of his audience, 'you see, I've made up my mind not to bring Tom up to my own business I ve had my thoughts about it all along, and I made up my mind by what I saw with Garnett and his son I mean to put him to some business, as he can go into without capital, and I want to give him an eddication as he'll be even wi' the lawyers and folks, and put me up to a notion now nn' then'

Mrs Glegg emitted a long sort of guttural sound with closed lips, that smiled in mingled pity and scorn

'It 'ud be a fine deal better for some people,' she said after that introductory note, 'if they'd let the lawyers alone'

'Is he at the head of a grammar school, then, this elergymun—such as that at Market Bewley?' said Mr Deane.

'No—nothing o' that,' said Mr Tulliver 'He won't take more than two or three pupils—and so he'll have the more time to attend to 'em, you know'

'Ah, and get his eddication done the sooner they can't learn much at a time when there's so many of 'em,' said Uncle Pullet, feeling that he was getting quite in insight into this difficult matter

'But he'll want the more pay, I doubt,' said Mr Glegg
'Ay, ay, a cool hundred a year—that's all,' said Mr
Tulliver, with some pride at his own spirited course
'But then, you know, it's an investment, Tom's eddica

tion 'all be so much capital to him'
'Ay, there's something in that,' said Mr Glegg
'Well, well, neighbour Tulliver, you may be right, you may be right

"When land is gone and money's spent, Then learning is most excellent"

I remember seeing those two lines wrote on a window at Birston. But us that have got no learning had better keep our money, eh, neighbour Pullet?' Mr Glegg rubbed his knees and looked very pleasant.

'Mr Glegg, I wonder at you,' said his wife. 'It's very unbecoming in a man o' your age and belongings'

'What's unbecoming, Mrs G?' said Mr Glegg, winking pleasantly at the company 'My new bluc coat as I've got on?'

'I pity your weakness, Mr Glegg I say it's un becoming to be making a joke when you see your own kin going headlongs to ruin'

'If you mean me by that,' said Mr Tulliver, consider ably nettled, 'you needn't trouble yourself to fret about me I can manage my own affairs without troubling other folks'

'Bless me,' said Mr Deane, judiciously introducing a new idea, 'why, now I come to thinl of it, somebody said Wakem was going to send his son—the deformed lad—to a clergyman, didn't they, Susan?' (appealing to his wife)

'I can give no account of it, I'm sure,' said Mrs Deane, closing her lips very tightly again. Mrs Deane was not a woman to take part in a scene where missiles were flying.

'Well,' said Mr Tulliver, speaking all the more cheerfully, that Mrs Glegg might see he didn't mind her, 'if Wakem thinks o' sending his son to a clergyman, depend on it I shall make no mistake i' sending Tom to one Wakem's as big a scoundrel as Old Harry ever made, but he knows the length of every man's foot he's got to deal with Ay, ay, tell me who's Wakem's butcher, and I'll tell you where to get your meat'

'Bnt lawyer Wakem's son's got n hump back,' said Mrs Pullet, who felt as if the whole business had a funereal aspect, 'it's more nat'ral to send him to a elergyman'

'Yes,' said Mr Glegg, interpreting Mrs Pullet's observation with erroneous plansibility, 'you must consider that, neighbour Tulliver, Wnkem's son isn't likely to follow any business. Wakem 'ull make a gentleman of him, poor fellow'

'Mr Glegg,' said Mrs G, in a tone which implied that her indignation would fizz and ooze a little, though she was determined to keep it corked up, 'you'd far better hold your tongue. Mr Tulliver doesn't want to know your opinion nor mine neither. There's folks in the world as know better than every body else'

'Why, I should think that's you, if we're to trust your own tale,' said Mr Tulliver, beginning to boil up agun.

'O, I say nothing,' said Mrs Glegg sarcastically 'My ndvice has never been asked, and I don't give it'

'It'll be the first time, then,' said Mr Tulliver 'It's the only thing you're over ready at giving'

'I've been over ready at lending, then, if I haven't been over ready at giving,' said Mrs Glegg 'There s folk I've lent money to, as perhaps I shall repent o' lending money to kin'

'Come, come, come,' said Mr Glegg soothingly But Mr Tulliver was not to be hindered of his retort.

'You've got a bond for it, I reckon,' he said, 'and you've had your five per cent, kin or no kin'

'Sister,' said Mrs Talliver pleadingly, 'drink your wine, and let me give you some almonds and raisins'

'Bessy, I'm sorry for you,' said Mrs Glegg, very much with the feeling of a cur that seizes the opportunity of diverting his bark towards the man who carries no stick 'It's poor work, talking o' almonds and raisins'

'Lors, sister Glegg, don't be so quarrelsome,' said Mrs Pullet, beginning to cry a little 'You may be struck with a fit, getting so red in the face after dinner, and we are but just out o' mourning, all of us—and all wi' gowns craped alike and just put by—it's very bad among sisters'

'I should think it is bad,' said Mrs Glegg 'Things are come to a fine pass when one sister invites the other to her house o' purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her'

'Softly, softly, Jaac-be reasonable-be reasonable,' said Mr Glegg

But while he was speaking, Mr Tulliver, who had by no means said enough to satisfy his anger, burst out again

'Who wants to quarrel with you?' he said 'It s you as can't let people alone, but must be gnawing at 'em for ever I should never want to quarrel with any woman, if she kept her place.'

'My place, indeed '' said Mrs Glegg, getting rather more shrill 'There's your betters, Mr Tulliver, as are dead and in their grave, treated me with a different sort o' respect to what you do—though I ve got a husband as'll sit by had see me abused by them as had the chance if there hadn't been them in our family as married worse than they might ha' done'

'If you talk o' that,' said Mr Iulliver, 'iny family s as good as yours—and better, for it hasn't got a damned ill tempered woman in it

'Well' said Mrs Glegg, rising from her chair, 'I don't know whether you think it sa fine thing to sit by and liear me swore at, Mr Glegg, but I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house. You can stay behind, and come home with the gig—and I'll walk home.'

'Dear heart, dear heart' said Mr Glegg in a melan choly tone, as he followed his wife out of the room

'Mr Tulliver, how could you talk so?' said Mrs Inlliver, with the tears in her eves

'Let her go,' said Mr Tulliver, too hot to be damped by any amount of tears 'Let her go, and the sooner the better she won't be trying to domineer over me again in a hurry'

(From The Mill on the Flore)

#### A Conversation in the 'Rainbow'

The conversation, which vas at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the 'Rainbow,' had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity, the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the

fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked, while the beer drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock froels, kept their cyclids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their driughts of beer were a funcical duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last Mr Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher

'Some folks' ud say that was a fine beast you druv in vesterday, Bob?'

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, 'And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John'

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

'Was it a red Durham?' said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord lool ed at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering

'Red it was,' said the butcher, in his good humoured husky treble-' and a Durham it was '

'Then you needn't tell me who you bought it of,' said the farrier, looking round with some triumph, 'I know who it is has got the red Darhams o' this country side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?' The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly

'Well, yes—she might,' said the butcher slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative 'I don't say contrairy'

'I knew that very well,' said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly, 'if I don't know Mr Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will.'

The farrier lool ed fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little

'I'm not for contradicking no man,' he said, 'I'm for peace and quictness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I m for cutting 'em short myself, but I don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and any body as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it'

'Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is,' pursued the farrier angrily, 'and it was Mr Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a' red Durham'

'I tell no lies,' said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, 'and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black he's no meat o' nine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to, but I'll quarrel wi' no man'

'No,' said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally, 'and p'rhaps you aren't pig headed, and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham, and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it'

'Come, come,' said the landlord, 'let the cow alone The truth lies atween you you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say And as for the cow's being Mr Lammeter's, I say nothing to that, but this I say, as the "Rainbow" 's the "Rainbow" And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, jou know the most upo' that head, eli, Mr Macey? You remember when first Mr Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?

Mr Macey, tailor and parish clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the land lord's appeal, and said

'Ay, ay, I know, I know, but I let other folks talk I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley they've learnt pernouncing, that s come up since my day'

(From Silas Marner)

### O may I Join the Choir Invisible

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence—live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vister issues.

So to live is heaven
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man
This is life to come,
Which martyred men lieve made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Pe the sweet presence of a good diffused,

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world

(1867)

above article on George Eliot is abridged from that orig

And in diffusion ever more intense.

[Th above article on George Eliot is abridged from that originally written for Chambers's Encyclopædia in 1839 by Richard Holt Hutton See the Life of her edited by J W Cross (3 vols 1855-86), the books on her by Miss Blind (1883) Mr Oscar Browning (1890) Joseph Jacobs (1891) and Sir Leslie Stephen ('Men of Letters 1902) Essays, by F W H Myers (1883) Charlotte Bronti, George Eliot Jane Ansten—Studies in their Works by H H Bonnell (1903) R H Hutton's Essays (1871) and his Modern Guides of English Thought and Scherer's Essays in English Literature. Scherer said George Eliot was infenor to no one of her sex except Madame de Stael (George Sand not being excepted) in depth brilliancy and flexibility of genius, and he endorsed Lord Acton's opinion that George Eliot was the most considerable literary personality that had till then appeared since the death of Goethe ]

Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823–1901), the only daughter of a Hampshire squire and magis trate, was born at Otterbourne near Winchester, and when Keble came to Hursley vicarige (to which the living of Otterbourne was anneved) he found her an intellectual, impressionable, and well educated girl of thirteen. When she began to write authorship was considered unladylike, and

a family council consented to the publication of Abbey Chinch only on condition that she should not accept the pecuniary returns for any personal end—a condition she then and afterwards cheerfully complied with. She gained a large constituency of readers by her Heir of Redelysse (1853) and its successors, and her industry may be judged from the fact that within forty-four years (1848–92) she had published well over a hundred volumes (almost three annually), besides books translated and edited, and work done as editor of the Monthly Paclet Her novels are straightforward and natural, show not a little dramatic skill and literary grace, and inculcate a high and healthy morality, though they



CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE From a Photograph by Filiott & Fry

have not the charm of works of genius them are made the vehicle of High Church opinions, for though Miss Yonge was bred in an evangelical household, the teaching of the Tractarians and her close personal friendship with Keble were the most outstanding influences in the formation of her life and thought An unwonted element of chivalry was happily grafted on the realism of contemporary English domestic life Charles Kingsley said Heartsease was the most wholesome and delightful novel he had ever read, and, singular to relate (as it seems to us now), William Morris, Burne Jones, and their group at Oxford adopted as their model the hero of the Heir of Redclyffe, Sir Guy Morville, a Crusader in modern life profits from the Herr of Redely ffe were largely de voted to fitting out a missionary schooner for Bishop Selwyn, as were the returns from the Daisy Chain

to building a missionary college in New Zeal ind Miss Yonge published several historical works (including eight volumes of Cameos from English History), books on military commanders, good women, and golden deeds, a work on Christian Names (1863), a Life of Bishop Patteson (1873), and a monograph on Hannah More (1888), with whom she had so much in common. An illustrated edition of her more popular novels was issued in 1888-89 in thirty five volumes. There is a Life of her by Miss Christabel Coleridge (1903)

Mrs Craik (1826-87) was better known by her maden name of Dinah Maria Mulock, and better still as 'the author of John Halifax, Gentleman' The daughter of a Nonconformist minister of Irish extraction, she was born at Stoke upon Frent,



MKS CRAIK
From the Portrait by Hubert Herkomer RA by permission
of Mr G L. Crail

but, settling in London at twenty, she published in succession a series of stories for the young, of which Cola Monti was the best known, and then The Ogilvies (1849), Olive (1850), The Head of the Family (1851), and Agatha's Husband (1853) She never surpassed or even equalled her John Halifar, Gentleman (1857), a story of middle-class English life, her ideal, a generous, high minded man, carried about with him an old Greek Testament, in which, after an ancestor's name, was the epitheton 'gentleman'-to John a motto, a talis man, a charter, imposing on him truth, honour, fidelity, and purity The story was eminently popular at home, and was crelong translated into French, German, Italian, Greek, and Russian pension (1864) of £60 she set aside for authors less fortunate than herself, in 1864 she married Mr George Lillie Craik, a partner in the publish ing house of Macmillan, and spent the rest of her

life in quiet happiness and literary industry at Corner House, Shortlands, Kent Much of Mrs Craik's verse is collected in Thirty Years' Poems (1881) Avillion, and other Tales, contained sonie of her most imaginative work. She produced in all nearly fifty works—more than a score of novels, including A Life for a Life, Mistress and Maid, and Christian's Mistake, and several volumes of prose essays, such as A Woman's Thoughts about Women (1858) and Concerning Men, and other Papers (1888)

Cliza Lynn Linton (1822-98) was born at Keswick, a daughter of the Rev James Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite. She did not get on with her family, and at the age of twenty-three left home and settled in London as a woman of letters. publishing her first novel, Azeth the Egyptian, in In 1858 she married William James Linton (1812-98), an eminent wood-engraver and zealous Chartist, and also something of a poet and man of letters, who edited Republican papers and wrote (besides many pamphlets and occasional verses) The Plaint of Freedom (a remarkable poem, 1852), Claribel, and other Poenis (1865), an important work on The Masters of Wood-Engraving (1890), and Lives of Tom Paine and G Whittier He prepared the illustrations for the volume on The Lake Country which she wrote, and published in 1864, but in 1867 they separated, Linton going to America and settling at New Haven in Connecticut, while his wife remained in England and made literature lier She produced about a score of novels, of which the most notable are The True History of Joshua Davidson (1872), a daring and striking adaptation of the gospel story to modern conditions, Patricia Kemball (1874), Christopher Kirk land (1885), and The One Too Many (1894) wrote much for the magazines and reviews, and her 'Girl of the Period' articles in the Saturday were collected in 1883. In her latter years slie showed herself an equally caustic critic of the 'new woman' A rather masculine temper, a strong confidence of opinion, and a faculty of vigorous utterance were among her characteristics

See her autobiography, My Literary Life (1899), and George Somes Layard's Eliza Lynn Linton her Life, Letters, and Opinions (1901). Her husband wrote a volume of autobiographical Memories (1895).

Frances Power Cobbe was born at New bridge near Dublin on the 4th December 1822, the daughter of a county gentleman and magistrate, and went to school at Brighton. Her interest being early aroused in theological questions, she found spiritual guidance in Theodore Parker's works and lost her faith in the Trinity, but said nothing of her heresies to vex her invalid mother. When after her mother's death she revealed her change of view to her father, he banished her from home for a time, and never till, his death quite forgave her, even though she was allowed to keep house for him. Her first published work, in

1855, was an Essay on the Intuitive Theory of Morals, published anonymously, which created a good deal of controversy, but none of her crities suspected the author to be a woman After her father's death in 1857 she travelled in Italy and the East, wrote Cities of the Past (1864) and Italics (1864), and engaged in philanthropic and reformatory work with Miss Carpenter at Bristol. She began to write for the magazines, and ere long was a busy journalist, being from 1868 to 1875 leader-writer for the Echo A strong Theist, a supporter of women's rights, a strong social reformer in all directions, and a prominent antivivisectionist, she published more than thirty works, among them Friendless Girls (1861), Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors (1869), Darwinism in Morals (1872), The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here (1874), Re-echoes (1876), The Peak in Darien (1882), The Scientifu Spirit of the Age (1888), and an Autobiography (1894) In spite of her many controversies, she had a happy life, being at all times optimist in her views of life and buoyant in temperament. She knew most of the people best worth knowing in her time, was on kindly terms with people of the most various faiths and political views, and was only irreconcilably bitter against vivisectionists of all shades of opinion She bestowed more care on the substance of her arguments than on polishing her style, and thought more of the effect she could produce in abating social evils than in securing fame as an authoress But she had the pen of a ready, copious, earnest, and effective writer She died 5th April 1904

Mis Oliphant (1828-97), till her marriage in 1852 Margaret Oliphant Wilson, was born at Wallyford near Musselburgh in Midlothian Her father's business took him to Glasgow and ultimately to Liverpool, where he held a post in the Customs, and her education was in nowise specially adapted to a life of letters. But she early cherished literary ambitions and made literary experiments In 1849 she published her first work, Passages in the Life of Mis Margaret Vaitland, which instantly won attention and approval by the tender humour and insight of its presentation of Scottish life and character on both their higher and lower levels This work was followed by Caleb Field (1850), Merkland (1850), Adam Graeme (1852), Harry Muir (1853), Magdalen Hepburn (1854), Lilliesleaf, and Katte Stewart, which, like three others, appeared in succession in Blackavood's Magazine, with which the authoress had formed a life long connection These stories are of varying merit, but are all rich in the minute detril dear to the womanly mind, show nice and subtle appreliension of character, and have a flavour of quiet fun, they often display a charming delicacy in the treatment of the gentler emotions

Meanwhile she had for a while been in London looking after a brother, and in 1852 she married a cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant, a designer of

stained glass windows His health was feeble, in 1859 he was far gone in consumption, and he died at Rome before the end of that year, leaving her not merely unprovided for but deep in debt She addressed herself bravely to her life-work—thenceforward a continuous embarrassed struggle, complicated by her generosity to an unfortunate brother and his children, and her amazing and reckless determination to give her sons the best (and most expensive) education Eton and Oxford could provide. She also considered it her duty or her privilege to live in something like luxury and to dispense an almost lavish hospitality, and



MRS OLIPHANT
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders.

it was only on the posthumous publication of her autobiography that her friends and the public knew what anxious, monotonous toil was daily demanded from the gracious mistress of what seemed an affluent household. Her daughter died in 1864, her two sons, who lived on her labours, both predeceased her, but her last years still found her hard at work as ever, writing with almost undiminished vivacity and energy.

Her early novels had been well received, and had secured a market for all she wrote. But it was by the *Chronicles of Carlingford* (published in *Blackwood's*, 1861-65) that her reputation as a novelist was established, the most notable of the series, *Salem Chapel*, perhaps indicates a wider and more vigorous grasp than is to be found in any other of her works. Certain of the unloyelier

features of English dissent, as exhibited in a small pro initial community, are here graphically sketched, and adapted vith admirable shill to the purposes of fiction. The 'Carlingford' scries comprised The Perpetual Curate and Miss Marjoribarks, Phabe Junior, in 1676, was a continuation. The long series of her novels included Madonna Mary (1866), The Primiose Path, He that Bill Not when he May, The Ladies Lindores, The Wizard's Son, Hester, and Kirsteen (1890), and, if we consider the circumstances under which they were produced, maintained a surprisingly high and equal level.

In some respects she touched a deeper note in A Beleaguered City (1880), based on a legend of a city besieged by the dead, and A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen (1882), both of which revealed a mystical element in an otherwise rather matter of-fact temper, little disturbed by philosophising or speculative profundity. Her lives of Edward Irving, of her cousin Laurence Oliphant, and of Principal Tulloch vere sympathetic studies though not great biographies, her sletch of Sheridan in the 'Men of Letters' series was unsympathetic and an obvious Other contributions to general literature, marred by want of thoroughness though often containing interesting suggestions, vere Historical Statches of the Reign of George II (1869), St Francis of Assist (1871), Vemoir of the Comte de Montalembert (1872), The Makers of Florence (1876), Dress (1878), The Liter in History of England, from 1790 to 1825 (1882), The Wakers of Venice(1888), Dante and Certantes in 'Foreign Classics for English Readers, and Chalmers in another series, Royal Lamburgh (1890), The Reign of Queen Anne (1894) The Walers of Molirn Rome (1895), Jianne d'Arc (1895), The Two Brontes (1897), besides a child's history of Scotland (1895), and a history of the publishing house of Blackwood (2 vols 1897—the third com pleting volume being by another hand)

She wrote too rapidly and she vrote too much Having a strong natural gift of story telling, she s rote easily, with a running pen, in a simple, plain, conversational style, not without a certain vigour of her own and frequent felicities of phrase. But she took no prins with her style, did not pruse to amend her clumsiest sentences, and evidently did not realise the beauty and pover of well ordered, compact, rhythmical chuses, sentences, and para Taking novels and other works together, she is computed to have produced upwards of a hundred and twenty separate publications in some two hundred and fifty volumes, and she has paid the inevitable penalty Salem Chapel and the Beliaguered City are still current literature, Magdalen Hepburn, The Perpetual Curate, and Miss Marjoribanks and one or two others of her stories, are not , et forgotten , on much of her work oblivion already scatters its poppy. She had little joy in her work, no love for her own inventions, and accordingly she tool up with equal willingness

tasks in miscellaneous literature for which she was ill too slenderly equipped. She as readily undertook bools on Sheridan as on Dante, on Jerus ilem as on Florence. And the result shows that she had neither historical grasp nor critical insight, lacking original familiarity with the subjects, she could not atone for the defect by patient study, acuteness, and vivacity of presentation. But her mexhaustible fertility, her command of humour and pathos, her masters of multitudinous details are illustrated in all her novels, which, spite of defects, have often an indisputable interest and charm

#### The Convert's Wife

'Oh, Frail, I am so glad you are come!' said Louisa through her terr. 'I felt sure you would come when you go my letter. Your failer thinks I make a fuss about nothing, and Cuthbert and Guy do nothing but laugh at me, as if they could possibly know, but you always understand me, Frank. I have it vas just as good as sending for a brother of moom, indeed better,' said. Mrs. Wentworth, viping her eyes, 'for though Gerald is using me so badly, I would not expose him out of his own family, or have people making remarks—oh, not for the vorld.''

'Expo e lim'' so ' the Curate, with inuiterable astonishment. 'You don't man to say you have any complaint to male about Gerald''. The idea was so preposterous that Frank Wentworth laughed, but it is no a length pleasant to hear.

'Oh, Frant, if you but knew all,' said Louisa 'what I have had to put up the for months—all me best feelings outraged and so many things to endure that were dreadful to think of And I that was riways brought up so differently, but now,' cried the poor half your owner, that it can to be conscaled any longer. I think it will break my heart people will be sure to say I have been to blame, and how I am ever to hold up my head in society, and what is to be my name and wnether I am to be considered a vidow.'—

"A vidov" cried he Perpetual Curate, in utter consternation

'Or worse,' cobbed G\_raid's poor little wife feels like being divorced-as if one had done something wrong, and I am sure I never did anothing to deserve it, but when your husband is a Romish priest,' cried the afflicted 1 oman, pre\_sing her handkerchief to her eves, 'I would just ask anybody what are you? You can't be his wife, because he is not allowed to have any tife, and you can t go back to your maiden name, because of the children, and how can you have any place in society? Oh, Frank, I think I shall go distracted,' said poor Louisa, 'it vill feel as if one had done something wicked, and been put out of the pale. How can I be called Mrs Wentworth any more when my husband has left me? and even if he is a pact, and can't have any wife, still he will be alive, and I shall not have the satisfaction of being a widow even-I am sure I don't know what I say,' she concluded, with a fresh outburst, 'for to be a widor would be a poor satisfaction, and I don't know how I could ever, ever live without Gerald, but to feel as if you were an improper person, and all the children's prospects in life '-Oh, Frank '' cried the weeping Louisa, burying

her face in her handkerchief, 'I think I shall go dis tracted, and my heart will break'

To all this strange and unexpected revelation the startled Curate listened like a man in a dream Possibly his sister in law's representation of this danger, as seen entirely from her own point of view, lind a more alarming effect upon him than any other statement of He could have gone into Gerild's difficulties with so much sympathy and fellow teeling that the shock would have been trifling in comparison, and between Rome and the highest level of Anglicanism there was no such difference as to frighten the accustomed mind of the Curite of St Roque's But, seen from Louisa's side, matters appeared very different here the founda tions of the earth were shaking, and life itself going to pieces, even the absurdity of her distress made the whole business more real, and the poor little woman, whose trouble was that she herself would neither be a wife nor a vidow, had enough of truth on her side to unfold a miserable picture to the eves of the anxious He did not know what answer to make to her, and perhaps it was a greater consolation to poor Lonisa to be permitted to run on-

'And you know it never needed to have come to this if Garild had been like other people 'she said drying lier tears, and with a tone of remonstrance 'Of course it is a family living, and it is not likely his own father would have made any disturbance, and there is no other family in the parish but the Skipwiths and they are great friends, and never would have said a word He might have preached in six surplices if he had lifed, cried poor Louisa-'who would have midded? And as for confession, and all that, I don't believe there is anybody in the world who had done any wrong that could have helped confessing to Gerald he is so good -oh, Frank, you know he is so good " said the exisperated little wife, overcome with fondness and admiration and impatience, 'and there is nobody in the parish that I ever heard of that does not worship him but when I tell him so, he never pris the least attention. And then I dward. Plumstead and he go on talking about subscription, and signing articles and nonsense, till they make my head swim. Nobody, I am sure, wants Gerald to subscribe or sign articles I am sure I would subscribe any amount,' cried the poor little woman, once more falling into tears-'a thousand pounds if I had it, Frank-only to make him hear reason, for why should he leave Wentworth, where he can do what he likes, and nobody will inter fere with him? The Bishop is an old friend of my father's, and I am sure he never would say anything and as for candle, and crosses and-anything he pleases, Frank '-

Here poor Louisa paused, and put her hand on his arm, and looked up wistfully into his face. She wanted to convince herself that she was right, and that the faltering dread she had behind all this, of something more mysterious than candles or crosses—something which she did not attempt to understand—was no real spectre after all 'Oh, Frank, I am sure I never would oppose him, nor your father, nor anybody, and why should he go and take some dreadful step, and upset everything?' said Mrs. Wentworth 'Oh, Frank! we will not even have enough to live upon, and as for me, if Gerald leaves me, how shall I ever hold up my head again, or how will anybody know how to behave

to me? I can't call myself Miss Leighton again, after being married so long and if I am not his wife, what shall I be? Her crying became hysterical as she came back to this point, and Mr Wentworth sat by her trying to soothe her, as wretched as herself

(From The Perpetual Curate )

Mrs Oliphant's Autobingraphy and Letters was published in 1899

Frederick Tennyson (1807-98) was eldest of the nest of singing birds in the Lincolnshire rectors of Somersby, and from Eton passed to Trinity College, Cambridge He travelled much on the Continent, spent nearly twenty years of his life at Florence, found a wife in the daughter of the chief magistrate at Siena, and from 1859 till within the years of his death lived in Jersey With his brothers Charles and Alfred he was one of the authors of the so called Poems by Tavo but he shrank from authorship and from criticism, and did not till 1854 publish anything in his own name Days and Hours, a collection of lyrics, was praised by Charles Kingsley for its luxuriant fancy, terseness, scholarliness, and grace, but some of the poems in it were somewhat freely criticised as diffuse too sensitive or irritable poet-overslandowed, like Charles, by Alfred's fame-now kept silence till 1890, when he published The Islas of Greece, an epic dealing with Sappho Daphne (1891) contrined 'tender and beautiful idyls,' and Poems of the Day and Night (1895) reproduced some pieces from the earlier Days and Hours Frederick has no little share of his greater brother's imagination and power, as many splendid passages in his Greek Lagends and in his shorter poems show But he licked that power to concentrate and construct which goes to the making of a consummate artist A temporary adhesion to Swedenborgianism and spiritualism is reflected in some of his poems

Charles Tennyson Turner (1808-79), second son of the Tennyson house, went to school at Louth, graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1832, and became vicar of Grasby in Lincolnshire He took the name of Turner under the will of a relation, and married a sister of the lady who was to be his brother Alfred's wife Besides his share in the Poems by Two Brothers (1827) he wrote upwards of three hundred and forty sonnets, published in volumes in 1830, 1864, 1868, and 1873, and collected, with a Life by the second Lord Tennyson and an essay by Spedding, in 1880 Though Charles's genius was not so robust as that of his brothers, Coleridge had greeted the first sonnet series with warm commendation, the sonneteer's more famous brother, Lord Tennyson, unhesitatingly pronounced some of his sonnets as amongst the finest in the language And Pro fessor Palgrave described them as idyllic, sincere, pathetic, and subtle, as sometimes verging on quaintness, and as 'covering in their pensive range a vast number of motives from English country ways.

### Lord Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in the rectory of his father, Dr Iennyson He was one of a numer ous house, being the fourth born of twelve sons and daughters, the eldest of whom died in infancy. His two elder brothers, brederick and Charles, were poets of a high order, though never widely recognised (see above), but the poetic work of each of

the three brothers was not merely quite original, but was absolutely distinct, bearing not the faintest family likeness to that of the others in manner or method

Alfred Tennyson gives his own account of his be ginning to write 'According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was—Thomson then being the only poet I knew Before I could read I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, "I hear a voice that's

speaking in the wind," and the words "far, for away" had always a strange charm for me About ten or eleven Pope's Homer's Iliad became a favourite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre -nay, even could improvise them, so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet, and could write regular metre very skilfully My father once said to me, "Don't write so rhythmically, break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety" "Artist first, then poet," some writer said of me I should answer, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," indeed, "Poeta nascitur et fit." I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist. At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines a la Walter Scott-full of battles, dealing too with sea and

mountain scencry—with Scott's regularity of octo syllables and his occasional varieties. I liough the performance vas very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines it one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. All these early efforts have been destroyed, only my brother in law, I dimund Lushington, begged for a page or two of the Scott poem. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drain in blank verse,



I ORD TINNYSON

From the Chalk Drump, from life by M. Arnauli, in the
National Lottrut Callery

which I have still, and other things It seems to me I v rote them all in perfect metre." I hese poems made his father say, vith pardonable pride, ' If Alfred dies, one of our greatest poets will have gone, and suggest it another time, "I should not wonder if Alfred were to revive the great ness of his rela tice, William Pat' But it was not Thomson and Pope and Scott who were to be really permanent influences. Part of The bridgl, one of the most remark able of the boypoems, is quoted below

Alfred was edu cated by his fither, and at the Louth Grammar School In 1827 Charles and Alfred, with

some help from Frederick, published anony mously Poems by Two Brothers, showing amid immuturities wide ringe of subject and command of varied metres. In 1827 Frederick had gone to Trinty College, Cambridge, and there next year Charles and Alfred joined him becoming associates of the brilliant group that included Trench, Monckton Milnes, Merivale, Alford, Lushington, and Arthur Hallam. Here Alfred wrote The Lover's Tale (first published in 1879) and (1829) the university prize poem Timbucton

The earliest volume of Alfred Tennyson's poems (*Poems, chieffy Lyrical*, 1830) did not take the world by storm. Critics were then too conventional and too conservative, they looked askance at a new departure, they disapproved of the young poet's style and his modes of expression. Some affecta-

tions of the time, some mannerisins and hyphened epithets, almost hid from them the extraordinary beauty of the verse, the vouthful blemishes they pounced on and held up to ridicule. Not one of them recognised that Alfred Tennyson had struck a keynote that would echo down the years, and to which almost all succeeding poets of the century would attune their lyres His son writes 'If I may venture to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is that its main and enduring fictors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common-sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open hearted and helpful sympathy-loriezza ed un ilitadi, e largo core' Among the first to make the Poems of 1830 I nown by favourable criticism vere Sir John Bowring in the Westmuster Reme v, Leigh Hunt in the Latter, and Arthur Hallam in the Light seman's Magazine Christopher North in Black nova was hardly as hostile as might have been expected-comewhat too slittish and petulant? Fenns on hunself thought the notice amidst boisterous assiults was something of real appreciation practically shorn by copious extracts. The stupidity and brutality of the Quarterly on the Poems of 1833 were generally condemned and did not count with real lovers of poetry but the criticism tended to check the poet's productiveness for veirs. Honour to whom honour is due. While England had as yet given her new poet but a hesitating velcome America received his 1833 volume vith open arms The younger and more impulsive nation had been at once fiscinated, and Tennison's poetry was ilreidy in the hearts and on the hips of the best Americans while it was being drinned with frint praise by the great majority of his own country But his triumph was sure if slow volumes published in 1842 conquered his English world, and set him at once and for ever in his rightful place. Lock they Hall was perhaps the most popular of these poems. The pact himself always declared that one of his finest similes occurred here

Love took up the larp of I see, and smote on all the chords with might,

Since the chord of Self that, trembling, pass d in music out of sight

His humour, that after vards reached its highwater mark in the Northern Farmers, the Northern Cobbler, and the Church-varden and the Curate, began to show itself in a delightful form in Will Water proof and The Talling Oak The Lotos eaters is a wonderful example of exquisitely modu Inted verse and rich imagery But it is difficult to select among such masterpieces as Recollections of the Arabian Nights, The Poet, The Sca fairies, Love and Death, Oriana, The Lady of Shalott, Mariana, The Two Voices, The Sisters, The Palace of Art, The Dream of Fair Women, the poems on Freedom, the Monte d'Arthur, Ulysses, St Agnes Eve, Sir Galahad, The Lord of Burkigh, Dora, an English idyll of a type which Tennyson in vented, and, almost the most perfect of its kind, 'Break, break, break.'

Let it never be forgotten, as one of his chief glories, that Alfred Tennyson, even in the first flush and fervour of his young manhood, never wrote an unclean line, he treated the mysteries of love and passion with an exquisite reverence that was almost awe. And in the divinest thrill of that young love poem, The Gardener's Daughter, he sileneed himself almost suddenly

I ove with knit brows went by, And with a flying finger touch d my lips, And spake 'Be will not easily forgiven Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar The secret bridal chambers of the heart, Let in the day'

All his life Alfred Tennison maintained that noble reticence, that reserved emotion, passionate as his poetic nature was, anything like impurity of expression was impossible to him, 'because his heart was pure'

The Princess, 'the herald melody' of the higher education of women, appeared in 1847 character of Ida,' wrote Coventry Patmore in the Lamborgh Renew, 'who is "the very ldn of the intellect, seems to be intended to represent that of science, or the simple intellect, in the most exclusive and exilted form which it is capable of teaching by its own unaided efforts rebellion against an everbitant authority, it has fallen into the grievous mistake of refusing to recognise any authority at all. It is much in the right and much in the wrong, and has to undergo i disastrous course of error before it can be taught the I nowledge of the truth' Some of the blank verse in this poem is among the best Tennyson ever wrote—such passages as

Not peace she look d—the Head—but rising up Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so To the open window moved, remaining there Fixt like a beneon tower above the waves Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light Dash themselves dead—She stretch'd her arms and call d Across the tumult and the tumult fell

And every one knows the beautiful lyrics, 'The Splendour fulls,' 'Ask me no more,' and 'Tears, idle tears'

The most important poems in Tennyson's life work were In Memoriam and the epic Idylls of the King, both of them works that helped to give back faith in God and Immortality to many of his generation in a time of doubt and scepticism In Memoriam, though not published till 1850, was begun directly after the death of his beloved friend Hallam, and continued, section by section, through succeeding years. We cannot doubt that the loss of this dearest 'first friend-ship' greatly contributed to the development of Alfred Tennyson's genius. It might never,

perhaps, have attained to its ultimate splendour but for that bitter awakening from the happy poetic dreams of personal inexperience. He 'built up all his sorrow with his song,' and the poet was built up at the same time, coming to his full stature in the throes of that abiding pain. Professor Palgrave has spoken of In Memoriam as 'that elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and meditation of many years after his friend's death, a series of lyrics which in pathos, melody, range of thought, and depth of feeling may stand with the Cansoniere of Petrarch and the Sonnets of Shakespeare'

Maud (1855) give to the personal lyric its deepest and widest extension. The first four of the twelve Idylls of the King appeared in 1859 This most important—for some critics his greatest -work was completed in 1870, 1872, and 1885 The story of the old Celtic hero, Christianised ere Malory took it up, is here 'interfused with the vital atmosphere of the Victorian era," shadowing Sense at war with Soul' In Memoriam had greatly rused the poet's reputation, Mand, although a favourite with Tennyson himself, met with a good deal of uncomplimentary criticism, but the first Idylls (1859) won the heartiest recognition from critics of the most various schools, and secured for Tennyson the unique position and popularity he thencefor ward enjoyed throughout the English speaking world In 1850 his standing in the realm of poetry was marked by his appointment to be successor to Wordsworth, the greatest poet of the second half of the century succeeding the great creative poet of the first half

In June 1850 he married Emily Sellwood was a boy and girl attachment, but circumstances long deferred their union, an extraordinarily happy She was his true helpmate, his complement, the one thing needful to make his life a whole They settled at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, three years after their marriage, and Farringford became the ideal home of a poet. Here he lived with his wife and his boys, Hallam and Lionel, in ever-growing happiness, fame, and prosperity And here, in the library he added to his house, in the lovely lawns of his garden, or pacing his 'noble down,' with the lark's song far over his head and the breaking seas far below his feet for sole accompaniment, he composed some of his favourite poems, Maud, The Idylls of the King, Enoch Arden, Queen Mary, and many another idyll, lyric, and drama. And here as time went on his friends gathered round him—the surviving friends of his youth, the friends of his middle age, of his advancing years, the unknown friends from distant lands who crossed the seas to pay their homage to him in his simple sylvan court

The Arthurian romance, all but Balin and Balan, was completed in 1869, in Dean Alford's words, 'a great connected poem dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the higher soul of man Tennyson

was fondest of reading aloud Guinevere and The Passing of Arthur

In 1869 he built his new house, Aldworth, at Haslemere, where until the end of his life he always passed the summer, and here he wrote a considerable part of his later plays, Harold (1877), The Takon (1879), The Cup (1881), The Promise of May (1882), Becket (1884) Both Becket and The Cup, under Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Irving's management, were very successful on the stage Of Beiket Sir Henry Irving wrote to the present 'We have passed the fiftieth per Loid Tennyson formance of Bicket, which is in the heyday of its I think that I may, without hereafter being credited with any inferior motive, give again the opinion which I previously expressed to your loved and honoured father To me Becket is a very noble play, with something of that lofty feel ing and that far-reaching influence which belong to a passion-play. There are in it moments of passion and pathos which are the aim and end of dramatic art, and which, when they exist, atone to an audience for the endurance of long Some of the scenes and passages, especially in the last act, are full of sublime feeling, and nie, with regard to both their dramatic effective ness and their poetic beauty, as fine as anything in our language. I know that such a play has an ennobling influence on both the audience who see it and the actors who play in it?

Other volumes were The Lover's Tale (1879), Ballads (1880), Tiresias (1885), Locksley Hall—Staty Years After (1886), Demeter (1889), The Death of Enone, Akbar, and other pieces (1892) The later volumes show a mature and perfect art, and a range wide enough to include history—mostly English, as in the splendid Ballad of the Revenge, tales in dialect—that chiefly of Lincolnshire, a few beautiful classical pieces, narratives, idyllic and lyrical, of the profoundest pathos, and poems treating great problems in religion and morality, philosophy and science

Tennyson's keen and abiding interest in religious and ethical problems is shown throughout his work, his fervid patriotism was conspicuous at all times, and he took his side unhesitatingly in the great political issues of the day. Long before colonial federation was a popular subject, he was amazed that England could not see that 'her true policy hes in a close union with our colonies'. In his personal friendships, as in his literary tastes, he was unusually catholic. Amongst his friends he ranked Carlyle as well as Gladstone, and Huvley as well as Ruskin. He loved to read aloud Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer, he reverenced Wordsworth, said that Keats, if he had lived, "would have been among the very greatest of us," thought Goethe among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist, and in his friend Browning recognised a mighty intellect, 'though he seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound' Shakespeare was his constant study till on his

deathbed the power to read fuled him In a Cyclopædia of English Literature it is appropriate to record that the most perfect master of musical English verse thought the stateliest English prose was, after the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, that of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, De Quincey, and Ruskin, with some of Sir Thomas Browne

He enjoyed travel, thus he made short journeys to the Pyrenees in 1831 and 1861, and, between 1853 and 1892, to the Western Highlands, Staffa, and Iona, Portugal, Cornwall, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, Weimar and Dresden, Dartmoor and Salcombe, North Wales, Suffolk, Ireland, Stonehenge, Venice, Verona, and the Italian lakes, Dovedale, and sea trips to Orkney, Norway, and Denmark, and the Channel Islands

In January 1884 Queen Victoria created Tennyson a peer of the United Kingdom, and the poetlaureate became Baron Tennyson of Freshwater It was in April 1886 that his and Aldworth younger son Lionel died as he was returning from India, a young man of high promise, his life too early quenched by untimely death-'a grief as deep as Life or Thought' After 1887 the poet peer suffered attack upon attack of illness, until the last illness which ended in his death at Aldworth on the 6th October 1892, in his cighty-fourth year At Aldworth, too, his widow presed away, in her eighty-fourth year, on the 10th August 1896 June Bracken and Heather, quoted below, was the last poem written to her. The nation buried its great poet in Westminster Abbey his wife lies in the God's acre of that island village where, as she had herself said, they spent their happiest On the tablet to his father's memory in Freshwater Church, the inscription ends with these fine lines by the present Lord Tennyson

Speak, living Voice! to thee death is not death, Thy life outlives the life of dust and breath

## The Bridal—after reading the 'Bride of Lammermoor'

The lamps were bright and gay On the merry bridal day, When the merry bridegroom Bore the bride away! A merry, merry bridal, A merry bridal day! And the chapel's vaulted gloom Was misted with perfume. 'Now, tell me, mother, pray, Why the bride is white as clay, Although the merry bridegroom Bears the bride away, On a merry, merry bridal, A merry bridal day? And why her black eyes burn With a light so wild and stern?' In the hall, at close of day, Did the people dance and play, For now the merry bridegroom Hath borne the bride away

He from the dance hath gone, But the revel still goes on Then a scream of wild dismay Thro' the deep hall forced its way, Altho' the merry bridegroom Hath borne the bride away, And, staring as in trance, They were shaken from the dance --Then they found him where he lay Whom the wedded wife did slay, Tho' he a merry bridegroom Had borne the bride away, And they saw her standing by, With a laughing crazed eye, On the bitter, bitter bridal, The bitter bridal day

#### From 'The Talking Oak.'

(Written in boyhood)

To yonder oak within the field I spoke without restraint, And with a larger faith appeal'd Than Papist unto Saint

For oft I talk'd with him apart, And told him of my choice, Until he plagianised a heart, And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper d, under Heaven
None else could understand,
I found him garrulously given,
A babbler in the land

But since I heard him make reply
Is many a weary hour,
'Twere well to question him, and try
If yet he keeps the power

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern, Broad Oak of Sumner chace, Whose topmost branches can discern The roofs of Sumner place <sup>1</sup>

Sny thou, whereon I carved her name,
If ever maid or spouse,
As fair as my Ohvin, eime
To rest beneath the boughs—

'O Walter, I have shelter'd here Whatever maiden grace The good old Summers, year by year, Made ripe in Sumner chace

'Old Summers, when the monk was fat, And, issuing shorn and sleck, Would twist his girdle tight, and pat The girls upon the cheek,

'Ere yet, in seom of Peter's pence, And number'd bead, and shrift, Bluff Harry broke into the spence, And turn'd the cowls adrift

'And I have seen some score of those Fresh faces, that would thrive When his man minded offset rose To chase the deer at five,

- 'And all that from the town would stroll,
  Till that wild wind made work
  In which the gloomy brewer's soul
  Went by me, like n stork
- 'The slight she slips of loyal blood, And others, passing priise, Strait laced, but all too full in bud For puritance stays
- 'And I have shadow'd many a group Of beauties, that were born In teacup times of hood and hoop, Or while the patch was worn,
- 'And, leg and arm with love knots gay, About me leap'd and laugh'd The modish Cupid of the day, And shrill'd his tinsel shaft
- 'I swear (and else may insects prick Each leaf into a gall) This girl, for whom your heart is sick, Is three times worth them all,
- 'Tor those and theirs by Nature's law,
  Have faded long ago,
  But in these latter springs I saw
  Your own Ohna blow,
- 'From when she gamboll'd on the greens,
  A baby germ, to when
  The maden blossoms of her teens
  Could number five from ten
- 'I swear, by leaf, and wind and run,
  (And hear me with thine ears,)
  That the' I circle in the grain
  Five hundred rings of years—
- 'Yet, since I first could east a shade, Did never creature pass So slightly, musically made, So light upon the grass
- 'I or as to fairies, that will flit
  To make the greensward fresh,
  I hold them exquisitely knit,
  But far too spare of flesh'
- Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern, And overlook the chace, And from thy topmost brunch discern The roofs of Sumner place
- But thou, whereon I carved her name,
  That oft hast heard my vows,
  Duchre when hist Olivia came
  To sport beneath thy boughs
- 'And here she came, and round me play'd, And sang to me the whole Of those three stanzas that you made About my "grant bole,"
- 'Ard in a fit of froic mirth
  She strove to span my waist
  Alas, I was so broad of girth,
  I could not be embraced

- 'I wish d myself the fair young beech That here beside me stands, That round me, clasping each in each, She might have lock'd her hands.
- 'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet As woodbine's fragile hold, Or when I feel about my feet The berried briony fold'
- O muffle round thy knees with fern, And shadow Sumner chace! Long may thy topmost branch discern The roofs of Sumner place!
- But tell me, did she read the name
  I carved with many vows
  When last with throbbing heart I came
  To rest beneath thy boughs?
- 'O yes, she wander'd round and round These knotted knees of mine, And found, and kiss'd the name she found, And sweetly murmur'd thine
- 'A teardrop trembled from its source, And down my surface crupt My sense of touch is something coarse, But I believe she wept.
- 'Then flush'd her check with rosy light,
  She glanced across the plain,
  But not a creature was in sight
  She kiss'd me once again
- 'Her kisses were so close and kind,
  That, trust me on my word,
  Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
  And yet my sap was stirr'd
- 'And even into my immost ring
  A pleasure I discern'd,
  Like those blind motions of the Spring,
  That show the year is turn'd'
- May never saw dismember thee, Nor wielded axe disjoint, That art the fairest spoken tree From here to Lizard point
- O rock upon thy towery top
  All throats that gurgle sweet'
  All starry culmination drop
  Balin dews to bathe thy feet I
- All grass of silky feather grow—
  And while he sinks or swells
  The full south breeze around thee blow
  The sound of minster bells.
- The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
  That under deeply strikes!
  The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
  Iligh up, in silver spikes!
- Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
  But, rolling as in sleep,
  Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
  That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath, That only by thy side Will I to Olive plight my troth, And gain her for my bride.

#### From 'The Lotos-Eaters'

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives, And dear the last embraces of our wives And their warm tears but all bath suffer'd change . For surely now our household hearths are cold Our sons inherit us our looks are strange And we should come like gliosts to trouble joy Or else the island princes over bold Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings Before them of the ten years' war in Iroy, And our great deeds, as half forgotten things Is there confusion in the little isle? l et what is broken so remain The Gods are hard to reconcile Lis hard to settle order once again There is confusion worse than death, Fromble on trouble, pain on pain, Long labour unto aged breath, Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs hill us blowing lowly)
With half dropt evelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
I o watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From case to cave thro' the thick twined vine—
Io watch the emerald colour d water falling
I hiro' many a woy'n acanthus wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak.
The Lotos blows by every winding creek.
All day the wind breathes low with incllower tone.
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone.
Round and round the spicy downs the vellow. Lotos dust as blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, Roll'd to starboard, roll d to larboard, when the surge was seetling free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea

I et us swer an orth, and keep it with an equal mind. In the hollow I otos land to live and he reclined. On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind I or they he beside their neetar, and the bolts are hirld I ar below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly cuil d

Kound their golden houses, girlled with the gleaming world

Where they smale in secret, looking over wasted lands. I light and famine, plague and carthquake, rosing deeps and fiery sands.

Clanging fights and flaming towns, and sinking slinps, and praying lian to

But they smile, they find a music centred in a coleful song

Steaming up a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong I il e a tale of little meaning the the words are strong

Chanted from an ill used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest vith enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of vibrat, and vine and oil,
Till they penish and they suffer—soinc, its whisper do

Suffer on lless anguish, others in I lysian valleys dwell, Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphotel Surely, surely, slumber is more so cet than toil, the shore Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar,

Oh rest ve, brother mariners, we will not wander more

#### Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play?
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill,

But O for the touch of a vanish d hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the erags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

#### Ida's Chant of Victory

'Our enemies have fall n, have fall'n the seed, The little seed they laugh d at in the dark, Has risen and eleft the soil, and grown a bulk Of spanless girth, that lavs on every side A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun

'Our enemics have fall n, have fall n—they came, The leaves were wet with women's tears—they heard A noise of songs they would not under tand. They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall, And would have strown it, and are fall n themselves.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall no they came, The woodmen with their axes alo the tree' But we will make it faggots for the hearth And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor, And boats and bridges for the use of men

\*Our enemies have fall in have fall in they strict With their own blows they huit them class, nor knew There dwelt an iron nature in the grain. The glittering axe was broken in their arms, Their arms were shattered to the shoulder blade.

\*Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow A might of Summer from the heat, a breauth Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power, and roll d With music in the growing, breeze of Time. The tops shall strike from star to star the fings. Shall move the story bases of the world.

"And now, O maid behold our sanctuary Is violate, our laws broken fear we not ... To break them more in their behoof whese arms Champa n'il our couse and neu it with a clay Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast, When dames and heroines of the golden year Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring, To rain an April of ovation round Their statues, born aloft, the three—but come, We will be liberal, since our rights are won Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind, Ill nurses, but descend, and proffer these The brethren of our blood and cause, that there Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries Of female hands and hospitality'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms. Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led A hundred maids in train across the Park Some cowl'd, and some bare headed, on they came, Their feet in flowers, her loveliest by them went The enamour'd air sighing, and on their earls From the high tree the blossom wavering fell, And over them the tremulous isles of light Slided, they moving under shade but Blanche At distance follow'd so they came anon Thro' open field into the lists they wound Timorously, and as the leader of the herd That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun, And follow'd up by a hundred airy does, Steps with a tender foot, light as on air, The lovely, lordly creature floated on To where her wounded brethren lay, there stay'd, Knelt on one knee, -the child on one, -and prest Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers, And happy warriors, and immortal names, And said 'You shall not he in the tents but here, And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served With female hands and hospitality

(From The Princess)

#### Ask me no more

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,
I'he cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live
Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are senl'd I strove against the stream and all in vain Let the great river take me to the main No more, dear love, for at a tonch I yield, Ask me no more

(From The Princess)

#### In Memoriam A. H H.

Strong Son of God, immortal I ove, Whom we, that have not seen thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest Life in man and brute,
Thou madest Death, and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die,
And thou hast made him—thou art just

Then seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be
I'hey are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but futh we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darl ness let it grow

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell That mind and soul, according well, May make one music as before,

But vaster We are fools and slight,
We mock thee when we do not fear
But help thy foolish ones to bear,
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
What seem'd my worth since I began,
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee

Forgive my grief for one removed,

Thy creature, whom I found so fur
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worther to be loved

Forgive these wild and wandering eries,
Confusions of a wasted youth,
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise

#### A Dedication

1849.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise,
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower
(To his wife)

#### To the Rev F D Maurice

Come, when no graver cares amploy, Godfather, come and see your boy, Your presence will be sun in winter, Making the little one leap for joy

For, being of that honest few, Who give the Fiend himself his dne, Should eighty thousand college councils Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you, Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight,

Where, far from noise and smoke of town, I watch the twilight falling brown All round a careless order'd garden Close to the ridge of a noble down

You'll have no scandal while you dine, But honest talk and wholesome wine, And only hear the magpie gossip Garrulous under a roof of pine

For groves of pine on either hand, Fo break the blast of winter, stand And further on, the hoary Channel Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand,

Where, if below the milky steep Some ship of bittle slowly creep And on thro' zones of light and shadow Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin Which made a selfish war begin, Dispute the claims, arrange the chances, Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win

Or whether war's avenging rod Shall lash all Europe into blood, Till you should turn to dearer matters, Dear to the man that is dear to God,

How best to help the slender store, How mend the dwellings, of the poor, How gain in life, as life advances, Valour and cliarity more and more

Come, Maurice, come the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy wet,
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Croeus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear,
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year

Tanuary 1854

#### From 'The Passing of Arthur'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new, And God fulfils himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world Comfort thyself what comfort is in mc? I have lived my life, and that which I have done May He within himself make pure but thou, If thou shouldst never see my face again, Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not linds of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God But now farewell I am going a long way

With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avibon,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orehard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal n c of my grievous wound'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail Moved from the brink, like some full breasted swan That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood With swarthy webs—Long stood Sir Bedivere-Revolving many memories, till the hull Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn, And on the mere the wailing died away

But when that moan had past for evermore, The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is gone' And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme, 'From the great deep to the great deep he goes'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
'He passes to be king among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again, but—if he come no more—
O me, be you dark Queens in you black boat,
Who shrick'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but funt As from beyond the limit of the world,

I the the last echo born of a great ery
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb I v'n to the highest he could climb, and saw, Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand, Or thought he saw, the speek that bare the King, Down that long water opening on the deep Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go I rom less to less and vanish into light And the new sun rose bringing the new year

#### June Bracken and Heather

There on the top of the down,
I'he wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather
so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This and my love tegriber.

Thus, and my love together,
To you that are seventy seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer new

As the green of the brack on amid the gloom of the heather

#### Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no morning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark '
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embarl,

For the' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar

(Written after the poet had turned eights )

[The authoritative biographs prepared by the second Lord Tenns son, apprared in tv o volumes in the autumn of 1897 The literature biographical, critical or elucidatory is very extensive and is added to yearly-it includes books on Tennyson and his works by Mr W E Wace (1881) Profes or Van Dyle (5th cd 1896), Mr E. C. Tainsh (1863 new ed 1893) Mr H J, Jennings (1884 new ed 1892), Mr Thomas Davidson (Boston, 1889) Mr Churton Collins (1891) Mr Eugene Parsons (Chicago 1891) Mr A. Waugh (1892) Mr A. Ritchie (1892-93) Mr A. Jenkinson (1892), Mr Joseph Jacobs (1893) Mr Stopford Brooke (1894) Signor Bellezza (Italian, 1894), Mr Stephen Gwynn (1899) Mr A. Lang (1991) and Sir Arthur Lyall (1902) besides essays criticisms, and articles by the most notable English and American critics of which a list up to that date will be found in the bibliography appended to Mr R H Shepherd's Tennysonian i (1865, new ed 1879 bibliography separate, 1896) The article by Professor Palgrave in Chambers's Eucyclopadia (1892), and that by Canon Ainger in the Dictionary of National Biography (1893) deserve special mention also Mrs Richmond Ritchie's Records of Tenns son Kuskin, and the Brownings (1892) and Lord Tennyson and his Friends (1893) Mr Frederic Harrison's Tennyson Ruskin, Mill (and others 1899) and Canon Rawnsley s Memories of the Fennysois (1900). There is an analysis of In Memoriam by F W Robertson (1862), a Key to it by Dr Gatty (1881 4th ed 1891) a Commentary on it by Professor A. C. Bradley (1901) and an edition of it The Princess and Mand by Mr Charles Collins a Concornance to Tennyson by Mr D B Brightwell (for the works up to 1869) a Tempson Hand book by Morton (1895) and a Fennyson Primer by Dixon (1896). See also Mr A. J. Church's The Laureale's Country (1890) Mr J C. Walters s In Tennyson Land (1890) Mr G G Napiers Homes and Haunts of Alfred Tennyson (1892), and Mr B Francis 6 Scenery of Tennyson's Poems (1893) Many of the poems have been translated, of Enoch Artlen there are nine German versions seven French, and two Dutch, as well as Italian Spanish Danish, Hungarian, and Bohemiau ]

## MARY BROTHERTON

Arthur Henry Hallam (1811-33), the son of the historian (see page 193), passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became one of the Tennyson group He had an exceptional aptitude for literary studies, and showed a preco cious faculty for verse writing and criticism his health was already matter of anxiety, and, travel ling in Austria little more than a year after entering the Inner Temple, he died suddenly from heart weakness at Vienna before completing his twentythird year His father wrote a touching Memoir to accompany a privately printed volume of Remains of his work-prose and verse His poems and one of his essays were republished by Mr Le Gallienne in 1893, Mr Gollancz also reprinted the poems in his edition of In Memoriam It would be unfair to judge of what he might have done by what he actually accomplished when little more than a boy, under the visible influence of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge He w more certainly be remembered as the 'A H 1 of Tennyson's *In Memorium*, the only begetter that great elegiac series

William Cox Bennett (1820-95), son of Greenwich watchmaker, carried on his fathe business, but wrote much for the papers a became famous as a song-writer. He publish several collections of songs, including War Son and Songs of Sailors (set to music by J. L. Hattobesides Prometheus the Fire giver

John Tyndall (1820-93), born at Leighli Bridge, County Carlow, was employed on t ordnance survey, and for three years was a railw engineer, but in 1847 he became teacher of physi at Queenwood College, Hampshire, and in 18 studied physics and chemistry at Marburg Alrea ΓRS, he was in 1853 made professor to the Roy Institution In 1856 lie and Professor Hual visited the Alps, and this expedition resulted in famous joint work on glaciers. In 1859 he beg his researches on radiation, a later subject w the acoustic properties of the atmosphere. 1874, as President of the British Association Belfist, lie gave an address which, denounced materialistic, led to keen and prolonged co troversy, but ultimately came to be regarded little more than a fair claim for the full freedo of scientific investigation about the origin of t world and of life Conspicuous as were his service to the sciences as an investigator, he was ev more eminent as a populariser—in the best sen of the term-of great scientific truths He c much to secure the recognition by the educat public of much that otherwise might long ha been the peculiar property of specialists. His sty of exposition was exceptionally lucid, graceful, at free from technical terminology His wife, who u dertook his Life, lins in the article in the Dictiona of National Biography given a list of sixte separate publications, but his contributions to t scientific journals amounted to one hundred at forty-five. His works are largely read in Ameri and in a German and other translations a memorial on his Life and Work was issued, wi reminiscences by various friends He was for sor years scientific adviser to the Board of Trade ii to the lighthouse authorities, but in 1883 retir from most of his appointments He was LL.D at DCL, and held numerous honours, British a foreign Among his works are The Glaciers the Alps (1860), Mountaineering (1861), He as a Mode of Motion (1863), Radiation (Re-Lecture, 1865), volumes on Light, Sound, Ele tricity, Faraday, and the forms of water in cloud rivers, lakes, and other aggregations, Fragmen of Science (1871, 6th ed 1879), Hours of Exe cise in the Alps (1873), Essays on the Floatin Matter of the Air (1881), and New Fragmen Tyndall died from an overdose of chlor administered by his devoted wife.

## Robert Browning

#### Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In the opening years of the just ended century two children were growing up in English homes who were destined to make an indelible mark on the thought and literature of their country, and to leave to the world its most perfect love idvll in real life a bright, high-spirited little girl, with great violet eyes, and dark curls falling all about her face, flitting, a slight child-like figure among her many brothers and sisters, through the stately house and wooded park of her father's country seat among the Malvern Hills, and a noble, six-years younger boy, with blue eyes and golden hair, impetuous, passionate, loving-hearted, alone with his father and mother and little sister in a quiet home in Camberwell, then a country suburb of London-Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett and Robert Browning

'Elizabeth Barrett, daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, and Mary his wife, born at Cox hoe Hall, County of Durham, March the 6th, at seven o'clock in the evening in the year 1806' So runs the parish register recording the birth of the The original family name was Moulton, but, by the will of his grandfather, the father of the poetess took the name of Barrett on succeeding to his estates in Jamaica. While still a very young man he married Mary, daughter of J Graham Clarke, Esq, then residing at I enham Hall, New castle on-Tyne, bought Hope End among the Malvern Hills, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Elizabeth was the eldest surviving sister of a merry troop of eight sons and three daughters As future events showed, Mr Barrett was a man of despotic temper, with a supreme belief in 'the divine right of fathers'-and also of husbands, but he encouraged and was proud of his gifted daughter, who repaid him with a passionate affection 'I wrote verses very early,' she writes, 'at eight years old and earlier, but, what is less common, the early fancy turned into a will, and remained with me. The Greeks were my demigods, and hunted me out of Pope's Homer, till I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of "Moses" the black pony' Of a childish 'epic' in four books, called The Battle of Marathon, 'fifty copies were printed, because papa was bent upon spoiling ine' Next to Elizabeth in the family group came her brother Edward, her inseparable companion both in work and play, and to the lessons shared with him under his Scotch tutor, Mr M'Swiney (which the little girl greatly preferred to the instructions of Mrs Orme, her own governess), she probably owed her early acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics To this beloved brother she also owed her pet name of 'Ba,' by which she was called to the end of her life by those she most loved Writing of these early years, she says 'We hved at Hope End in a retirement scarcely brol en to me except by books and my own

thoughts I read books bid and good bird in a cage could have as good a story' The scenery and associations of her early home remained with her as a happy memory to the last During these quiet years of girlhood the wellknown blind Greek scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd, came to live at Great Malvern, and between him and the eager, sympathetic young girl there soon sprang up a fast friendship. To the 'long mornings' spent with her blind friend over their beloved Greek she touchingly alludes in her poem 'Wine of Cyprus' In 1826 she published anonymously An Essay on Mind, and other Poen's 'A didactic poem long repented of,' she writes, 'yet the bird pecks through the shell in it' In 1828 her mother died, 'an angelic woman,' their cousin Mr Kenyon calls her, 'whose memory,' writes Elizabeth, in the bitterness of her first sorrow, 'is more precious to me than any earthly blessing left behind' During the few following years the abolition of slavery in the West Indies (which, however, he disinterestedly advocated), and the cost of a successful but expensive lawsuit, considerably diminished Mr Barrett's fortune, and in 1832 the old home at Hope End was broken up and the estate sold. For two years the family resided at Sidmouth, and while there Prometheus Bound, a Translation from the Greek of Æschylus, appeared in 1835. The next move was to 74 Gloucester Place, London, and here, through her relative Mr John Kenyon, Elizabeth was introduced to most of her early literary friend--notably to Miss Mitford-and access was gained for her poems to some of the chief literary journals Miss Mitford, with whom her acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship, thus describes her at this time 'A slight girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round free with a most noble forehead, large dark eyes with such eyelashes, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark China rose, a profusion of silky dark curls, and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed?

'Then came the failure in my health, which never had been strong,' writes Elizabeth, and the lung affection appears to have begun which was to condemn her henceforth to the restricted possibilities of an invalid, but she only devoted herself the more assiduously to the poetry which she had chosen as her life work 'The Romaunt of Margaret' and 'The Poet's Vow' appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, 'The Young Queen' and 'Victoria's Tears' in the Ithenaum, 'The Dream,' 'The Romaunt of the Page,' and 'The Romance of the Ganges' in Finden's Fableaux, then edited by Miss Mitford, while their author's own life often seemed to be hanging by a thread. In the spring of 1838 the family removed to 50 Wimpole Street, which was from henceforth her London home. and in the same year she published The Seraplam and other Poems, including 'Cowper's Grave' and others of her very finest lyrics. In the autumn of that year the state of her health became so critical

that it was decided she should winter it forquity, to which she was accompanied by her beloved brother I'dward. For two winters she remained there, for months only lifted from her hed to the sofa, but the bright, keen spirit and indomitable will remained as vigorous is ever. In Lebruary 1840, 'The Crowned and Wedded Queen' appeared in the Athenaum, and shouly afterwards 'Napoleon's Return'. On the 11th July 1840 the sid event occurred which was to throw a shadow

over her future hfi Her brother Edward, with two companions, all exnerienced yachts men, started for a few hours' pleasure sail in a small vacht on a fine summer's day after day Div presed in agonis ing suspense, but the bort did not return, still they honed igainst hope, till at last the sea gave up its dead The blow completely prostrated the strict on invilid, a morbid feeling took possession of her that she was respon sible for her dear one's death, who had remained at Torquay moved ly her tears at the prospect of parting with him Her poem Profundis, never published till after her own death, is



KOBI KI BROWNING Trim a Pactograph by Ellian and Fry

a funt reflex of her feelings at this time, of which she could never afterwards speak, even to him she loved the most. In the September number of the Quarterly Recuer in important notice appeared of her Poems, while she herself was hovering between life and death not till lite in the summer of 1841 that she was able to be removed in in invalid carriage, by stages of twenty five miles a day, to the house in Wimpole Street, where she was to pass, in the seclusion of her darkened rooms, so many invalid Meanwhile her fame as a poet was grow-'The Cry of the Children,' suggested by Mr R H Horne's Report on Mines and Factories, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and ittracted much attention. She also co-operated with Mr.

Home (with whom, though they had never met, she carried on a charming literary correspondence ince published) in his voil called the New Strict of the Ire, a ceries of critical papers on contemporary literature, and in this work she esme into connection, all unconrecounts, for the first time with the great influence of her future life. The Mottaes' (for the amous critique of any Home, which are singularly happy and appropriate, were for the most part supplied by Miss Burett and

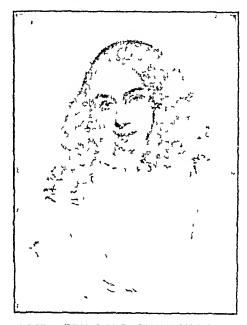
Robert Browning, then unkno a to each other

Intr entumn of 18th t ovolumes of her Penr dedicated to her faller and including the Draws of Lade' The Cry of the Children I went of Probe Lady Gerildere' Courteling &c were publicated b Moyon and re cent by habi or inclaire and I had the Barre ! ur unne illi it ormsed as the realest mounti part of her time Memabile าร sle to in her darl encd rwim the voile was so and ng with her prosective Field unto Acd for limpiness of ltr life was coming of twonday llr meet her Dining one day in 1830

at Sergeaut Talfourd's some one pointed out to her cousin, Mr. Kenvon, a 'slim, dark, very hardsome' young min as Mr Robert Browning, the author of a notable poem called Paracelsus. The name recalled old memories and Mr Kenyon accosted the young author, and asked, "Was your fathers name Robert, and did he go to school at the Rev Mr Bell's at Cheshant?" Next morning the young man asled his father if he remembered a school fellow named John Kenvon 'Certainly,' he answered, 'this is his fice,' and he sketched a boy's head, in which his son at once recognised his acquaintance of the previous evening. The old comradeship was renewed, and Mr Kenton often spoke in his friend's house of his invalid poet cousin Miss Barrett, and when her poems appeared

he sent a copy to the author of Paracelsus. When the volumes arrived the poet himself was abroad, but his sister read and was much struck with their beauty, and on his return drev her brother's attention to them, who was at once canmoured with them, and at Mr Kenyon's suggestion wrote to tell the invalid poetess how much he prized her work. This letter, dated toth January 1845, is the first of that unique series of letters between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, recently published, which embalis for the world its most idylic courtship

Robert Browning, whose greatness the Englishspeaking world is tardily coming to recognise, was born in an old house at Camberwell (since taken down) on the 7th of May 1812 His fither and grandfather both bore the same name, and both held positions of trust in the Bank of England His grandfather married Margaret Morris Tittle, who was born in the West Indies and owned The poet's father was their cldest property there son, and was sent out is a young man to his mother's sugar plantation in St Kitts, but the slave system was so repugnant to him that he sacrificed a fortune to his convictions, and returned home to take up a small post in the Bank of All who knew him intimately agree in Lugland considering him one of the most remarkable men they lind ever known A child like simplicity, unworldliness, and sweetness of nature was joined in him with extraordinary intellectual and artistic His detective figuity in criminal cases is said to have amounted to genius—as did also his artistic tilent (his own desire, thwarted by his father, was to have been an artist), and his power of versifying, his son declared to be far greater than his own. He was a scholar in the finest sense of the word, and had a passion for old In 1811 he married Sarih books and pictures Anna Wiedemann, daughter of a German ship master from Hamburg, who had settled in Dundee and married a Scottish wife whose name was Sarah From his maternal grandfather who is said to have been a skilled musician, Robert Browning probably inherited his love for music, is to his German and Scotch incestry combined he probably owed his metaphysics, and perhaps to the frafervidum ingenium Scotorum somewhat of his poetic fire. Mrs Browning was a woman in every way worths of such a husband and such 1102 F Crible speaks of her as the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman,' and Mr Kenyon declared that such as she had no need to go to heaven, because they made it wherever they were the first Robert Browning's love for his mother was a passion It is told of him that as a little bot he always said, "When I am a man I will marry my mamma!" All through his hie at home, however lite he might be out, he never went to bed vithout seeking her room for his good night kiss. 'She was a divine woman,' he used to say, with a tremor in his some to the sens list, and those who know best say that his mother's was, out of sight the strongest influence in his life. One little sister, eighteen months younger than her brother, named Sanianna after her mother, and well worthy of her place in that unique family group, completed the quiet Camberwell hou chold. Very early the poetic instinct showed itself in the little Robert, his sister remembered him wall inground the dining room table scanning his verses on the mahogany when his head hardly reached above it. A beautiful, impetuous, passionate and passionately loving child, full of restless energies, leenly susceptible to music and art, devoted to all



LLIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
From the Chall Drawing (1819) by Field Talfourd in the National
Fortrait Callery

living things-coming home with his pockets full of all sorts of insect and reptile pets, all-from the little speckled frog picked up by him in the strawberry-beds to the mutilated cut rescued from torturing boys-to be given into his mother's loving care, and the boy never forgot the skill and tenderness with which she sewed and dressed and bandaged poor pussy's wounds, till she nursed her back to health. Probably for the sake largely of a few hours' peace in the household the resile's little sprite was very early sent to a lady's school near, with the result of a mutiny among the mothers of the other pupils, who declared that their durings must be neglected as they were so speedily outstripped by Master Browning, to which the worths lady pertinently replied that if they could give their children 'Master Browning's intellect' she could easily satisfy them! By the time he was twelve he had written a utile column of poems which he called he rhet, but a publisher was sought in vain, and in disgest he threa the nextly statched little manuscrip into the fire



summer of 1851 the projected visit to England was paid to Mrs Browning's grief, her futher remained inevorable in his resentment, and her letter plending that he would so fir relent as to Liss her child was un inswered. On this, and on each succeeding visit to England, Robert Browning went to the door of the church in which his marrive had been solemnised, and Lissed the paying stones-a mute testimony to the happiness there begun for lum. The following winter v is spirit in Paris. Carlyle was their fellow triveller, and during this visit they made the acquaintance of M. Joseph Milsind, ever ifterwards one of their most cherished friends Robert Browning's Lang on Sheller, which was prefixed to what aftery and proved to be a series of spurious letters of that a poet was written there. Mr. Browning's Cana Guide Wirdor's, an impressoned plea for the freedom of Italy, was also published during the year. She had at this period an intence idmina tion for, and belief in, Louis Napoleon is the Liberitor of Italy, a belief which it required the shameful treaty of Villa Laurer harlly to dispel Her mind was about this time also much occupied by the phenomena of spirituilism to the annox "ruce of her husband, who though by no mem himself uninterested in occult science, and with his quick penetration, that his great minded and true hearted wife was being imposed upon by pretender. Later she also discovered that he had been deceived and withdress her confidence from a previously much trusted friend. In 1853 Browning's play Colorife chirildin was produced with success on the stige - it the Haymarke' -under the direction of Miss Helen Fracit 'after wards Lady Martin That summer they visited the baths of Lucea, where kobert Browning wrote 'In a Balcony' and some others of the poem included in Men and Woner The uniter of

1853-54 was spent in Rome In 1855 they were again in London, from which a place Mr Browning's Ora Wora More is dated in September, and before the close of the year his fifty Men and Women were given to the world The winter of 1855-56 was again spent in Paris, where Mr Browning's fither and sister were no v settled For three years Mrs Browning and been writing Amora Leigh, but it wis not till Mirch 1856 that her husband saw my part of it, then she placed the first six books in his hands remaining three books were written much more rapidly, in her cousin Mr Kenyon's liouse in I ondon, to whom the poem was dedicated success was immediate and wide. In October the Brownings returned to Italy, and in the following summer were again at the baths of Lucca but their stay was darkened by the serious illness of their little Penim (the pet name of their little box), who was stricken down by gastric fever child I am more proud of,' writes his mother, 'than of twenty Auroras' Mercifully their treasure was spared to them, and they returned to Florence for

the winter of 1857-58. Their friend Mr W W Story, the American sculptor, thus describes the Casa Guidi home at the time "We can never forest the source anterioon with its great picture and manoforte, at which the box Brov ain gars ed many an hour, the lattle dining 100m co cred with tipestry, and y here hung med allon, of Tennyson, Unlyle, and Robert Browning the long room filled with plastered is and judger, a luch vis-Mr. Browning's retreat, and, deare t of all, the large drawing room there or always at edeed bure, and to the following and looks out upon the non-recelured of 5 in Tele-There you comething about this room which seemed to make it a project and especial haant for poets. The day halos and abdied hah give it a dramy look, but was columned by the type try-covered smill and the oth persecof sent that looked out cody for the correct frame of bluel soost B) the flor of the and that who his anotherd all was a still in a lo am charmen hadon Ascall tible street with writing in iterral, books, and to sspanners task ale 155 las lice side. To thou a bo local "fre Browning and to Irox heres a to like list she cas in mount director. Hers vas por the bean cofficience is in the latter brand of expression. Her slight figure seem deleared force enough to conducting prest beart that best is fervently within The chiracum is well made I rold no of relation for sail her everythm was telt for Her Chas mit confined to the felt or extract, it recent that As orition with the Lie per seen though of the slightest nature more one hoter in and and soul? Of Mr Brownin National Has horice il o de cribing in evening in Casa Gadi writes "A most vivid and quick though of per on logical and common so isable as I presume poetr generality ire in their drift tilk. And Mr. Hawdiome says "Mr Browning's girep of the hand at the a real value to life revealing so much fervour and

ness about him,' writes another franci During the summer of 1850 came the ness of the Treats of Villa Franca, and the check to her hop's for her beloved Italy threw Mrs Broaning into a serious illness from which, though she railied for t time, she never really recovered loss ground Most of that summer was spent in Siena, and the winter following in Rome. Here Mr Browning occupied himself much in modelling, and there was a temporary suspension of his own work Partly this may have been due to the sense of the shadowing cloud that hung over the life so dear to him, partly, perhaps, also to the inevitable discouragement, even to a heart so brave and hopeful as his, of the long continued lack of any general appreciation of his vork by the English public Mrs Browning writes 'The treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infant of that public-no other word

"There is a singular steet

sincer ty of nature

I don't eo not no for moself of an unappreciating public—Illo eo received. But in the eld received from the blunders, dedices and empediated the Profish public to kind en o amore, a Nobels there exerging a small long of the left either ment, perend to do to time ic. While in Sunta a hor expension est, a pere long and to him in the heurs of the 1900, to

In a so the Benefit wille to I ber pille d now is not in the historian in the of Image Interior to the late with a nier Look for tops and on them ded after stone and to the en fermeur up in her 1 1 0 deland halve coveryles en in the my to later proof to their tere in Lame I upper the terminate the Programme of the state of the state of In write sar the filternation with a car with a compared make a term railing as sugar on, of two stematory of the think him to start a retail that to A T C Tomas transfer a to b the month of the gaps of constraints }jer z International and the property of the property sells here, a personal selection रिक्टी सार्वेद्धन्तिक स्टार्टी स्था edfordistroplant in the second matelieration to good martin to the ame to not herefore whom to THE RESTRICTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT 1 ini 11150 gerrenteer of make a company

I there I ar to the court of a factor what see the form the first to the first of the ir lak Meximelianes a cela chere. I cin serred to realist artimates attenfirst eres and the preferred and made link expore at ed a Courts If the cobbool could have exceed from to be been been but to time. She did no beaution is see the unito i follow him if to She had a return of her old brough it trouble, and the discounter excit gran meson for the lungs, but the steel apprired a light one, and no maniculate dinger was apprehended. On the main of 28th June the heathold sea to bed a moral leads, only the one devoted tratcher by his wife, hed ide. No thus, it of the comes parting vexed their lad hon together only in cest is of larging printing in the doing beart. "The most perfect expression. of her lost to me, states her his band, swilliam my chole knowledge of her-al assembly to hopp by and with a fix like a parter and in a few minutes she died in my arms ther head on my click So God tool her to himself is you would lift a sleeping child from a dark maciss bed into your unis and the light. Thank God. Her last cord. when I asked 'How do you feel?'- Beautiful'

I on than there was 'no sadness of farewell, and Robert Browning turned to face the desolution of Instituted of the man be was "You know I have her dearest wishes and interests to attend to al in the arms, ther child to care for, educate erableli properly and my own life to fulfil as properly all just is she yould require were she here. Mrs browning died at half past four in the then not so holime 1861, in her fifty third veir, and or the 1st or luly was lad in the Protestant secures a Horonic Her lushand had a white matha rumond in ted mer her place of rest. and However orded her granuale to the poeters, who blocked has been laid with their Italy," on a 1st design from mubble on the vall of Casa ta di

Pobest I reason, lett Herence it once with his nother than the continue of the annual of the a explic of north spent with his fither and sister or St. In , as non-Du and the vent to London, the e V. Treating explicitly early he I himself my 19 War at the common beaute only sur you never Mic Arthel Burntt. The first you if he radio-boost con in incoffitter de obtion but he a need to be determine the old minds sense of repeatibles. He had made up his mind to e general to fit he begins the university without present from his public choose and he desored his elf me te or his edication, and every evening he vested M. Perett, a deeply religious and countries some shout the had founded the her Petition it Lordon for destunte little guls in (1) he formeds Mrs. Browning breame her earthorn. Rebert Brownings porm 11. 1 mg at I Mr. I marom & Perfect Rogard Son to serve then for the benefit of the before. Along ich Mr. Buter Mr Browning und it this time to a ter lathe church of the Rex. Thomas Jones a trace, double muniter, to whose Serrent or i After existing afterward a rote a Profice. In this unmer of 15 is be used to Cambo and Bruras trift moog war arm for staw dusting his red bar - deat to be the Roman murder story during his list automic it Cisa bandi he had picked up at an old book stall in the Prazza San Lorenzo a "squire old vellow book is the the story of the Transection maider case, and now in the followin summer, we find him already planning his poem at was not however, till the winter of 1968 69 that Lac king at I the Book was published. A election from his poems appeared in 1865, and in 1863 the three volume edition was published. In December 1864 he writes 'I feel such comfort and delight in doing the best I can with my own object in life, Poetry, that it shows me I have talen the root I did tale, well. I hope to do much more yet, and that the flavor of it will be put into her hand somehow! In this year he signed his will, before Alfred Lennyson and I I Palgrave His fither died on 14th June 1866 in Paris, three weeks before the completion of his eighty fifth year. His son writes of him

'He kept his own strange sweetness of soul to the So passed away this good, unworldly, kind hearted, religious man, whose powers, natural and acquired, would so easily have made him a notable man had he known what vanity, or ambition, or the love of money or social influence As it is, he was known to half a-dozen friends He was worthy of being Ba's father—out of the whole world, only he, so far as my experi-My sister will come and live with me ence goes You see what she loses All her life has been spent in caring for my mother, and seventeen years after that, my father' From this time to the end, the brother and sister were insepar able companions Not the least unique in this unique family circle, in all rarest qualities of head and heart, was Sarranna Browning, and in that beloved sister's perfect companionship the poet found his best earthly soluce for the great sorrow of his life True as steel, brilliant in intellect yet simple and natural as a child, she combined with an almost shrinking modesty and diffidence an unselfishness absolutely selfless, an understanding sympathy that never failed, and all her father's 'strange sweetness of soul' Her ministry of love, begun to her mother and continued to her father, came next as an unspeakable blessing to her poet brother, and, after his death, to his sontill, without one failing faculty, in her ninetieth year, at the dim dawn of a recent Italian April day, the quiet summons to the better country came, and she might not tarry

The younger generation now began to recognise that a great poet had been long in their midst though they knew him not, and in June 1867 Oxford conferred upon Mr Browning its MA degree, and in the following October he was made an honorary Fellow of Balliol The year after he declined to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St Andrews University In June 1868 Miss Arabel Barrett died, like her sister, in Robert Browning's This year the six-volume edition of his poems was published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co, and that winter the first two, and in spring the third and fourth volumes of The Ring and the Book, of which the Athenaum spoke as the 'opus magnum of the generation' Robert Browning was now recognised as a great poet London society sought engerly for his company, and he was drawn much into its whirl of engagements Maich 1871 Hervé Riel appeared in the Cornhill Magazine for the benefit of the French sufferers by the war, Mr Smith paying one hundred guineas for the poem Balaustion's Adventure and Prince Hohenstul-Schwangan were published in August and December 1871, of the latter, fourteen hundred copies were sold during the first five days 'I re member,' writes its author, 'that the year I made the little rough sketch in Rome (1860) my account for the last six months with Chapman was—nil, not one It (Hohenstiel-Schwangau) copy disposed of 1 is just what I imagine the man might, if he pleased, say for himself' in this year he was made one of the life governors of London University the Fan appeared in the spring of 1872 About this time an acquaintance, begun long before at Florence, with Miss Egorton Smith ripened into an intimacy They went much together to concerts in London, and, accompanied by Miss Browning, spent several summer holidays together, sharing the same house at Mers, at Villers, in the island of Arran, and lastly, in 1877, at La Susiaz. In 1875 Mr Browning declined nomination for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University sotto appeared in 1876. During their stay at La Saising in the summer of 1877 he was unusually depressed, and their visit there was brought to a sad and abrupt termination by the sudden death of Miss Egerton Smith, as they were preparing to start for a day's excursion on Salène. His poem La Saisias, recording the thoughts suggested by this sad event, on another life as an essential sequel to our present life, was published in 1878 along with The Two Posts of Croisic In this venr he returned to Italy with his sister, for the first time since his wife's death, travelling by the Splugen Pass, where in great excitement he wrote Ivan Ivanovitch, and thence by Como and Verona to Venice and Asolo 'From Asolo, at last, dear friend! So do dieams come false, he writes The little quaint hill-town had been his first love in Italy, and a dream had often haunted his sleep that he was struggling to reach 'The Rocca'-the ruined embattlement which crowns its hill-but always in vain. Almost every summer holiday after, he and his sister returned to the land lie loved for 'a dose of Italian air' The first series of Dramatic Idylls was published in 1879, the second in 1880, and in 1881 the London Browning Society was started by Dr Furnivall and Miss C H Hickey Jocoseria appeared in 1883, and Forishtali's Fancies in 1884. At the tercentenary of the Edinburgh University in that year, its degree of LLD was given to him, and the following year he was elected president of its associated societies In 1885 he entered into negotiations (which, however, eventually fell through) for the purchase of the old Manzoni Palace in Venice. In 1887 Par leyings appeared, and in June he removed from 19 Warwick Crescent to 29 De Vere Gardens, a larger house on the other side of the Park. In October his son, Mr Robert Barrett Browning, who had chosen the profession of an artist, and of whose early successes his father was far more proud than of any achievement of his own, married an American lady, Miss Fannie Coddington About this time Mr Browning's wonderfully perfect health began somewhat to decline, and he was troubled by severe colds in winter, but he held on to his usual routine of life. In the spring of 1888 he began to revise his poems for a uniform In August he went to Primiero, near He was in London again in his new house in De Vere Gardens, in the decorating and

and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered' It is in reality a romance in blank verse. Many of the social problems with which it deals, though now familiar to us all, were looked upon forty years ago as startling novelties, and for a delicate and sensitive woman to treat them in the bold and outspoken way in which they are handled in Aurora Leigh was an act of true moral heroism But refined and sensitive as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, her husband sings of her truly as the 'boldest heart that ever braved the sun' There were cruelties and injustices in the received relations of the sexes, and if words of hers could help to right them, the help should not be withheld Aurora Leigh has often been spoken of as an autobiography, but whatever points of resemblance there may be between the heroine and the author, nothing can be more dissimilar than the story of their lives Yet by their diverse roads they reach the same goal, and Aurora Leigh's final views of life and art may be accepted as essentially those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Robert Browning is as essentially a dramatic, as his wife is a lyrical, poet Comparatively few of his poems are strictly dramatic in form, but all his think ing falls naturally into a dramatic mould his philosophy and metaphysics, of which there is much in his poetry, take generally the form of the philosophy and speculations of some real or imaginary personality 'The incidents in the development of a soul little else is worth study l, at least, have always thought so, he says in the dedication of Sordello Not that Robert Browning's mind is objective, as Shakespeare's is, there is nothing of the calm, placid, mirroring quality in it which in our great Elizabethan dramatist reflects all things outward to itself, as from the surface of a rippleless lake. Browning's mind, on the contrary, is intensely and passionately subjective and individual One never loses sight of the creator's mind in the creatures of his genius, but the universality and depth of his sympathy enables him so to throw his own passionate soul into each varying plase of the human nature he depicts, that Robert Browning is, for the time being, each of his own creations Hence the man Robert Browning comes far closer to his readers than the man William Shakespeare It seems a hopeless task in the limited space available to give any adequate idea of the extraordinary richness and variety of Robert Browning's manysided genius (His intense sympathy and under standing of the point of view of everything living, from the lowest to the highest, from the basest to the best, is perhaps his most outstanding characteristic but hardly less remarkable are his philosophical insight, his marvellous powers of observation, the power and beauty of his descrip tions of nature, the combined manliness and sweetness of his views of life, and the cheery inspiriting ring of an optimism that ignores no shadow, vet ever pierces through the darkness to the light above the cloud, built upon no shifting sands of sentiment but on the eternal Rock

God's in His heaven, All's right with the world

The difficulties of his style, so often objected to, are very much the defects of his qualities much-abused obscurity is not a matter of mere style or expression, as can easily be proved by simply trying, after succeeding in mastering the poet's meaning in a difficult passage, to express the ideas it contains in clearer or simpler English, when it will be found that the words used are the very clearest words possible to convey its meaning The real difficulty lies in gaining the poet's standpoint, that done, all is simple, and this difficulty anses mainly from the subtlety and the ripidity of his thought.) There are many minds to whom Browning's poems must remain for ever a sealed book, (because of a certain subtle quality in his mind and a faculty for fine spun analogy) which eludes their grasp, and there are miny also who, though perhaps capable of understanding if once they attain to his standpoint, find the mental gymnastics necessary to follow the rapid transitions of his fancy too arduous a task. /The association of ideas in Browning's mind is so swift and so delicate that it requires a mind in some degree constituted like his own to be able To these essential difficulties of to follow him his poetry he sometimes adds (as in Sordello) 1 complex plot, begun in the middle, and relating to obscure episodes of unfamiliar history,) and then the bewilderment of the ordinary casual reader is indeed complete! Next to Sordello, perhaps, Fifine at the Fair is the most difficult, and certainly one of the most misunderstood of Browning's, poems, as it is also (when understood aright) one of his very noblest. The difficulty here is of v different kind from that of Sordello-it lies in the essential motif of the poem itself, which is 'from a given point, evolve the infinite'-from an imagi nary, commonplace, concrete example of a man apparently drawn away for a time from his nevertheless true allegiance to the high souled wife he loves by the passing attractions of a pretty dancinggirl at an itinerant village show, to illustrate man's whole relations to the Passing and the Permanent. Another objection often brought against Browning, and sometimes not wholly without cause, is the alleged roughness of his versification With him the sense always takes precedence of the sound His exact meaning must be expressed—if melodiously, so much the better-but in any case meaning must take the pas of melody, that he can be most melodious many of his lyrics incontestably prove) (Robert Browning is essentially the poet of poets

Robert Browning is essentially the poet of poets and of thinkers Perhaps more than any other his mind influences the whole trend of the thought of our generation, but it is largely by influencing the influences. Great as his direct influence un doubtedly is, his indirect and unacknowledged

power is wider still, through the whole tone of the teaching of leading minds, themselves permeated by his thought.

The greatest of his many great poems is unquestionably The Ring and the Book It consists of twelve parts, originally in four volumes, in which the same tale of wrong and cruelty and murder is told from all imaginable different standpoints—of criminals, victims, counsel on either side, onlookers, and judge-with all Browning's own unapproachable insight into the character, motives, and point of view of each of his dramatis personæ Nothing in literature can be found finer than his delineation of the passionate purity of Pompilia 'My rose I gather for the breast of God,' as her judge, the wise old Pope, calls her, or of 'the warrior priest,' whose frivolous and unworthy past vanishes, shrivelled to nothingness at first touch of her pure flame, till he 'springs forth a hero,' loyal 'to the life's end,' or of the grand old Pope, facing his last judgment, 'The Pope for Christ,' and daring to

> Send five souls more to just precede his own, Stand him in stend and witness—if need were, How he is wont to do God's work on earth

The exquisite dedication to his wife, beginning 'Oh Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,' concludes this masterpiece of poetry

Among his longer poems, after this extraordinary effort of genius, Paracelsus, Strafford, Pippa Passes, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Christmas Eve and Easter Day, Balaustion's Adventure, Fifine at the Fair, and La Saisiaz take perhaps the highest place, and amid the unbounded wealth of his shorter poems may be specially mentioned 'The Lost Leader,' 'How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,' 'Evelyn Hope,' 'Old Pictures in Florence,' 'Garden Fancies,' 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' 'Home Thoughts from Abroad,' 'Saul,' 'By the Fireside, 'Any Wife to any Husband,' 'Two in the Campagna,' 'The Guardian Angel,' 'Mesmerism,' 'The Italian in England,' 'Waring,' 'The Last Ride Together,' 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' 'The Flight of the Duchess,' 'A Grammurian's Funeral,' 'How it Strikes a Contemporary,' 'An Epistle,' 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' 'Andrea del Sarto,' 'The Bishop orders his Tomb in Saint Praved's Church, 'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' 'Cleon,' 'One Word More,' 'The Worst of it,' 'Rabbi ben Erra,' 'A Death in the Desert,' 'Caliban upon Setebos,' 'Prospice,' 'Mr Sludge the Medium,' 'Epilogue to Diamatis Persona,' Ivan Ivanovitch,' 'Clive,' the 'Epilogue to Ferishtah's Fancies,' and the 'Epilogue to Asolando'

# From Mrs Browning's Poems Cowper's Grave

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she give her anguish

O poets, from a manne's tongue was poured the deathless singing '

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging '

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,

Groaned mly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling 1

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory, And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so brol en hearted

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation, And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration.

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken, Named softly as the household name of one whom God hith taken

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,

With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness cloud to His own love to blind him,

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shittered brain such quick poetie senses

As lulls have language for, and stars, harmonious influences

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,

And silent shidows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber

And timed hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses, The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,

Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,

He testified this solemn truth, while phrenzy desolated, Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created

Lile a sick child that I noweth not his mother while she blesses

And drops upon his birning brow the coolness of her kisses,—

That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother' Where's my mother?'—

As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,

Her free all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him?

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,

Peneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death to save him

Thus? Oh, not thus! No type of earth can image that

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal thiob of soul from body parted, But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'My Saviour' not deserted!'

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rither.

And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and I other

Nea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath

It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken ''

(Trom The Seraphim and other Poems 1838)

#### The Cry of the Children.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are learning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the checks of infancy,
'Your old earth' they say his year dream

'Your old earth,' they say, '1s very dreary, Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak, I'ew paces have we taken, yet are weary—

Our grave rest is very far to seek
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
I or the outside earth is cold,

And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old '

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap,
If we cared for any ineadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping, We fall upon our faces, trying to go,

And, underneath our heavy cyclids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring

Through the coal darl, underground, Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round.'

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers, To look up to Him and pray, So the blessed One who blesseth all the others, Will bless them another day

They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us, While the rushing of the non wheels is stirred? When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding) Strangers speaking at the door

Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?'

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run,
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom,
They sink in man's despair without its calm,
Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the carthly love and heavenly
Let them weep! let them weep!

(From Poems, 1844)

## From 'Catarina to Camoens'

[Dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the poem in which he recorded the sweetness of her eyes,]

Keep my ribind, take and keep it,
(I have loosed it from my hair)
Feeling while you overweep it,
Not alone in your despair,
Since with saintly
Watch unfaintly
Out of heaven shall o'er you lean
'Sweetest eves were ever seen'

But—but now—yet unremoved
Up to heaven, they glisten fist,
You may cast away, Beloved,
In your future all my past
Such old phrases
May be praises
For some fairer bosom queen—
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen!'

Eyes of mine what are ye doing?
Faithless, faithless,—praised amiss
If a tear be of your showing,
Dropt for any hope of His!
Death hath boldness
Besides coldness,
If unworthy tears demean
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen'

I will look out to his future,
I will bless it till it shine.
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them,
Angels shield them,
Whatsoever eyes terrene
Be the sweetest His have seen!

(1844)

From 'The Cry of the Human.'

'There is no God' the foolish saith,
But none 'There is no sorrow,'
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised,
And lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne er said 'God be praised'
Be pitiful, O God!

(1844)

From 'The Rhyme of the Duohess May'
Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—

Toll slowly
And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with

death,

And who knoweth what is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—

Toll slowl;

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—

Round our restlessness, His rest

(1844.)

#### From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese'

#### ххии

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wonldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter I am thine—
But so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range
Then, love me, Love! Look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

#### **Y1111**

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life ' and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death

(Written 1845-46.)

From 'Aurora Leigh.'

'Reform.

Make trade a Christian possibility, And individual right no general wrong

What then,
Unless the artist keep up open roads
Betwixt the seen and unseen,—bursting through
140

The best of your conventions with his best?

We'll not barter, sir,

The beautiful for barley —And even so,
I hold you will not compass your poor ends
Of barley feeding and material ease,
Without a poet's individualism
To work your universal It takes a soul,
To move a body, it takes a high souled man,
To move the masses, even to a cleaner stye,
It takes the ideal, to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual —Ah, your Fouriers failed,
Because not poet enough to understand
That life develops from within'

Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all!
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction

If he had loved,

Ay, loved me, with that retributive face,—
I might have been a common woman now
And happier, less known and less left alone,
Perhaps a better woman after all,
With chubby children hanging on my neck
To keep me low and wise. Ah me, the vines
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop with it
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand!

I was flushed with praise,
But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,
I could not choose but murmur to myself
"Is this all? all that's done? and all that's grined?"
If this then be success 'tis dismaller
Than any failure!

O my God, my God,
O Supreme Artist, who as sole return
For all the cosmic wonder of Thy work,
Demandest of us just a word a name,
"My Father!" thou hast knowledge, only thou
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires
And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unkissed lips
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grew moist

To have our books

Appraised by love, associated with love,

While we sit loveless! is it hard, you think?

At least 'tis mournful Fame, indeed, 'twas said,

Means simply love It was a man said that

And then, there's love and love the love of all

(To risk in turn a woman's paradox,)

Is but a small thing to the love of one

You bid a hungry child be satisfied

With a lieritage of many corn fields nay,

He says he's hungry,—he would rather have

That little barley cake you keep from him

While reckoning but his harvests

'The man most man, with tenderest human hands Works best for men—as God in Nazareth' He paused upon the word, and then resumed 'Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience, Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold, Less massing out of masses to be saved By natious or by sexes.

The world waits

For help Beloved, let us love so well, Our work shall still be better for our love, And still our love be sweeter for our work, And both commended, for the sake of each, By all true workers and true lovers born'

(1856)

#### A Musical Instrument

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,

Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,

And breaking the golden likes affoat

With the dragon fly on the river

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a dying lay,
And the dragon fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god cau,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river I)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan (Laughed while he sat by the river),
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
Came back to dream on the river

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man

The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—

For the reed that grows nevermore again

As a reed with the reeds in the river

(From Last Poems, 1862)

From Robert Browning's Poems
The Lost Leader

ľ

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote,
They, with the gold to give, doled him ont silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed
How all our copper had gone to his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud 1

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificcut eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear acceuts,
Made him our pattern to hive and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their
graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen-He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves! We shall march prospering, -not thro' his presence, Songs shall inspirit us,-not from his lyre, Decds will be done, -while he boasts his quiescence, Still bidding erouch whom the rest bade aspire Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more, One task more declined, one more footpath untrod, One more devils' triumph and sorrow for angels, One wrong more to man, one more insult to God! Life's night begins let him never come back to us! There would be doubt, hesitation and pain, Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight, Never glad confident morning again 1 Best fight on well, for we taught him-strike gallantly, Mennee our heart ere we muster his own, Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us, Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne I (From Bells and Pomegranates, No 7, 1845-)

#### Evelyn Hope

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour

That is her book shelf, this her bed,

She plucked that piece of geranium flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass,

Little has yet been changed, I think

The shutters are shut, no light may pass

Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink

Sixteen years old when she died <sup>1</sup>
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,
It was not her time to love, beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was twice as old
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Tach was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed ' for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love
I clum you still for my own love's sake '
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few
Much is to learn, much to forget
Let the time be come for taking you.
But the time will come—at last it will,

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gry?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
Given up inyself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes,
let one thing, one in my soul's full scope,
Lither I missed or itself missed me
And I want and find you, Livelyn Hope i
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while
My heart seemed full as it could hold?
There was place and to spare for the frink young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret—go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand!

(From Dramatic Lyrice)

An Epistie-containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician

Karshish, the picker up of learning's crumbs, The not incurious in God's handiwork (This man's flesh he hath admirably made, Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste, To coop up and keep down on earth a space That puff of vapour from his mouth, man's soul) -To Abib, all sagacious in our art, Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast, Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks Befull the flesh through too much stress and strain, Whereby the wily vapour fain would slip Back and rejoin its source before the term,-And aptest in contrivance (under God) To brifle it by deftly stopping such -The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame with peace) Three samples of true snakestone-rarer still, One of the other sort, the melon shaped, (But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs) And writeth now the twenty second time

My journeyings were brought to Jericho Thus I resume Who studious in our art Shall count a little labour unrepaid? I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone On many a flinty furlong of this land Also, the country side is all on fire With runours of a marching hitherward Some say Vespasian cometh, some, his son A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear, Lust of my blood influmed his yellow balls I eried and threw my staff and he was gone. Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten me, And once a town declared me for a spy, But at the end, I reach Jerusalem, Since this poor covert where I pass the night, This Bethany lies scarce the distance thence A man with plague-sores at the third degree Runs till he drops down dead. Thou laughest here! Sooth at clates me, thus reposed and safe, To void the stuffing of my travel scrip And share with thee whatever Je vry yields

A viscid choler is observable In tertians, I was nearly hold to say, And falling sickness hath a happier cure Than our school wots of there s a spider here Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs, Sprinkled with mottles on an ash grey back, Take five and drop them but who knows his mind, The Syran run a gate I trust this to? His service payeth me a sublimate Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye. Best wait I reach Jerusalem at morn, There set in order my experiences, Gather what most deserves, and give thee all-Or I might add, Judrea's gum tragacanth Scales off in purer flakes, slines clearer grained, Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry, In fine exceeds our produce Scalp disease Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy-Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at 7oar-But zeal outruns discretion Here I end

Yet stay my Syrian blinketh gratefully, Protesteth his devotion is my price-Suppose I write what harms not, though he steal? I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush, What set me off a writing first of all An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang 1 For, be it this town's barrenness-or else The Man had something in the look of him-His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth. So, pardon if-(lest presently I lose In the great press of novelty at hand The care and pains this somehow stole from ine) I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind, Almost in sight-for, wilt thou have the truth? The very man is gone from me but now, Whose ailment is the subject of discourse. Thus then and let thy better wit help all 1

'Tis but a case of manin-subinduced By epilepsy, at the turning point Of trance prolonged unduly some three days When, by the exhibition of some drug Or spell, exorcization, stroke of art Unknown to me and which 'twere well to I now, The evil thing out breaking all at once Left the man whole and sound in body indeed,— But flinging (so to speak) life s gates too wide, Making a clear house of it too suddenly, The first concert that entered might inscribe Whatever it was minded on the wall So plauly at that vantage, as it were, (I irst come, first served) that nothing subsequent Attaineth to erase those fancy scrawls The just returned and new established soul Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart That henceforth she will read or these or none. And first—the man's own firm conviction rests That he was dead (in fact they buried him) -That he was dead and then restored to life By a Nazarene physician of his tribe -'Saveth, the same bade 'Rise,' and he did ri e. "Such cases are diurnal, thou wilt en Not so this figment '-not, that such a fume Instead of giving way to time and health, Should ext uself into the life of life As saffron tingeth fie. It blood, bones and all !

For sec, how he tall es up the after life The man-it is one Lazarus a Jew, Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age, The body's habit wholly laudable, As much, indeed, beyond the common health As he were made and put aside to show Thinl, could we penetrate by any drug And bathe the wearied soul and wormed flesh, And bring it clear and fair by three days sleep! Whence has the man the balm that brightens all? This grown man eyes the world now like a child Some elders of his tribe, I should premise, Led in their friend, obedient as a slicep. To bear my inquisition While they spoke Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told the ease,— He listened not except I spoke to him. But folded his two hands and let them talk, Watching the flies that buzzed and yet no fool And that's a sample how his years must go Look if a beggar, in fixed middle life. Should find a treasure—can he use the same With straitened liabits and with tastes starved small, And take at once to his impoverished brain The sudden element that changes things That sets the undreamed of rapture at his hand, And puts the cherp old joy in the scorned dust? Is he not such an one as moves to mirth-Warily parsimonious, when no need, Wasteful as drunkenness at undue times? All prudent counsel as to what befits The golden mean, is lost on such an one The man's funtustic will is the man's law So here-we call the treasure knowledge, say Increased beyond the fleshy faculty-Herven opened to a soul while yet on earth. Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven The man is witless of the size, the suin, The value in proportion of all things, Or whether it be little or be much Discourse to him of prodigious armaments Assembled to besiege his city now, And of the passing of n mule with gourds-'Tis one! Then take it on the other side, Speal of some trifling fact, -he will gaze rapt With stupor at its very littleness, (Far as I see) as if in that indeed He caught prodigious import, whole results And so will turn to us the bystanders In ever the same stupor (note this point) That we too see not with his opened eyes Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play, Preposterously, nt cross purposes Should his child sicken unto death, -why look For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness, Or pretermission of the daily craft ! While a word, gesture, glance from that same child At play or in the school or laid asleep, Will startle him to an agony of fear, Exasperation, just as like. Demand The reason why-"'tis but a word," object-'A gesture '-he regards thee as our lord Who lived there in the pyramid alone, Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, being young We both would unadvisedly recite Some charm's beginning, from that book of his, Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst

All into stars, as suns grown old are a ont Thou and the child have each a veil able Thrown our your heads, from under which we both Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match Over a mine of Greek fire, did we know ! He holds on firmly to some thread of life-(It is the life to lead perforcedly) Which runs across some vast distracting orb-Of glors on either side that meagre throad, Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet-The spiritual life around the earthly life The law of that is known to him as this. His heart and brum move there, his feet stay here So is the man perplexed with impul-Sudden to start off cro swi e, not straight on Proclaiming what is right and wrong across, And not along this black thread through the blaze-It should be baulked by there it cannot be. And oft the man s soul springs into his face As if he saw again and heard again His sage that lade him 'Pive, and he did rise, Something a word, a tick of the blood within Admonishes then back he sinks at once To a lies who was very fine before. In sedulous recurrence to his trade Whereby he carnetly him the daily bread In I studiously the humbler for that pride Professedly the fultier that he knows God's secret, while he holds the thread of life Indeed the especial marking of the man Is prone submit ion to the heavenly will-Seeing it what it is and why it is "saveth, he will wait patient to the last I or that same death which must restore his being To equilibrium, body loosening soul Divorced even now by premature full growth He will live, may it pleaseth him to live So long as God please and just how God please He even seeketh not to please God more (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God please Hence I perceive not be affects to preach The doctrine of his seet whate'er it he Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do How can be give his neighbour the real ground His own conviction? Ardent as he is-Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old "Be it as God please" reassureth him I probed the sore as thy disciple should "How, beast," said I, "this stolid carelessness Sufficeth thee when Rome is on her march To stamp out like n little spark thy town, The tribe the crue tale and thee at once?' He merely looked with his large eyes on me The man is apathetic, you deduce? Contrariwise, he loves both old and young, Able and weak, affects the very brutes and birds-how say I? flowers of the field-As a wise workman recognises tools In a master's workshop, loving what they make Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb Only impatient, let him do his best, At ignorance and carelessness and sin-An indignation which is promptly curbed As when in certain travel I have feigned To be an ignoramus in our art According to some preconceived design,

And happed to hear the land's practitioners Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance, Praitle fantastically on disease, Its cause and cure—and I must bold my peace 1

Thou wilt object-Why have I not ere this Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source, Conferring with the frank ness that befits? Alas! it grieveth me, the learned leech Perished in a tumult many years ago, Accused, -onr learning's fate, -of wizardry, Rebelhon, to the setting up a rule And creed prodigious as described to me. His death, which happened when the earthquake fell (Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss To occult learning in our lord the sage Who lived there in the pyramid alone) Was wrought by the mad people-that's their wont ! On vain recourse, as I conjecture it, Io his tried virtue, for miraculous help-How could he stop the earthquake? That 's their way ! The other imputations must be hes But take one, though I loathe to give it thee, In mere respect for any good man's fame. (And after all, our patient Lazarus Is stark mad, should we count on what he says? Perhaps not though in writing to a leech 'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.) This man so cured regards the curer, then, As-God forgive me! who but God himself, Creator and sustainer of the world, That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile ! -Sayeth that such an one was born and lived, Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house, Then died, with Lizarus by, for aught I know, And yet was what I said nor choose repeat, And must have so avouched himself in fact, In hearing of this very Lazarus Who saith—but why all this of what he saith? Why write of trivial matters, things of price Calling at every moment for remark? I noticed on the margin of a pool Blue flowering borage, the Aleppo sort, Aboundeth, very nitrous It is strange!

Thy pardon for this long and tedious case, Which, now that I review it, needs must seem Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth! Nor I myself discern in what is writ Good cause for the peculiar interest And awe indeed this man has touched me with Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness Had wronght upon me first. I met him thus I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills Like an old hon's cheek teeth Out there came A moon made like a face with certain spots Multiform, manifold and menacing Then a wind rose behind me. So we met In this old sleepy town at unaware, The man and I I send thee what is writ Regard it as a chance, a matter risked To this ambiguous Syrian-hc may lose, Or steal, or give it thee with equal good Icrusalem's repose shall make amends For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine, Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell !

The very God! think, Abib, dost thou think?
So, the All Great, were the All Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so it is strange

(From Men and Women, 1855.)

#### From 'The Ring and the Book.'

"On receipt of this command, Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four They die to morrow could it be to night, The better For the main criminal I have no hope Lxcept in such a suddenness of fate I stood at Naples once, a night so dark I could have scarce conjectured there was earth Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all But the night's black was burst through by a blaze-Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore, Through her whole length of mountain visible There by the city thick and plain with spires, And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea. So may the truth be flashed out by one blow, And Guido see, one instant and be saved Lnough, for I may die this very night And how should I dare die this man let live?

Carry this forthwith to the governor ! "

(1868-69.)

#### The Householder

Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone
Dreary, weary with the long day's work
Head of mc, heart of me, stupid as a stone
Tongue tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk,
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,

Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we l'What, and is it really you again?' quoth I
'I again, what else did you expect?' quoth She.

'Never mind, hie away from this old house—
Every crumbling brick embrowned with sin and shame!
Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes arouse!

Let them—every devil of the night—lay claim,
Vake and mend, or rap and rend, for me! Good bye!

God be their guard from disturbance at their glee,
Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a heap! quoth I
'Nay, but there's a decency required!' quoth She

'Ah, but if you knew how time has dragged, days, nights'

All the neighbour talk with man and maid—such men!
All the fuss and trouble of street sounds, window sights
All the worry of flapping door and echoing roof, and
then

All the fancies Who were they had leave, dared try Darker arts that almost struck despur in me? If you knew but how I dwelt down here!' quoth I 'And was I so better off up there?' quoth She.

'Help and get it over! Re united to his cafe
(How draw up the paper lets the panish people know?)
Lies M, or N, departed from this life,
Day the this or that, month and year the so and so

What i' the way of final flourish? Prose, verse? Iry '
Affliction sore long time he bore, or what is it to be?
Till God did please to grant him ease Do end!'
quoth I
'I end with—Love is all and Death is nought!' quoth

She (From Fifine at the Fair, 1872)

#### Magical Nature

Flower—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you '
Bright I see and soft I feel the outside of a flower
Save for glow inside and—jewel, I should guess you,
Dim to sight and rough to touch the glory is the dower

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love a jewel—
Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime!

Time may fray the flower face kind be time or cruel,
Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at time!

(From Pachiarotto, 1876.)

#### From 'La Saisiaz.'

Weakness never needs be falseness truth is truth in each degree

-Thunder pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me

Nay, the weakness turns to strength and trinmphs in a truth beyond

'Mine is but man's truest answer—how were it did God respond?'

Can I make my eye an engles, sharpen ear to recognize Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surmise?

I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and hated, learnt and taught

This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught,

Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the aim,

If (to my own sense, remember! though none other feel the same ')—

If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place, And life, time,—with all their chances, changes,—just probation space,

Mine, for mc

Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,

Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop hy drop distilled,

I shall hoast it mine—the balsam, bless each kindly wrench that wrung

From hie's tree its immost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasures sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the

berry, left all grace
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elivir in its place!

## From 'The Two Poets of Croisic.'

(1878.)

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn
Blue ran the firsh across
Violets were born '

Sky—what a scowl of cloud Till, near and far, Ray on ray split the shroud Splendid, a star ! World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out
That was thy face!

(1878)

Epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancles'

Oh, Love—no, Love! All the noise below, Love, Groanings all and moanings—none of Life I lose! All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—"Hear at least, thou happy one!" How can I, Love, but choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me

—Much as when the moon's might frees a space from
cloud—

Independent subandours, gloom, would also confound me

Iridescent splendours gloom—would else confound me— Barriered off and bruished far—bright edged the blackest shroud '

Thronging through the cloud rift, whose are they, the faces

Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of
old?

'What'—they smile—'our names, our deeds so soon erases

Time upon his tablet where Life's glory hes enrolled?

'Was it for more fool's play, make believe and minming, So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or whined?

Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming

Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind

'How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader '

Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and right

Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,

Lay the blame or lit the pruise no care for cowards
fight 1'

Then the cloud rift broadens, spanning earth that's inder, Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success

All the good and beanty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applied perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror
Sudden turns the blood to ice a chill wind disen
charms

All the late enchantment! What if all be error—
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine
arms? (1884.)

#### Epilogue to 'Asolando'

[Published 121h December 1889 the day Robert Browning died at Venice ]

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep time, When you set your fancies free,

Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
-Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!

What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel

-Being-who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to use, are baffled to fight better, Sleep to wake

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer '
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'

A uniform edition of Robert Browning a works appeared in seven teen volumes in 1838-90 and Mr Furnivall published a Browning Bibliography in 1883 A Life of him was written by Mrs Suther land Orr (1891), who also prepared a Handbook to Browning (1885). There are books on Browning and his work by Symons (1887), Fotheringham (1887), Gosse (1890) Sharp (1890) and Dowden (1904). There is an *Introduction* to his poetry by Professor Hiram Corson (4th ed., Boston, U S, 1892) in 1902 Mr Stopford Brooke published his work on The Poetry of Robert Bronuing Mr Chesterton's book on Browning in the Men of Letters series appeared in 1903. An Outline Analysis of Sordello was published by the present writer in 1889 and Of Fifine at the Fair, Christinas Ere and Easter Day and other Poems in 1892. M Joseph Milsand's appreciation in the Revue des Deux Mondes in 1851 should be named, as also Mme. Duclaux s Grands Ecrivaius d Outre manche (1901). See also the Browning Society's Papers (1881-95), Bordoe's Browning Cyclopædia (1892) and Professor Santayana's Interpre tations of Poetry and Religion (1900). Two volumes of letters by Browning were privately printed in 1895-96 by Mr Wise who also compiled a bibliography of Browning's writings (published in Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century by Dr Robertson Nicoll and Mr T J Wise 1895). The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett were published in 1899. Mrs Browning s Letters to R H Horne had appeared in 18 6 and a collection of her letters was edited by Mr Kenyon in 1897 There is a short Life of Mrs Browning by Mr J H Ingram (1889) and she is discussed in Mr Bayne's Five Great Englishwomen (1880).

JEANIE MORISON

John Westland Marston (1820-90), born the son of a Baptist minister at Boston, gave up law for literature, and in 1842 his Patrician's Daughter was brought out at Drury Lane by Macready It was the most successful of more than a dozen plays-Strathmore, Philip of France, A Hard Struggle (in prose), Donna Diana, Life for Life, and the rest, collected, with his poems, in 1876 - somewhat Sheridan - Knowlesian, and lacking in true dramatic life. He wrote a novel (1860), a good book on Our Recent Actors (1888), and a mass of poetic criticism, mostly in the columns of the Athenæum His plays are all all but forgotten, but he deserves to be remem bered as a true representative of poetical drama

His son, Philip Bourke Mirraton (1850–87), the blind poet, was born, lived, and died in London His life was a series of losses—of eyesight at three, and afterwards of his sister, his promised bride, and his two dear friends, Oliver Madox Brown and Rossetti His memory will survive through his friendships with Rossetti, with Mr Watts-Dunton, and with Mr Swinburne rather than through his sonnets and lyrics—delicate and melodious most of them, exquisite some of them, but all too sad for a world that sees Song-tide, All in All, and Wind Voices were the three volumes of poetry he published between 1870 and

1883, to a posthumous collection of his stories (1887), mostly published in America, is prefixed a Memoir by Mr William Sharp. He was Dr Gordon Hake's 'Blind Boy,' Mr Swinburne dedicated a sonnet to his memory. Mrs Chandler Moulton collected his poems in 1892

Sir Henry James Sumner Maine (1822-88) was in his own time probably the most conspicuous, popular, and influential writer on social science, on the usages and proprietary ideas of primitive society as forming the basis of laws still in From Christ's Hospital he passed to Cambridge, where, having greatly distinguished himself he was in his twenty-fifth year elected Regius Pro fessor of Civil Law He was called to the Bar in 1850, and in 1862 went to India as Legal Member of On his return he was in 1870 the Government appointed Professor of Comparative Jurisprudence at Oxford, a post he resigned on being elected to the Mastership of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1878 In 1871 he had become a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India and KCSI, and in 1887 he was appointed Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge. As was admitted by those most hostile to his fundamental views, his Roman Law and Legal Education (1856), followed in 1861 by Ancient Law, its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas, for more than twenty years profoundly influenced the teaching of jurisprudence in England In Village Communities in the Last and West (1871), delivered as a series of lectures at Oxford, the author traced the similarity that exists between the primitive communal societies of India and those of the ancient Germanic races In 1875 appeared Lectures on the Early History of Institutions, principally an investigation of the ancient laws of Ireland, called the Brehon Laws, interesting not merely as one of the best preserved systems of primitive law, but because of its complete independence of Roman law Law and Custom (1883) further illustrated his favourite theses, and International Law (1888) was based on his professorial work. In Popular Government (1885) he illustrated, not for the first time, his strong anti democratic bias His fundamental idea, urged against M'Lennan and all supporters of the view that matriarchy was a germinal stage of primitive civilisation, was that the germ of society was the patriarchal power, the family centring round the father (not the mother), while from the family came the gens, from the gens the tribe, and from the tribe the nation. The opponents of Maine's view multiplied amongst anthropologists and sociologists, and produced detailed evidence from savage life and ancient records, and his contentions were criticised as showing a tendency to make a 'portable village community which we might take about with us from one quarter of the globe to another?

There is a Memoir of Maine by Sir M E Grant Duff (1892).

## John Ruskin.

one of the great teachers of art and life to the modern world, was the only son of John James Ruskin, a London wine-merchant, by his marriage with his first cousin, Margaret Cov The family The father had been born was of Scottish origin and educated in Edinburgh, and from both parents Ruskin inherited the simple piety, the strenuous morality, and the inflexible rectitude which are characteristic of their race and religion Born on the 8th February 1819, he was brought up in the austere but bracing atmosphere of a Puritan home, without the common toys or amusements of childhood and with but scanty childish companionship. The picture of his early life has been drawn over and over again by his own hand, most fully, with complete fidelity and unsurpassable charm, in the chapters of autobiography which were the last work of his advanced age. When he was four years old, his parents removed from London to what was then the rural suburb of Herne Hill, which remained their home, and his, for nearly fifty years. His education was received chiefly at home. first from his mother and then from private tutors, except for a short time when he went to a day-school in Peckham, he hardly ever passed outside the narrow home circle until he went to But this narrow life was enlarged and varied by his accompanying his father on the summer travels through all parts of England which he regularly undertook in the course of business. and occasionally in more prolonged excursions on the Continent of a less professional nature. In connection with these latter travels he made the acquaintance, between the age of thirteen and fifteen, with three books which are keynotes to the whole of his mental development-Rogers's Italy, with the Turner engravings, in 1832, Prout's Sketches in Flanders and Germany, in 1833, and Saussure's Voyages dans les Alpes, in 1834 kindled in him the love of art, the reverence for antiquity, and the minute study of nature.

In 1837 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. He was already then contributing articles to the Architectural Magazine and other journals. In 1839, after two unsuccessful attempts, he won the New digate prize for an English poem, neither better nor worse than other prize poems, on Salsette and Elephanta. His juvenile poems have in recent years been collected and published by the mis placed industry of his friends and biographers

The Anglo Catholic movement, which was so profoundly to alter the whole outward aspect and inner life of England, was then in the full tide of its early struggles and successes Oxford was its centre, but it passed Ruskin by without producing the least effect on him. For his teacher he took, now and throughout life, not Newman but Carlyle (q v). The two lifelong friendships he formed at Oxford were with men who had a turn for art but

none for theology-one an accomplished scholar. and the other eminent in the promotion and endowment of science-Liddell (afterwards Dean of Christ Church) and Henry Acland In the spring of 1840 Ruskin had a serious illness which practically brought his Oxford life to an end The following winter and spring were spent in Italy with his On his return he took a pass degree, and then set to work on a defence and vindication of the painter Turner, whose acquaintance he had recently made, and whose pictures he had even before then begun to buy and to treasure. work gradually grew far beyond its first scope. The five bulky volumes into which it expanded. and which appeared successively during the next twenty years, range in their progress more and more widely over the whole field of art in its relation to life and nature The title at first projected, Turner and the Aneients, was replaced by another at once clumsy and contentious-Modern Painters their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of I M W Turner, Esq, RA The first volume was published under this title in April 1843. It was the year of Mill's Logie, of Carlyle's Past and Present, of Gioberti's Primato Civile e Morali degli Italiani period was that of the great triumphs of Liberalism, in its widest sense, throughout Europe, and all four works are epoch-making in the history of the development of the modern or liberal spirit In Great Britain, popular attention was it the moment largely engrossed with the ecclesiastical controversies which were raging furiously in both kingdoms, but Ruskin's first volume nevertheless made an impression which was both immediate A new voice had made itself heard. the critics only spread its influence more widely by their protests and condemnations. The next few years were for Ruskin a period of growing fame and widening influence.

A second volume of Modern Painters was pub lished in 1846. In the interval between the two he had discovered (for it was no less than a dis covery) the great Christian art of medieval Itals He had also discovered his own powers in prose, and used them with immense effect both in attack and defence, in the exposition of theories and the inculcation of principles This second volume of Modern Painters is indeed a treatise of philosophy, far transcending the scope of a comparative criticism of art The language moulded to the purposes of philosophic inquiry by Locke reappears in it, draped in the more voluminous rhetoric of an earlier age, yet so freshly handled as to be a new style—the style which, in the history of English literature, will be known as that of Ruskin, and of which no one else has fully mastered the secret.

His next work of importance followed two years later This was The Seven Lamps of Architecture,

written in London during the winter of 1848-49, in the early months of a brief and disastrous marriage which need only be mentioned in passing, for it did not, in the six years for which it lasted, deeply affect his life as a thinker and artist. The Seven Lamps, the most popular among all Ruskin's earlier works, is really an interlude in the vast and complex inquiry which he was pursuing in Modes in Painters, it is a study of the principles he had begun to discover and lay down for art, in their

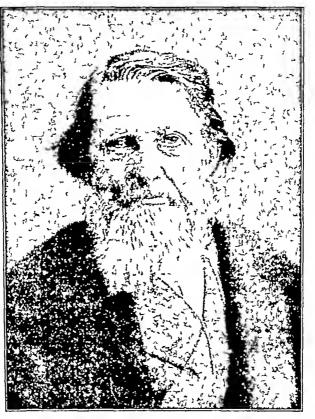
application to the mistress-art of all the arts which men exercise. What gave occasion and urgency to the interlude was the opening of Rus kin's eyes to the tragic fate doomed, and in part already executed, on all the monuments of the past by the calculated and merciless rayages of restoration '

The Gothic Re vival, a general name that may be given to that great reversion of feeling towards the Middle Ages which played so profound a part in the history of the earlier nineteenth century, had touched Ruskin, as it touched the whole of the English speaking world, through Walter Scott. On its theological and mystical side it never touched him at all, he remained through

life as he had been brought up in childhood, essentially a Protestant, though his Protestantism became less and less orthodox. The Bible, which he had read through over and over again with his mother as a child at home, and which was one of the strongest formative influences on his own literary style, was to him the voice of God speaking directly to the individual Church and the Sacraments bore as little part in his religion as they bear in the Gospels, but just on this account, the Gothic revival in the sphere of the arts affected him with an intenser force. These discourses on architecture as the crowning embodi ment of life itself and of the virtues that make life excellent—ranged by him here under the six heads or 'lamps' of sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, memory, and obedience—are at the same time the inculcation of a scheme of human life in all respects the antithesis of that which Ruskin saw in the modern world around him—a life which walked simply and austerely in the conscious sight of God and guided by God's immediate hand—That such a life had existed in the so called Ages of Faith was to his mind demonstrable from the memorials which those ages had left—He still hoped or fancied that the world might be led back through the study of these silent witnesses to the spirit of the men who had reared them, and he felt it a primary

duty to call men back to the old path by exciting their enthusiasm and renewing their reverence for a period when life was in the full sense sacred and art kindled by a living fire from heaven

It was in this spirit that he wrote, during the years immediately following, the greatest of his works, The Stones of I cnice The first volume appeared in 1851, the other two ın 1853 It is his greatest work both because his style had now reached maturity, and because in this one instance he completed fully an œuvie de longue haleine, a work the mere mass and structure of which give it a weight denied to briefer or more fragmentary writings That concentration



JOHN RUSKIN
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

which he had in full measure as regards each immediate object of his interest, he lacked as regards the continuous attention required to elaborate great masterpieces his mind suffered from its very alertness and impetuous responsiveness. Again and again it happened that one train of suggestion or study led him on to another until he became distracted in the multiplicity of his thoughts, and so it is that so much of his writing is fragmentary and fugitive, and that his mind at last gave way, not merely under the pressure of the evil tongues and evil days on which he fell, but under the burden of a message that became inarticulate through over-haste and over copious ness of utterance.

As the Stones of Venuce is Ruskin's greatest work, so one chapter in it, the sixth of the second volume, entitled 'On the Nature of Gothic,' is the central

point of his whole teaching. With the twentieth chapter of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, it is a confession of faith and a call to the higher life which may be called the most momentous utterance of their half century of continuous authorship. In both cases the appeal is not to despur, but to labour and liope, in both cases the voice of God speaking through the man was greater than the man himself, and the works of later years took on them the sombre splendours of a great tragedy, when the prophets outlived faith in their own prophecies

A sort of appendix to the Stones of Venice is a work which followed immediately on its completion, the small but exquisite volume of Lectures on Architecture and Painting given at Edinburgh at the end of 1853. In 1851 had appeared another minor work of great interest, his pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelite School. With that school Ruskin was indeed neither then nor afterwards in full sympathy. The rough justice of the popular belief which identified his teaching with their practice lies merely in this, that both placed before them 'truth to nature' as the object of art, their definition of truth and their conception of nature were, in fact, widely different.

After the Stones of Venuce was completed, Ruskin returned to what he still regarded as his main work, the completion of Modern Painters Two more volumes, the third and fourth, appeared in 1856 The ten years that had passed between the second and third volumes were a period of immense moment in European history, and on Ruskin's own mind they had wrought the beginnings of a great change. The chapters on Idealism and Sentiment in the third volume gave what may be called a wholly new grammar of the psychology of art But the meaning of art itself was being insensibly changed in his mind His work at Venice had led him away from the study of science to that of history, he was coming to see more clearly what history forced on him, that art is not a representation of nature but a function of life fluctuation between these two views of art is what gives uncertainty and some degree of inconsistency to his practical teaching thereafter Some of his least satisfactory work is the result of an attempt to reduce prematurely under a single idea the ethical laws of human life with the laws which govern irrational or inanimate nature, with the life of the Roman poet's bruta tellus et vaga flumma, the growth not merely of birds or plants, but of Yet here he was on the clouds and crystals edge of an ultimate truth to which both Platonism and Christianity bear witness, and which the most recent scientific thought is beginning imperfectly to realise But short of such a final reconciliation, the art which is a mere record of 'objective truth' is not art at all, and no real art is possible which is not the unforced imaginative outcome of a civic or national life lived in accordance with the laws of God

The Political Economy of Art, the title of an 1

address given by Ruskin at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857, shows this shifting of his axis of thought. It is still more evident in The Two Paths of 1859, a collection of lectures and addresses given in the two or three preceding years In that volume the intricacy of the problems dealt with leads to a confusion of argument that would be almost ludicrous if it were not full at once of pathos and of promise His old principles-the instinctive happy principles of youth—are giving way everywhere under him, like the instinctive or traditional dogma on which they had their moral basis cry makes itself heard of the man who has drifted from his moorings He was destined never to recover them, never to be able again to rest in a complete belief

It was little wonder, then, that the fifth and last volume of Modern Painters, published in 1860, showed some inconsistency and even incoherence of thought, or that it failed to awake the same enthusiasm as its predecessors Ruskin had had his period of growing popularity and widening acceptance He lind now, with whatever reluctance, to lay down the singing-robe of the artist and take on himself the sackcloth of the prophet What the public desired was to be amused, they were ready to make an idol of him while he tall ed smooth things to them, but now the task before him was to break down his own popularity, to be regarded by the world with a mixture of pity and contempt, to see even his friends fail him and fall away from him The strain brought out all the petulance and irritability inherent in his highly strung temper, he finally gave way under it. years following the great change in his moral axis are those in which his work, though not his greatest, has the highest value and significance. lecture 'On the Work of Iron,' given at Tunbridge Wells in 1858 and published in The Two Paths, shows the change in its full extent and gravity His teaching-though he himself would not have admitted it-has there become express Socialism His delight in rhetoric and sentiment still clung to He still was able, as in the celebrated com parison of modern Rochdale with medieval Pisa in the Bradford lecture of 1859 (published in the same volume), to let himself loose in a torrent of gorgeous language with no more distinctly ethical content than one of those later landscapes of Turner's with which Ruskin's carlier writing has so much in common, and in the arrangement of which at the National Gallery, from 1856 onwards, he found an occupation and an anodyne. But sentiment and rhetoric could no longer satisfy him, nor could he find relief from the actual world in the pathos and splendour of the past. To instruct, to startle, to save if it might be-though of that the hope grew ever fainter-a world lying in wickedness, became to him a primary and absorbing duty When the Cornhill Magazine was founded in

When the Cornhill Magazine was founded in 1860 under the editorship of Thackeray, Ruskin, as

one of the foremost among English men of letters, His contribution was invited to contribute to it was the four papers afterwards issued as the volume entitled Unto This Last The story is well known of the tempest of outraged protest they evoked, and of Thackeray's capitulation to the popular feeling which brought the series to an abrupt close. their author might feel that he had at last struck home. In the preface to the collected volume he wrote, gravely and sincerely, 'I rest satisfied with the work, though with nothing else that I have done' It is difficult to appreciate now, when time has turned half of what then seemed preposterous paradoxes into accepted doctrines, how far ahead of his generation Ruskin then was, what foresight and insight was given him by his absolute fearless ness and complete sincerity. It may be said with little exaggeration that the legislation of the last thirty-five years has followed baltingly behind the principles asserted by Ruskin in 1860 it may be said with great confidence that these same principles are now the main motive forces of the civic movement of the twentieth century volume marks likewise the perfection, for practical purposes, of his style It has slied the flamboyance and prolivity of his youth, it has not lapsed into the involved garrulity-often delightful indeed, but at best lacking the gravity of really great art which alternately charms and irritates in the later essays and addresses. Here it is in his hands like the sword of an expert swordsman rapid, and lustrous, flashing with swift easy turns through impassioned pleading, succinct exposition, searching irony, and fanciful humour

Some ten years of crowded literary production followed, in which it is only possible here to name and fix the chief landmarks These are Munera Pulveris, an unfinished series of essays in Political Economy continuing the work begun in Unto This Last The essays first appeared in Fraser's Magasine in 1862-63, they had the same fate as their predecessors in the Corulull After the fourth number, publisher and public both revolted, and the remainder of the series was suppressed The orthodox Political Economy was still foolish enough to persecute heresy, and still strong enough to persecute it successfully (2) The addresses on Truffic (1864) and Work (1865), re printed in The Crown of Wild Olive the former in the main a trenchant attack on the fundamental irreligion and immorality of modern society, the latter developing more distinctly, and with less of compromise, the implied Socialism of Unto This Last \ (3) The two addresses named 'Sesame' and 'Lilies,' published together under the joint title (1 third address was afterwards incorporated in the volume), which are said to have had a vastly greater circulation than any other of Ruskin's writings (1865) With a certain reversion to the 'purple and soft raiment' of his earlier diction and sentiment, they have to many thousands of persons set up new ideals—in the one case of the sacredness of thought and language, in the other of the duties and privileges of womanhood (4) The series of letters to a Sunderland working-man, Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne, an attempt, at the season of great hopes roused by the democratisation of the franchise in 1867, to continue the author's work in social ethics by drawing the outlines of a constructive policy towards the ennobling of labour and the humanisation of riches

For the nany other lectures, addresses, and de tached papers of these years, reference must be made to fuller biographies. The great fault of Ruskin's work is manifest in them—the impetuous ness and restlessness of mind to which reference has already been made. Stimulating and fasci, nating beyond all writers of his generation in detached utterances, he was less like a builder than a sower, scattering seed to right and left with careless hand. Some of his seed fell on the way side, some among thorns, much in shallow soil. What fell on good ground has profoundly influenced the movement of the world for the last half-century.

In 1869, at the age of fifty, Ruskin received what may be called his first public and official recognition, in his appointment to the newly-founded Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford The responsibilities of such a position, had he entered on it earlier, must have had a great effect towards marshalling and concentrating his activity was, his tenure of the office for three consecutive triennial terms, from 1870 to 1878, produced results inadequate to his own desire or his friends' ex-The academic atmosphere of Oxford was adverse alike to the sincere practice of art and to the intense moral enthusiasm of his social doctrine He founded, and endowed with lavish generosity, a school of drawing there, which has never flourished beyond the range of his immediate personal influence. He drew round him a small circle of young men, a few of whom in later life helped to carry the torch he had kindled and laid in their hands. Several of his courses of lectures in the University, notably those entitled Aratra Pentelici (1870), The Eagle's Nest (1872), Ariadne Florentina (1872), Love's Meime (1873), represent substantial additions to his writings on art Oxford did not let him go unhonoured he was elected an honorary Student of Christ Church and an honorary Fellow of Corpus, and though his professorial work was but a small part of his activity, he became universally known as Professor Ruskin.

His tenure of the Slinde Professorship coincided with the life of the celebrated Fors Clavigera—a series of notes and essays, in the form of letters, dealing with almost every conceivable subject, which was issued by Ruskin in monthly parts from the beginning of 1871 until his illness in 1878, further numbers appeared at irregular intervals between 1878 and 1884. It was not put on the market through the ordinary channels of trade, but was sold directly by Ruskin himself to purchasers,

and this was the beginning of a system on which all his works came to be produced and issued Gradually, as time went on, the agent whom he employed for printing and distributing them be came a publisher in the ordinary meaning of the This was one of Ruskin's practical attempts (all in turn unsuccessful as regards their original object) to get rid of the tyranny of commercialism His other experiments in the same direction—the Guild of St George, the tea-shop in Marvlebone, the reclamation, in concert with Miss Octavia Hill, of a patch of slum property in London, the road making carried on by himself and his pupils near Oxford—do not belong to the story of his life as a man of letters. But it should be noted that it was the profit from the sale of his writings, in definice of all accepted trade principles, which supported his later years in ease, and even in affluence, when his boundless public and private generosity had almost exhausted the fortune he inherited from his father

His father had died in 1864, his mother in 1871 The most childlike, dutiful, and affectionate of sons, he never had until the latter date any separate home of his own He then bought the little estate of Brantwood on Coniston Water in North Lanca shire, which became his home for the rest of his life, and which was made all that a home could be for him by the presence and care of his cousin, Miss Agnew, afterwards Mrs Arthur Severn Brantwood, early in 1878, he was seized with a long and dangerous illness which left his brain seriously affected, and from which lie never fully In 1883 his health was so far restored that he was able to accept re election to the Slade Professorship, but the strain and excitement were almost from the first too great. It was a relief both to him and to his friends when he resigned at the end of 1884, as a protest against the estab lishment of a physiological laboratory in Oxford and the endowment of vivisection by the University Between 1885 and 1889 there appeared in monthly parts the informal autobiography entitled Præterita Twenty-four of these parts appeared in regular succession, a long break due to illness followed, four more numbers appeared in 1888-89, and brought down the story of his life to about 1864 The gradual failure of vital force ended peacefully at Brantwood on 20th January 1900 He was buried at Coniston, and a monument was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey In him passed away the last of the great figures of the earlier Victorian age.

The final estimate to be formed of Ruskin as an author will only be determined by time. A great deal of his published writing was occasional and necessarily fugitive. On principle, he allowed the utmost publicity to be given to all his correspondence, and his collected works include numberless letters, seldom without interest but often of trifling value, and not ranking as literature in the full sense of the term. Between such letters and his

slighter and more informal published writingsmagazine articles, lectures, prefaces and intro ductions, &c -no distinct line can be drawn Two well known and widely-read volumes, Arrows of the Chave (1880) and On the Old Road (1885), are collections of these fugitive contributions to newspapers and magazines Modern Painters, by far his longest and most elaborate work, was written with a special purpose Both because that purpose was in fact largely attained, and because it kept changing and shifting through the seventeen or eighteen years while the work was in progress, great parts of the five volumes are practically obsolete Competent critics have held that the style, with all its merits, is too diffuse for permanence in its general structure, and ingrace fully gorgeous in the more highly elaborated passages Of his work before 1860 the conjecture may be hazarded that the Seven Lamps and the Stones of Venuce will survive Among the multi farious mass of his later writings it is certain that Unto This Last and The Two Paths, with some of the papers collected in The Crown of H'ild Olive and many detached numbers of Fors Clasugera, have a permanent place in literature as among the writings which have most profoundly influenced modern thought and life Praterita, his last un finished masterpiece, has in its sweet and garrulous charm, its childlike simplicity and cloudless serenity, as high and as secure a place as any of these

As a master of style Ruskin's eminence is also great and peculiar In science he had no adequate equipment of training or system, in art he was a brilliant amateur But in language he was almost from the first a trained artist, he used language with a freedom and flexibility that had been strange to England for the best part of two centuries before he rediscovered the secret his earlier writings the style suffers from verbosity, more especially during a few years when he consciously imitated the style of the great Elizabethan theologian Richard Hooker this fault he was always subject to relapse But on occasion he could, without losing any flexibility or freedom, write with a terse force and swift pre cision which cannot be surpassed and have seldom been equalled The purple patches which gained him his first faine, and by which he is perhaps even now most widely known, were a conscious artifice. His own sounder judgment disapproved them, and he often had occasion to lament that he was read for his fine writing and not for the sake of the truths which the writing was meant to convey and to make impressive. It has been already noted how he remained, so to speak, a child in his parents' house so long as his parents lived, and in the work even of his mature age there is a childlike quality that now fascinates by its limpid simplicity and now annoys by its waywardness or extravagance There are traces of the same quality in Plato, one of Ruskin's chief masters both in substance and in style, and one whose whole spirit

and temper have a remarkable affinity with his Apart from the beauty and charm of his own writing, he is a figure of the first importance in English literature as an *amplificator imperii*, one who gave a new range and a new sensitiveness to English prose.

#### Restoration and Destruction.

Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word restoration understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer a destruction oat of which no remnants can be gathered a destruc tion accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter it is impossible, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture. That which I have above insisted upon as the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the work man, never can be recalled Another spirit may be given by another time, and it is then a new building, bat the spirit of the dead workman cannot be summoned up, and commanded to direct other hands, and other thoughts And as for direct and simple copying, it is palpably impossible. What copying can there be of surfaces that have been worn half an inch down? The whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone, if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally, if you copy what is left, granting fidelity to be possible (and what care, or watchfulness, or cost can secure it), how is the new work better than the old? There was yet in the old some life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost, some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wroaght. There can be none in the brute hard Look at the animals which ness of the new carving I have given in Plate 14, as an instance of living work, and suppose the markings of the scales and hair once worn away, or the wrinkles of the brows, and who shall ever restore them? The first step to restoration (I have seen it, and that again and again-seen it on the Baptistery of Pisa, seen it on the Casa d' Oro at Venice, seen it on the Cathedral of Lisieux) is to dash the old work to pieces, the second is usually to put up the cheapest and basest imitation which can escape detection, but in all cases, however carefal, and however laboured, an imitation still, a cold model of such parts as can be modelled, with conjectural supplements, and my experience has as yet farmished me with only one instance, that of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, in which even this, the utmost degree of fidelity which is possible, has been attained, or even attempted

Do not let us talk then of restoration The thing is a Lie from beginning to end You may make a model of a building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dist, or melted into a mass of clav more has been gleaned out of desolated Nincveh than ever will be out of re built Milan But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted Look the neces sity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction Accept it as such,

pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will, but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and yon may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be systematically acted on by the masons, in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water course, will save both roof and walls from ruin Watch an old building with an anxious care, guard it as best you may, and at any cost, from every influence of dilapidation Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown, set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city, bind it together with iron where it loosens, stay it with timber where it declines, do not care about the unsightliness of the aid better a crutch than a lost limb, and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow Its evil day must come at last, but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory

(From The Ser en Lamps of Architecture )

#### Perfection in Art.

I shoald be led far from the matter in hand, if I were to pursue this interesting subject. Enough, I trust, has been said to show the reader that the rudeness or imper fection which at first rendered the term 'Gothic' one of reproach is indeed, when rightly understood one of the most noble characters of Christian architecture, and not only a noble but an essential one. It seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be truly noble which is not im And this is easily demonstrable. For since the architect, whom we will suppose capable of doing all in perfection, cannot execute the whole with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen in the old Greek, and present English fashion, and level his work to a slave's capacities, which is to degrade it, or else he must take his workmen as he finds them, and let them show their weaknesses together with their strength, which will involve the Gothic imperfection, but render the whole work as noble as the intellect of the age can make it

But the principle may be stated more broadly still I have confined the illustration of it to architecture, but I must not leave it as if true of architecture only Hitherto I have used the words imperfect and perfect merely to distinguish between work grossly unskilful, and work executed with average precision and science, and I have been pleading that any degree of unskilfulness should be admitted, so only that the labourer's mind had room for expression. But, accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.

This for two reasons, both based on everlasting laws. The first, that no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure—that is to say, his mind is nlways far in advance of his powers of execution, and

the latter will now and then give way in trying to follow it, besides that he will always give to the inferior portions of his work only such inferior attention as they require, and according to his greatness he becomes so accustomed to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the best he can do, that in moments of lassitude or anger vith himself he will not care though the beholder be dissatisfied also I believe there has only been one man who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo, the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture, and leave it unfinished. And therefore, if we are to have great men working nt all, or less men doing their best, the nork will be imperfect, however beautiful Of hnman work none but what is had can be perfect, in its own bad way

The second reason is, that imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect, part of it is decaying, part nascent The foxglove blo som, - a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom, -is n type of the life of this world And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to cheel exertion, to paralyze vitality All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy

Accept this then for a universal law, that neither architecture nor any other noble work of man can be good unless it be imperfect, and let us be prepared for the otherwise strange fact, which we shall discern clearly as we approach the period of the Renaissance, that the first cause of the fall of the arts of Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection, incapable alike either of being silenced by veneration for greatness, or softened into for giveness of simplicity

Thus far then of the Radeness or Savageness, which is the first mental element of Gothic prehitecture. It is an element in many other healthy architectures also, as in Byzantine and Romanesque, but true Gothic cannot exist without it.

(From The Stones of Venice)

## Rochdale and Pisa.

Beautiful art can only be produced by people who have beautiful things about them, and leisure to look at them, and unless you provide some elements of beauty for your workmen to be surrounded by, you will find that no elements of beauty can be invented by them

I was struck forcibly by the bearing of this great fact upon our modern efforts at ornamentation in an after noon walk, last week, in the suburbs of one of our large manufacturing towns. I was thinking of the difference in the effect upon the designer's mind, between the scene which I then came upon, and the scene which would have presented itself to the eyes of any designer of the middle nges, when he left his workshop. Just outside the town I came apon an old English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the

Charles's times, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch, round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit In old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the syeethman hedge, and the sheep on the far off wolds slining in the evening sunlight There, unin liabited for many and many n year, it had been left in unregarded havoe of ruin, the garden gate still s rung loose to its latch, the garden, blighted utterly into a field of aslies, not even a weed taling roo there the roof torn into shapeless rents, the shutters hanging about the undows in raps of rotten wood, before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony, and thick with cardling scum, the bank above it trodden into unctuous, sooty slime far in front of it, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city forming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous dark ness, the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, feneed from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of square stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron

That was your scene for the designer's contemplation in his afternoon walk at Rochdale. Now fancy "hat yes the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa—Nino Pisano, or any of his inen.

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pilland, and inlaid with deep red porphyry, and vith scrpentine, along the quays before their gites were riding troops of I nights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield, lim-e and nian one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming I ghtthe parple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea waves over roels at sunset Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and eloisters, long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine, leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange and still along the garden paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw-fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest, trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art-in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love-able alike to elect, to enchant, or save, the souls of men-Above all this seeners of perfect human life, to a dome and bell tower, burning with white alabister and gold beyond doine and ball tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoars with olive, far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp cloven Carrara mountains sent up their stendfast flames of murble summit into amber sky, the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles, and over all these, ever present, near or far-seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning eheck of lady and knight-that antroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men, and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world, -a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

What think you of that for a school of design?

I do not bring this contrast before you as a ground of hopelessness in our task, neither do I lool for any possible renovation of the Republic of Pisa, at Bradford, in the nineteenth century, but I put it before you in order that you may be aware precisely of the kind of difficulty you have to meet, and may then consider with yourselves how far you can meet it To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree-subtle in touch and keen in sight but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for Design is not the offspring of idle fancy it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful Without observation and experience, no design -without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design-and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled, impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs, but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful tlings, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless (From The Two Paths)

# The So-called Christian.

But in order to put this question into any terms, one had first of all to face a difficulty—to me for the present insuperable,—the difficulty of knowing whether to address one's audience as believing, or not believing, in any other world than this. For if you address any average modern English company as believing in an Eternal life, and then endeavour to draw any conclusions from this as sumed behief, as to their present business, they will forth with tell you that 'what you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical.' If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as unbelievers in Eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that unbelief,—they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you

And the more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this inthingible or intractable question. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brickfield, or whether, out of every sepa rately Christian named portion of the ruinous heap there went out, into the smoke and dead fallen air of battle some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released It made all the difference, in speaking of the possible range of commerce, whether one assumed that all bar gains related only to visible property-or whether pro perty, for the present invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchaseable on other terms all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it—whether one could confidently say to them, 'My friends,—you have only to die, and all will be right,' or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that give than to him that took it

And therefore the deliberate reader will find, through out these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to,-hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers' temper For I do not speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytizing temper, as desiring to persuade any one to believe anything, but, whomsoever I venture to address, I take, for the time, his creed as I find it, and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of I hus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing, English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years, and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do, trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all, trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of, but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice, from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body than raiment, and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without being accused of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written, 'After all these things do the Gentiles seek '

It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of these religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed, or who, at least, are maccessible to appeals And as, with the so called Christian, founded on it I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life,-with the so called Infidel, I desired to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death The dilemma is inevitable. must either hereafter live, or hereafter die, fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation, but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unconfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so fir is to avoid preparation for death, and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for any thing after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold lumself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable, and will have all tlungs ended in order, for his sleep, or left in order, for his awakening

Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble indegment if he determine to end them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but, as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know

few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be imppier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at nor has the Church's most ardent 'desire to depart, and be with Christ,' ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons, and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is in consistent with either purity of character or energy of The shortness of life is not, to nny rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him, nor does the anticipation of death, to morrow, suggest, to anyone but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dulness, but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong doing in a moment redeemed, and that the sign of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will want the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain,—that it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, appreliension, that 'what a man soweth that shall he also reap'-or others resp,-when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.

(From The Crown of II tld Olive)

## The First Sight of the Alps

Entered once into this mountain Paradise, we wound on through its balmy glens, past cottage after cottage on their laybs, still glistering in the dew

The road got into more barren heights by the midday, the hills arduous, once or twice we had to wait for horses, and we were still twenty miles from Schaffhausen at sunset, it was past midnight when we reached her closed gates. The disturbed porter hid the grace to open them—not quite wide enough, we carried away one of our lamps in collision with the slanting bar as we drove through the arch. How much happier the privilege of dreamily entering a medieval city, though with the loss of a lamp, than the free ingress of being jammed between a dray and a tramear at a railroad station!

It is strange that I but dimly recollect the following morning, I fancy we must have gone to some sort of church or other, and certainly, part of the day went in admiring the bow windows projecting into the clean streets. None of us seem to have thought the Alps would be visible without profane exertion in elimbing hills. We dined at four, as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to walk, all of us—my father and mother and Mary and I

We must have still spent some time in town seeing, for it was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe, and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, fire into blue,—gazing as nt one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond,

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of

their being clouds They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us, not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine True, the temperament belonged to the nge a very few years, -within the hundred, before that, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them, in Till Rousseau's time, there had been no that way 'sentimental' love of nature, and till Scott's, no such apprehensive love of 'all sorts and conditions of men,' not in the soul merely, but in the flesh St Bernard of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blinc with his child's eyes, sees above Mont Blnnc the Madonna, St Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead between Martigny and Aosta. But for me, the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity, and I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in lieaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds

Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had, knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews, and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only life revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace

(From Præterita)

For Ruskin's life, as has been indicated above his own writings are the best and the fullest authority. A complete list of them is given in the Bibliography of the Writings of John Ruskin, by T. J. Wise (2 vols. 1889-93). The Life and Work of Ruskin by his pupil and secretary, W. G. Collingwood (2 vols. 1893), may be called his official biography up to that date. Among the many works dealing with his ideas or altempting to analyse his teaching and influence may be named Studies in Ruskin by E. T. Cook (1890). Ruskin by Mrs. Meynell (1900), Ruskin, Social Referenter, by J. A. Hobson (1898). John Ruskin, by Frederic Harrison (1902), and for a foreign view, Le Monrement Idéaliste et Social dans la Littérature Anglaise au Ibme Siècle. John Ruskin, by Jacques Bardoux (1900). nnd Ruskin et la Réligion de la Beanté by R. de la Sizeranne (1897, English translation, 1900). A collected edition of the whole of Ruskin's works including much material hitberto unpublished, began to be issued in 1903 under the supervision of his literary executors.

William Johnson Cory (1823-92), the son of a Devonshire squire, was born at Torrington, and till 1878, when he inherited an estate and assumed the name of Cory, was beloved and revered by his Eton pupils (including Sir Frederick Pollock and Lord Rosebery) as William Johnson Schooled at Eton, he was a brilliant student at Cambridge and became a Fellow of King's, and for over quarter of a century (from 1845) was the most eminent of Eton masters. After his retire-

ment (1878) he lived at Madeira and at Hamp

At Cambridge he had won the Chancellor's medal for an English poem on Plato, his sapplies and alcaics were pronounced by Munro 'the best and most Horatian since Horace's own time. But, it was his Ionica (1858; enlarged 1891) that revealed-at first only to a very limited circle-his unique gift as an English lyrist, 'Anteros' and 'Mimnermus in Church' having an especial charm He wrote handbooks of Latin and Greek verse composition, defended Eton against the attacks of 'Jacob Omnium,' and published a suggestive and original (but debatable) Guide to English History from 1815 to 1835 A volume of extracts from his Letters and Journals, illustrating his attractive character and at times paradoxical opinions, was published in 1897

#### Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead, They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed

I wept as I remembered how often you and I Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest, A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest, Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake, For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take (Translation from Callimachus— Anthologia Greca vii 80)

James Robinson Planché (1796-1880), whose name suggests his Huguenot descent, was born in London, and curiously combined the professions of antiquary and official herald (Rouge Cross from 1854, Somerset Herald from 1866) with that of writer of burlesques and other pieces for the theatre. His first extravaganza, Amoroso, was produced at Drury Lane in 1818 In 1824 he wrote English words for Weber's Der Freischutz, in 1826 for Oberou, from this time on he produced over ninety adaptations or translations and more than seventy original pieces (some with collabo-To the other side of his life work belong two histories of British costume and a Cyclopadia of Costume, Regal Records (1838), The Pursusvant of Arms (1852, 3rd ed 1874), and The Conqueror and his Companions (1874), besides his autobiographical Recollections (1872) The Extravaganzas (1879) fill five volumes

Richard William Church (1815-90) was born at Lisbon, a nephew of Sir Richard Church (famous in the Neapolitan service and as generalissimo of the insurgent Greeks in 1827). He spent much of his boyhood in Italy, was a friend of Newman at Oxford, took a first-class from Wadham College, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, in 1853 became rector of Whatley near Frome, and as Dean of St Paul's from 1871 was a distinguished and revered representative of the High Church on its best side. Among his score of works, besides several volumes of sermons, were Essays and Reviews (1854), The Beginning of the Middle

Ages (1877), and The Oxford Movement (1891), and books on Anselm and Dante, on Spenser and Bacon (in the 'Men of Letters' series) He was one of the founders of the Guardian There is a Life of him by his daughter (1894)

Thomas Hughes (1823-96), born at Uffington, Berks, the son of a country squire, was educated at Rugby under Dr Arnold, studied at Oriel College, Oxford, 1841-45, was called to the Bar in 1848, and became a member of the Chancery Bar His first literary venture, published anonymously, was Tom Brown's Schooldays (1856), a story of boy-life at Rugby under Arnold's reign, based mainly on



THOMAS HUGIIES
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

his own experiences and impressions 'Tom' in the story was the story teller's brother George, 'Arthur' was Stanley, afterwards Dean Stanley The book achieved an instant popularity which has been well maintained, and despite some faults of emphasis and sentimentality it remains yet the best literary picture of English public school life It was followed by The Scouring of the White Horse (1858), Tom Brown at Oxford (1861), a continuation of the 'Schooldays,' and, like most continuations, a failure, and Alfied the Great (1869) Hughes became a QC in 1869, and a County Court Judge in 1882 He was closely associated with Maurice and Kingsley in their work amongst the London poor In 1865-68 he represented Lambeth as a Liberal in Parliament, in 1868-74 he sat for Frome, and in 1880 he assisted in founding a settlement in the United States, of which Rugby, Tennessee (1881), is an account He also wrote Memors of his clicks brother, G. C. Hughes (1873), Lives of Dimel Macmillin (1882) and Bishop braser (1887), and Lacation K in bles (1895). He is buried it Brighton, and a statue of him was creeted at Rughy in 1899.

Sir William Howard Russell, mot con spicuous of English war correspondents, was born at Lilyvale, County Dublin, in 1821, joined the stiff of the Irrev in 1643, and was called to the Bar in From the Cinner he wrote those famous letters (published in book form in 1856) vhielt opened the eyes of I nglishmen to the sufferings of the soldiers, and contributed to break down in intiquated routine. He witnessed and decish d the events of the Indian Mutiny In 1860 he established the Irng and Vary Gazette, of which he was still editor and chief proprietor in 1905, and in 1861 the Civil War drev Inn to America where he caused much irritation by his account of the Lederal defect it Bull Run Henry ith the Austrians in 1866, and with the Penservicus 1870-71 visited Parpt and the Last 18741 and India (1877) as private ecretary to King I dward then Prince of Wiles and was with Wolseley m South Africa in 1879 and in Levyt in 1883 Among his books are a novel Iri lar returne of Dr Brady (1868) , Hest 104er (1852) 11 (10) Clife (1890), and The Great Har with Russia, (1895), an autobiographical record of Crimean co periences. LI D, Knight of the Iron Cross and Commander of the Legion of Honour, he received a an English I nightheod in 1895

John Mackay Wilson (1804-35), born in Incommonth and bred a printer, spent some years in London and after writing druings and poems, became in 1832 editor of the Berniel Ad ertiser His Lales of the Borders (6 vols 1834-,0) were originally issued in weekly numbers. Depending rather on their pathos and sentiment than on their literary power, they secured in mimense popularity it home and abroad, and after Wilson's death they were continued for his widow, fir t by his brother and then with Alexander Leighton (1800 74) as editor. Among additional writers were Alexander. Leighton, [Sir] Theodore Mirtin, High Miller 'Delta,' Thomas Gillespie, and James Maidment. A new edition by Leighton extended to twenty volunies (1857-59), his 1869 revision contained four volumes more

Sir George Grove (1820-1900), born at Clapham, was trained as a civil engineer, erected in the West Indies the first two cast iron light houses, and assisted in the Britannia tubular bridge, but became successively secretary to the Society of Arts (1849-52), and then secretary of the Crystal Pulace Company. He diligently served the reading public as editor of Macnullan's Magazine, as a large contributor to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, as editor and part author of the great Dictionary of Music and Musicians (1878-89), new edition by

fuller-Martind, 5 vol. 19 (-6), and by a vortion Bortholou (11" /6). De la of Derlam (1872), I k D of Che, 100 (1884), he vie Impeted in 1833 on the opening of the kin of College of Mr. e uf which he vie discertor till 1895, See his I folish C I Graces (1995).

William Repworth Dixon (#21-79) 30 han it lifest Ancosts, Minche jer, and been exa merchant's clerk, but had strends whith a region's ded when in the false of ted in Lectors Acones of paper in the Duh Brush The I eraca of the Lower Order " and mother on "Lordo Prison, attracted attention, the later learning published in exclusion of both in 1 for His John Har oil 1850 went throa, he there east is in one vent. In he didlin Portiest he endenest to dispro e Macantay of thes Posat BAL. Admiral (1852 and he Person I Hart to of Lord have (1869) year moved popular but he most clibrers bistorical cort and dieficielly for greet anseuriers. From 1853 to 1869 David no editor of the site name. Per book stook dl buglit vid men i ma in lude The Holy Lond 18631 No. 31 12 112 117, Err. Pus 1 1670' I. S. trees (1872) The White Corpless 1075, and Intule Cofree (117) Starten He m. ded of Later 13 in delication consult and a firm of the he is und in 1868. Letter his are almoras in folio Her Majerty & F. T. D. Hatter I. Cathanne of Arrion and Anne boses in and Ly of Hintser His novels Deart Laty I forms R fr tiry, i such in 1877 and 1875 are un miss are

James Grant (1 22-17, 1 % born in Edic burgh, the so of an officer in the Gord in subosisproud of his old Highland and Jicob in devict and in 1832 sailed with his tother for Newford find. Home as un in 1839 he rest year became an ensign in the field book but in 1843 resigned and, after a spell of draft manulap in an architects office, turned to literature. Passing contribuéd copionisty to the britist Ser in Magician and the Dull 1 (1 cersits diegre 14, he in 1841 published his Rom via of Her, the first of a long series of romances and historical illustrative mainly of the ichievements of Scottish arms abroad. The novels abound in incident, gloofy dauntless daring, and line a brist and vigorous stale without much literary charm. The histories are at times 100 picturesque and not historical enough. Of up wards of fifty novels the best known are Tee Ad intract of an zeric de Can f. Frank Hiller, or the Queen's Own, Bothwell, The Yellow I rigate and Harry Ogil ic, but his latest stones were meant to illustrate the British occupation of Burm's and the reconquest of the Soudan. Of his other works, Old and New Eduluren had the largest sale. But he wrote Memoirs of Kirlaldy of Gringe, of Montrose and other Scottish heroes, and books of battles on land and sea. Cardinal Manning received Grant into the Roman communion twelve years before his death

# The Songs and Ballads of Ireland.

In Ireland they who make the people's ballads do not exactly make the people's laws. But the ballad-writers have "always been accurate and sympathetic exponents of popular sentiment. And in the ninefeenth century the patriotic ballad has constituted a very considerable part of the total poctic production of Irish writers' What may be termed the political poetry of Ireland is purely English in form It does not date much farther back than the era of the Volunteers, and the great period which followed that movement, the period of the Grattan Parliament, added singularly little to the ballad literature of Ireland It was, indeed, only at the close of that era, in the convulsions of the rebellion, that the emotions of the masses began to be expressed in verses, often simple, sometimes rude, but always charged with patriotic The stirring events of those times gave opportunities for the production of that poetry of action and passion for which, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has noted in the preface to his Ballad Poetry of Ireland, the Celtic race have always had an intense relish. Of the earliest of these songs of the people many of the most successful have been the work of writers otherwise unknown, and some have been anonymous. Among the latter must be included the most characteristic example of the class to which it belongs 'The Wearm' o' the Green,' a ballad which has been called the National Anthem of Ireland, though it comes nearer perhaps to a dirge or a requiem than to an anthem the Union to the days of Catholic Emancipation the lyrical voice of Ireland was practically inarticulate, save for the exception-an immense exception of course-of Moore's Melodies But the Melodies belong to a poetical category more formal and more self-conscious than the ballad. With the Repeal movement, however, the ballad impulse again made itself felt. In the hands of Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, and their colleagues of the Nation newspaper, a school of patriotic poetry, popular in form and feeling, was founded, which expressed with much power and concentration the n itional aspirations of the mass of Irishmen poetry of this period was at its best during the Young Ireland movement, and its most striking examples will be found in the collections compiled in the forties Of these The Ballad Poetry of Ireland, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, The Book of Irish Ballads, edited by Denis Florence MacCarthy, The Songs of Ireland, edited by M J Barry, and The Spirit of the Nation are the best known, and the best. In nil of these the dominant note is the note of patriotism, sometimes triumphant, sometimes chastened, now a prean, more often a dirge. But the verses are invariably occupied with the same theme in its almost countless variations Under the influence of Davis, and later of l'erguson, this national poetry became largely infused with an historical spirit, the writers seeking sometimes in the legend, more often in the actual chronicles of the country, fresh sources of inspiration, and the political ballad thus began to assume a more artificial tone, or at any rate a more elaborated style Many examples of this kind of writing have already been given in this volume in the specimens of the poetry of Davis, Ferguson, Mangan, the Banims, and others (see pages 353-But the earlier poetry is for the most part simpler in form, and it is chiefly this which is illustrated here. After the middle of the nine teenth century the intense lyrical impulse which the Young Ireland movement had stimulated was greatly weakened Certainly the movements of Irish latter-day politics have been less abundantly illustrated by Tyrtæn music, and the Fenian movement produced no poet and scarcely a song But bards have not been wholly wanting In such writers as Timothy D Sullivan the traditions of 'Young Ireland' have been carried on, if not exactly maintained, and 'The Spirit of the Nation' may still be felt in them

C LITTON FALKINER

### The Wearin' o' the Green.

Oh Paddy, dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground No more St Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colour can't be seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, 'How's poor ould Ireland, and how does
she stand?'

She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,

For they 're hangin' men and women there for wearint o' the green

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red, Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod—

And never fear, 'twill take root there tho' under foot 'tis trod

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer time their colour dare not show,

Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen,

But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green ANON

### The Shan Van Vocht

['The Little Old Woman - name for Ireland].

Oh ' the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
What should the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
What colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
What colour should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been
But their own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Voeht,
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Voeht,
Yes! Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea,
Then hurrah for Liberty,
Says the Shan Van Voeht.

ANON

# The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Niuety Light?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too,
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died,
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the strangers' heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made,
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home

The dust of some in Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast

And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
Fo act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land,
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand
Alas I that might can conquer right,
They fell, and passed away,
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to day

Then here's their memory—may it be
For its a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite'
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men, be you, men,
Lile those of Ninety Eight.
JOHN K. INGRAM

### The Sea-divided Gael.

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic Sen,
Whether they guard the banner of St George in Indian
vales.

Or spread beneath the siglitless north experimental sails.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erm, and changed the Scotush land,

Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked I lewellyn's band,
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle

tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales,

One in name and in fame

Are the sea-divided Grels

In northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell, And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell

The Lagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales
Before the advancing banner of the great Rome conquer
ing Gaels

One in name and in fame Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send, Their character our charter is, their glory is our end, Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails The glory or the story of the sea divided Gaels.

One in name and in fame
Are the sea divided Gaels
T DARCY M'GEE.

### Fair is my Native Isle

Fair is my native isle,
Proud is she too,
Sweet is her kindly smile,
Loving and true.
Exiled ones sigh for her,
Brave men would die for her,
Sneh love have I for her,
So would I do.

Dark has her story been
Down through long years,
Oft her sweet face was seen
Wet with sad tears,
Now all looks bright for her,
Now comes delight for her,
Freedom and right for her,
Placed 'midst her peers

Far in the olden time
High was her fame,
Nations in every clime
Blest her dear name.
Peace comes once more to her,
Tame as of yore to her,
Each breeze wafts o'er to her
Praise and acclaim

TIMOTHY D SULLIVAN

Aubrey de Vere (1814-1902) belonged to a family remarkable for the development of the poetic faculty in many of its members. He was the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the well known author of Julian the Apostate, Mary Tudor, and other dramatic and poetic works, and was born in County Limerick De Vere was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he came much under the influence of the eminent niathematician and thinker, Sir William Rowan Hamilton Brought up in a charming part of rural Ireland, and of a contemplative turn, De Vere was early attracted by the poetry of Wordsworth subsequently made the acquaintance of the poet, whom he visited at Rydal in 1841 was much interested in theological questions, be came the friend of Newman and Manning, and in 1851 joined the Cliurch of Rome In 1842 appeared De Vere's first work, The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora, a lyrical drama, which was followed in 1843 by The Search after Proserpine, and other poems. His father's death in 1846, the great famine of 1847, and the religious preoccupations of the succeeding years apparently diverted De Vere's thoughts for a time from poetry, but Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred (1853) bear obvious marks of his religious experiences This volume vas followed in 1857 by It was not until 1861 that De May Carols Vere entered on that series of poems inspired by Irish subjects by which, despite the essentially Wordsworthian character of his temper and intellect, he is best known and for which he will be longest remembered These poems present a curious combination of bardic and ecclesiastical mediævalism This vein the poet worked in Inisfail, a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland (1861), a poem intended to illustrate Irish history from the Norman Conquest to the era of the Penal Laws, and to 'embody the essence of a nation's history' It was followed by The Infant Bridal (1864) Irish Odes (1869) and The Legends of St Patrick (1872) De Vere again sought his materials in the same quarry, but Alexander the Great (1874) and St Thomas of Canterbury (1876) are semi philo-

sophical dramas In Legends of the Saxon Saints De Vere sought with less success to apply to English themes the methods he had used in his Irish poems De Vere's voluminous works were collected in six volumes in 1884, but he subsequently published Legends, and Records of the Church and Empire (1887) and Mediæval Records and Sonnets (1893) See a volume of Selections (1890), and the Memoir by Wilfrid Ward (1904)

De Vere was all his life keenly interested in Irish affairs, and published several prose volumes on public questions, among which may be inentioned English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds (1848) and Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It (1867) His more strictly literary prose writings were collected in Essays, chiefly on Poetry (1887), and Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical (1889) The long list of his publications closed with a volume of Recollections (1897), which contains many interesting memories of Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, Newman, Manning, and others of the poet's most eminent contemporaries Vere's poetry moves on a high plane of ethical contemplation, and is brightened by a rich imagination, but lie lacked the lyrical gift, and his best work is to be praised chiefly as possessing a grave austerity of thought and a stately dignity in its diction

# The True King, a Bard Song

(A D- 1399)

He came in the night on a false pretence,
As a friend he came, as a lord remains
His coming we noted not, when, nor whence,
We slept, we woke in chains
Tree negative they had chased us to dens and caves,
Our streets and our churches lay drowned in blood,
The race that had sold us their sons as slaves
In our Land as conquerors stood!

Who were they, those princes that gave away
What was theirs to keep, not theirs to give?
A king holds sway for a passing day,
The kingdoms for ever live!
The Tanist succeeds when the king is dust
The king rules all, yet the king hath nought
They were traitors, not kings, who sold their trust,
They were traitors, not kings, who bought!

Brave Art MacMurrough '—Arise, 'tis morn l
For a true king the nation waited long
He is strong as the horn of the unicorn,
This true king who rights our wrong!
He rules in the fight by an inward right,
From the heart of the nation her king is grown,
He rules by right, he is bone of her might,
Her flesh, and bone of her bone!

# The March to Kinsale

(December AD 1601)

O'er many a river bridged with ice,
Through many a vale with snowdrifts dumb,
Past quaking fen and precipice
The Princes of the North are come!

Lo! these are they that year by year
Rolled back the tide of England's war,
Rejoice, Kinsale! thy help is near!
That wondrous winter march is o'er,
And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon the foe
Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow!'

Bhthe as a boy on marched the host,
With droning pipe and clear voiced harp,
At last above that southern coast
Rang out their war steeds' whinny sharp
And up the sea salt slopes they wound,
And airs once more of ocean quaffed,
Those frosty woods, the blue waves bound
As though May touched them, waved and hughed
And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon our foe
Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow'

Beside their watch fires couched all night
Some slept, some danced, at cards some played,
While chanting on a central height
Of moonlit erag, the priesihood prayed
And some to sweetheart, some to vife,
Sent message lind, while others told
Triumpliant tales of recent fight,
Or legends of their sires of old
And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn
Our eyes shall rest upon the foc
Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,
And blow, thou breeze of sunn e, blow ''

# Dirge of Owen Roe O'Neill.

(A.D 1649)

So 'tis over Lift the dead '
Bear him to his place of rest,
Broken heart and blighted head,
Lay the Cross upon his breast

There is one that died too soon
'I was not Fortune—it was Fate
After him that cast her shoon

Toll the church bells slowly toll 'God this day is wroth with Lire Seal the book and fold the scroll, Crush the harp and burst the wire

Lords and priests, ye talked and talked In Kilkenny's council hall, But this man whose game ye baulked Was the one man 'mong you all'

'Twas not on the field he fell!

Sing his requiem, dark stoled choir!

Let a nation sound his knell,

God this day is wroth with Dire

# The Graves of Tirconnel and Tyrone on San Pietro in Montorio

Within St Peter's fane, that kindly hearth Where exiles crowned their earthly loads cast down, The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past, In death more royal thrice than in their birth Near them, within a church of narrower girth, But, like it with dilated memories vast, Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last. The home the holiest spot save one on earth. This is that mount which saw St. Peter die? Where stands you dome stood once that Cross reversed. On this dread hill, a western Calvary, The Empire and the Synagogue accurat, Clashed to ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one. Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tirconnel and Tyrone!

### The Little Black Rose

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last,
What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tears of the vido that fell on it fast?
It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

The Silk of the kine shall reel at last,
What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn and her slov darl eye.

The wounded wood dove is dead at last!

The pine long bleeding, it shall not die!

This song is secret. Mine car it found

In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry

C LITTON PALKINER.

John Mitchel (1815-75) is best known is a politician. But he has been admirably characterised by Mr Lecly as 'a man of great, but exclusively literary, ability, and it is as a writer rather than as a politician that he will be longest Mitchel was the son of a Presby remembered terian minister, and was born in Dungiven, County Londonderry His early life was spent in Newry, where his father had a congregation for many years, and where he imbibed the strongly Nationalist views which, in the Ulster of his boy hood, were still the inheritance of the descendants of the men of '98 In 1830 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, but he did not take a degree He became a solicitor, and practised first at Newry and later at Banbridge. He married, after a romantic elopement, a young lady of great beauty and good social position, Miss Jane Verner In 1842 the current of Mitchel's life of professional routine was entirely changed by his becoming acquainted with the young pitriot Thomas Davis (page 364) He became closely associated with the Young Ireland movement, and as a contributor to the Nation at once began to attract attention by the vigour of his writings On the death of Davis (1845), Mitchel accepted a position on the staff of the Nation, and removed to Dublin is not the place in which to trace the stirring events of Mitchel's political career, which culminated in his conviction on a charge of treason felony and a sentence of fourteen years' trans portation. It is to his experiences as a political prisoner in Bermuda and at the Cape that we owe one of Mitchel's principal literary achievements, his Jail Journal—a work remarkable for the in tense individuality it reveals, as well as for the great vigour of its style. This was followed by the most

vigorous and successful of his writings, The Last Conquest of Ireland (perhaps), published in 1860 in New York, where he resided from his release from prison until shortly before his death. A more ambitious work, The History of Ireland from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time, has little literary and no historical ment. At the election of 1874 Mitchel was returned for Tipperary, but declared incapable of being elected. At a second election he was again chosen, but died at Newry before the petition presented against his return could be heard

Mitchel was a vigorous and picturesque personality. Of the leaders of 'Young Ireland' he lind, with the exception of Davis, the largest share of literary talent, and his writings, which in their style bear strong marks of Carlyle's influence, will always be valuable as illustrating the character of the movement with which he was so closely identified.

C. L. F

Denis Florence MacCarthy (1817-82), a graceful and cultivated writer of poetry, was born in Dublin Intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was educated at Maynooth early commenced to contribute verse to Dublin periodicals, and was one of the celebrated band of writers for the Nation whose influence on the Irish politics of their day was so remarkable. Among the fruits of his interest in the Young Ireland movement was a collection of Irish ballads, which he edited with much judgment and taste 1850 appeared his first volume of original verse, Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics This was followed by the The Bell-Founder (1857) and Under-Glimpses Perhaps the work by which MacCarthy is best remembered is his ode on Thomas Moore, com posed for the centenary of that writer an accomplished Spanish scholar His translations of Calderon have been highly praised, and he was awarded the medal of the Royal Academy of Spain in recognition of his work in this field. MacCarthy held for a short time the post of lecturer on English literature at the Catholic university in Dublin. In 1872 he published Shelley's Early Lafe, dwelling chiefly on the poet's visit to Ireland His later years were spent in London His health failed after 1864, and in 1871 he received a Civil List pension A collected edition of poems, edited by his son, was published ın 1884.

Sil Charles Gavan Duffy (1816–1903), poet, patriot, and publicist, was born in Monighin He was early attracted to journalism and to public affairs, and before he was of age was already the editor of a journal of some consequence in Belfast. In 1842, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation*, and thence forward was the most active of the organisers of the Young Ireland movement. The story of Duffy's connection with Irish politics may be read in his

admirable Young Ircland, a Fragment of Irish History, in The League of North and South, and in his Life of Thomas Davis (1890), in which he paid a warm and generous homage to the memory of his early associate In 1852 he became member for New Ross, but, hopeless of effecting anything in Ireland, emigrated to Australia Entering the Victorian legislature, Duffy exhibited remarkable parliamentary talents, and by 1871 had risen to be Premier of the colony In 1873 he was knighted, and subsequently became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly His career in Australia is fully described in a volume of reminiscences, My Life in Two Hemispheres (1894) Retiring in advanced years from colonial politics, Duffy returned to Europe. He spent his latter days mainly at Nice, but paid frequent visits to London, where he became the founder and first president of the Irish Literary Duffy was perliaps more remarkable for his power of inspiring others to work than for the merit of his own performances He was from the first I eenly alive to the value of literature as an instrument for promoting the political purposes to which he was attached While at work on the Nation he was, with Davis, active in stimulating the publication of books on Irish history and literature, and was the originator of 'The Library of Ireland,' a popular series of books for the people on Irish history and literature. His collection of the Ballad Poetry of Ireland has enjoyed an immense popularity in Ireland and America, and he contributed some vigorous original verse to the columns of the Nation In his old age Duffy endeavoured to revive the same class of literature, devising and for some time editing the 'New Irish Library' But this series was much less successful than its predecessor. Shortly before his death he presented to the Royal Irish Academy a valuable collection of manuscripts connected with modern Irish history

Though not a great writer, Duffy was a great journalist. His best work is buried in the files of the Nation. Few men everted a wider influence in the Ireland of his day. In the verses he contributed to the Spirit of the Nation he expressed with considerable power and imaginative insight the ideas that lay at the root of the movement of which he was a principal author.

CLF

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-95), well known as a writer of hymns, was the daughter of Major Humphreys, an officer in the Royal Marines, and was born in County Wicklow She was carly attracted by the Oxford movement, and in conjunction with a lady friend published a series of tracts in which her first efforts in devotional poetry In 1846 Miss Humphreys published rppeared her Verses for Holy Seasons This was followed in 1848 by Hymns for Little Children For the latter work Keble wrote a preface. In 1850 she was married to the Rev William Alexander, then a rector in the north of Ireland, and subsequently

Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Armagli (see below) Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs Alexander published several other volumes ell that is best worth remembrance in her work has been collected in a single volume, Poems by Cecil Trances Alexander, edited by her husband after her death in 1895. She was the editor of a well known collection in the 'Golden Treasury' series, It is the Sunday Bool of Poetry for the Young for her hymns that Mrs Alexander best deserves remembrance Many of these have become popu hir far and wide, and such admirable examples of her genuine poetical talent as 'The roscate hues of early dawn,' 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult' will always retain their place in collections of English 'The Burial of Moses,' first published in the Dublin University Magazine (1856), is the best known of Mrs Alexander's pieces other than her hymns Perhaps Mrs Alexander's chief gift was the power of blending vivid and picturesque imagery

with devotional sentiment.

William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagli and Primate of All Ireland, was born in 1824 Though his entire life has been passed in the service of the Church of Ireland, the Most Rev Dr Alexander has, all through his career, evinced strong leanings towards literature. In 1867, not long before his elevation to the Irish episcopate, this bent was even strong enough to lead to his being a candidate for the chair of Poetry in the University of Oxford Born in Londonderry, Dr Alexander was educated at Tunbridge School, and later at Exeter and Brasenosc Colleges, Oxford, where he graduated in 1845 Though he had published no formal volumes of verse, he had, in his own phrise, been 'suspected all his life of poetry,' and was thus selected in 1853 to deliver the Inaugural Ode on the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of This poem is an unusually happy specimen of stately verse. Other commemorative poems in the same kind show a felicitous facility for commemorative verse, and Dr Alexander may be said to have the laureate faculty for ornate ceremonal poetry in a degree which all laureates have not attained to In 1858 appeared The Death of Jacob, followed by Specimens, Poetical and Critical (1867), Lyrics of Life and Light (1878), and The Finding of the Book In 1886 was published the author's most considerable volume of poetry, St Augustine's Holiday, and other Poems, and it is in this that the poet's best work will be found A new edition, which appeared in 1900 under the title of The Finding of the Book, and other Poems, contains many poems not to be found in the earlier volume. Dr Alexander's prose, as those who know his eloquence are aware, is often poctry, but his poetry is certainly not prose To a natural splendour of diction he unites a real imaginative vision and a sensibility which is

from the heart And if, to use the phraseology he has himself employed in his preface to St Augustine's Holiday, he had not been called to be 'n governor of the suncturry and of the house of God,' the Irish Primate would certainly have become 'one of the brethren who prophesy with harps, and are instructed in the songs of the Lord' As it is, a poet's temperament and a scholar's taste make themselves felt in all his verse. Besides the works mentioned, Dr Alexander has been the author in recent years of a number of poems published in the magizines and clsewhere, but not hitherto collected.

Appointed Bishop of Derry by the Crown in 1867, prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Dr Alexander was nearly thirty , ears later called by the votes of his brethren on the Episcopal bench to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland

C. L. F

William Gorman Wills (1828-91), one of the most successful drainatists of the later half of the nineteenth century, was the son of the Rev James Wills (see page 350), and was born Through his mother he was con nected with the gifted families of Bushe and He early exhibited a strong artistic Plunket bent, and, like his countryman Lover, his energies were first spent on painting, to pursue which art he scents to have abandoned his college career without taking a degree. His first effort in literature was a novel, Old Times, published in an Irish periodical, which showed promise of distinc-In 1862 Wills settled in London, where he took to writing for the magazines, and produced several stories, but without making any striking Int. Nor for some time was he more successful as a dramatist, in which capacity he made his first attempt in 1865 with A Man and his Snaaow The stimulus which was needed to make Wills do his best was supplied by his fither's death, which threw on him the charge of his mother's support. He succeeded in 1871 in obtaining the appoint ment of dramatist to the Lyceum, and produced for that thertre in 1872 and 1873 Medea in Cornth, Charles I, and Eugene Aran. The two last named plays, with Sir Henry Irving in the leading rôles, achieved a wide popularity, and thenceforward Wills's fame was assured A succession of plays followed, among which may be mentioned Jane Shore, Buckingham, Nell Graynne, and the remarkably popular Olivia, in which Ellen Terry scored one of her greatest triumphs. Wills continued for nearly twenty years the profession of playwright, and maintained his popularity as a dramatist to the end of his life, in spite of an extraordinary carelessness in matters of business and an apparent indifference to fame. The number of his acted plays is as many as thirty-three. Besides his plays and his early stories Wills wrote a blank verse poem, Melchioi, of some merit, and he had a distinct facility as a song-writer. In this

last form of composition the familiar 'I'll sing thee songs of Araby' is his best-known effort

Wills was a man of varied talent and singular personal charm, who, despite his remarkable success as a playwright, never did full justice to his powers It will be long before the best of his plays cease to hold the stage Few of them have been printed, and criticism is therefore difficult, but it is doubt ful if many of them would bear reading written little that will be remembered as literature, in spite of a turn for epigram and a remarkable facility of expression. This last quality was admirably illustrated in his definition of indecency, given on the spur of the moment, in cross-evamination in a court of justice, which is perhaps the most familiar phrase Wills ever coined, 'That which would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, or excite strong passions in a man'

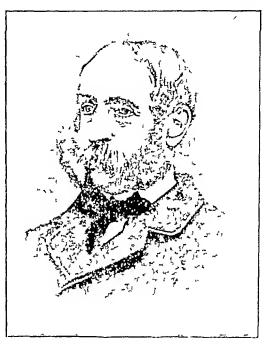
CLF

Dion Boucicault (1820?-90), actor and dramatist, was born in Dublin, but receiving his education in London at the hands of an uncle, his early years were passed mainly in England Early evincing an aptitude for the stage, Boucicault joined his countryman Macready, and made his first appearance on the boards at Bristol in Jack Sheppard His talents as an actor were of a high order, and he was considered by competent judges the best 'stage Irishman' of his generation Acting plays quickly led by an easy transition to writing them In 1841 London Assurance, a five act comedy produced at Covent Garden by Charles Mathews, met with immediate success It was followed by a rapid succession of pieces in which, without exhibiting many of the higher qualities of a dramatist, Boucicault gave proofs of remarkable adroitness as an adapter, and his pieces were always 'actable.' In 1860 he entered, in The Colleen Bawn, a play founded on Gerald Griffin's novel The Collegians, on the field of Irish melo drama, with which his name is chiefly associated The Colleen Bawn was followed by a number of dramas with Irish titles, of which the best-known and most successful were Arrah na-Pogue and The Shaughraun Alike as actor and dramatist, Boucicault pursued for above forty years a brilliant, though not commercially prosperous, career though few play wrights of the nineteenth century have been more prolific, few authors of equal volume have written with so little distinction will be longest remembered by his Irish plays, which, though conventional in form, strike, in some scenes at least, a fairly high note of pathos

CLF

George John Whyte-Melville (1821-78) was born at Mount Melville close to St Andrews, the son of a Fifeshire laird Educated at Eton, in 1839 he entered the Coldstream Guards, retired in \$\tau^{1849}\$ as major, but during the Crimean War joined the cavalry of the Turkish contingent (1855-56) His literary work began with a verse translation of

Horace (1850) From 1850 onwards he published over a score of novels, four or five of them historical, but the best devoted to fox-hunting, steeplechasing, and country-house life generally, subjects he knew so intimately as to be always beyond reproach on the score of accuracy—he was even a supreme arbiter on sporting matters. But his stories have a charm for those who rarely read sporting novels—the morale of his heroes, men and women, was higher than in many works of the kind, as stories they are lively and entertaining, the humour being better than the pathos, and some of his songs (such as 'Drink, puppy, drink') appeal to an equally



GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE From a Photograph by Mayall,

wide circle. Whyte Melville met his death in the hunting-field, in the Vale of Aylesbury Of his novels, the most popular were Captain Digby Grand (1853), Kate Coventry (1856), Market Harborough (1861), Tilbury Nogo (1861), The Queen's Maries (1862), The Gladiators (1863), A Losing Hazard (1870), Satanella (1873), Katerfelto (1876), Black but Comely (1879) The True Cross (1873) was a religious poem, his Songs and Verses were published in 1869

John Francis Campbell (1822-85), of Islay, educated at Eton and Edinburgh University, held for a time an office at court, and was afterwards secretary to the lighthouse and coal commissions. An enthusiastic Highlander and profound Gaelic scholar, he is chiefly remembered by his *Popular Tales of the IVest Highlands* (4 vols 1860-62), a most important contribution to the study of folk tales which greatly vivified Celtic studies in Britain, and made a subsequent 'Gaelic revival' possible

# Herbeit Spencei.

The dominating idea of modern thought is With that idea the name of Herbert Spencer is indissolubly connected Herbert Spencer was born at Derby on 27th April 1820 He owed much to his father A teacher by profession, the elder Spencer was remarkably free from the pedagogic spirit. A believer in the spontaneity of nature, he did not make the mistake of James Mill in setting himself to make his son an intellectual The boy was seven years old before he In due course he was sent to school, could read but his progress was not marked, he was restless, inattentive, and by no means pliable. Even at that early age it was noted that his reasoning capacities were ahead of his powers of mental Learning by rote was distasteful, and only when nature's methods were allowed to assert themselves did he make progress even as a boy, had for him a special charm Young Spencer's domestic environment was par ticularly fitted to develop in him the element of individuality for which he was so markedly distinguished, all the topics of the day were discussed with freedom in the family circle, and reason rather than authority was the supreme court of appeal In religion, young Spencer breathed the vigorous atmosphere of Dissent His father, though at first a Methodist, joined the Quakers, while his mother retained her love for the Wesley in persuasion. On Sunday morning the boy attended the Quakers' meeting with his father, and the Methodist Chapel with his mother in the evening. Strange to say, religion never took vital hold of Spencer The present writer once asked him if he lind ever undergone those religious convulsions which are associated with so many thinkers who have sprung from middle class Dissenting families His reply was that religion never appealed to him, his mind seemed to lie outside of the range of the current creed.

When he was thirteen years of age, Spencer's education was undertaken by his uncle, the Rev Thomas Spencer, perpetual curate at Hinton near Bath—a man of individuality, as may be gathered from the fact that he was a Radical in politics, an Anti-Corn-Law agitator, and a temperance advocate, rather a striking combination of qualities in a Church of England clergyman The uncle hoped to fit his pupil for a university career, but his mind was not cast in that mould Reluctantly the idea of a university career was abandoned, it was resolved to let the lad's tendencies follow their natural course. Spencer returned home rather uncertain as to his future. His father secured for him an assistantship in a school His pedagogic career was cut short in 1837 by an offer from the resident engineer of the London division of the London and Birmingham Railway, then in progress of construction As a civil engineer he was employed till the crisis which followed upon

the great railway mania, railway construction came to a standstill, and the profession of civil engineer entered upon darl days. At the age of twenty six Spencer found himself stranded, he returned to his home at Derby, and occupied his leisure in intellectual pursuit. In 1842, in The Nonconformist, appeared the first-fruits of his in tellectual activity in the shape of a series of articles on 'The Proper Sphere of Government' -articles, it may be remarked, which contain the germs of his political philosophy Possibly in fluenced by his success in his new sphere, he cast his eyes towards journalism, and in 1848 he was invited to the position of sub editor of the Economist nevispaper

Mr Spencer found time in the midst of his journalistic work to study the deep problems of philosophy, science, and politics, which were dis turbing the minds of nineteenth century thinkers In 1850 appeared Social Statics, in which he made an attempt to base the science of government on first principles. The fundamental thought of Social Statics is that society is an organism whose evolution is determined by laws. In societies lie recognised a certain order of progress, from the simple to the complex, and as he pursued his studies he discovered the same order of development in other classes of phenomena, particularly The nucleus of the Spencerian philosophy is to be found in Social Statics, where, in the chapter entitled 'General Considerations,' it is stated as a biological truth that low types of animals are composed of many parts not mutually dependent, while higher animals are composed of unlike but mutually dependent parts. The same truth was observable in society, and thus Ilr Spencer was led to the conclusion that the indi vidual and the social organism follow the same line of development, the primary characteristic of which is integration and increase of definiteness -a characteristic which he also noted in mental evolution in his Principles of Psychology, published Suddenly there arose in Mr Spencer's mind the conception that the law of development, which he had observed in separate classes of phenomena, was a universal law applicable to the entire Cosmos In his essay on 'Progress, its Law and Cause' (1857), the subject is still further elucidated, though not till the publication of First Principles, in 1862, did Mr Spencer formulate in its full-orbed entirety the theory of Evolution His life is mainly a record of the development of his ideas, or rather of the stages in the dis covery of the fundamental idea in Evolution, and of his application of it as interpretative of the The twelve years from entire phenomenal world 1850, when he published Social Statics, to 1862, when he came before the public with his theory of Evolution, were years of rapid intellectual development. He became a contributor to the Westminster Review, and came into contact with some of the leading writers of the day

Eliot early recognised the genius of the rising philosopher, and steadily his reputation increased

The great aim of science and philosophy has been to discover the laws of the Cosmos, and, if possible, to reduce them to one comprehensive all embracing law. Mr Spencer's aim was to bring about by strictly scientific methods the unification of phenomena, to comprehend the Universe from a single point of view By way of preliminary in his First Principles, he defines his position by refusing to attack the problem from the meta physical side. Taking his stand upon Sir William Hamilton's exposition of the relativity of I nowledge. he shows that, from the constitution of the human mind, knowledge of Absolute existence is impossible. Speculation in this direction he relegated to the Unknowable According to Mr Spencer, the task which lies before philosophy is the unification of knowledge, the reduction of phenomena to one When he came to the problem, fundamental law phenomena had been embraced within three great generalisations—the Nebular theory, the law of Gravitation, and Conservation or Persistence of The Nebular theory deals with the primi tive constitution of the Universe, Gravitation with the law which governs all existences, and the Conservation of Force with the dynamic conditions of the Cosmos. What Mr Spencer did was to take these three separate generalisations and fuse them into one by his theory of Evolution Accord ing to him the Universe is one fact, the result of one great cosmical process-namely, the Redistri button of Matter and Motion The problem before Mr Spencer was this Given a Universe composed of a fixed quantity of Matter and Motion, con ceived in harmony with the law of Gravitation as manifesting co existent forces of attraction and repulsion, to trace the process by which the Cosmos vas evolved from its nebulous to its present The process is summed up in the following uncouth but pregnant formula Evolution is an integration of Matter and concomitant dissipation of Motion, during which the Matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retrained Motion undergoes a parallel transformation This law holds good of all existences whatsoever For convenience, phenomena are divided into sections-astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, and sociology, but the process is one, and the law of the process is one. Evolution is one in principle and in fact.

Mr Spencer's course was clear Having formulated the law of the Cosmos in its totality, he had now to use the law to interpret and classify the various sections of phenomena in the order of their evolution. In a word, Mr Spencer set himself in his various works not only to unify but to interpret phenomena. In First Principles the inorganic evolution is outlined, and in the Principles of Biology Mr Spencer applies his evolution formula to the great problem of life, plant and animal. The

key to this branch of the subject is found in his definition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner to outer relations Given an environment gradually increasing in complexity, it follows that organisms, in order to survive, must in the process of adaptation also increase in complexity of the organisms restrict themselves to certain processes, and thus by a kind of division of labour structural and functional complexities result another process, that associated with the name of Darwin, unfit organisms perish in the struggle for existence, only those survive which adopt themselves to their environment. In the sphere of biology Mr Spencer shows that organic life conforms to the universal law of evolution-inasmuch as development from the humblest protoplasmic forms to the highest types, with all their structural and functional complexities, is from the homoge neous to the heterogeneous by means of successive integrations and differentiations The Principles of Biology, published in 1867, in which the evolution view of organic life was elaborated in great detail, quite revolutionised the scientific attitude towards Nature.

In Principles of Psychology, though written before First Principles, evolution is shown to hold sway also in the world of mind The starting-point of Psychology is Consciousness-not its ultimate nature, which is inscrutable, but its development Mr Spencer finds Consciousness to take its rise in the recognition of likeness and unlikeness between primary states of feeling, he traces the reciprocal relations between mind and its environment, and notes the various stages in its evolution from the simplicity of primitive ideas to the complex intelligence of the civilised mind. In Psychology as in Biology, the one law of evolution holds good-from the simple to the complex through successive integrations and differentiations instinct, memory, reason being all evolved in the mind by its efforts to adjust itself to its environment. A striking feature of Mr Spencer's Psychology is the attempt to close by his evolution theory the long dispute between the Experientialists and the Intuitionalists Beliefs which had hitherto been accepted as necessary truths, and which the school of Mill had never been able to resolve into individual experiences, according to Spencer are beliefs which, though a priors to the individual, are a posteriors to the race. By some thinkers, however, the Spencerian theory is not accepted as a solution of the problem. They hold that the evolution of rationality presupposes the existence of reason, at least in the germ in the mind of primitive man The neo Hegelians in particular dissent from Mr Spencer's theory of the origin of necessary truths

Another problem which the Spencerian psychology professes to have attacked successfully is that relating to External Perception. Taking his stand upon the doctrine of the relativity of Knowledge, Mr Spencer—unlike Mill, who landed in Idealism—reached an entirely original theory which lie calls

Fransfigured Realism By means of this theory Mr Spencer endeavours to combine the fragments of truth which are to be found in the crude Realism of the average man and the subtle Idealism of Mill Transfigured Realism has not received extensive recognition by contemporary thinkers. In life manner ethical evolution is handled. Moral codes, howe or complex, are traced back to primitive facts of consciousness, to elementary pleasures and pains. Here, as in the region of ideas, Mr Spencer endeavours to mediate between the Utilitarians and the Intuitionalists. The difficulty of the Utilitarians in dealing with moral feelings was to explain their origin in individual experiences of



HERBERT SPENCER.
From a Protograph b, Ellist & Fry

utility. According to the evolution view experiences of utility organised and consolidated through all past generations of the human race have, by means of hereditary transmission, taken the form of moral intuitions-emotional responses to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in individual experiences of utility In Data of Ethics, published in 1879, are laid down the principles which are applied in later volumes to the detailed interpreta tion of ethical phenomena. The conclusion reached is that ethical development is from the simple to the complex, and is conditioned by social develop ment. From the tribal to the national stage a gradual process can be traced, caused by the ever broadening sympathies of human nature in response to the increasing complexity of civilisation-a process which justifies the philosopher of evolution in forecasting a time when the entire human race will be bound by the tie of brotherhood.

In Principles of Sociology, the first volume of which appeared in 1877, the avolution formula is applied to the social or mism. Society, like an organism, begins in a state of relative simplicity, and by a series of structural and functional changes reaches a state of relative complexity From the primitive tribe to the highest form of civilisation the le of evolution holds good. Viewed in detail society seems a mass of confused strivings among individuals, but when the economic, political, and ethical elements are dul, focussed, the great evolutionary law is detected. Civilisation is seen to be a colossal process of adjustment a hereby man's physical intellectual, and moral nature develops in all its maryellous complexity in response to an environment also increasing in complexity

In Political Institutions, published in 1882, 3ir Spencer details the growth of governments on the lines of his theor and in his Man vers is the State 11884: lie applies to modern conditions his theor that State interference is an evil and should be reduced to a minimum in the interests of in dividual and ocial progress. In both Sociology and Political Irea upons Mr. Spencer lays stress upon he great change which tool place when civilisation entered upon the industrial stage Under the military regime the active virtues receive prominence. When success in 1 at 1136 the highest glory goodness was identified with bravery and strength and the feelings of hatred and revenge engendered by sinfe deadered the sympathies and prevented the higher forms of cthical life from de eloping With the rise of Industrialism human development entered upon a new phase. Or contrasting the characters of the men of to-da with those of their arcestors, we see that with pacific industry has come a ground independence, a decrease of personal loyalty, and less faith in governments. Along with that has come increased assertion of individuality and greater development of sympathy arising out of the decay of the warlile spirit.

Religion, too, with its varied beliefs and institutions, is exhibited as subject to the law of development, rising from ancestor-worship, through the elaborate cults of paganism to the highly complex organisations of modern times And just as morality increases in purity with the increase of civilisation more particularly with the increasing sway of Industrialism, so religion rises to higher and nobler conceptions of beginning in ancestor-worship . the Universe culminates in Christianity, and sliades off in the hands of philosophic thinkers into Pantheism According to Mr Spencer there is a sphere for religion—the sphere of the Uni novable. This view of religion takes its rise in the Spencerian theory of Knowledge, positive Knowledge, it is Man is not contended, cannot satisfy the mind content with tracing the Universe back to the Persistence of Force, for Science that is enough, but the philosopher and the religionist demard

an analysis of Force Force is seen to be but a symbol of the Absolute, which, by virtue of the relativity of thought, man can never hope to apprehend In this region the last word of the Spencerian philosophy is Agnosticism The religious sentiment, according to Mr Spencer, will not be killed by science. The sense of mystery is deepened rather than weakened by increasing knowledge, scientific explanations leave man at last in presence of the inexplicable. 'One truth must grow ever clearer-the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which the man of science can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed?

After forty years of toil, which resulted in several nervous collapses through overwork, Mr Spencer brought his system of philosophy to a conclusion For twenty-four years he carried on his work at a Fame came at last, and at Brighton, whither he went to escape the distractions of London life, he found time to complete his system of philosophy, and round off his life work by writing his Autobiography and revising his earlier volumes, especially his Principles of Biology and Principles of Psychology He died 8th December 1903 Nearly all his works have been translated into French, German, and Russian, while several have found their way into the Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Greek, Japanese, and Chinese languages Spencer's influence is thus world wide, and the historian of the nineteenth century will recognise in the philosophy of evolution the dominating factor in the higher reaches of scientific and speculative thought

# Evolution and Dissolution

Here presents itself a final question which has probably been taking a more or less distinct shape in the 'If Evolution of every kind is an in minds of many crease in complexity and function that is incidental to the universal process of equilibration, and if equilibra tion must end in complete rest, what is the fate towards which all things tend? If the Solar System is slowly dissipating its forces-if the Sun is losing his heat at a rate which will tell in millions of years-if with diminution of the Sun's radiations there must go on a diminution in the activity of geologic and meteoro logic processes as well as in the quantity of vegetal and animal existence—if Man and Society are similarly dependent on the supply of force that is gradually coming to an end, are we not manifestly progressing towards omnipresent death?' That such a state must be the outcome of the processes everywhere going on seems beyond doubt This dissolution of the Earth, and, at intervals, of every other planet, is not, however, a dissolution of the Solar System in their ensemble, all the changes exhibited throughout the Solar System are incidents accompanying the in tegration of the entire matter composing it the local integration of which each planet is the scene, completing itself long before the general integration is complete. But each secondary mass having gone through its evolution and reached a state of equilibrium among its parts, thereafter continues in hits extinct state, until by the still progressing general integration it is brought into the general mass. And though each such union of a secondary mass with the central mass, implying transformation of molar motion into molecular motion, causes partial diffusion of the total mass formed, and adds to the quantity of motion that has to be dispersed in the shape of light and heat, yet it does not postpone the period at which the total mass must become completely integrated, and its excess of contained motion radiated into space

Here we come to the question rused at the close of the last chapter—does Evolution as a whole, lil e Evolution in detail, advance towards complete quies cence? Is that motionless state called death, which ends Evolution in organic bodies, typical of the Universal Death in which Evolution at large must end? And have we thus to contemplate as the outcome of things a boundless space holding here and there extinct suns fated to remain for ever without further change?

To so speculative an inquiry, none but a speculative answer is to be expected. Such answer as may be ventured must be taken less as a positive answer than as a demurrer to the conclusion that the proximate result must be the ultimate result. If, pushing to its extreme the argument that Evolution must come to a close in complete equilibrium or rest, the reader suggests that, for aught that appears to the contrary, the Universal Death thus implied will continue indefinitely, it is legitimate to point out how, on carrying the argument still further, we are led to infer a subsequent Universal Life (From First Principles)

### Science and Religion

Under one of its aspects, scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of nature. Where ordinary per ception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity, where there seemed absolute mertness it discloses intense activity, and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces Lach generation of physicists discovers in so called 'brute matter' powers which but a few years before the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible, as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibra tions produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are retranslated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and ngain heard as articulate speech when the explorer of nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts-when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars - when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions, the conception to which he tends is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe every where alive, alive if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense

Science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of I nowledge has been accompanied by an

Among savages, the increasing capacity for wonder lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilised art astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marrellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of nature that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick, but it is the biolo gist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speek of protoplasm under the inicroscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that, however he formulates its processes, the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer stalker climbing the mountains above him does a Highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport and of the picturesque, but it may, and often clocs, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier bound roel he sits on his lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilisation, and then trying to conceive the vloy denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who supposed that the heavens rested on mountain tops, and more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogons who repeat that 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' that we find the largest conceptions of the Universe, or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the Sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our Earth might be plunged without touching its edges, and y ho by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger

Hereafter as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment present the most powerful and most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolising in thought the totality of thing. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other division, even rudely, to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena, and supposing him to have adequate I now ledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their By future more evolved intelligence the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible altogether, with an accompanying feel ing as much beyond that of the present cultured man as his feeling is beyond that of the savage feeling is not likely to be decreased but to be increased by that analysis of Knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, vet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the great enigma which he knows cannot Especially must this be so when he remem bers that the very notions, origin, cause, and purpose are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcend ing human thought, and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without ineaning when applied to this Ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested,

to which he can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and I ternal Energy from which all things proceed.

(I row Leelessatical D titutient)

There is an Fittense of the Inthetic Indosephy by Cellin (new ed. 1897), Outlines of Cosmic I hilosofhy by Fishe (1874) and books on Mr Spencer and his philo phy by Hud or (new energy) A D White (1897) and the free rit writer (1990) beside German works by Fisher (1875) Michelet (1891) Kind immon (1844), Grosse (1999). And there are criticisms by Guthie (1875) Michelet (1875). Mr W H Hud on a book contains a complete list of Mr Spencer's writing.

HICTOR MACPHERSON

Francis Trevelvan Buckland (1826-80), the 'Frank Buckland' of his friends and his renders, and son of the geologist Dean Buckland, was one of the keenest and kindlicst observers of inimals and their vays, and had a singular gift of making his subjects popular and attractive. He was born at Christ Church College, Oxford, his father being then canon of Christ Church, was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, and after five years' study of medicine at St Georges Hospital, London served for nine years as assistant surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards (1854-63) From his boylood he had manifested an enthusiastic delight in natural history He contributed largely to the Times and Field, becoming one of the staff of the latter in 1856, in 1866 he started his own Land and Water He was also author of Currenties of Natural History (4 vols 1857-72, Fish hatching (1863), Ingbook of a Fisherman and Zoologist (1876), Natural History of British Tisnes : 1881). and Notes and Jottings from Armal Life (1882) He was also a frequent and popular lecturer took a great interest in fish culture, and at his o vn cost established under the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, a 'Museum of Economic Fish culture? In 1867 he was appointed inspector of salmon-fisheries for England and Wales a po-t that suited him perfectly, in 1870 special commissioner on the salmon fisheries of Scotland, and in In spite of 1877 on the Scotch herring fisheries the place of his birth, he was essentially anu academic in mind and ways. As his geniality and unconventionality in personal liabits bordered on roughness, so in his writings his plain speech and heartiness of manner tended to carelessness and looseness in style, but almost everything lie wrote shows the result of fresh, sagacious, and original observation, conveyed in an entertaining manner On the other hand, it should be noted that he was not a man of science in the modern sense, he rather despised pedantic precision, he was capable of disregarding or defying the experts, and not seldom either made mistakes or used terms so loosely as to mislead Thus he would call a narwhal's teeth its horns, and speak of a marsupial carrying its young in a pocket of its stomach, and he was to the end a steady and unvielding anti-See his Life by G C Bompas (1885) Darwinian

# Matthew Arnold,

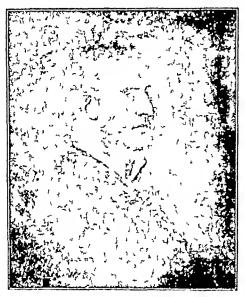
whose distinction as a poet was equalled by his distinction as a critic, was the eldest son of Dr Thomas Arnold, headmaster (1827-42) of Rugby He was born on 24th December 1822 School at Laleham on the Thames From his fifteenth to his nineteenth year he was under his father's care at Rugby, where in June 1840 was recited his schoolboy poem 'Alaric in Rome,' a composition somewhat Byronic in manner, which gave no certain promise of his future powers In that year he obtained a scholarship at Balliol College, and in 1841 was in residence at Oxford A year later his father died, but the memory and the influence of Dr Arnold remained always with his son to prompt and cheer him in the path of duty, to deepen and control his character, possibly also to expose him to certain trials which attend intellectual vericity in a time of intellectual transitions He was unaffected by the Oxford High Church movement, but felt the personal charm of J H Newman, and the charm of the old collegiate city and the surrounding country refined and nourished his Among his friends were Clough and imagination Stanley, J D Coleridge and J C Sharp Newdigate verses on 'Cromwell' are of no higher merit than that which a creditable prize poem com-In 1844 he took a second class monly exhibits at his final examination in classics, and in the following year was elected to an Oriel fellow-For a short time Matthew Arnold taught at Rugby under Tait, afterwards Archbisliop of Canterbury In 1847 he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, and in 1851 entered on that career of inspector of schools to which a great part of his life was intelligently and conscientiously devoted He believed, perhaps rightly, that the school inspector did much to wear down and wear out the poet that was within him In the year of his appointment to these new duties he married the daughter of Mr Justice Wightman It was an eminently happy marriage

Two years previously had appeared The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems, by 'A.', it attracted little attention, and was speedily withdrawn by the author from circulation Yet the volume contained much that is beautiful and characteristic of Arnold at his best. The poem which gives its name to the slender collection is a dialogue between a youth who has drunk of Circe's cup, the enchantress, and that 'spare, dark featured, quick eyed stranger,' Ulysses, it is touched with melancholy in the contrast be tween the happy vision of all things which the gods possess and the vision of men, into which pain and trouble enter. The verse is unrhymed and irregular, a form much affected—perhaps under the influence of Goethe-by Arnold, and produced with an uncertainty of ear which, surprising the reader with metrical beauty succeeded by strange failures, often leaves the impression of something hazardous and experimental The sonnets of this volume, seldom regular in form, are distinguished by originality of idea and a fine poise of feeling But the most admirable poems are 'Mycerinus,' which tells of the just Egyptian king, doomed to death, who would fain seek a refuge from reflection in revelry, and yet below his revelry consults with his own soul and is wise, that pathetic idyl of the sea-sands and the sea, a kind of domestic tragedy under the waves, 'The Forsaken Merman,' a poem now familiar to all readers of modern literature, and 'Resignation,' a piece of meditation, characterised by that 'sad lucidity of soul' of which it speaks, and lacking only that higher lucidity which is joyous

Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems, by 'A', followed in 1852, and, before fifty copies had been sold, this also was withdrawn from circulation. It seemed to the author, as a critic of his own work, that the painful emotion of his Empedocles, un relieved by action, was no suitable material for a Happily the rigour of his theory yielded in 1867 to the expressed desire of Robert Browning, and the poem was then republished The versified philosophy of Empedocles, as he moves upward to fling himself into the crater of Etna, includes noble stanzas, but a critical Polonius might justly assert that 'This is too long' The songs of the young harp-player, Callicles, have magical beauty and sometimes the finest music, yet even here the music of Arnold's verse is uncertain The volume contained 'Tristram and Iseult,' a poem in three parts, which fails where there is a demand for ardour of passion, but becomes gracious and delicate in the third part where Iseult of Brittany, resigned rather than happy, sits by the seaside and beguiles her children with the tale of Merlin and Vivian. Some lyrics of elaborated beauty-and Matthew Arnold often attained simplicity through elaboration—accompanied the longer poems, among which appeared 'A Summer Night' and certain love poems of foiled affection, real or imaginary, with Switzerland for their scene. The admirable 'Memorial Verses' and 'Stanzas in Memory of the Author of "Obermann" do honour to some of the chief literary masters of Arnold's mind-Goethe, Wordsworth, Sénancour-and raise criticism to veritable poetry

A year later—1853—appeared a volume of *Poems*, partly republished, partly new, and the public was now for the first time attentive and duly impressed A Preface in prose took the withdrawal from circulation of *Empedocles on Etna* as the occasion for setting forth some central principles of the poetic art, and for insisting on the supreme importance of unity in a work of art as contrasted with scattered brilliancies and beauties. The most remarkable new poems were the epic episode 'Sohrab and Rustum,' derived from Ferdusi's 'Shah Nameh,' and the beautiful 'Scholar-Gipsy,' suggested by Glanvill's story of an Oxford student who quitted his studies to join himself to the crew of outlandish wanderers. The landscape of Oxfordshire and of

the Thames valley is rendered in the latter of these poems with exquisite feeling 'Sohrab and Rustum,' the story of a great chieftain who slays his son in single combat, each unknown to the other until the fatal wound has been given, is written in blank verse of sustained dignity, and is inspired by a passion ite pathos, rare in this passionate quality among the poems of Arnold. In a second series of *Poems*, published in 1855, was included an epic treatment of a fragment of Norse mythology, 'Balder Dead' Balder, beloved of the gods, has been undesignedly slain by the blind Hoder, the adventurous efforts to recover Balder from the realm of the dead make up the main



MATTHEW ARNOLD
From the Portrait by G F Waits, R.A
(Fred Hollyer, Photo)

part of the narrative. It was impossible to give the subject, which strains the power of imaginative belief without always supporting it, an interest equal to that of 'Sohrab and Rustum'

After his thirty-third year Arnold's stream of poetry, from the first pure rather than affluent, dwindled, but in Merope (1858) he made a sustained and deliberate effort, which in its design was admirable His purpose, as he tells his reader in an interesting preface, was to try how much of the effectiveness of the poetical forms of Greek tragedy he could retain in an English poem con structed under the conditions of those forms story of Merope was not ill chosen, it had been handled in drama by Maffei and by Alfieri in Italy, by Voltaire in France. Æpytus, the son of Merope, avenges, after many years have passed, the murder of his royal father upon the tyrant Polyphontes, the situations are impressive, the characters, in the hands of a true dramatic poet, might be of deep and tragic interest. But Matthew Arnold's poem is constructed, not inspired, it lacks life, it is a death-mask, not without a certain dignity, taken from the face of Greek trigedy. The rhyme less choruses are often equally devoid of spirit and of tone

In 1867 appeared New Poems, Arnold's last considerable gift to the admirers of his poetry And the contents of the volume were not all 'new,' for it reprinted the early 'Empedocles on Etna' and other pieces from among those of 1852. Yet of the new poems some were unsurpassed by any earlier work of their author 'Thyrsis,' a monody to commemorate Arthur Hugh Clough, is perfect in its classical grace and its association of personal feeling with the loveliness of English landscape. If we receive no impression of Clough's character from it, neither do we learn much respecting Edward King from Milton's Lycidas 'A Southern Night' laments the loss of the writer's brother, who died on his way home from India 'Rugby Chanel' is a noble characterisation of the poet's fither, and of his special services to the world 'Heine's Grave' is the poetry of criticism, but the image of England as the 'Weiry Litan' riscs to something higher than this. The deep-thoughted and pathetic 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse' had appeared in Frasir's Magazine as early as With this volume Matthew Arnold's period of poetical creation may be said to have closed, but at rare intervals in later years some piece of verse appeared which proved that he still possessed the inspiration and the accomplishment of song In 1882 his 'Westminster Abbey,' to write which he was inoved by the burnl of Dean Stanley in the Abber, showed that his power as a poet, at least in moments of deep feeling, was not abated

As a poet, Matthew Arnold's chief masters were the Greek epic, dramatic, and elegiac writers-Goethe, Wordsworth But Goethe lind a higher spirit of wisdom and Wordsworth had a higher Arnold luinself described spirit of joy than he poetry as a criticism of life, assuredly from his own poetry a body of such criticism can be derived, and it is sometimes criticisin which may be questioned or gainsaid. Through many of his more intimate personal poems runs the contrast between the life whose springs are inward, of the soul, and the life of division and distraction, of fever and unrest, which is drawn hither and thither by the influences of the world, its pleasures and passions, its business, greeds, ambitions, casual attractions, conflicting opinions, and trivial cares and strifes -drawn hither and thither by these, and not by these alone, but also by all the various objects that claim our purer sympathies from day to day, and the various intellectual lights and cross lights that lead us or mislead us away from the true objects of the soul Especially in these latter days of ours, when no dominant faith or doctrine of life imposes itself on the minds of men, when there is around us a chaos of creeds, and when men lie open through their finer intellectual sensitiveness to so many diverse influences, it is difficult to find one's true way

To lose one's soul means for Matthew Arnold to live a life without unity, a life of cares, hopes, fears, desires, opinions, business, passions which arise and wane with the accidents of each successive day and hour To live too fast, to be perpetually harassed, to be dulled by toil, to be made wild with passion, to adapt ourselves to every view of trutli in turn and never to see truth with lucidity and as a whole, to yield to the chance allurements of the time and place and never to possess our souls before we die-this is the condition of many of us, especially in these days of crowded and hurrying action, these days of moral trouble and spiritual doubt, and it is no better than a death On the other hand, to be self poised and in life harmonious, to 'see life steadily and see it whole,' to escape from the torment of conflicting desires, to gain a high serenity, a wide and luminous view -this is the rare attainment of chosen spirits and the very life of life. How may the evil be avoided? -how may the good be reached and held fast? Not by any external aids, replies Matthew Arnold, not by any outward machinery of life, not by creeds that fail and philosophies that fade and pass away, not thus, but by insight and by moral vigour, by rullying the good in the depths of ourselves-

### The aids to noble life are all within

Such is Arnold's stoical moral teaching, and the experience of mankind in all ages declares that through action, through passion, are we educated, and that the aids to noble life are not all, are not chiefly, within But the 'eriticism of life' in his poems served his generation by presenting with a sad fidelity certain of its moral and spiritual troubles, and by suggesting some palliatives of its pain His touch cannot heal, but in some degree it fortifies and it consoles Arnold's melancholy and his resistance to that melancholy appear only in his verse. As a prose writer, while he is at heart serious, his temper is buoyant, his spirit is high, his intellectual confidence is entire, he has charming airs of authority or condescension, and can employ with a grave purpose mockery, banter, irony But setting aside the remarkable prefaces to two volumes of poetry, as a prose writer he was unknown until 1859, when his pamplilet, England and the Italian Question, appeared In 1857 he was elected to the professorship of Poetry, Oxford, and was re elected for a term of five years in 1862 Towards the close of his first term of office was published a slender volume, three lectures On Translating Homer, to which a fourth lecture, On Translating Homer Làst Words (1862), formed a kind of appendix. This is an admirable piece of criticism, for Matthew Arnold knew Homer well, felt the special qualities of Homer's genius, and had an adequate acquaintance with the English translations with which he deals The test of a good translation will be found in the answer to the question, 'Is it acceptable

to scholars?' And scholars will before all else require that a translation should be penetrated by certain Homeric qualities-Homer is eminently rapid, he is eminently plain and direct, both in the substance of his thought and its expression, he is eminently noble. Homer's style is indeed 'the grand style,' which arises in poetry 'when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.' application of these principles to the translations of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and more recent writers is full of detailed instruction, but Arnold arrives in the close at the strange conclusion that the happiest medium for Homeric translation is the English liexameter, a conclusion which is by no means reinforced by ineffective examples from his own hand

The lectures On the Study of Celtic Literature, delivered in 1866, and, after publication in the Cornhill Magazine, collected into a volume in 1867, form a work which is full of interesting views and stimulating thought, but it is not, and could not be, a work of authority Here Arnold wrote: as an ingenious amateur, but without more than a superficial acquaintance with his subject. The book illustrates in a striking way the weaker sidel of its author's criticism of literature He censured the English criticism of the early part of the nine teenth century because it did not know enough, but this was precisely his own defect. His own ideas are always interesting and are often valuable, and he plays with these, hovering above his subject, but he does not always possess his subject It is not merely that his scholarship is insufficient, he lacks that patient receptivity which is the condition of adequate criticism. He wrote on Celtie literature, and knew too little to write He attempted Biblical criticism, as a master and his scholarship was painfully inadequate wrote essays on French literature which are full of charm, but he does not seem to have known a French literature sufficiently, or to have had a feeling for what is best and most characteristic in it, and his good fortune was that he relied much upon so prinstaking a guide as Sainte Beuve But all that he possessed he animated with his own delightful intellectual vitality In each province of criticism he contributed illuminating ideas he had not adequate knowledge, he had fine instincts, and a virida vis which in itself is of high worth And this volume on Celtic literature is not only written in the happiest temper, but lights up his subject with inspiring thoughts which do not always accompany a more thorough scholarship than his It pleads for a sympathetic spirit and a spirit of sanity in the study of things Celtic, endeavours to determine the character of the Celtic genius-'sentiment, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect,' and makes interesting conjectures as to the elements contributed by the Celtic genius to the literature of England.

(The Essays in Criticism published in 1865, and somewhat enlarged in subsequent editions, is perhaps the most fruitful in ideas and the happiest in its choice of subjects of all his prose writings. It urged the need of literary criticism, disinterested in spirit and well informed, as a real and important need of the time. It uttered a warning in the cssay on 'Academies' against provinciality in thought and in style, and pleaded for a culture which should be of the centre \ The study of Maurice de Guerin assigned that minor writer too high a rank, but it was an occasion for expounding Arnold's own thoughts on the interpretative power of poetry by virtue of 'natural magic' or 'moral profundity' That of Heine presented him less as a poet or a wit than as a gallant soldier in the war of intel The contrast between pagan lectual liberation and medieval religious sentiment, as seen in Theocritus and in St Francis, showed the breadth of Arnold's sympathics To Joubert, viewed as a French Coleridge, an importance was given which was out of proportion to his actual claims the essay on Spinoza, though it dealt slightly with that great thinker, dealt rightly as far as it went, hand that on Marcus Aurelius was written as if 'Arnold-which was rare-had fully possessed his Some caprices of opinion showed that the writer was not himself always at the centre, some vivacities of utterance, here and elsewhere, showed that his good taste was not infallible, but the spirit of partisanship was notably absent, and the style was delightfully animated without the aid of rhetorical heightening Seldom had a volume of critical studies appeared in which the play of idens was so stimulating or so graceful

During these years Arnold contributed largely as a specialist—but a specialist who was also a humanist possessed by liberal views-to the litera ture of education In 1859 he acted as an Assistant Commissioner on Education in investigating the systems of instruction on the Continent, and again he went abroad with a like purpose in 1865 works as his Popular Education in France (1861), A French Lion (1864), Schools and Universities on the Continent (1868), and the Reports on Elementary Schools, collected after his death and edited by Sir F Sandford, can hardly be said to enter into general literature, yet they were important aids to English culture The remarkable Introduction to the first of these volumes, afterwards reprinted in Mixed Essays with the title 'Democracy,' pleaded on behalf of a high ideal in matters of education to be maintained by the action of the State.

That Introduction involved some criticism-on English society, to the defects of which Arnold To point out those defects and was keenly alive suggest possible remedies seemed to him to be the truest form of patriotism Such criticism widened its scope, and touched on politics as well as manners and morals, in the volume entitled in 1869 from the Cornhill Magazine Arnold honed little from institutions and external machinery as serving the cause of social development, though \( \ell \) one institution, the Church of England, he valued. highly as an organisation for the promotion of 'goodness' He desired in this volume to reach something deeper than institutions. It was a plea for 'culture' as the great help out of our present difficulties, 'culture being a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best that has been thought and said in the world, and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and liabits, which we now follow strunchly but mechanically? culture is an inward operation, and its resultsexpressed in words borrowed from Dean Swiftare, above all else, 'sweetness and light.' Our aristocracy, whom Arnold names 'the Barbarians,' are materialised, our middle class, the 'Philistines,' are vulgarised, our populace is brut dised, and with each class the pursuit of our total perfection is unthought of and almost unknown Civilisation, as the later essay on 'Equality' explains, advances along several lines, it proceeds by the power of intellect and science by the power of beauty, by the power of social life and manners, by the power of conduct. The Hebraism of the English char acter has taken conduct, which is three fourths of life, into its charge, but were it not well if this Hebraism entered into an alliance with that more liberal conception of human perfection at which Hellenism aims? In all this there was, indeed, nothing new, the same doctrine land been set forth for Germany by Goethe, but Arnold's preaching was timely, and though his panacea of 'culture' provoked not a few sceptical smiles, he served the cause of true progress by turning, to repeat his own words, a stream of free thought upon our stock notions and habits Friendshift's Garland (1871), a little volume the greater part of which had appeared as letters in the Pall Mall Gazette (1866-70), may be regarded as a sequel, gay but serious, to the graver attack on Philistinism, and especially on Philistinism in alliance with Arnold's friends the political Liberals, of Culture and Anarchy Here he is a slinger of stones at Goliath, and some of the missiles are skilfully aimed An ininginary Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckli is the critic of English society The book is wittily in earnest, but the persifinge is sometimes excessive or a little too obvious, and while the volume deserved to be republished as an exposition of Arnold's thought and an example of his raillery, judicious readers will hardly censure the writer for declining to permit its republication during his lifetime.

With St Paul and Protestantism (1870) opened a series of writings in which Matthew Arnold aspired to play the part of a critic of religion and of the Bible. Its object was to deliver the spiritual teaching of St Paul, as Arnold conceived Culture and Anarchy, made up of articles collected | this, from the accretions of dogma, and especially

Puritan, Calvinistic, and 'Evangelical' dogma, with which it had been encrusted 'The three essential terms of Pauline theology,' he writes, 'are not as popular theology makes them calling, justification, sanctification, but are rather these dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing unto Christ'-which words he would interpret in a way differing widely from the interpretation of the Churches Religion he understood as morality touched with enthusiasm, God he understood as the stream of tendency in thoughts and things which makes for righteousness. The Hebrusm that was in him made him feel the supreme importance of preserving religion, his Hellenism compelled him to turn a fresh stream of thought—as he believed—on the current notions of religion In Literature and Dogma (1873) and God and the Bible (1875) he continued to pour new wine into old bottles, and old wine into new bottles, and to some readers, although Matthew Arnold was never more serious, it looked too like n juggler's trick. To deliver religion from false accretions—this was a noble aim, to urge that the Bible should be read as literature rather than as a storehouse of texts for the elaboration of dogma -this too was legitimate and was desirable. But Matthew Arnold was not qualified by knowledge for trustworthy criticism of the Bible, and the singular thing was that by applying literary tact to the interpretation of the Bible, he arrived at results which no disinterested critic, regarding the Bible merely as literature, could accept as approximating to the actual meanings of the writers. He found in the sacred writings what he desired to find, precisely as did the popular and dogmatic interpreters whom he condemned The series of writings on religion was closed by editions of the authorised version of Is unh, the work of one who, as a Hebraist, was not well equipped for his task, and by Last Essays on Church and Religion (1877), which included an elaborate but far from trustworthy criticism of Bishop Butler The value of these writings lies in Arnold's deep feeling for the ethical side of religion, his deep sense of what is beautiful in character and admirable in conduct

In Mixed Essays (1879) Arnold returned to literature, but politics divides the volume with The essay on Lucius Cary, Lord Falk land, and that on George Sand have the fine critical discernment of the writer's earlier studies, ind more warmth of feeling than is always present in what he wrote, two essays of much inferior interest reported the opinions of Scherer on Milton and on Goethe, with comments of Arnold's own The politics of Arnold consisted largely in the presentation of high ideals to British Liberalism, and the rebuke of the actual Liberal party which the presentation of such ideals involved pleaded especially for the spirit of amiability as well as the spirit of justice in the treatment of Here his master was Edinund Burke. from whose writings he compiled a volume of selections But as to the actual forces in contemporary Ireland, Arnold did not take the pains to inform himself aright Irish Issays, and Others (1882), attempt to indicate how England and English civilisation may be made attractive to Ireland. The critic did not sufficiently grasp the fact that common interests, and, among these, interests of a material kind, are the suiest bonds between peoples under a common government. But all that he has written is generously conceived and of a high intention.

In 1883-84 Matthew Arnold visited Americans a lecturer, and as a lecturer, partly owing to the ineffectiveness of his delivery, he was not successful. The Discourses in America (1885) are three—an appreciation of Emerson, a plea for the humanities in culture and education, and a discourse entitled 'Numbers,' which declares that the salvation of society in every country depends upon the mirrority, the little 'remnant' of those who are good—that in countries of small population this remnant is impotent, but that the numbers of America justify a hope that there the remnant may be efficient against the evil majority

In 1886 Arnold resigned his position as an inspector of schools. Through the influence of Gladstone, whom he had not regarded as a friend, he received a pension 'as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England' But the end was now at hand. On 15th April 1888, while in Liverpool, he died of heart disease, and almost in a moment. The place of burnal was Lalcham, his place of birth

A second series of *Essays in Criticism* (1888) was brought together after Arnold's death included studies of Wordsworth and of Byron pre viously prefixed to volumes of Selections which he had made, an essay on the Study of Poetry, short articles on Gray and Keats contributed to Mr Ward's Lughsh Poets, a review suggested by the Life of Shulley, and other contributions to periodicals Several of these are rich in wise thought, but Arnold's ethical feeling for literature preponderates unduly over his feeling for beauty volumes of his Letters, published in 1895, exhibit his character in a most amiable light in all his domestic relations, he is not, however, among the great letter writers of England, his judgments of public persons are often unjust, and his anticipations of the course of public events are often strangely erroneous Yet the Letters bring us into a happy intimacy with Arnold His gifts in prose and verse to our literature are enlianced in value by our knowledge of a noble character and a life devoted to high ideals.

### To a Friend.

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?— He much the old man, who, clearest sould of men, Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen, And Tmolus hill, and Smyrma bay, though blind Much he, whose friendship I not long since won, That halting slave, who in Nicopolis, Taught Arrian, when Vespaslan's brutal son Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him But be h

My special thinks, whose even balanced soul, From first youth tested up to extreme old age, Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;

Who saw life stendily, and saw it whole, The mellow glory of the Attic stage, Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child

## The Death of Sohrab

He spoke, and Sohrab smiled on him, and took The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased His wound's imperious anguish, but the blood Came welling from the open gash, and life Flow'd with the stream, -all down his cold white side The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd, Like the soil'd tissue of white violets Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank, By children whom their nurses call with haste Indoors from the sun's eye, his head droop d low, His limbs grew slack, motionless, white he lay-White, with eyes closed only when heavy gasps, Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame, Convulsed him back to life, he open d them, And fix d them feebly on his father s face, Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs Unwillingly the spirit fled away, Regretting the warm mansion which it left, And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son As those black granite pillars, once high rear'd By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side -So in the sand lay Rustum by his son. And night came down over the solemn waste,

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all, and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog, for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their ineal,
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tariars by the river marge,
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Ont of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon,—he flow d
Right for the polar star, past Orgunic,
Brimming, and bright, and large, then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shoth, and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foil d circuitous wanderer—till at last

The long'd for dash of waves is heard, and wide

His luminous home of waters opens, bright And tranquil, from whose floor the new bathed stars Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

(From Schrob and Russum)

# Dover Beach.

The sea is calm to night

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits,—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone, the chiffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay work
Come to the window, sweet is the night air toology, from the long line of spray

Where the sea meets the moon blanch'd land,
Listen to you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles iong ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbld ebb and flow
Of human misery, we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear

And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems
To lle before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beantiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light.
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight.
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

# The Song of Callicles.

Far, far from here, The Adriatic breaks in n warm bay Among the green Illy rian hills, and there The sunshine in the happy glens is fair, And by the sea, and in the brakes. The grass is cool, the seaside nir Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers More virginal and sweet than ours. And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes, Who once were Cadmus and Harmonm, 12 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea shore, In breathless quiet, after all their ills , \ - 5 Nor do they see their country, nor the place Where the Sphinx lived among the from ning hills, Nor the unhappy palace of their race, & Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes!
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamit!
Over their own dear children roll'd,

Curse upon curse, pang upon pung, For years, they sitting helpless in their home, A grey old mun and woman, yet of old The Gods had to their marriage come, And at the banquet all the Muses sung

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood, but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns, and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Thelain woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb

(From Empedocles on Elia)

# From 'Thyrsis'

It ink'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates, but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head
He went, his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage ontside our happy ground,
He could not wait their passing, he is dead

So, some tempestious morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fullen May
And chestinit flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting ery,
I rom the wet field, through the vext garden trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer points come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow,
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring days
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue bells trembling by the forest ways,
And seent of hay new mown
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see,
See him come hade, and get a smoother read

See him come back, and cut a smoother reed, And blow a strain the world at last shall heed— For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And cross the inpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head Of Proscrpine, among whose crowned hair Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian ur, And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead

#### Paganism.

I have said a great deal of harm of paganism, and, taking paganism to mean a state of things which it is commonly taken to mean, and which did really exist, no more harm than it well deserved Yet I must not end without reminding the reader that before this state of things appeared there was an epoch in Greek life-in pagan life-of the highest possible beauty and value. That epoch by itself goes far towards making Greece the Greece we mean when we speak of Greece—a country hardly less important to mankind than Judea. poetry of later paganism lived by the senses and under standing, the poetry of medieval Christianity lived by the heart and imagination But the main element of the modern spirit's life is neither the senses and understand ing, nor the heart and imagination, it is the imaginative reason. And there is a century in Greek life-the century preceding the Peloponnesian war, from about the year 530 to the year 430 B C - in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has ever made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live. Of this effort, of which the four great names are Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophoeles, I must rot now attempt more than the hare mention, but it is right, it is necessary, after all I have said, to indicate it. No doubt that effort was imperfect Perhaps everything, take it at what point in its exist ence you will, carries within itself the fatal law of its own ulterior development Perhaps, even of the life of Pindar's time, Pompen was the inevitable bourne. Perhaps the life of their beautiful Greece could not afford to its poets all that fullness of varied experience, all that power of emotion, which

> 'the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world'

affords the poet of after times Perhaps in Sophoeles the thinking power a little overbalances the religious sen e, as in Dante the religious sense overbalances the thinking The present has to make its own poetry, and not even Sophoeles and his compeers, any more than Dante and Shakspeare, are enough for it That I will not dispute, nor will I set up the Greel poets, from Pindar to Soplioeles, as objects of blind worship no other poets so well show to the poetry of the present the way it must take, no other poets have lived so much by the imaginative reason, no other poets have made their work so well balanced, no other poets, who have so well satisfied the thinking power, have so well satisfied the religious sense

'Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrein had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old '

Let St Francis—nay, or Luther either—beat that!

(From 'Pagan and Medizeval Religious Sentiment in

Essays on Criticism)

# The English Mind

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre eminent degree, they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for, but they would not assert They would them to be our essential characteristics rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty, and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief clirrac teristics are, no doubt, these energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times, everybody will feel that Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times, at any rate, they strikingly characterise them as compared with us, I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set off against this all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree

Let me remarl, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities, that, for instance, of what we call genius energy So by assigning to a nation is the most essential part energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristicsby refusing to it as at all eminent characteristics, open ness of mind and flexibility of intelligence-we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in poetry,—and we have Shakspeare the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in science, Shakspeare and Newton in -and we have Newton the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon is freedom, entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routinethe fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard an authority, like an academy By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affur of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned

and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others in poetry these requisites are very important, and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this short coming In poetry, however, they are, after all, secon dary, and energy is the first thing, but in prose they are of first rate importance. In its prose literature, there fore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so These are what, as I have said, can to a successful certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence (From 'The Literary Influence of Academies in

Essays on Criticism )

#### The Celtic Genius

Sentimental—always reads to react against the despetism of fact, that is the description which a great friend of the Celt gives of him. And it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament, it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its liabitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperamen to start with, of high success, and bilance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional tempera ment as the Celt, but he adds to this temperament the sense of measure, hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the eomparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crossers, relic cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament, but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry All which emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done, the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs, but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, stendily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebistian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again-poetry which the Celt

has so passionately, so nobly loved, poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much-the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius, but even here his faults have clung to him, and have hindered him from producing great works such as other nations with a genius for poetry—the Greeks, say, or the Italians -have produced The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it, but the true art, the architectonice which shapes great works, such as the Agamemnon or the Divine Comedy comes only after a steady, deep searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for So he runs off into technie, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill, but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much inter pretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you Here, too, his want of samty and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics. The skilful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for He is sensual, or at least sensuous, loves bright colours, company, and pleasure, and here he is like the Greel and Latin races But compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinised) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an out ward life rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half bar The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Bare, the sensuousness of the Latinised Frenchman makes Pans, the sensuousness of the Celt proper has Even in his ideal herole times, his gay made Ireland and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favourite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises, the regent Breas, we are told in the Battle of Mostura of the Fomorians, became unpopular because 'the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet ' In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be? -- just what the Latinised Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon

And as in material civilisation he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. 'They went forth to the war,' Ossian says most truly, 'but they always fell'

(From A Study of Celtic Literature)

#### Philistines and Barbarians

The same desire for clearness, which has led me thus to extend a little my first analysis of the three great classes of English society, prompts me also to make my nomen elature for them a little fuller, with a view to making it thereby more clear and manageable. It is awkward and tiresome to be always saying the aristocratic class, the middle class, the working class. For the middle class. for that great body which, as we know, 'has done all the great things that have been done in all departments,' and which is to be conceived as chiefly moving between its two cardinal points of Mr Bazley and the Rev W Cattle, but inclining, in the mass, rather towards the latter than the former-for this class we have a designation which now has become pretty well known, and which we inty as well still keep for them, the designation of Philistines What this term means I have so often explained that I need not repeat it here. For the anstocratic class, conceived mainly as a body moving between the two cardinal points of Lord Eleho and Sir Thomas Bateson, but as a whole nearer to the latter than the former, we have as yet got no special designation my attention has naturally been concentrated on my own class, the middle class, with which I am in closest sympathy, and which has been, besides, the great power of our day, and has had its praises sung by all speakers and newspapers Still, the aristocratic class is so im portant in itself, and the weighty functions which Mr Carlyle proposes at the present critical time to commit to it must add so much to its importance, that it seems neglectful, and a strong instance of that want of coherent philosophic method for which Mr Frederic Harrison blames me, to leave the aristocratic class so much without notice and denomination. It may be thought that the characteristic which I have occasionally mentioned as proper to anstocracies—their natural inaecessibility, as children of the established fact, to ideas-points to our extending to this class also the designation of Philistines, the Philistine being, as is well known, the enemy of the children of light, or servants of the idea Nevertheless. there seems to be an inconvenience in thus giving one and the same designation to two very different classes, and besides, if we look into the thing closely, we shall find that the term Philistine conveys a sense which makes it more peculiarly appropriate to our middle class than to our aristocratic. For Philistine gives the notion of some thing particularly stiff necked and perverse in the resist ance to light and its children, and therein it specially suits our middle class, who not only do not pursue sweetness and light, but who prefer to them that sort of machinery of business, chapels, ten meetings, and addresses from Mr Murphy and the Rev W Cattle, which makes up the dismal and illiberal life on which I have so often But the aristoeratic class has actually, as we have seen, in its well known politeness, a kind of image or shadow of sweetness, and as for light, if it does not pursue light, it is not that it perversely cherishes some dismal and illiberal existence in preference to light, but it is seduced from following light by those mighty and eternal seducers of our race which weave for this class their most irresistible charms-by worldly splendour, security, power and pleasure. These seducers are exterior goods, but they are goods, and he who is hindered by them from caring for light and ideas is not so much doing what is perverse as what is natural

Keeping this in view, I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of putting side by side with the idea of our aristocratic class, the idea of the Barbarians The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much, and who reinvigorated and renewed our worn out Europe, had, as is well known, emment merits, and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin The Barbarians brought with them that staunch indi vidualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at my rate, a very rich The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors, and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field sports, and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Bar barians for the body, and for all manly excreises, the vigour, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means-all this may be observed still in our aristo The chivalry of the Barbarians, with cratic class. its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing-what is this but the beautiful commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble, no doubt, one would have admired, if one could have been then alive to see it, the rudiments of Lord Ilcho Only, all this eulture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was it consisted principally an exterior culture mainly in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomphshments, prowess, the chief inward gifts which had purt in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones they were courage, a high spirit, self confidence. within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting produc tions of nature had, from the eircumstances of their life, no access Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same tling now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly, all the exterior graces and accomplish ments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which, from the world of thought and feeling, true culture teaches us to fetch sweetness and light, but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this elass, Lord Eleho, was an insufficiency of light owing to the same causes, does not a subtle enticism lead us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, the one qualifying remark, that in these charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfec tion, a shade more soul?

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the anstocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former, in my own mind, the Barbarrans, and when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, 'There,' I say to myself, '15 a great fortified post of the Barbarrans'

(From Culture and Anarchy)

There is an elaborate bibliography of Matthew Arnold's works by Mr T Burnett Smart (1892), and several selections have been usued Two volumes of his Letters were edited by Mr G W E Russell in 1895, and a volume of extracts from his Note-books, with a Preface by Mrs Wodehouse, was published in 1902. There are books on him by Profes or Saintsbury (1899), Mr Paul (1904), and Mr G W E Russell (1904) and essays in Sir Leslie Stephen's Studies (1898), in Mr L E. Galess Three Studies in Literature (1899), in Mr Frederic Harrison's Tempson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates (1900), and in Mr W H Hudson's Studies in Interfretation (New York, 1895).

EDWARD DOWDEN

Frederick Locker-Lampson (1821-95) was born at Greenwich Hospital, of which his father was secretary and civil commissioner Educated at several private schools, he proved no very apt scholar, and in 1837 was placed in a Mineing Lane office, in 1841 he got a clerkship at Somerset House, and in 1842 a still more congenial post at the Admiralty About this time he developed a faculty for maling verses, somewhat after the manner of Praed, but it was not till, after his first marriage, he had quitted official life that he made his name widely known as a writer of unusually bright and clever vers de sociélé by his London Lyrics (1857), collected from the various papers in which they had appeared. This volume had before the end of the century been reprinted in British and America nearly a score of times, some of the editions living illustrations by Richard Doyle, George Cruikshank, and others It was supple mented by more London Lyrics in 1881 and by London Rhymes in 1882, both series privately printed The Rowfant Club in Cleveland, Ohio, US, published a volume of his later verses, called Rowfant Rhymes, in 1895, with a Preface by Mr Austin Dobson Mr Locker-Lampson published also two anthologies—Lina Elegantiarum (1867), described as 'a collection of some of the best social and occasional verse of deceased English authors,' and Patchwork (1879), a book of extracts In 1850 he married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, who died in 1872, and in 1874 the drughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, an American who settled in England as a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company After his second marriage he lived mainly at his father-in-law's house of Rowfant, near East Grinstead in Susses, where he collected a famous library of Elizabethan and other rare books, and in 1885 he added the name of Lampson to his own My Confidences (1896) is autobiographical

To my Grandmother—Suggested by a Picture by Mr Romney

> Under the elm a rustic seat Was merriest Susai s pet retreat To merry-mike

This Relative of mine,
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?

By the canvas may be seen How she look'd at seventeen, As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden revene
Has a charm,
Her ringlets are in taste,
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal wreath, bouquet, Lace furthingale, and gay Falbala—

If Romney's touch be true, What a lucky dog were you, Grandpapa!

Her hips are sweet as love,
They are parting 1 Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, 'Come'

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Fair Sorceress in print,
What canon says I mryn't
Marry thee?

That good for nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime'
When I first
Saw this Lady, in my youth,

Saw this Lady, in my youth, Her winters had, forsooth, Done their worst

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow,
By and by

That fowl's avenging sprite Set his cruel foot for spite Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean, And her silk was bombazine, Well I wot

With her needles would she sit, And for hours would she knit— Would she not?

Ah perishable clay!
Her charms had dropt away
One by one
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, 'Thy
Will he done.'

In travail, as in tears,
With the firdel of her years
Overprest,
In merey she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest

O if you now are there,
And sveet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
You'll all the better please
Grandpapa.

### At her Window

Ah, minstrel, how strange is
The carol you sing!
Let Psyche who ranges
Ike garden of spring,
Remember the changes
December will bring

Beating Heart ' we come again Where my Love reposes This is Mabel's window pane, These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars, Fading, will forsake her, Elves of light, on beamy bars, Whisper then, and wal e her

Let this friendly pubble plead At her flowery grating, If she hear me will she heed? Mabel, I am waiting

Mabel will be deck'd anon,

Zoned in bride's apparel,

Happy zone! Oh hark to yon

Passion slinken caro!!

Sing thy song thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest,—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest

See Locker Lampson's My Confidences (1896), edited by his son in law, Mr Augustine Birrell, who married his daughter by the first marriage, Lionel Tennyson's widow and the article by Mr Austin Dobson in the supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography (1901)

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore (1823-96) was born at Woodford in Essex, the son of Peter George Patmore, who edited the Court Journal, 'read' for a publisher, contributed largely to the magazines, and wrote, besides other books, My Friends and Acquaintances (1854), three volumes of literary reminiscences boy, educated privately, had thoughts of taking orders, but naturally drifted into literary work, and in his twenty first year published a volume of narrative poems (1844) which were not too kindly Though bought up and destroyed ere a hundred and fifty copies had been sold, this publication secured for him the acquaintance of Rossetti, Woolner, and the pre Raphaelites 1846, through the friendly offices of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), he obtained an appointment as an assistant librarian in the British Museum, and when he retired from the Museum in 1865, was within measurable distance of the headship in his department. He wrote for the Edinburgh Review, the North British, and other serials, contributed in 1850 two poems and a prose essay to the pre Raphaelite Germ, and in 1853 ventured once more to publish a volume of poems, Tamerton Church Tower, which contained revised versions of some of those that hall

first appeared in 1844, and shows traces of the mysticism which bulked so largely in his later work. The acceptance this volume met with encouraged him to publish, but anonymously, in 1854 and 1856 (as The Bethrothal and The Esponsals), the first two sections of what is, under the name of The Angel in the House, by far his best known poem, to which were added in 1860 and 1863 Faithful for Ever and The Victories of Love In virtue of its sincere, tender, and exquisite presentation of holy domestic love, the Angel in the House was greeted with enthusiasm by the poet's friends, Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, and



COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE From a Photograph by Barrauds.

Carlyle, and secured immediate and unusual popularity with the great public. It was largely inspired by Patmore's beautiful and accomplished first wife, daughter of a Congregational minister, whom he Two years married in 1847, and who died in 1862 later Patmore entered the Roman Catholic com munion, and was followed by his three sons and three daughters, in 1865 he married a second time, and erelong bought an estate near Uckfield in Sussex, which he so improved as to be able to sell it for £27,000 Then he settled at Hastings, where, after the death of his second wife in 1880, he built a splendid Roman Catholic church The liome of his last years was at Lymington married a third time in 1881 i

The Unknown Eros, and other Odes (1877), was a collection of upwards of forty odes combining Catholic mysticism and fervent devotion, which in their elaborate rhythms sharply contrasted with the

simple verse of the Angel With Amelia (1878), a perfect little idyl, was published a profound and suggestive 'Study of English Metrical Law' Principle in Art (1889) and Religio Poetæ (1893) are collections of essays and other contributions to journals and reviews, The Rod, the Root, and the Flower (1895) contains apophthegms and meditations, many of them exceptionally profound and searching, all of them admirably worded, on the religious truths nearest the poet's heart Patmore's work, at once powerful and graceful, suffered from his inability to criticise and prune what lie liad written The narrative poems are, as narratives, tedious, the Angel in the House would have had more vitality but for its longueurs and in all his work there are subtle and suggestive thoughts exquisitely uttered, pictures of wonderful fascination, emotions in words perfectly framed and fitted to touch the deepest chords of human hearts In his character Patmore was neither the merely amiable paterfamilias of the Angel nor the meek mystic of the Unknown Eros, but an energetic, masterful, self-assertive, and combitive personality, cherisling and defending many strong prejudices, and as a Roman Catholic by no means disposed to unhesitating obedience. His interests were many, but his sympathies, literary and other, far from

## In a Wood.

'Twas when the spousal time of May Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths, And air's so sweet the bosom gay Gives thanks for every breath it breathes, When like to like is gladly moved, And each thing joins in Spring's refrain, 'Let those love now who never loved, Let those who have loved love again,' That I, in whom the sweet time wrought, Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade, Abandon'd to delicious thought Beneath the softly twinkling shade The leaves, all stirring, munick'd well A neighbouring rush of rivers cold, And, as the sun or shadow fell, So these were green and those were gold, In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd, And breadths of primrose lit the air, Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd And gather'd perfumes here and there, Upon the spray the squirrel swung, And careless songsters, six or seven, Sing lofty songs the leaves among

### Wind and Wave

(From The Angel in the House)

Fit for their only listener, Heaven

The wedded light and heat,
Winnowing the witless space,
Without a let,
What are they till they beat
Against the sleepy sod, and there beget
Perchance the violet!
Is the One found,
Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,

To make Heaven's bound, So that in Her All which it hath of sensitively good Is sought and understood After the narrow mode the mighty Heavens prefer? She, as a little breeze Following still Night, Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas Into delight, But, in a while, The unmeasurable smile Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent With darkling discontent, And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay, And all the heaving ocean heaves one way, T'ward the void sky line and an unguess'd weal, Until the vanward billows fee The agitating shallows, and divine the goal, And to foam roll, And spread and stray And traverse wildly, like delighted hands, The fair and fleckless sands, And so the whole Unfathomable and immense Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach And burst in wind kiss'd splendours on the deaf'ning Where forms of children in first innocence Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbow'd erest Of its untired unrest.

# The Year

(From The Unknown Eros)

The crocus, while the days are dark, Unfolds its suffron sheen, At April's touch, the crudest bark Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of night,
While slowly swells the pod
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod

The Winter falls, the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars,
The snow drift heaps against the hut,
And night is piere'd with stars.

In 1862 Patmore edited, with his first wife's help the anthology called The Children's Garland in 1877 he edited and largely supplemented his friend B W Procter's Antohography (page 227), and in 1884 edited the poems of his own son, Henry John Patmore (1865-83). Florilegium Anantis (1888) was a selection from his poems by Dr R. Garnett Poems of Pathos and Delight was another (1895) by Mrs Meynell In 1900 Mr Basil Champneys, who designed the memorial church at Brighton published a Life of Patmore in two volumes.

born at Crinford in Kent, whence his father, a wine merchant, removed that same year to London, and in 1835 to Cheltenham, with Gloucestershire and with his father's business Sydney's whole after-life was connected Under the influence of a sect of 'Freethinking Christians' founded by Samuel Thompson, his maternal grandfather, he developed a hothouse precocity, and at fifteen became engaged to the girl whom he married at twenty. He never quite recovered from a severe illness (1847), and the chief events

of his life were visits to Switzerland, Scotland, Cannes, Spain, and Italy, in quest of health for himself or his wife. He died at Barton End House, among the Cotswold Hills His principal works are The Roman, a dramatic poem by 'Sydney Yendys' (1850), Balder, Part the First (1854), Sonnets on the War, written in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855), and England in Time of War (1856) The first and the last had a success to wonder at For though some of his lyrics are pretty, though his fancy is sparkling and exuberant, his poems are often superfine, grandiose, transcendental, and save to unusually sympathetic readers, it seems that 'spasmodic' or some equivalent epithet does hit them off better than com parison either with Shelley or with Donne

## The Ruins of Ancient Rome

Upstood

The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare, Lake an old man deaf, blind, and gray in whom The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur Of childhood and the dead From parapets Where the sky rests, from broken niches-each More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them— Below from senatorial haunts and seats Imperal, where the ever passing fates Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds eroaked forth Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height Crying the hours of ruin When the clouds Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning, With calm prerogative the eternal pile Impassive shone with the unearthly light When conquering suns Of immortality I riumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark With thoughts of ages like some mighty captive Upon his death bed in a Christian land, And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed, Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow, And on his lips strange gods

Rank weeds and grasses, Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave, Where Romans trembled Where the wreck was saddest, Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere, With conscious mien of place rose tall and still, And bent with duty Like some village children Who found a dead king on a battlefield, And with decorous care and reverent pity Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down Grave without tears At length the giant lay, And everywhere he was begirt with years, And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past For Time, smit with honour Hung with the ivy Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him, That none should mock the dead. (From The Roman )

## The Mystery of Beauty

Lovelmess

Is precious for its essence—time and space Make it not near nor far nor old nor new, Celestial nor terrestrial—Seven snowdrops Sister the Pleiads, the primrose is kin To Hesper, Hesper to the world to come! For sovereign Beauty as divine is free Herself perfection, in herself complete,

Then proud, runs up to kiss her All is fair—All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers, It seems a straggler from the files of June, Which in its wanderings had lost its wits, And half its beauty, and, when it returned, Finding its old companions gone away, It joined November's troop, then marching past, And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world With a thin cruzy smile, then bursts in tears, And all the while it holds within its hand A few half withered flowers. (From 4 Life Drama)

## The Canker in the Rose

A little footpath quivers up the height, And what a vision for a townsman's sight I A village, peeping from its orchard bloom, With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke, O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke, A steed is at the door, the rustics talk, Proud of the notice of the gaitered groom, A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill The lusty miller bawls, The parson listens in his garden walk, The red-cloaked woman pruses on the hill This is a place, you say, exempt from ill, A paradise where, all the loitering day, Enamoured pigcons coo upon the roof, Where children ever play -Alas! Time's webs are rotten, warp and woof, Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear Herc, black eyed Richard ruins red checked Moll, Indifferent as a lord to her despair The broken barrow liates the prosperous dray, And, for a padded pew in which to pray, The grocer sells his soul (From 'Squire Maurice in City Poems)

The Bonds of Environment

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurly but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A hutterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy Snmmer smiles

Around the happy Summer smiles.

'Twere neither prean now, nor dirge,

The flash and thunder of the surge On flat sands wide and bare,

No haunting joy or anguish dwells. In the green light of sunny dells,

Or in the starry air
Alike to me the desert flower,
The runbow laughing o'er the shower

While o'er thy walls the darkness suls, I lean against the churchyard rails

Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead

The clang of iron hours
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone,
For we have been familiar more
Than galley slave and weary our

(From Glasgow in City Poems)

Besides Early Years of Alexander Smith (1869), by the Rev T Brisbane, there is a Memoir by Patricl Proctor Alexander prefixed to his Last Leaves (1869).

William Allingham (1824-89) was of English family, but was a native of Bally shannon in Donegal, where his fither managed a bank. There he was educated, and there at an early age he began to contribute to periodical literature. He became supervisor of Customs in his native place—

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own, but removed in the same service to England, and settled in London, where in 1874 he succeeded Froude as editor of Fraser's Magazine His works included Poems (1850), Day and Night Songs (1854), Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland (1864), Fifty Modern Poems (1865), Songs, Poems, and Ballads (1877), Evil May Day and Ashby Manor (1883), Blackberries (1884), and Irish Songs and Poems (1887) His verse is free from obscurity, my sticism, or the 'spasmodic' temper, is fresh and graceful, shows a delicate fancy and, especially in the lyrics, a sweet and varied melody his best work is descriptive. Laurence Bloomfield, the story of a young Irish landlord who, amidst manifold discouragement, seeks to improve the condition of the people on his property, was by Allingham regarded as his best work, yet by the general reader it was but coldly received. He wrote two plays which were never produced, and a delightful prose record of his walks in various corners of England, The Rambles of Patricius Walker (reprinted from Fraser) In 1874 he had married Helen Paterson, who, born near Burtonon-Trent, entered the schools of the Academy in 1867, and made herself a name as a book illustrator and painter in water colours

### An Irishman to the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fur mirrored round the loitering skiff
The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
The glen where mountain torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean bays are ours
With all their isles, and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre Fowl batched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smiters of galloglas and kern?
Or, most and worse, fraternal fend,
Which sad Ierne long liath rued?
I orsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was hunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ve flew,
And fierce oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hourse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?



GEORGE MACDONALD
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

Come back, O birds, or come at last ! For Ireland's furious days are past, And, purged of comity and wrong, Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong Why should we miss that pure delight? Brief is the journey, swift the flight, And Hesper finds no furer maids In Spanish bowers or English glades. No loves more true on any shore, No lovers loving music more. Melodious Erin, warm of heart, Entreats you, stay not then apart. But bid the merles and throstles know (And ere another May time go) Their place is in the second row Come to the west, dear nightingales ! The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales

1 Native Irish warriors.

## A Dream

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night, I went to the window to see the sight, All the Dead that ever I knew. Going one by one and two by two

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd, Townsfellows all, from first to last, Born in the moonlight of the lane, Quench'd in the heavy shadow again

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd At soldiers once—but now more staid, Those were the strangest sight to me Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea

Straight and handsome folk, bent and weak, too, Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to, Some but a day in their churchyard bed, Some that I had not known were dead

A long, long crowd—where each seem d lonely, I et of them all there was one, one only, Raised a head or look'd my way. She linger'd a moment—she might not stay

How long since I saw that fair pale face. All! Mother dear! might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on inv tearful check were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made Across the moon stream, from shade to shade, I oung and old, women and men, Many long forgot, but remember d then

And first there came a bitter laughter, A sound of tears the moment after, And then a music so lofty and gay, That every morning, day by day, I strive to recall it if I may

His complete works, prose and verse were published in six volumes in 1888-93 and a one-volume selection in 1892, and D G Rossetti's Letters to Allingham were edited by Dr Birkbeck Hill (1893). A Life by his wife was promised

George Macdonald, born at Hunth in Aberdeenshire, of the Glencoe stock, in 1824, was educated at Aberdeen University and the Independent College at Highbury He became pastor at Arundel and at Manchester, but ill-health drove him to Algiers and to literature. His first, book Within and Without (1856), a dramatic poem, was followed by another volume of Poems (1857) and by Phantastes, a Faerie Romance (1858) A long series of novels succeeded, including David Elgin brod, his first really popular success (1862), The Portent (1864), Alec Forbes (1865), Annals of a Quict Neighbourhood (1866), Guild Court (1867), The Seaboard Parish (1868), Robert Falconer (1868), Malcolui (1874), St George and St Michael (1875), The Marquis of Lossic (1877), Sir Gibbie (1879), Mary Marston (1881), Lilith (1895), and Salted with Fire (1897) From time to time he continued to preach most impressive sermons, and as a lecturer on Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and other literary topics he attracted large audiences at home and in the United States His poetry is simple

but spiritual, instinct with a fresh and delicate fancy, and a tender and loving insight into nature. In his novels, to the essential story telling and dramatic gift he adds a genial humour, a tolerant and kindly sympathy with most sides of life, especially that (so much exploited since his day) of Scottish country-folk. In the earnestness of his recoil from what he conceived to be the narrowness of Calvinism, he at times waves too polemical and 'hortatory, even then the didactic manner is relieved by the romancer's power of dramatic dialogue, as well as by the revelation of exceptionally keen spiritual instincts, tolerance, and native fervour of faith, hope, and It is perhaps characteristic of his Scottish temper that his eminently moral and Puritan criticism of life is softened and brightened by frequent gleams of tenderness. He is an original writer of delicate imagination and profound suggestiveness. His earlier books are indisputably his best, in them especially the characters do quite visibly develop. And in his handling of the dialect of his native district, in its vigour, vivacity, and truth to philology and nature, he has been equalled by no recent kail yarder health was for many years very broken, and his home was mainly on the Riviera. His Alma Mater had given him her honorary degree of LLD in 1868, and in 1877 a Civil List pension was conferred on him

Other novels are Adela Catheart (1864), It is lifted Cumbermede (1871), Thomas Wingfield Curate (1876), I aul Faber, Surgeon (1878) What s Mine s Mine, Home Again, Our Elect Lady, and Heather and Snow between 1886 and 1893. Admirable books for the young were Dealings with the Fairies Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood, At the Back of the North Wind ood The Princess and the Goblin all between 1867 and 1871. Three series of Unspoken Sermons were issued in 1866–1885, and 1889, and there was a work on The Miracles of Our Lord (1870). Dr. Mardonald edited Figlind's Antiphon studies on English poets. Exotics translated from Novalis and elsewhere and Rampolli also a translation. The Diet of Orts was a miscellary and Hamlet a Shakespearian study of originality and power. He collected and arranged his Poetical Works in two volumes in 1893, and issued in 1884 Works of Fancy and Imagination teo volumes of poetry and prove ldyls. He also assisted his wife with her Chamber Dramas for Children

Walter Chalmers Smith, born in Aberdeen in 1824, studied at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and preached to a Presbyterian church in London ere as a Free Church minister he settled in his first country cure in Kinross shire. Thence he passed to a charge in Glasgow, and from 1876 till his resignation in 1894 he was a minister in Edin-During these years he published a series of volumes of verse, including The Bishop's Walk, by 'Orwell' (1861), Olrig Grange, by 'Hermann Kunst' (1872), Hilda among the Broken Gods (1878), Raban, or Life Splinters (1880), North-Country Folk (1883), Kildrostan, a Dramatic Poem (1884), and A Heretic (1890) These various books were collected in a one volume edition in 1902, with the addition of some thirty Ballads from Scottish History, on subjects as various as Wishart and Montrose, the Scots abroad and the outlawed Macgregors, the persecuted Jesuits and the kidnapped Lady Grange. Dr Smith's poems (he was made D D and LL D ) illustrate in simple, vigorous, homely, and often rather rough, shambling verse 'the varying shades of thought and feeling during the latter part of the nineteenth century,' his singularly catholic temper enabling him to represent with almost equal furness the true blue Presbyterian orthodoxy of the olden time, the hard but conscientious unfaith of the modern materialist, and the tolerant and only slightly unorthodox modern Christianity with which he was himself identified In his works kindly satire, autobiographical reminiscence, exhortation, and encouragement towards a higher life are happily combined with the more directly poetic elements

Thomas Woolner (1826-92), poet sculptor, was born at Hadleigh, and studied at the Royal Academy from 1842 Already in 1843 his 'Eleanor sucking the Poison from Prince Edward's Wound' attracted much attention, it was followed by a long series of works in sculpture, including statues and portrut-busts of most of his famous contemporaries He produced in all about a hundred and twenty works, and was successively A R A and R A a conspicuous member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (see the article on Rossetti) he contributed poems to The Germ, which with others were expanded into a volume as My Beautiful Lady (1863, 5th ed 1892) Other poems were Pygmalion, Silenus, Tiresias, and Nelly Dali his sculptures were greatly praised as imaginative and poetic, it may with equal truth be said that his poems have some of the charms of sculpture—they were picturesque, sincere, and impressive

Walter Moratio Pater (1839-94) was the son of an American of Dutch extraction who had settled as a medical practitioner in Shadwell (not then incorporated with London), but was brought up at Enfield Neither at school in Canterbury nor at Queen's College, Oxford, did he manifest any exceptional literary gift or impulse, though he attracted Jowett and was stimulated by T H He became a Fellow of Brisenose, rend with pupils, gave up thoughts of taking Anglican orders, and through Unitarianism passed to a non Christian scheme of philosophical eclecticism His home alternated between Oxford in termtime and London Throughout life he was, in thought as in style, the disciple of no one master Already in a magazine article on Coleridge in 1866 his singularly polished style is as charac teristic as it is in most of his later work. Other remarkable articles on Winckelmann, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo, and others followed, and when collected and added to inv Studies in the History of the Renaissance (1873) attracted even more notice. But Marius the Epicurean (1885) is his principal legacy to the world, though his four Imaginary Portraits (dealing with Watteau amongst the rest), and his Appreciations of Lamb, Wordsworth, Rossetti,

Sir Thomas Browne, and Blake, recompanied by a very significant dissertation on style, would have made any writer famous. Gaster de la Teur, in unfinished romance of media vil life, came out in Afaemillar's, Emerald Uthreart was partly autobiographical, Plato and Platonism was an eminently suggestive disquisition, and there was a volume of Itiscellaneous Studies (1895).

Marins the Epicurean is the life of a noble Roman, the friend of Galen and of Marcus Aurchus, who is profoundly moved by the spiritual problems of that trying period, is attracted by what he sees of Christianity and Christians, and dies a kind of marter by mistake without any joyous confidence in his own philosophy as a ley to the riddle of exist



WALTER PATER.
From a Photograph

ence. His epicureanism is not that 'of the sty,' nor the book philosophy of the Greek texts, nor the syncretistic scheme of the imperial Romans, nor the revived and negative epicureanism of Gassendi and the Renassance, but that of the nineteenth century Englishman who had drunk from the wells of Oxford, had studied Goethe and Ruskin, and had essayed in even higher synthesis of culture and beauty and the spiritual life

Paters style is unique in English literature—exquisitely polished, perfected as an instrument for expressing every subtlest numee of thought or feeling, brilliant and yet dignified in phrasing, but complex, over-claborate, and wanting in directness and buoyancy. Yet the too obvious labor time hardly detracts from his right to take rank at the head of the stylists of the later nineteenth century, and Marius was a spiritual maleutic to many of his younger contemporaries.

A brief Life by Ferris Greenslet appeared in 1904 in Mr Gosse's Critical Kit Kats (1896) there is an interesting article on him.

Joseph Skipses, the miner poet, was born in 1832 near North Shielder, and had voiled from childhood on the Percy Main Collieres there when in 1859 he printed a few son is 1 from 1863 he held posts such as him itam or eare taker. Petr een 1862 and 1892 he published hilf-ti-doren volumes of 600d, strong, tuneful very fone called The Caller Lad, and another Carols from the Cealfi lift). In some of his poems friendly critics have noted an affinity to Blalle. He child a number of volumes of the "Canterbury Series"—Blalle, Burns, Coleridge, Poe, Shelley. He died in 1993.

Gerald Masses on born in 1828 at Gan de Wharf near lam in He tfordshire, and as a poor min a child had been earning his his chhood in a ill factors and as a strill planter are at lifteen he cane to London as a mes and boy. Early price one boothern and botterprine fee bed consampened his vite, Christian Sociali mand to friend hip of Minister and Kingsley encouraged him to literary efforts, and he contributed to and whem itely edited 111 Spirit of Trust in Helis behaved to have been the original of George Lhot's 'I chy Holt' His first volume of serie, Inices of Irection and Iyris of Ices, apprared m 1 31, Lie balla lof bale Ciristi Laid & Gr Louis in 1854 and Har White, Cre & c. Citle, Ha clock's March and A Tele of Literals sic name to other volumes of poetry In al I fe (2 vols 1859) contains an authologic from the e works He lectured on mesmen "i and spiritualism published volumes of an emnently speculative land on spiritualism and or the origins of meths and mesteries-IIe Back of the Biguinitis (1851), The Natural Germi (1883), and interpreted a secret drama out of Shill espeare's Sounces (1866, 1885). His positives unequal, and often har hand ru, ged, but it is full of rude vigour displays a featile imagination and has at times a truly Ivaical melody

David Wingate (1828-92), the collier poet was born at Cowglen near Glasgow, and losing his fither by a fire damp explosion while still a child, descended the pit at the age of nine. He had a strong taste for country rambles and wild flowers, contributed early verses to the Han Hor Ad ertises, and was brought to notice in his twenty third venr by an article written by another Glasgow poet Hugh Macdonald His first volume, Pears erd Sorga, published in 1862, was made the subject of in article by Lord Neaves in Black coods Mag's zm, and his next, Amic Weir, in 1866, brought him not only further reputation, but the means of attending the Glasgon School of Mines thus enabled, on the passing of the Coal-Mines Regulation Act in 1872, to assume the position of collicry manager. He had now leisure to contribute poetry and prose tales to a number of magazines and papers, and he published further volumes—Laly Neil, and other Poems (1879), Poems and Songs (1883), and Selected Poems (1890) Nine

years before his death, which took place at Toll-cross, Glasgow, he received a Civil List pension of £50. By his first wife he had a large family, his second wife was a descendant of Robert Burns. Wingate's character retained to the end a sturdy independence, and much of his poetry almost justified the early criticism by Lord Neaves. 'There are few verses in the language more pure, tender, and musical, nor any love utterance we can remember more refined and delicate in its simplicity.'

# My Little Wife

My little wafe has two merry black eyes—
Sweet little, dear little, daisy faced Jane I
And fifty young lads always deemed her a prize,
And blamed the kind creature for eausing them pun
They all knew her pretty,
And some thought her witty,
But sware of sound sense she was faultless and free,
Because the fair seoffer

Refused every offer, And secretly cherished affection for me

My little wise often round the church luil—
Sweet little, dear little, neat footed Jane—
Walked slowly and thoughtful and lonely until
The afternoon bell claimed its call o'er the plain.

And nothing seemed sweeter To me than to meet her,

And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,

That all her affections were centred in me

My little wife once—'tis strange but 'tis true—
Sweet little, dear little, love troubled Jine—
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell claimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wand'ring of sin void and free),

Strove hard to persuade her That He who had made her Had destated her heart love for no one but me

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong— Sweet little, dear little, warm hearted Jane— Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long Nor tired of the preacher who thus could detain I argued so neatly,

And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be.
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,

And owned that she loved and could wed none but me

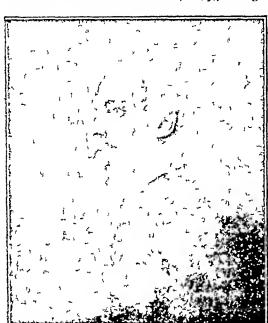
Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-97), son of Sii Francis Palgrave (page 265), became scholar of Balliol College at Oxford and Fellow of Exeter, was successively vice principal of a training college, private secretary to Earl Granville, an official in the Education Department, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1886-95). As early is 1854 he had published a volume of songs and poems, in 1866 one of essays on art. In 1871

came another collection of Lyrical Poems, and in 1881 his most ambitious poem, Visions of England Amenophis, a poem, appeared in 1892 He edited Shakespeare's sonnets and songs, and selections from Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson is best known as the editor (with Tennyson's help) of the famous and unique anthology, The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics (1861, re edited in 1896), supplemented in 1896 by a second series, selected with less perfect critical insight was also an admirable Children's Treasury of Songs, and a Treasury of Sacred Song In the year of his death he issued a volume of his Oxford lectures as Landscape in Ail He had an extraordinary faculty of appreciating what was best in literature, and exceptional sensitiveness and subtlety as a critic, but though in his own poetry he showed both imagination and the gift of artistic form, he was lacking in creative power

William Gifford Palgrave (1826-88), another of Sir Francis's sons, graduated at Oxford and joined the Bombay Native Infantry, but, becoming a Jesuit, studied at Rome, and was sent as a missionary to Syria For Napoleon III he went disguised as a physician on a daring expedition through Arabia (1862-63), described in his Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Lastern Arabia (1865) Quitting the Society of Jesus in 1864, he was sent by the British Government in 1865 to treat for the release of the captives in Abyssinia. He became consul at Trebizond, St Thomas, and Manila, was consul general in Bulgaria and in Siam, and as British minister to Uruguay was reconciled to the Church works were on the Eastern question and on Dutch Guiana, a volume of travel sketches, and an Eastern tale, Hermann Agha (1872)

Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821-90) was born, the son of a colonel, at Barham House, Hertfordshire, and educated-somewhat desultorily -in France and Italy as well as in England spent nearly a year at Oxford, not very studiously, and got an appointment in the Indian arms 1842 he served in Sind under Sir Charles Napier, and having mastered Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic, made (disguised as an Afglian pilgrim) the daring journey described in his famous Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecea (1855) After a visit to Somaliland and service in the Crimea, he in 1856 set out with Speke on the journey which led to the discovery (1858) of Lake Tring myrl r, and afterwards travelled in North America In 1861 he was consul at Pernando Po, and went on a mission He was subsequently consul at to Daliomey Santos in Brazil, at Damascus, and (1872) at Tricste In 1876-78 he visited Midian, and in 1882 Guinea, and he was knighted in 1886 Too original and too masterful to be a model official, he was frequently at feud with his superiors, was summarily recalled from his Damascus post, and, as he and his wife thought, badly used by home Govern-

nexts. Wherever he was he contrived to visit the ne + outle me regions of his juried ction to study the rave of the people and to write articles and 20165 thereon. He was a copious and vigorous - nee for him the East had a fascination, and hought it his main mission to interpret that F st to the Wes Amidst his fifty works on various subjects are I irst Footsteps ti Eas' Ifrica (1856) Lake Regions of Equa ter il Ifria 18901, Cits of the Saints, on Salt Late Cas (1861, Randerings in West Ifrica Tre vie Basir (1869), Likram and the landre a store (1869). He also wrote on Sind Gor Abbeolitta, Paraguay, Brazil, Syria Amailiar Iceland Ultima Thule, 1875), Bologna,



SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON
Fr m the Portrait (16 t) by Lord Leighton in the National
Portrait Gallery

and M dian, on Falconry, the Sword and Swords menchip and translated Camoens into vigorous Lnglsh verse (1850) with a Isfe and Commentary (1881). The master of thirty-five linguages, he published in 1885-88 an audaciously literal translation of the Irionan Aights (10 vols at 1.6 of supplement, comprising extraordinarily frink role and dissertations), of which his wife resuld in expirated edition. Lady Burton the compan or of his wanderings from 1861 wrote on the fire Life of Seria (1875) and on Arabia, 1 mf Irdia (1879) A devout Catholic, slic en ed Catholic rites to be celebrated over her hu hand en his deathbed and had him buried mile fill cere mon al-As his literary executor she de to ed instrantations in MS of other Oriental rocks in h appeal for slide those to the Arabian Ment, as dealisp are draines. She authorised the pulsers on of a translation of the Neapolitan Per time englof a serve translation of Catallus, and 1 star 1803

of a book on The Jew, the Gypy, and El Islam issued after her death in 1896) Her Life of her husband (1895, re edited 1898) dealt with debatable matters and was followed by a counterblast from Sir Richard's niece, Miss Stisted (1897). There is also a Life of Burton by Mr Hickman (1897)

Sir Samuel White Baker (1821-93) spent nine years hunting and planting in Cevlon, and in 1859 laid a railway across the Dobrudya. In 1860 he married a Hungarian lady, and with her he undertook the exploration of the Nile sources Setting out from Cairo in 1861, at Gondokoro they heard from Speke and Grant about the Victoria Numera, which they had discovered, as also of another great lake reported by natives and named Luta Nzige. Baker and his wife resolved to reach this lake, and after many adventures beliefd the great inland sea to which Baker gave the name of the Albert Nyanza. In 1869-73 he commanded an expedition, organised by the pasha of Egypt, for the suppression of slavery and the annexation of the equatorial regions of the Nile Basin explored Cyprus in 1879, visited Syria, India, Japan, and America, and was knighted in 1866. Baker wrote easily and well, and besides some tales and many contributions to reviews, published The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon (1854), Eight Years Wanderings in Ceylon (1855), The Albert Nyanza (1866), The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia (1867), Ismailia (1874), Cyprus as I saw it (1879), and Wild Beasts and their Ilays Several of these have been frequently reprinted There is a Life of Baker by Murriy and White (1895)

Captains Speke and Grant were associated in the famous 1860-63 expedition to explore the sources of the Nile John Stanning Speke (1827-64) was born at Jordans, Ilminster, and in the Indian In 1854 he army saw service in the Punjab joined Burton in a hazardous expedition to Somali land, in 1857 the Royal Geographical Society sent out the two to search for the equatornal lakes of Africa. Speke, whilst travelling alone, discovered the Victoria Avanza, and convinced himselfrightly, as it afterwards appeared—that he saw in it the head-waters of the Nile. In 1860 he returned with Captain Grant, explored the lake, and tracked the Nile flowing out of it his death in a partridge shooting accident he had published his Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile (1863) and Il hat led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile (1864) Argustus Crant (1827-92), born at Nairn, was bred at Marischal College for the Indian army, and in Gujerat, during the Mutiny, and in the Abvissiman expedition gained distinction. Colonel, C B., and FRS, he had a full share with Speke in the exploration of the Victoria Nyanzi, and wrote A Wall across Africa, The Botam of the Spike and Grant Expedition, and Khartoum as I sa

Henry Thomas Buckle, who holds a permanent place in literature by his History of Civilisation in England, was born at Lee in Kent, 24th November 1821 A delicate child, he was brought up mainly under home influences Up till the age of eight he hardly knew his letters, and when his parents sent him to school it was on the distinct understanding that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and on no account was he To a boy of delicate brain school to be whipped life was highly distasteful, and at his own request he was taken home. When he left in his four teenth year his knowledge was scanty. He had no fondness for boyish games, and in order to keep him occupied with something not directly mental, his mother taught him knitting. He was sent to a private tutor, but his health giving way, the boy was again taken home. At the age of seventeen he was placed in the office of his father, who was a partner in a firm of shipowners trading with the East Indies Young Buckle did not take kindly to his new occupation, the work was utterly un congenial At his father's death, which occurred when he was nineteen years old, Buckle was left in independent circumstances, and at once relin quished office work With his mother and sister Buckle left England in 1840, and spent a year in foreign travel About this time the idea of writing the history of civilisation took hold of him, and in order to qualify himself he studied eagerly the languages and literature of the countries through which he passed His principal amusement was chess, in which he attained quite a European For art he cared little, and for music reputation he had no ear One tune to him was like another Once he thought he recognised 'God Save the Queen,' but it turned out to be 'Rule Britannia'

The Continental tour made a great change in Buckle's mental outlook. From being a Tory and a narrow Churchman, he became a Radical and a Freethinker He began to educate himself in earnest. He had no high opinion of universities, and his education was entirely self-directed Buckle's life was that of a student His reading power was enormous, and as he had no social distractions, he was able to collect those stores of knowledge which, under his marvellous capacity for generalising, were so effectively used in his great work. He lived with his books, of which he collected some 22,000 Till the year 1850 he lived in obscurity, gradually preparing for his life work, The History of Civilisation in England Evidence of the thoroughness of his training is seen in the fact that he had made himself conversant with nineteen languages

By the publication of his History of Civilisation in England in two volumes (1857-61) Buckle became famous, it was generally recognised that a new star had risen on the intellectual horizon. On the Continent the work had prompt recognition, and Sir D. MacKenzie Wallace relates that when trivelling in Russia he found it among the peasants. The book was but a fragment of his original

design, but enough was published to indicate the nature of the theory of civilisation with which Buckle's name will always be associated. Just as the first volume was published Buckle suffered a severe domestic blow. His mother, who had been long ill and very feeble, lived only to have the volume placed in her, hands and to read the dedication to herself. With her death a distinct change came over Buckle. His devotion to his mother amounted to a passion, and the shock of her death appears to have entirely unmanned him. A bachelor, whose love affairs were of the faintest, Buckle lived only for his mother, and with her death he felt himself a solitary wanderer. In



HENRY FHOMAS BUCKLE

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June 1857 signs of physical weakness manifested themselves, and as a restorative he in 1861 planned a Journey to the East, taking with him two boxs, one of whom afterwards became his biographer On the journey he caught fever, and died at Damascus on the 29th of May 1862, in his fortyfirst year In many ways Buckle was an attractive personality A student, he was as far as possible from being a bookworm. His heart was tender, and though immersed in dry studies he found time for reading poetry, especially Shakespeare, in order, as he said, to keep his affections alive. His most striking characteristic, perliaps, was a passion for liberty and justice, as was seen in his remarkable conflict with Sir John Coleridge over a lialf witted labourer, Thomas Pooley, who had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for scrawling on a gate some contemptuous words about Christ and Christianity From prison the poor fellow was released only to go to the madhouse. Buckle, whose knowledge of the case was derived from a reference to it in

Mill's essay on Liberty, was stung vith indignation He made an attack on the judge with such passion that even his friends condemned him for violence The incident shows that Buckle's theories about liberty and tolerance were no mere literary ornaments, but were genuine convictions rooted in a deeply sensitive nature.

When the History of Civilisation appeared it became plain that the author had got hold of a new conception of history He wanted history to rise above the almanac ideal, he wanted to dis-History, in the opinion of Buckle, cover causes should enable man not only to know but to understand the past. Buckle takes it for granted that social progress—in other words civilisation—conforms to laws, and he sets himself to discover what His conception of law is antagonistic to the doctrine of the freedom of the will, of which he disposes in a not very satisfactory manner The subtleties of metaphysical thinking were not quite in Buckle's line. Civilisation, he finds, is influenced by four great physical agencies climate. food, soil, and the general aspect of nature Outside of Europe nature is too strong for man, con sequently civilisation proper can best be studied in European countries viere man has triumphed The study of man thus becomes over nature necessary as a preliminary to the study of civilisa-In Buckle's opinion progress owes nothing to the moral side of humanity moral maxims are few and stationary The progressive element in civilisation is due to the intellect, by which man discovers new truths, thereby increasing man's rule over nature. Having cleared the ground, Buckle proceeds to show that the one thing needful in order that intellectualism shall have full play is liberty. Some of the most eloquent passages in his book are in defence of liberty and in denunciation of the protective spirit, whether it takes the form of theological or political authority Apart from its theories, the History of Civilisation was at once accepted as a work of the first rank It vas recognised as a striking attempt to bring scientific method into a region of activity which had hitherto been given over to anarchy England various efforts, mostly fragmentary, had been made in the direction of sociology, but till Buckle wrote nothing had been done on a comprehensive scale. Adam Smith in his Wealth of Nations showed the way, and on the same line proceeded Hume and Ferguson in Scotland Mixed with political theorising a thread of sociological speculation may be detected in Burke. Coming nearer our own time, the Economists were keenly alive to the need of a science of society, as may be seen from J S Mill's essay on Civilisation It was reserved for Buckle to tackle the subject in scientific fashion. If his work is defective, if it fails to embody the fruitful idea of evolution in the interpretation of social phenomena, still to Buckle femains the credit of opening up by a new method in almost unexplored field for scientific treatment. From the standpoint of present knowledge it is easy to find flaws in the History of Civilisation, but the true critic vill rather dwell upon the greatness of Buckle's conceptions than upon faults which are due to well-understood limitations.

#### The Ideal Historian.

In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous, nothing is unnatural, nothing is strange All is order, symmetry, and lav There are opposites, but there are no contradictions. In the character of a nation inconsistency is impossible. Such, however, is still the backy and condition of the human mind, and with so evil and janndiced an eye do we approach the greatest problems that not only common writers, but also men from whom better things might be hoped, are on this point involved in constant confusion, perpleying themselves and their readers by speaking of inconsistency, as if it were a quality belonging to the subject they investigate, instead of being, as it really is, a measure of their ov n ignorance. It is the business of the historian to remove this ignorance by showing that the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, life all other movements, they are solely determined by their ante eedents. If he cannot do this he is no historian. He may be an annalist or a biographer or a chronicler, but higher than that he cannot rise, unless he is imbued with that spirit of science which teaches as an article of faith the doctrine of uniform sequence, in other words, the doctrine that certain events having already happened, certain other events corresponding to them will also To seize this idea with firmness and to apply it on all occasions without listening to any exceptions is extremely difficult, but it must be done by whoever wishes to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state, and do what he may towards placing it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the sciences Even then he cannot perform his task unless his materials are ample, and derived from sources of unquestioned eredibility But if his facts are sufficiently numerous, if they are very diversified, if they have been collected from such various quarters that they can check and confront each other, so as to do away with all suspicion of their testimony being garbled, and if he who uses them possesses that faculty of generalisation with out which nothing great can be achieved, he will hardly fail in bringing some part of his labours to a prosperous issue, provided he devotes all his strength to that one enterprise, postponing to it every other object of ambition, and sacrificing to it many interests which men hold Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action he must disregard. Not for him are those rewards which, in other pursuits, the same energy would have carned, not for him the sweets of popular applause, not for him the luxury of power, not for him a share in the councils of his country, not for him a conspicuous and honourable place before the public eye. the great problem of affairs, to detect those hidden cir cumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations, and to find in the events of the past a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this will build up aftesh the fabric of our knowledge, rearruige its various parts, and harmonise its apparent discrepancies

(From The History of Civilisation )

Philip Gilbert Hamerton (1834-94), art critic and resthetic philosopher, was born at Lane side near Oldliam, the son of a solicitor He lost his mother soon after his birth, and his memories of his fither, who died ten years later, were un happy, he was privately educated with a view to Oxford and Anglican orders, but gave up this prospect for art and literature. An early volume of poems was a failure, for a time he practised as a painter, camping in the Highlands with his wife, a French lady, but he soon settled in France as a writer by profession, his home for most of his remaining years being in the Morvan near Autun He had written on art for the periodicals, his first important book, A Painter's Camp in the Highlands (1862), was followed by Etching and Etchers and Contemporary French Pairlers (1868), and Painting on France after the Decline of Classicism (1869), and these books gave him a recognised place in literature. From 1869 he edited the Portfolio, founded by himself The Intellectual Life (1873) is a really valuable series of letters of advice addressed to literary aspirants and others, Human Intercourse (1884) is a volume of essays on social subjects, The Graphic Arts (1882), finely illustrated, is a treatise on drawing, painting, and engraving, Landscape (1885), a superbly illustrated volume, sets forth the influence of natural land scape on man Among his other works are two Lives of Furner (1878 and 1889), Portfelio Papers (1889), French and Linglish (planned to interpret sympathetically each people to the other, 1889), Man in Art (1893), The Mount (1897), and two novels His Autobiography (to 1858) was supple mented by a Meinoir of his later life by his wife (1896) His sympathy, catholicity in matters artis tic, and the combined luminousness and grace of his literary style gave him an important share in the work both of expounding art to artists and of educating the British philistine

Fame's Hinton (1822-75), son of a Baptist minister, was born at Reading, was at first a clerk, but in 1847 qualified as a surgeon, voyaged to China, and practised in Jamaica for a time. He ultimately grined a high position in London as a specialist m nurd surgery But, devoting himself more and more to studying the squalid life of slums and alleys, he conceived a scheme, revolutionary and far reach ing, to improve the condition of outcast women—a scheme he afterwards feared might add to the evil he so enrnestly strove to remove. All his life Hinton was a tireless thinker and student, a little over hasty to draw conclusions, yet never dogmatic his writing takes the form of interrogation, indicat ing accurately enough the open minded and eager seeker after truth As a consequence his books are unusually rich in suggestive thought. Opposed both by temperament and conviction to asceticism he nevertheless preached self sacrifice, affirming that the true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure,

within that sacrifice can be other than and Apert from technical writings, his chief vorks are Man and his Drielling Place (1859), Life in Vature (1862), The Mystery of Pain (1866), The Place of the Physician (1874), I ssays on the Law of Human Life (1874), Chapters on the 1st of In rking (1879), Philosophy and Religion (1881), Others Needs, a pamphlet (1883), The Law Breaker, and The Coming of the Law (1884)

In his I see a si I ett rx by Miss Flice Hoplans (1970) are copious extracts from his correspondence, while hight is thrown on his mental and piritual experiences in Miss Caroline Haddon's Studies in Histories I hies (1986) and in the prefix of to his posthamous works named above

John Ferguson McLennan (1827-81', born at Inverness and educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Cambridge, joined the Scottish Bar in 1857, and for three years (1872-75) was draughts man of parliamentary Bills for Scotland - but his life work, which made its mark on sociological studies throughout the world, was the series of books and papers in which he propounded and defended, by wide research and masses of evidence gathered from all corners, his theory (partially anticipated by one Swiss author, Bachofen) that historical customs connected with marriage point bick to a primitive marriage by capture, that exclu sive exogramy was an universal stage in the social development, polyandry preceding monandry, and that matriarchy was prior to the patriarchal sistem everywhere. To these speculations he was led by his studies in connection with the article 'Law' which he contributed in 1857 to the eighth edition of the Encyclopadia Britannica But it v is his exposition of the theory in Primitive Mairiage (1865) that first challenged the attention of the world In The Patriarchal Theory (finished by his brother Donald in 1884) he maintained his views against Sir Henry Maine His entirely original conceptions as to Potemism, also epoch making, first appeared in the supplement to the first edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia in 1868, and he wrote on kinship, polyandry, the family, the worship of numals, and other sociological problems various writings he gave a great impulse to sociological studies, all subsequent research took account of his views, though some of them have been superseded as knowledge of savage it ages has become wider and more precise Primitir e Harriage reappeared in 1886 in the volume ealled Studies in Incient History, of which studies a second series was published in 1895. A Life of Thomas Drummond, the famous Irish Unger-Secretary, was a contribution by McI common by was I L.D. of Aberdeen's to a different department of literature

seeker after truth As a consequence his books are unusually rich in suggestive thought. Opposed both by temperament and conviction to asceticism he nevertheless preached self-sacrifice, affirming that the true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure, with rapture even. It is only by evil or want.

the Scottish Church He was in several Liberal Governments as Lord Privy Seal (twice), Postmaster-General, and Secretary of State for India, but he resigned his last public office through his disapproval of Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, and he vigorously opposed Home Rule His works include, besides papers on zoology, geology, and sociology, and a volume of poems (The Burden of Belief), The Reign of Law (1866), Primeval Man (1869), Antiquities of Iona (1870), The Eastern Question (1879), Scotland as it Was and as it Is (1887), The Unseen Foundations of Society (1893), The Philosophy of Belief (1896), and Organic Evolution Cross-examined (1898) As a statesman and thinker he was fearless and independent, dogmatic and self-confident. He was an cloquent speaker, a keen and irrepressible dialectician constantly at war with Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, or Herbert Spencer, as subverters of what he conceived to be the eternal and immutable foundations of moral, religious, and scientific truth

Alfred Russel Wallace, naturalist-traveller, evolutionist, and writer on many, especially social, subjects, was born on the 8th of January 1823, at Usk in Monmouthshire, of Scotch ancestry on his father's side. He was educated at Hereford Grammar School, and in his fourteenth year became an apprentice in the office of an elder brother, a land surveyor and architect. In 1844 he became a master in the Collegiate School at I eicester, where he got to know Henry Walter Both were keenly interested in natural Bates history, both were eager to explore some virgin land, and it was eventually arranged that they should go off together on a scientific expedition to the Amazons (1848) It is interesting to note that it was Wallace who chose the country to explore, that he had been greatly impressed with Darwin's Journal and Humboldt's Personal Narrative, and that he had definitely in view the possibility of 'solving the problem of the origin of species' The explorers made their livelihood by sending collections home.

Wallace left South America in 1852, and in the following year he published his interesting Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro But he had neither solved his problem nor satisfied his exploring bent, and in 1854 he went off again, this time to the Malayan Archipelago, where he spent eight years in studying the fauna from Sumatra to New Guinea. His story was subsequently told in admirable fashion in The Malay Archipelago, the Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise (1869), to which his Island Life (1880) is a not less successful sequel In his wanderings Wallace made large collections, wrote numerous technical papers, and accumulated great stores of knowledge in regard to the habits, adaptations, and geographical distribution of animals He became a foremost authority on questions relating to distribution, and his large work, The Geographical Distribution of |

Animals (1876), is a monument to his patience and thoroughness. One of his discoveries, the importance of which has been exaggerated, was the establishment of a frunal boundary, usually called 'Wallace's Line'. More notable, however, is the fact that during his explorations, and during an illness at Fernate, he thought out the idea of natural selection (though not using the term), which Darwin was simultaneously developing at home. The pioneer papers of Darwin and Wallace were read together before the Linnæan Society on the 1st of July 1858, and a lifelong friendship, most honourable on both sides, was cemented between the two discoverers

Wallace has done many services to the evolutionist cause, notably in his Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection (1871), which some authorities have placed next to the Origin of Species in actual influence, and in his Darwinism (1889), in which he discussed some of the post Darwinian steps of progress in Evolution-Theory In some respects he may be described as more 'Darwinian' than Daiwin, for he has rejected as unproved that phase of sexual selection which depends on female choice, and he has supported the view that 'acquired characters' are not trans 'My whole work tends to illustrate the overwhelming importance of Natural Selection over all other agencies in the production of new species? It was very appropriate that the first Darwin medal of the Royal Society should have been awarded to him (1890)

But the exceptional feature in Wallace's scien tific philosophy is his argument that some of the great steps in evolution, such as the origin of the higher characteristics of man, are due to a special evolution liardly distinguishable from He finds their only interpretation in the hy pothesis of 'a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favourable con ditions' 'There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action'—the beginning of life, the introduction of consciousness, and the origin of inan's higher intellectual and moral faculties. At these several stages of progress a change in essential nature took place, 'due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe' This seems another way of saying that an adequate scientific interpretation of the great steps in question has not been as yet worked out, but there is also iniplied Wallace's conviction that an inter pretation in terms of generally accepted scientific formulæ is impossible

Always interested, like Spencer and Huxley, in actual human problems, Wallace has written much on social questions, as in his Land Nationalisation (1882), Bad Times (1885), The Wonderful Century (1898), Studies Scientific and Social (1900) and Man's Place in the Universe (1903) Always fearless, he has written strongly against vaccina-

tion and in favour of phrenology, and he has expounded his position as an experimentally convinced spiritualist in Miracles and Modern His mind is one which Spiritualism (1874) reaches a conclusion quickly and holds to it with tenacity, stronger in insight than in logical criticism, but always bold and independent His style, though not remarkable, is clear and vivid, and always suggestive of enthusiasm and earnestness In 1881 Wallace received a Civil List pension, in 1882 he was made LLD of Dublin, in 1889 DCL He still works quietly in his country of Oxford home near Dorset, a veteran-the Nestor-among biologists, a naturalist in the old and truest sense, rich in a world-wide experience of animal life, at once a specialist and a generaliser, a humanist thinker and a social striver, a man of science who realises the spiritual aspect of the world

J ARTHUR THOMSON

Thomas Henry Huxley was born at Ealing, then a village near London, on the 4th of May 1825, the seventh and youngest child of an assistant-master in a semi-public school inherited from his mother a notable gift of 'rupidity of thought' and many of his physical characteristics as 'a black Celt,' from his father but little except an innate talent for drawing, 'a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy' His early education seems to have been scanty and poor of its sort. He 'lind two years of a Pandemonium of a school (between eight and ten), and after that neither help nor sympathy in any intellectual direction till he reached manhood' Very early, however, he became an omnivorous reader, ranging from Hutton's Geology and Hamilton's Philosophy of the Unconditioned (read at the age of twelve) to Sartor Resartus and modern fiction His most conspicuous early characteristics were lucidity, a striving after systematisation (witness a boyish scheme for a 'classification of all knowledge'), a habit of 'visualising,' and a bent towards mechanical engineering. Even in after life this early interest in mechanical problems remained When between twelve and thirteen he became a medical apprentice, and during this period he stored his mind with literature and science, learned French and German, and laid the foundations of dy spepsia, from which he suffered severely throughout his life In 1842 he entered as a free scholar at Charing Cross Hospital, where he was particularly influenced by Mr Wharton Jones, who gave him a love for anatomy and a high standard of precise work, and suggested the publication of his first scientific paper Having completed his medical course, he was induced by a fellow student, afterwards well known as Sir Joseph Fayrer, to apply for an appointment as surgeon on a ship. He satisfied the Director-General, passed the member ship examination of the Royal College of Surgeons.

and was entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital. After seven months at Haslar, he was recommended by the chief of the hospital, Sir John Richardson—Arctic explorer and naturalist—as surgeon to H M S *Rattlesnake*, then about to start for surveying work in the Torres Strait, under command of Captain Owen Staples

Thus Huxley, like Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, and many other famous naturalists, secured his Wandergaline, and he made the most of them During the voyage of the Rattlesnake he sent communication after communication on the structure of marine animals to the Linnæan Society,



THOMAS HENRY HUVILY
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

and a paper on the anatomy and affinities of the Medusæ found its way (through the Bishop of Norwich, Captain Stanley's father) to the Royal Society, where it eventually won for the young author the Royal Medal

Huxley returned to England in the end of 1850, equipped, as Virchow said, 'as a perfect zoologist and keen sighted ethnologist'. He was granted leave ashore to work out the zoological results of the voyage, and his researches were so obviously important that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, and received the Gold Medal in 1852. In 1853 further leave ashore was refused, and, as Huxley could not see his way to relinquish science, he had to be struck off the Navy List. Steadily, if not rapidly, however, the problem of *Brodwissenschaft* was solved, in 1854 he succeeded Edward Forbes as Professor of

Natural History at the School of Mines, with a salary of £200, which was soon doubled on his becoming naturalist to the Geological Survey. In 1855 he was in a position to marry the lady whom he had met and loved seven years before in Sydney.

For ten years after his voyage, until the publication of the Origin of Species (1859), Huxley's active life was in the main concerned with He made science his career, he estab lished his reputation, he worked most at Invertebrates, he began to get thoroughly interested in palaontology, on the whole, he was a pure zoologist. For ten years after the publication of Darwin's magnum opus Huxley was most promi nent as an advocate of Evolution Theory, he worked most at Vertebrates and extinct forms, he became more of a teacher and a controversialist, his lecturing and literary work increased greatly 'The third period, from 1870 to 1880, was con siderably different in character. He had become the most prominent man in biological science in England, at a time when biological science was attracting a quite unusual amount of scientific and public attention Public honours and public duties, some of them scientific, others general, began to crowd upon him, and the time at his disposal for the quiet labours of investigation became rapidly more limited', Chalmers Mitchell! Between 1880 and 1890 Huxley was at the zenith of his reputation for some years he was President of the Royal Society of London, the bluest ribbon of scientific distinction in Britain, the Waterloo victory of Evolutionism was already a pleasant memory, by experts and by the public alike he was regarded as a scientific commander in chief, and every utterance commanded respect

From youth upwards Huyley was a martyr to periodic dyspepsia, and the nemesis of his all too energetic life gradually closed in upon a constitution which was never robust. From 1885 onwards the disease, which he quantly labelled a D. (Anno Domini), became more and more real—pleurisy, cardiac troubles, influenza, and the like—until on 29th June 1895 he died, mentally vigorous to the

Huxley dealt with so many subjects in a masterly way that it is unusually difficult to sum up the services which he rendered to human progress Pre eminent as a biologist, he must be given a high place on the general fame roll of Science He had, in comparison with his other endowments. relatively little of that inborn sympathetic interest in living creatures which marks the naturalist as such, no small part of his very best work dealt with extinct forms, and it is significant that when a zoologist asked him how he proposed to treat birds in one of his courses of lectures, he replied, 'I intend to treat them as extinct animals' On the other hand, this did not mean that he was uninterested in their other aspects. Our point is rather that he brought to a discussion of a piece of chalk, or of glaciers, or of a river basin, all the force of his perferved enthusiasm and all the strength of his intelligence, just as much as if the subject had been a jellvfish, or a crayfish, or a developing chick—like force of mind was such that he could make anything real, 'a window into the Infinite'

If we dare try to analyse the particular excel lences of Huxley's scientific mood, it appears that he had four pre eminent qualities Tirst and foremost we should place his quality of lucidity. his clearness of vision, his hatred of verbalism. his penetrating insight into essentials, secondly, his passion for facts, his continual insistence on getting below opinion and inference to the original documents-the facts of nature, thirdly, his crutiousness, so well illustrated by his general agnostic position, by his reserve of judgment in regard to the relative value of the various factors in evolutionary processes, and by almost all his work in detail, fourthly, that characteristic of the scientific mood which may be described as a sense of the interrelations of things, which was especially manifested in Huxley's morphological worl, in his detection of affinities

As a zoologist, Huyley added much to the sum of I nowledge by his investigations on new or very inadequately understood types of animal life He greatly advanced the natural classification of both backboned and backboneless animals, and he established a number of big simplifying generali 'Three of his researches may fairly be called classical that on the Hydrozon, in which he propounded the wide reaching generalisation that the ectoderm and entoderm of polypes and sea anemones correspond with the two primary germ layers in the embryos of the higher animals, that on the fossil Ganoids, and that on the morphologiof the vertebrate skull, in which he demolished the fanciful "vertebral theory,' which, however fruitful in its first conception, had become a positive hindrance to the progress of philosophical anatoms Of less magnitude are his papers on the classification of birds on the crayfishes, on the anatomy of the Australian mud fish and on the Canide, while the rest of his strictly original contributions to zoology are, for a man of his intellectual calibre, hardly more than opuscula. But what opuscula t There is not one of them but contains some brilliant generalisation, some new and fruitful way of looking at the facts of the science' (Jeffery Parker)

As a biologist, he gave us a clear working conception of 'protoplasm,' which he called 'the physical basis of life,' he vivified and improved the cell-doctrine of Schwann and Schleiden, Virchow and Goodsir, he made a wonderfully sagacious, now well-verified, prophecy when he compared the organism to a web, of which the warp is derived from the female and the woof from the male, and these are only representative samples of his services. As an evolutionist, he supplied in the most convincing way factual

corroborations of the theory of descent, in his American Addresses, for instance, he did, in reference to the ancestry of the horse and the like, a service exactly comparable to that rendered in a very different field (Crustaceans) by Fritz Muller in his Facts for Darwin. As an advocate, acute and incisive, but never guilty of special pleading or polemical rhetoric, he did in a controversial period knightly service on behalf of a light-bringing conception of Nature. He was, in fact, forcinost on the fighting edge of the Evolutionist phalanx. On the other hand, by his cautious ness and keen criticism he did much to prevent a premature dogmatism in regard to the factors in the Evolution process

It seems no exaggeration to say that Huxley has given us an immortal standard by which to judge what 'scientific' really means, but he was more than 'scientific' He was one of the most outstanding examples of a man of science at the same time a citizen of the world, keenly interested in all serious human problems whether of conduct or of belief Whether the subject was biology or philosophy, education or politics, fisheries or slavery, he brought to each and all a keen penetrating insight, a wide human outlook, and fearless honesty Indeed, one of the greatest marvels of Hurdey's life was the diversity of its interests and energies On the London School Board, Huxley was an advocate on behalf of physical training, domestic economy, drawing, elementary scienceeven of the Bible in schools In regard to technical education he emphasised the fact that, for the purposes of mental discipline in preparation for the practical tasks of life, no useful distinction could be drawn between technical science and science as such 'The workshop is the only real school for a handicraft The education which precedes that of the workshop should be entirely devoted to the strengthening of the body, the elevation of the moral faculties, and the cultivation of the intelligence, and especially to the imbuing of the mind with a broad, clear view of the laws of that natural world with the components of which the handicraftsman will have to deal'

Huxley served on many Royal Commissions on Fisheries, Vivisection, Medical Acts, Universities of Scotland (1876–78), and so on, he was an active secretary of the Royal Society of London for about ten years (1871–80), and had much to do with the equipment of the Challenger expedition and with the due utilisation of its magnificent results. The general verdict must be that Huxley 'saw life steadily, and saw it whole.'

Of Huxley's philosophy or attitude towards philosophy a little must now be said. Although his mental constitution was very different from that of the contemplative or speculative metaphysician, he was greatly interested in the criticism of cate gories, and gave much time and thought to a study of the philosophical classics. His impulse was in the main a practical one—he sought 'to

learn what is true in order to do what is right,' which, he tells us, 'is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority' What conclusions did he reach? In the first place, that 'there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it'scientific knowledge, which he called 'organised common sense,' reached by the rigorous use of scientific methods In the second place, that in the scientific restatement or interpretative description of the processes of Nature-that is, of our experience-all insinuation of transcendental formulæ or supernatural agencies must be resolutely repelled, science must not try to eke out the application of its own categories by borrowing from metaphysics or theology In the third place, that as a philosophical explanation of the universe, materialism is inadequate and illogical honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to materialism inevitably carries us beyond it' Thus Huxley remained a philosophical agnostic 'If I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative.' In all estimates of his position two often repeated sentences must be remembered 'Evolution is not an explanation of the cosmos, but merely a generalised statement of the method and results of that process' 'There is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based on the fundamental proposition of evolution?

In many minds the name of Huxley has for its most prominent association controversialism, and though his constructive work was far more important, there is no denying that he spent no small part of his time and energy in fighting, and that he thoroughly enjoyed it. He was the champion of the scientific point of view, as contrasted with the metaphysical or the theological, he looked forward to the time when the scientific interpretation 'will organise itself into a coherent system, embracing human life and the world as one harmonious whole? But we misunderstand his controversialism if we forget the motive that prompted it-'the faniticism of veracity' Whether we consider his famous duel with Bishop Wilberforce at the British Association meeting in 1860, or his criticism of Owen, or his battles with the bishops and Mr Gladstone, or any other of the many controversies, we cannot but feel that they express no merely polemical spirit, but that of an earnest truth seeker who hit hard out of conviction, who never sought to destroy without also replacing

Huxley's style is especially distinguished by lucidity, accuracy, and force, and no small part of the wide extension of scientific interest has been due to its charm. He deliberately laboured to achieve a mastery of clear expression both in his lectures and in his essays, and he succeeded For lucidity and clear-cut accuracy he was almost

fastidious 'It constantly becomes more and more difficult for me to *fintsh* things satisfactorily' 'Science and literature,' he said, 'are not two things, but two sides of one thing,' and the greater part of his non technical scientific writings may also be ranked as literature.

According to Mr Chalmers Mitchell 'For him, speaking on any subject was merely a branch of scientific exposition, when emotion was to be roused or enthusiasm to be kindled the inspiration was to come from the facts and not from the The arts he allowed himself were common to all forms of exposition he would explain a novel set of ideas by comparison with simpler ideas obvious to all his listeners, and he sought to arrest attention or to drive home a conclusion by some brilliant phrase that bit into the memory These two arts, the art of the phrase maker and the art of explaining by vivacious and simple comparison, he brought to a high perfection Careful reflection and examination will make it plain that the pleasure to be got from Huxley's style is not due in any large measure to his choice and handling of words For indeed the truth of the matter is that Huxley's style was a style of ideas and not of words and sentences The ideas and their ordering are the root and the branches, the beginning and the end of his He is one of our great English writers, but he is not a great writer of English'

Huvley was a wide and omnivorous reader, and familiar with the English classics, from which he often drew in phrase and allusion 'If a man,' he wrote, 'cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers-I say, if he cannot get it out of these writers, he cannot get it out of anything' He had an unusual knowledge of Latin, classical, patristic, and medieval, he had a fair knowledge of the Greek language (acquired when fifty-three) and a wide acquaintance with Greek literature in translation, he was at home in French and German, and so forth Thus we can understand how, with his quick brain (his mother's rapidity of thought 'passed on in full strength') and tenacious memory, he wrote a style often vivid with picturesque allusion and telling phrase.

It should be added that this man—an indefatigable and often preoccupied specialist, a born intellectual combatant and as good a hater as ever lived, an uncompromising Luther in the scientific reformation, a fearless propagandist of Evolution Theory, an anti-clerical, anti-dogmatist, agnostic, called by more bad names than any of his contemporaries, and confessedly one of hasty temper—was beloved by many 'They were chiefly moved by something over and above his wide knowledge in so many fields—by his passionate sincerity, his interest not only in pure knowledge but in liuman life, by his belief that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be

kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence, by the love of truth, in short, both theoretical and practical, which gave the key to the character of the man himself'

#### Aims in Life

To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which lies grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends, to the popularisation of science, to the development and organisation of scientific education, to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution, and to the untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science. In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such (From Autobiographical Sketch)

#### A Liberal Education

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations, one who, no stunted ascetie, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a teader con science, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouth piece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter (From 'A Liberal Education and Where to Find It')

#### Tour Process Education and Whole you

# Nature of Life

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philo sophical status has 'vitality than 'aquosity'? If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties. If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules

It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus or a foraminifer are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed But if their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting place between the admission that such is the case and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena-

(From 'The Physical Basis of Life in Collected Essays)

## Origin of Life

Looking back through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and there fore I am devoid of any means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its appearance. Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs strong foundations.

To say that, in the admitted absence of evidence, I have any belief as to the mode in which the existing forms of life have originated would be using words in a wrong sense. But expectation is possible where belief is not, and if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter

I should expect to see it appear under forms of great simplicity, endowed, like existing fungi, with the power of determining the formation of new protoplasm from such matters as aimmonium carbonates, oxilates, and tartrates, alkaline and earthy phosphites, and water without the aid of light. That is the expectation to which analogical reasoning leads me, but I beg you once more to recollect that I have no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophical faith

(From Collected Essays)

### Man's Place in Nature

Identical in the physical processes by which he originates—identical in the early stages of his formation—identical in the mode of his nutrition, before and after birth, with the animals which he immediately below him in the scale—Man, if his adult and perfect structure be compared with theirs, exhibits, as might be expected, a marvellous likeness of organisation. He resembles them as they resemble one another—he differs from them as they differ from one another. And though these differences and resemblances cannot be weighed and measured, their value may be readily estimated, the scale or standard of judgment, touching that value, being afforded and expressed by the system of classification of animals now current among zoologists.

Is it, indeed, true that the Poct, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, whose genius is the glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the undoubted historical probability, not to say certainty, that he is the direct de

scendant of some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the Fox, and by so much more dangerous than the Inger? Or is he bound to how and grovel on all fours because of the wholly unquestionable fact that he was once an Egg, which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of a Dog? Or is the philan thropist or the saint to give up his endcavour to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals at its foundations all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the merest quadruped? Is mother love vile because a hen shows it, or fidelity base/because dogs possess it?

The common sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation. Healthy humanity, finding itself hard pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brooding over specialitive pollution to the cymics and the 'righteous over much,' who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of this visible world, and in inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place Man occupies therein

Nay more, thoughtful men, escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence man has spring, the best evidence of the splendour of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future

(From Man & Place in Nature )

## On the Publication of the 'Origin of Species'

I imagine that most of those of my contemporaries who thought seriously about the matter were very much in my own state of mind-inclined to say to both Mosaists and Evolutionists, 'A plague on both your houses 1' and disposed to turn aside from an intermin able and apparently fruitless discussion, to labour in the fertile fields of ascertainable fact. And I may therefore suppose that the publication of the Darwin and Wallace paper in 1858, and still more that of the Origin in 1859, had the effect upon them of the flash of light which, to a man who has lost himself on a dark night, suddenly reveals a road which, whether it takes him straight home or not, certainly goes his way which we were looking for, and could not find, was a hypothesis respecting the origin of known organic forms which assumed the operation of no causes but such as could be proved to be actually at work We wanted, not to pin our faith to that or any other speculation, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions which could be brought face to face with facts and have their validity tested The Origin provided us with the work ing hypothesis we sought

(From 'On the Reception of the Origin of Species in Darwin & Life and Letters)

### 'The Strongest Arguments in Favour of Evolution'

I may add that, beyond all these different classes of persons who may profit by the study of biology, there is yet one other. I remember, a number of years ago, that a gentleman who was a vehement opponent of Mr Darwin's views, and had written some terrible articles against them, applied to me to know what was the best way in which he could acquaint himself with the strongest arguments in favour of evolution. I wrote back, in all

good faith and simplicity, recommending him to go through a course of comparative anatomy and physiology, and then to study development. I am sorry to say that he was very much displeased, as people often are with good advice. Notwithstanding this discouraging result, I venture, as a parting word, to repeat the suggestion, and to say to all the more or less acute lay and clerical 'paper philosophers' who venture into the regions of biological controversy—Get a little sound, thorough, practical, elementary instruction in Biology.

(From 'On the study of Biology in Scientific Memoirs vol 1v)

Huxley's most important publications are contained in his Collected Essays, edited by himself (9 vols. 1893-95), and in the Scientific Memoirs, edited by Sir Michael Foster and Professor Ray Lanlester (4 vols. 1898-1903) We may also note Mans Place in Nature (1863) On our Knowledge of the Causes of Organic Phenomena (1863) Lectures on the Elements of Comparative Anatomy (1864), Lessons in Elemen tary Physiology (1866), An Introduction to the Classification of Animals (1869), Anatomy of Vertibrated Animals (1871) Elementary Biology (1875) Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals (1877), Lay Sermons, Lssajs, and Reviews (1877) American Addresses (1877), Physiography an Introduction to the Study of Nature (1877) The Crassish an Introduction to the Study of Zoology (1880), Introductory Primer ('Science Primers 1860). See his Life and Letters by his on, Mr Leonard Huxles (2 vols. 1900) books on him by Mr Chalmers Mitchell (1900) and Mr Clodd (1902) Professor Jeffery Parker in Natural Science VIII (1895) Sir Michael Foster's Obitinary Notice of him in Proc Roy il Society (vol lix) W K. Brooks, The Foundations of Zoology (1393)

J ARTHUR THOUSON

William Wilkie Collins (1824-89) was the elder son of the distinguished painter William Collins, RA, and was born in London, his name testifies to his father's friendship with David Wilkie. He was educated partly at a private school in Highbury, but during 1836-39 was with his parents After his return he spent four years in a tea business, and then entered Lincoln's Inn. but he gradually, though mentably, took to literature, the Life of his father (1848) being his earliest publication To it succeeded Antonina, or the Tall of Rome (1850), Basil (1852), Hide and Seek (1854), The Dead Secret (1857), The Woman in White (1860), No Name (1862), Armadale (1866), The Moonstone (1868), The New Magdalen (1873), The Law and the Lady (1875)—in all, more than five-and twenty novels and collections of novelettes Wilkie Collins became a close friend of Charles Dickens, After Dark and the Dead Secret came out in Household Words, the Woman in White in All the Year Round Count Fosco in the IVoman in White is a veritable creation, a permanent character in English literary allusion, and in this his most successful work, his characteristic method was quite unhackneyed-that of unfolding an intricate plot by the successive verbatim narratives of the chief dramatis The Moonstone, one of the strongest detective stories in literature, is the next most popular work of the author, who was a master of complex plot, fascinating mystery, sensational episode, thrilling situation, and stritling dénouement. No Name, in Mr Swinburne's judgment, 'is an only less excellent example of as curious and as original a talent,' dealing with the imputa tion of illegitimacy, and with the struggle and final triumph over its disadvantages later didactic novels are only occasionally re lieved by brilliant exposition of character and evolution of incident, some are like bad parodies of the author's better work. On the whole, Mr Swinburne admits that 'the crowning merit, the most distinctive quality of his best work is to be sought and found in the construction of an interesting and perplexing story, well conceived, well contrived, and well moulded into life like and attractive shape.' Making due allowance for melodramatic lapses, for mannerisms and faults of style, for occasional violence and crudity, and for a curious dependence on the help of some pliysical or moral depravity in his characters, Wilkie Collins 'was in his way a genuine artist.' Deafness, dumbness, blindness, or hereditary weakness are too essential to some of his earlier novels, and his disapproval of the Scotch marriage law and the Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' of athleti cism and worse social cankers, are too obviously the keynote of some of his later ones. Some of the short stories are admirable, each of those in After Dark is, in Mr Swinburne's words, 'a little model, a little masterpiece in its kind? Dickens influenced Collins, but perhaps not much more than Collins influenced Dickens Thackeray found the Woman in H lite thrilling, and Edward Litz-Gerald was an enthusiastic admirer of the same Wilkie Collins dramatised Armadale, No Name, the Woman in White, and the New Magdalen, The Irozen Deep was written as a Mr Swinburne's essay on the novelist will be found in his Studies in Prose and Poetry (1894)

### The Doom of Sir Percival.

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church tower was the first object I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry, I heard heavy footsteps close to me. The servant had ascended to the church after us. 'I don't inean any harm,' he said when I turned round on him, 'I'm only looking for my master'. The tones in which he spoke betraved unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on

The instant I turned the corner, and came in view of the vestry, I saw the lantern skylight on the roof brilliantly lit up from within. It shone out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky

I hurned through the churchyard to the door

As I got near, there was a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran to the door, and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move, before I could draw my breath after that discovery, I was horror struck by a heavy thump against the door, from the inside I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back

shuddering, and dropped to his knees. 'Oh, my God l' he said, 'it's Sir Percival !'

As the words passed his hips the elerk joined us—and at the same moment there was another, and in last, grating turn of the key in the lock

'The Lord have merey on his soul!' said the old man 'He is doomed and dead He has hampered the lock'

I rushed to the door The one absorbing purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted, of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pittlessly laid waste, of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved, passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

'Try the other door 'I shouted. 'Try the door into the church The lock's hampered You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it!'

There had been no renewed ery for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now, of any kind, to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames, and the sharp snap of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet, he had taken the lantern, and was holding it up vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me about when I moved, like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering, and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall 'Stoop' I said, 'and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight, and give him some air I'

The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm I got on his back, with my cudgel in my mouth, seized the parapet with both hands, and was instantly on the roof In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment, it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air I struck at the skylight, and bat tered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow fire leaped ont like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out above me, with the flame The gleums and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall, the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair, and the scanty population of the village, haggard men and ter rified women, clustered heyond in the churchyard-all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dread ful glare, in the black of the choking smoke And the man beneath my fect '-the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so atterly beyond our reach !

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof, by my hands, and dropped to the ground

'The key of the church!' I shouted to the elerk. 'We must try in that way—we may save him yet if we can burst open the inner door'

'No, no, no'' cried the old man 'No hope' the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, sir, he's past saving—he's dust and ashes by this time!'

'They 'Il see the fire from the town,' said a voice from among the men behind me. 'There's a ingine in the town. They'll save the church'

I called to that man—he had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me—It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us—The horror of remaining mactive all that time was more than I could face—In defiance of



WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

From the Portrait by Sir John E Millais in the National

Portrait Gallers

my own reason I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be lying scassless on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door, might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy lock—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were beams still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one, and used it as a battering ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me, like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the min who had spoken first of the fire engine in the town 'Have you got your pickaxes handy?' Yes, then had 'And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope?' Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers, with the lantern in mi hand 'Tive shillings apiece to every man who helps me!' They started into life at the words. That ravenous second lininger of poverty—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. 'Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools! The

rest after me to find the beam ' They cheered—with shrill starveling voices they cheered The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the churchyard path to the first empty cottage. Not a man was left behind but the clerk-the noor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church The servant was still at my heels his white, helpless, panie stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn down floor above, lying loose on the ground-but they were too light. A beam ran across over our heads, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with ceiling and flooring all ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above, open to the sky We attacked the beam at both ends at once God! how it held-how the brick and mortar of the wall resisted us ! We struck, and tugged, and tore The beam gave at one end-it came down with a lump of brickwork after it There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway to look at us-a shout from the men-two of thein down, but not hurt Another tug all together-and We raised it, and gave the beam was loose at both ends the word to clear the doorway Now for the work 1 now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the sky, streaming brighter than ever to light us' Steady, along the churchyard path--steady with the beam, for a rush at the door One, two, three-and off Out rings the cheering again, irrepressibly We have shalen it already, the hinges must give, if the lock won't Another run with the beam! One, two, threeand off It's loose! the stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it Another, and a last rush! The door falls in with a crash A great hush of awe, a still ness of breathless expectation, possesses every living soul The scorching heat on We look for the body our faces drives us back we see nothing-above, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire. (From The Woman in Il hite) Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900) was born at Longworth in Berkshire, and educated at Blundell's School in Tiverton and at

Exeter College, Oxford He graduated in 1847, afterwards studied law, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1852, and practised for a dozen years as a conveyancer By degrees he saw that his vocation was not that of conveyancer. ultimately he united the pursuit of literature with the management of a market-garden and orchard at Teddington on Thames, and there it was he died His first publications were Poems by Melanter (1854), Epullia (1855), The Bugle of the Black Sea (1855), followed by The Tate of Franklin (1860) and a translation of the first and second books of Virgil's Georgics (1862) Other volumes of verse followed these, as well as a complete translation of the Georgics in 1871. His earliest novels were Clara Vaughan (1864) and Cradock Nowell (1866), but his first distinct success was Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor (1869), which from the first was by the discerning recognised as almost certainly a great and classic novel, attained vast popularity in a vear or two, and before its author's death had passed through some forty

Blackmore's plots were often defective in construction, but here the plot (though not free from faults) was good and well managed, the style has a pleasing flavour of its age, the time of James II, the joy in open-air life and adventure is infectious, and the figures have much more life and movement than in any other of his novels-John Ridd and some at least of his allies and enemies are imperishable memories to all Englishmen For his rare insight into and sympathy with manimate life, Blackmore stands almost alone among English But he has also described for us with absolute truth the Devonshire farmer as he lives and speaks, and many of his women, if somewhat shadowy in outline, are yet figures of rare tenderness and grace More than most copious authors -and somewhat to his own annovance—he is fated to be remembered as the author of one book, and that one Lorna Doone Blackmore cherished the local criticism that 'it was as good as Devonshire cream,' but was wont to grumble good-naturedly at the pre-eminence assigned to it over all his other works, at its having almost become a guide book to the west country. His other novels are The Maid of Sker, perhaps his second best story (1872), Alice Lorraine, Kentish in setting (1875), Cripps the Carrier (1876), Erema (1877), Mary Anerley, a Yorkshire story (1880), Christowell, a Dastmoor Tale (1882), Tommy Upmore, one of his least happy creations (1884), Springhaven (1887), Perlycross (1894), Fringilla, tales in verse (1895), Tales from the Telling-House (1896), and Dariel (1897) He wrote verses from time to time, and never realised how obvious it was, even to his more enthusiastic admirers, that verse was not his medium From time to time, too, he expounded his views on fruit and orchards, and he contributed a series of articles on gardening and fruit-growing to Chambers's Encyclopædia, but he had sorrowfully to confess that in his forty years' experience of fruit-growing at Teddington, he could only in two several years report a fair margin of profit.

# Esther's Winter Walk.

The weather had been for some few weeks in a good constitutional English state, that is to say, it had no settled tendency towards anything. Or at any rate, so it seemed to people who took little heed of it. There had been a little rain, and then a little snow, and a touch of frost, and then a sample of fog, and so on trying all varieties, to suit the British public. True Britons, however, had grumbled duly at each successive overing, so that the winter was now resolving henceforth only to please itself. And this determined will was in the wind, the air, and the earth itself just when night began to fall on this dark day of December.

As Esther turned the corner from the Beckley lane into the road, the broad coach road to Oxford, she met a wind that knew its mind coming over the crest of Shotover, a stern east wind that whistled sadly over the brown and burren fields, and butterly piped in the road way. To the chill of this blast the sere oak leaves

shivered in the dusk and rattled, the gray ash saplings bent their naked length to get away from it, and the surly stubs of the hedge went to and fro to one another The shiny dips of the path began to rib themselves, like the fronds of fern, and to shrink into wrinkles and sniewy knobs, while the broader puddles, though skirred by the breeze, found the network of ice veiling over them. This, as it crusted, began to be capable of a consistent quivering, with a frail infinitude of spikelets, crossing and yet carrying into one another. And the cold work (marred every now and then by the hurry of the wind that urged it) in the main was going on so fast that the face of the water ceased to glisten, and instead of ruffling lifted, and instead of waving wavered So that, as the surface trembled, any level eye might see little splinters (held as are the ribs and harl of feathers) spreading, and rising life steins of lace, and then with a smooth, crisp jostle sinking, as the wind flew over them, into the quavering consistence of a coverlet of ice

Esther Cripps took little heed of these things, or of any other in the matter of weather, except to say to herself now and then how latter cold the wind was, and that she feared it would turn to snow, and how she longed to be sitting with a cup of ' Aunt Lxie's ' crudle in the snug room next to the bakehouse, or how glad she would be to get only as far as the first house of St Clement's, to see the lamps and the lights in the shops, and be quit of this dreary loneliness. For now it must be three market days since fearful rumours began to stir in several neighbouring villages, which made even strong men discontent with solitude towards nightfall, and as for the women-just now poor Lether would rather not think of what they declared. It was all very well to pretend to doubt it while linging the clothes out or turning the inaugle, but as for laughing out here in the dark, and a mile away from the nearest house-Good Lord 1 How that white owl frightened her!

Being a sensible and brave girl, she forced her mind as well as she could into another channel, and lifted the cover of the basket in which she had some alce things for 'Aunt Txie,' and then she set off for a bold little run, until she was out of breath, and trembling at the sound of her own light feet. For though all the Crippses were known to be of a firm and resolute fibre, who could expect a young maid like this to tramp on like a Roman sentinel?

And a lucky thing for her it was that she tried nothing of the sort, but glided along with her heart in her mouth, and her short skirt tucked up round her. I ucky also for her that the ground (which she so little heeded, and so wanted to get over) was in that early stage of freezing, or of drying to forestall frost, in which it deadens sound as much as the later stage enlivens it, otherwise it is doubtful whether she would have seen the Christians dressing of the shops in Oxford

l or, a little farther on, she came, without so much as a cow in the road or a sheep in a field for company, to a dark narrow place, where the way hung over the verge of a stony hollow an ancient pit which had once been worled as part of the quarries of Headington. This had long been of had repute as a hannted and ill omened place, and even the Carner himself, strong and re olute as he was felt no shame in whispering when he passed by in the moonlight. And the name of the place was the 'Gipsy's Grave'. Therefore, as I'sther Cripps approached it, she was half inclined to wint and hide

herself in a bush or gap until a cart or vaggon should come down the hill belind her, or an honest dairyman whisting softly to reassure his shadow, or even a woman no braver than herself

But neither any eart came near, nor any other kind of company, only the violence of the wind and the been increase of the frost bite. So that the girl inade up her mind to put the best foot foremost, and run through her terrors at such a pace that none of their could by hold of her

Through yards of darkness she skimmed the ground, in haste only to be rid of it, without looking forward, or over her shoulders, or anywhere, when she could help it. And now she was ready to laugh it herself and her stipid fears, as she eaught through the trees a glimpic of the lights of Oxford, down in the low land, scarcely more than a mile and a half nway from her. In the joy of rehef she was ready to jump and pant without fear of the echoes, when suddenly something eaught her car-

This was not n thing nt first to be at all afruid of, but only just enough to roule a little curiosity. It seemed to be nothing more nor less than the steady stroke of a pickase. The sound came from the farther corner of the deserted quarry, where a crest of soft and shingly rock overlaing a briary thicket. Any person working there would be quite out of sight from the road, by reason of the bend of the hollow.

The blow of the tool came dull and heavy on the dark and frosty wind, and I sther almost made up her mind to run on, and take no heed of it. And so she would have dane no doubt, if she had not been a Cripps girl. But in this family firm and settled opinions had been handed down concerning the rights of property—the rights that overcome all wrongs, and outlive death. The brother Levineus of Stow Wood had sown a piece of waste at the corner of the clevice with winter carrots for his herd of swine. The land being none of his thins far, his right so to treat it was not established, and there fore likely to be attacked by any rapacious encoucher. I sther felt all such things keenly, and resolved to find out what was going on (From Criffs the Larrer)

Robert Michael Ballantyne (1825-94), writer of tales for boys, was born at Edinburgh in April 1825, a nephew of Scott's printers first of his eighty volumes, issued in 1848, was a record of personal experiences during a six vears' residence (1841-47) in the territories of the Hudson By Company, in 1848-55 he was in the publish ing office of the Messrs Constable in Edinburgh, in 1856 he took to literature as a profession-more specifically to the business of writing bools for In this his life work he combined in the happiest was tales of strenuous endrasour and exciting adventure, a sound moral, and an amount of viried instruction wholly alien to the plan of predecessors like Majne Reid. At first he drew largely on his own experiences in Ti - I cung Fur Traders (1856) and U gar 1 (1857). But he made special studies for such works as The lafe loat Tre Lighthouse Inditing the Flames, and Deep Down (in Cornish mines) and he trivelled in Norway and Mines express! for the purpose of amassing materials for others of his stories

Among the most popular were The Coral Island, Martin Rattler, The World of Ice, The Pirate City, The Dog Crusoe, Erling the Bold, The Settler and the Savage, and Black Ivory Personally he exemplified the high character of his heroes, and he was a keen volunteer and an accomplished artist in water-colours. In 1893 he published Personal Reminiscences of Bookmaking. Harrow was his home, but he died at Rome. See his Personal Recollections (1893)

Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd (1825-1899) was familiarly known to a generation of magazine readers as A K.H B, and is remembered not as a divine but as a copious, desultory, entertaining writer on things in general He was born in Auchinleck manse, Ayrshire, spent his boyhood in the manse of the adjoining parish of Ochiltreé (whither his father was transferred soon after), and was educated at Ayr Academy, King's College, London, and Glasgow University He studied for the English Bar, but in 1851 received Presbyterian ordination, and had been minister of Newtonon Ayr, Kirkpatrick Irongias, and St Bernard's, Edinburgh, before his settlement in 1865 at St Andrews He became known to a wide public by his essays in Traser's Magazine signed A.K H B, and reprinted as Recreat ons of a Country Parson (three series, 1859-61) The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson followed, and, including sermons and books of gossiping reminiscences, he produced over thirty volumes. His essays had a character of their own, essential commonplaceness of thought being disguised by a certain airy vivacity and chattiness, good-humoured in the main (especially towards himself), but at times his deliberate irrelevance became prolix and even dull, though he had a genius for gossip and anecdotes, at its best in the earlier volumes of the reminiscences comments on contemporaries were often more pointed than complimentary, and in playful or caustic anecdotes he in return was not too gently dealt with He was DD and LLD His foibles were vanity, a profound admiration for deans and dignitaries of the Anglican Church, and a corresponding dislike for Dissenters of all species was failing in health when, mistaking his medicine, he accidentally poisoned himself at Bournemouth See his Twenty five Years of St Andrews (2 vols 1892), St Andrews and Elsewhere (1895), and Last Lears of St Andrews (1896)

Samuel Butler (1825–1902), born at Langar in Notts, was educated at Shrewsbury and St John's, Cambridge, spent the years 1860–64 in Canterbury, New Zealand, and devoted the rest of his life to literary work in London. In *Erewhon* (1872—the name being of course an anagram of 'nowhere') he revealed his gift of humour and irony, his prejudices and his anti-conventional audacity, *Erewhon Revisited* (1901) was a continuation of this modern *Utopia*. He wrote on evolution against Darwin, insisted in a book that

the author of the Odyssey was a woman, and had his own theory as to the sonnets of Sliake-speare. He translated the whole of the Iliad and of the Odyssey into English prose, and he wrote (2 vols 1896) the Life of his namesake and grand father, headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield (1744–1839). Other works were The Fair Haven, Life and Habit, Luck or Cunning, La Voto, and, posthumously published, The Way of the Flesh (1903). He wrote sonnets also, and practised painting and musical composition.

Rev. Edward Bradley (1827-89), better known by his pen-name of 'Cuthbert Bede,' was born at Kidderminster, educated for the Church'at Durham University, and appointed rector succes sively of Denton in Huntingdonshire, Stretton near Oakham, and Lenton in the neighbourhood of The list of his six-and-twenty pub Grantham lished works includes the Book of Beauty (1856), Tairy Tables (1858), Glencraggan (1861), Tales of College Life (1862), and Fotheringhay (1885) But the most popular of his books, as it was the earliest, was doubtless The Adventures of M1 Verdant Green, an Oxford Treshman (1853-57), a facetious and even farcical description of the humours of English university life, which displays an imperfect imitation of the manner and method of Dickens The hero, whose character is more plainly than artistically indicated by his name, enters 'Brazenface College' as the most innocent of home bred youngsters, and is initiated into all the amusements and venial dissipations of an undergraduate career by two more knowing liands, Mr Bouncer and Mr Larkyns, with the result that he goes through a series of ridiculous scrapes Though almost negli gible as literature, this burlesque had a wide, an immediate, and by no means an ephemeral popularity, which at first no doubt was heightened by the knowledge that some of the figures in it were caricatures of well-known Oxford dons

George Alfred Lawrence (1827-76) was born at Braxted rectory, Essex, and from Rugby passed in 1848 to Balliol College, Oxford He was called four years later to the Bar, was a militin officer, and got into a United States prison on his way to join the Confederate army Of his nine or ten novels by far the best known is Guy Livingstone (1857), the next perhaps, though far less popular, Sword and Gown (1859)

George Augustus Henry Sala (1828-95), born in London of Italian ancestry, studied art and did book-illustrations, but after 1851 became a contributor to Household IVords, Temple Bar (which he founded and edited 1860-66), the Illustrated London News, and Cornhill As special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph he was in the United States during the Civil War, in Itali with Garibaldi, in France in 1870-71, and later in Russia and Australia. Twice Round the Clock (1859) is his best-known work, while his novels include

The Baddington Peerage, Captain Dangerous, and Quite Alone Among his books of trivel are A Journey due North, books on Holland, Barbury, Rome, and Venice, Paris Herself Again (1879), America Revisited (1882), and Right Round the World (1888) His autobiography is pretty fully covered by Things I have Seen (1894) and his Life and Adventures (1895)

William Caldwell Roscoe (1823-59), grandson of the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici (see Vol II p 639), was born in Liverpool, and educated finally at University College, London Though called to the Bar, he soon settled in Wales in business, but found time for much literary work for the reviews, for the two tragedies Eliduc and Violenzia, and for many lyrics and other poems His essays were collected in 1860, with a Memoir, by his brother in law, R. H. Hutton, his dramas and poems were reprinted in 1891

John Caird (1820-98), a great Scottish preacher, born at Greenock, studied at Glasgow, and had held four important cures when in 1862 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Glasgow. He was principal of the university from 1873 till the year of his death. His Religion of Common Life, preached before Queen Victoria at Crathie in 1855, quickly carried his fame throughout the Protestant world, Dean Stanley said it was the greatest single sermon of the century. He published a volume of Sermons (1858), An Introduction to the Philo sophy of Religion (1880), which revealed a strong neo Hegelian leaning, and a small but pregnant book on Spinoza (1888)

Edward Caild, brother of the preacher principal, was born in 1835. From Glasgow he passed as a Snell exhibitioner to Balliol College, Oxford, and became in 1864. Fellow and tutor at Merton. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University, in 1893 he was elected Master of Balliol. A profound and sympathetic student of Hegel, he made himself one of the most conspicuous and influential philosophical thinkers of his time by a series of works on Kant (1877), Hegel (1883), and Comte (1885), The Evolution of Religion (Gifford Lectures, 1893), and The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophy (1904)

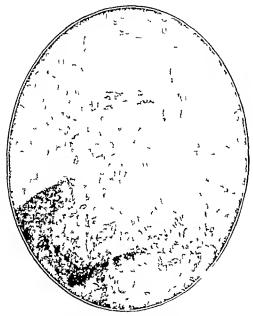
Joseph Barber Lightfoot (1828–89), Bishop of Durham, was born at Liverpool, and from King Edward's School, Birmingham, passed in 1847 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1851 as thirteenth wrangler, senior classic, and Chancellor's medallist Elected Fellow in 1852, and ordained in 1854, he became tutor of Trinity in 1857, Hulsean Professor of Divinity in 1861, canon of St Paul's in 1871, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1875, and Bishop of Durham in 1879 Dr Lightfoot was out of sight the most accomplished English scholar of his time in the departments he made his own, he secured

a great European reputation, and in England his influence proved of incalculable importance. supreme grammarian and textual critic, he gave the world admirable commentaries on the epistles to the Galatians (1860), Philippians (1868), Colosstans and Philemon (1875) His work on the Apostolic Fathers embraces only Clement of Rome (1869-77, new ed 1890) and Iguatius and Polycarp (1885, 2nd ed 1889) Other works were On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament (1871), an edition of Mansel's Gnostic Heresies (1875), Leaders in the Northern Church (1890), The Apostolic Age (1892), Biblical Essays (1893), and several volumes of sermons, besides contributions to magazines, biblical dictionaries, and, originally in the Contemporary Review, his crushing answer to Supernatural Religion (reprinted 1889) is a short Life of him by Westcott (1894)

Henry Pairy Liddon (1829-90), born at North Stoneham, Hampshire, the son of a naval captain, went up from King's College School, London, to Christ Church, Oxford Ordnined in 1852 as senior student of Christ Church, from 1854 to 1859 he was vice-principal of Cuddesdon Theo logical College, and in 1864 became a prebendary of Sahsbury, in 1870 a canon of St Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Evergesis at Oxford (till 1882) In 1866 he delivered his Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord (1867, 13th ed 1889), and was soon recognised as the ablest and most eloquent exponent of modern. High Church prin-He helped to make St Paul's once more the centre of the religious life of London, and by his sermons there took rank amongst the greatest of English preachers In matters academic he was, like his master Pusey, eminently conservative did not hesitate to take a strong side in public controversies bearing on faith and morals he strongly opposed the Church Discipline Act of 1874, and as warmly supported Mr Gladstone's crusade against the Bulgarian atrocities in 1876 He wrote many controversial articles, and published a dozen collections of sermons or addresses His unfinished Life of Pusey had to be taken over by others (see page 337)

Edward Augustus Freeman (1823-92) was the most voluminous writer on history and kindred subjects of his generation His career was uneventful, and may be easily sketched was left an orphan in early childhood, and was never sent to a public school, but he was a pre cocious student and a voracious reader as a boy After being at two small schools, he went to a private tutor, and in 1841 was elected to a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford In 1845 he grimed a second class in the final classical school. and was soon afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity He had a sufficient income to free him from the necessity of earning a livelihood. In 1847 lie married Miss Eleanor Gutch, the daughter of his In 1847 lie former tutor, and settled down to the life of a

student and a country gentleman After two or three changes of residence, he made his home at Somerleaze, near Wells, in Somersetshire, and it was there that the greatest part of his work was done. He had no lack of occupation, as he was a zealous magistrate, a frequent contributor to the Saturday Review and other journals, and a keen politician At one time he was ambitious to enter Parliament, but he only once went to the poll, and was then unsuccessful A professorship at Oxford was also an attraction to him, but twice he failed in his candidature for such a post At last, in 1884, when his friend William Stubbs left Oxford to be Bishop of Chester, Freeman was appointed to



EDWARD AUGUSTUS FRETMAN
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History. For the next eight years he lived part of the year in Oxford and part at Somerleaze. He had always been an eager traveller, full of insight into local and architectural history in many countries. When his health became enfeebled in his later years, he spent some time in Sicily, an island that always had a peculiar interest to him on account of the continuity of its history through long and varying periods. He was on a tour in Spain with his wife and two daughters when he died on 16th May 1892.

Freeman's first book, a *History of Architecture*, was published in 1849, four years after he had taken his degree. It would take a good deal of space to enumerate all his works from that date till his death. He was always writing, and he published almost everything that he wrote. Many of his articles in magnitines were afterwards collected into volumes, and some of them are among the best things he did. But the chief works, on which his reputation as a historian must ultimately

rest, were the History of Federal Government, which stopped short at the first volume in 1863, The History of the Norman Conquest, his most ambitious and best-known work, which appeared in successive volumes from 1867 to 1879 (6 vols, with index), The Historical Geography of Europe (1881-82), the Reign of William Rufus (1882), and History of Sicily (1891-92), which was left unfinished at his death

In estimating I reeman's merits as a historian and a writer, it must never be forgotten that he was a journalist and a politician, and in both capacities a very combative partisan His style was very largely formed by the strenuous endea vour to impress his views upon contemporaries, and it was a style that was better suited for a dogmatic lecture or a magazine article than for historical narrative He required a liabit of hammering his contention into the minds of his renders or hearers by repeating it in different This iteration was not unimpressive in a harangue or m a short article, but it became wearisome in a long and substantial work consequent prolivity was increased in Freeman's case by his inability to sift and select his facts. Everything which he had carefully investigated seemed to him of immense importance, and if he could not find a place for it in his text, he must put it into a lengthy appendix. It is difficult to believe that the Norman Conquest will be read in times to come by any but professed students. And the habit of controversy affected the historical value of I reeman's work His convictions on historical questions, as on other subjects, were very clearly formed and almost passionately asserted. When once he had formed such a conviction, he was extremely lorth to change it, even in the face of convincing evidence, and though he would have repudiated the charge of conscious unfairness, he was unquestionably inclined to read his convictions into his authorities, and to draw from them every One of thing that would support his own view his favourite dicta was that 'history is past politics, and politics are present history!' This led him to endeavour to look at the past from the political point of view, to try and place himself in the For such position of a politician in ancient times a purpose a keener and more sympathetic imagination was needed than Freeman possessed. Some of his most ambitious work is vitiated because he was too much of a nineteenth century politician to grasp the subtler differences between the con ceptions of the eleventh century and those of his own day

Although it may be doubted whether Freeman's larger books will prove to be of permanent literary importance, there can be no doubt that he did work of immense value in his generation. Many of the lessons which he set himself to teach he trught so thoroughly that they have become almost commonplaces to later students, and curously enough the most prolix of historical writers.

could be, when he chose, a master of the art of compression Few men could write a short book better than Freeman could when he was bound by precise limits of space. His 'William I' in the series of Tructue English Statesmen gives an admirable summary of the main conclusions arrived at in the six volumes of the Norman Conquest, and his General Sketch of European History, in a series of school innuinals which he himself edited for Messrs Macmillan, is a model of concise and clear narration. A youthful student of history can find few better introductions to the subject than the collected volumes of Freeman's Essays Ten men have had a wider knowledge of the general course of human history, and few have been such consummate masters of apposite and illuminating comparison. I reeman was at his best as a traveller. On a historic site his vast stores of knowledge enabled him to form and present with astonishing readiness a striking picture of all the important events which it suggested to his memory

If circumstances had been more favourable, Freeman would have been a really great professor of history. It was a misfortune to him, and perhaps to his subject, that he fulled to obtain election to the Chichele Professorship of Modern History in 1862. He had a real enthusiasm for teaching, and an Oxford chur would have given hun an admirable opportunity for developing his powers in that direction. But in 1884 the appointment came too lite. He was older than the great scholar whose place he took, he had done the bull of his worl, and most of the lessons which he wished to teach he had already formulated in the ways which were open to him. Oxford had altered very much since his own days of residence, and he had taken little direct part in the change. A school of modern history had grown up and reached a fairly advanced stage of development. Freeman was at once too big and too obstinate to fit himself into a ready made groove. His brusque and combative manner, which concerled real kindness of heart, helped to create rather than to remove misunderstandings Freeman was never quite happy or coinfortable in Oxford, and though he had warm and attached disciples, it cannot be held that he exercised the influence on the studies and life of the University which he would have done if he had entered upon his office twenty years earlier. And he was un e isily conscious that some of his main contentions, especially his insistence upon the predominance of German origins in the building up of modern Europe, were beginning to be questioned, and by some inquirers to be rejected. For a man who had been rather a ruthless critic of others. Preeman was singularly sensitive to attack was rather pathetic than inspiring to see a student of his eminence standing before an inadequate academie audience, not to tell them new truths, but to assert that he still adhered to assertions that he had made almost a generation ago, that he had nothing to unlearn and little to learn

### The Death of Harold.

While Harold still lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of lingland failed not, the hope of Fugland had not wholly passed away Around the twofold ensign the war was still hercely riging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed. The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English-diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day. The Duke bade his archers shoot up in the air, that their arrows inight, 15 it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced, eyes were put out men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes There was one point the supreme moment drew near of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were hidden specially to aim with their traest skill. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the standard There Harold still fought, his shield histled with Norman shafts, but he was still unwounded and un wearied. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went more truly to its mark I alling like a bolt from heaven, it jucreed the ling's right eye, he elutehed convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sand in agony at the foot of the standard. Mean while twenty knights who had bound themselves to lower or to bear off the Inglish ensigns strove to ent their way to the same spot. Most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt. Four of them reached the standard at the very moment Harold fell Disabled as he was, the ling strove to rise, the four rushed upon him and despitched him with various wounds.

One pierced through the shield of the dying king and stabbed him in the breast, another smote him with the sword just below the fastenings of his helmet. But life was still in him—as he still struggled, a third pierced his body through with his lance, and a fourth finished the work by striking off his leg with his sword. Such was the manner which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted out to a prince who had never dealt harshly or eruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe. But we must add, in justice to the Conqueror, that he pronounced the last brutal insult to be a base and cowardly act, and he expelled the docr of it from his army

#### The Harrying of the North

One thing at least is certain, that the Norman Conquest erushed all hopes of Northumbrian dominion, as dominion, for ever—In this sense the Norman Conquest was in very truth a Saxon Conquest—It ruled that England should be for ever an united kingdom, and it further ruled that the seat of dominion of that united kingdom should be placed in its Southern and not in its Northern part Yet Northern England may at least boast this much, that in no part of the land did the Conqueror meet with

stouter resistance, that on no part of the land did lus avenging hand fall more heavily. We read in the writers of the time of the harrying of the northern shires, of the fields lud waste, of the tovins left without inhabitants, of the churches crov ded by the sick and hungry as the one place of shelter We read in the formal language of documents how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day, and sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread. We read how the veary and home less met with such shelter, such alms, as one monastery and one town could give at the hands of good Abbot Athelwig of Evesham And, perhaps more striking than all, we read in the calm pages of Domesday the entries of 'waste,' 'waste,' down i hole pages, the records which show how lands which had supplied the halls of two or three English thegas could now yield hardly a penny of income to their foreign masters most of us all this is mere bool learning, it was mere book learning to me a few months back. But tales like these put on a new and fearful truth, they are clothed with a life which is terrible, indeed, to one who has seen the life with his own eyes. The harrying of Northumber land has ceased to be a more name to one a ho has seen something of the harrying of Herzegovina. The church yard of Evesham, crowded with the refugees who had fled from their wasted houses, becomes a reality in the eves of one "ho has looked on the same sad sight in the Inzzarello of Ragusa.

## Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy

As the Greek nation was the first which developed for itself anything worthy of the name of civilisation, Greece and the Greak colonie, naturally formed the whole extent of their own civilised v orld Other nations were simply outside Barbarians In the best days of Greece the in terference of a foreign power in her internal quarrels would have seemed as if the sovereign of Morocco or China should claim the presidency of a modern European congress In later times, indeed, Sparta and Thebes and Athens, each in turn, found it convenient to contract political alliances with the great king at Ekbatana, or with their more dangerous neighbour at Pella. But the Mede always remained a purely external enemy or a purely external paymaster, the Macedonian had himself to become a Greek before his turn came to be the domi nant power of Greece But in medieval Italy the case was videly different. She affected, indeed, to apply the name Barbarian to all nations beyond the mountain Nor did the assumption want some show of justification in her pulpable pre eminence in wealth, in retinement, in literature, in many branches of art, above all in political I not ledge and progress But, notwith standing this, it was impossible to place mediæval Italy so far above contemporary France or Spain or Germany as ancient Greece stood above the rest of her contem porary world All the states of Western Christendom were fragments of a single Empire, whose laws and language and general civilisation had left traces among them all A common religion, too, united them against the prynim of Cordova or Bagdad, too often against the schismatic vho filled the throne of Constantine. Italy for ages saw the lawful successor of her lings and Cæsars in a Barbarian of the race most alien to her feelings and language. Most of her highest nobility drev their origin from the same stock. No wonder, then, if nations less alien to her tongues and manners played a part in her

internal politics which differed videly from any interference of Barbanans in the affairs of Greece parties ranged themselves under the German watchwords of Guelf and Ghibelin, and fought under the stan dards of Angevin, Provençal, and Aragonese invaders. Florence looked to Trance-hily to hily-as her natu ral ally and her chosen protector Sicily sought for her deliverer from French oppression in the rival power of so often welcomed into Italy, they had so often filled Italian thrones and guided Italian politics, that men perhaps hardly understood the change or foresaw the consequences when for the first time a king of France entered Italy in arms as the claimant of an Italian kingdom. Gradually, but only gradually, the strife v high had once been a mere disputed succession between an Angevin and an Aragonese pretender grew into a strife between the mightiest potentates of the West for the mastery of Italy and of Europe.

See Dean W. R. W. Stephens's Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman (2 vols. 1895).

RICHARD LODGE.

William Stubbs (1825-1901) was born at Knarcsborough in Yorkshire. From a private school at Knaresborough he went on to Ripon Grammar School, and in 1844 matriculated at Christ Church, O'ford. In 1848 he took his degree with first-class honours in classics and a third-class in mathematics, and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. Two years later he resigned his fellowship on acceptance of the college living of Navestock in Essex It was while he held this living that he made his reputation as a strenuous and accurate student of the ecclesiastical and mediaval history of Eng-This he owed partly to the publication of the Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum in 1858, but mainly to the editorship of several chronicles in the Rolls Series No volumes in this invaluable collection were edited with such consummate scholarship, with such critical insight and convincing knowledge, as those which were entrusted to his care. And the prefaces which he prefixed to these chronicles, especially those to the Chronicles of Richard I and to the second volume of Benedict of Peterborough, proved that he was not only a master of the methods of research, but also a really great historian, capable at once of interpreting such remarkable characters as those of Henry II and his sons, and also of explaining the obscure workings of early institutions knowledge of detail was enormous, and no appeal for information on the knotticst points of consti tutional or genealogical history failed to clicit an answer from his stores of information another student of similar tastes, E. A. Freeman, his intercourse was at all times intimate and But there were many marked and friendly Freeman obvious contrasts between the two men was always writing to the press, reviewing books, attacking Froude, denouncing hunting and vivisection, expressing his opinion on Disestablishment, on tithes, on Ireland, on the Eastern question, and

generally siding with the Radical party in politics Stubbs, on the other hand, was a retiring student, happy with his books and his family, and almost a recluse. Although a strong Conservative, he made no attempt to emphasise or assert his political opinions, and he often boasted in later years that he had never reviewed a book in his life.

Perhaps on account of this greater reticence, which preserved him from the enmittes which Freeman's outspokenness too often provoked, Stubbs was the more fortunate in gaining recognition for his work. In 1862 he was appointed librarian at Lambeth, a post in which he was succeeded by another historian, J R Green, and in 1866 he became Regius Professor of Modern The eighteen years which he History at Oxford spent in Oxford were certainly the most fruitful and possibly the happiest period of his life. chief publications were the Select Charters (1870), a collection of documents and extracts from chronicles to illustrate the constitutional develop ment of England to the end of Edward I's reign, and the Constitutional History of England, of which the first volume appeared in 1874, and the third and last in 1878 This latter book was at once accepted both in this country and on the Continent as the magisterial and, for the time, the definitive work on the subject. No doubt supplementary information may be and has been obtained, and upon points of detail Stubbs's conclusions may be open to modification, but the book is so crutious and based upon such exhaustive study that it is difficult to believe it can ever be quite superseded No fewer than thirteen volumes in the Rolls Series were edited by Stubbs during these years On the other side of his professorial work, as a lecturer, Stubbs was less obviously successful He read his lectures from manuscript, and he did not attract a large class. Every year he was bound to deliver two public lectures, a duty at which he always grumbled To these lectures more hearers came than to his consecutive courses, but he never drew such a crowd as came to listen to his predecessor, Goldwin Smith, or to his two successors, Freeman and Froude. Yet he was a really great and stimulating teacher To him. more than any other man, was due the foundation and organisation of the flourishing school of modern history in Oxford The secure basis upon which that school has been built was the strenuous study of the consecutive history of the English constitution, which Stubbs inculcated and for which he in large measure supplied the materials The most influential and formative book in the studies of the school from that day to this has been Stubbs's Select Charters

In 1879 Stubbs was appointed to a canonry at St Paul's, which he held along with his professorship in Oxford. He was now in a most enviable position, as his income was adequate to his needs, he had easy access to books both in Oxford and London, and in both places he was highly appre-

But in 1884 he was offered and accepted ciated the bishopric of Chester, and five years later he was translated to the see of Oxford. As a bishop he was energetic and liked by his clergy, while his learning added to the prestige of the Episcopil bench But it may be held that his ecclesiastical duties might have been as efficiently performed by a man who had less obvious powers in another direction As a bishop Stubbs was almost lost to history and to literature At Chester he edited two volumes of William of Malmesbury, and while he lived at Cuddesdon he resumed some of his former connection with the university, and sat once more on boards and committees But his only independent publication in the last sixteen years of his life was a collection of the public lectures which he had delivered with so much open repining during his tenure of the Oxford chair Some of them are of remarkable ment, and one or two show glimpses of that genial humour which was familiar to Stubbs's personal friends, but which is not conspicuous in his published works and by many readers is probably unsuspected He was fond of making epigrams, and one of them is worth quoting here

> Froude informs the Scottish youth That parsons do not care for truth The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries That History is a pack of lies

What cause for judgments so malign? A brief reflexion solves the mystery Froude believes Kingsley a divine, And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

Perhaps constitutional history does not lend itself either to humour or to eloquence. At any rate, Stubbs was more eminent as a historian than as a man of letters For evidence of his ability to write with vigour and point the reader must go either to his little book on the Early Plantagenets, his only contribution to the innumerable manuals which have been produced in such profusion by later historians, or preferably to the Prefaces in the Rolls Series Since Stubbs's death these Prefaces have been collected and republished in a separate volume, and they will probably prove more attractive to the general reader than the Constitutional History, which is too solid and substantial for the ordinary appetite

#### Henry II and his Sons

Henry's division of his dominions among his sons was a measure which, as his own age did not understand it, later ones may be excused for mistaking, but the object of it was, as may be inferred from his own recorded words, to strengthen and equalise the pressure of the ruling hand in the different provinces of various laws and nationalities. The sons were to be the substitutes, not the successors of their father, the eldest as the accepted or elected sharer of the royal name, as feudal superior to his brothers, and first in the royal councils, stood in the same relation to his father as the king of the Romans to the emperor, he might rule with a full delegated power, or perhaps with inchorte independence, but the father's hand was to guide the helm of State

Unhappily the young brood of the eagle of the broken covenant were the worst possible instruments for the working of a large and complex policy the last creatures in the world to be inade useful in carrying on a form of government which the experience of all ngcs has tried and found wanting

Yet how grand a scheme of western confederation might be deduced from the consideration of the position of Henry's children, how great a dream of conquest may after all have been broken by the machinations of Lewis and Lleanor! What might not a crusade have effected headed by Henry II, with his valuant sons, the first warriors of the age, with his sons in law, William the Lion, William of Sierly, and Alfonso of Castile. with Philip of France, the brother in law of his sons. Prederick Barbarossa, his distant Liusman and close ally, the princes of Champagne and Handers, his cousins? In it the grand imagestic chivalry of the emperor, the wealth of Sieily, the hardy valour and practical skill of Spain, the hereditary crusading ardour of the land of Godfrey of Bouillon and Stephen of Blois, the statesman like vigour and simple picty of the great Saxon hero, under the guidance of the eraft and sagacity, the mingled unimpetuosity and caution, of Henry II, might have presented I urope to Asia in a guise v high she has never yet assumed. Yet all the splendour of the family confederation, all the close woven, widespread web that fortune and sagnetty had joined to we eve, end in the cruel desertion, the baffled rage, the fittle curses of the chained leopard in the last scene at Chinon lawful sons, the offspring, the victims and the avengers of a heartless policy, the loveless children of a loveless mother have left the last duties of an affection this did not feel to the hands of a hastard—the child of an early, obscure, misplaced, degrading, but not a merecnary love (From the Preface to Ben-dictus Abhas )

#### Impartiality in a Historian

For my own part, I do not see why an honest partisan should not write an houest book if he can persuade him self to look honestly at his subject, and make allowance for his own prejudices. I know it is somewhat critical work, and a man who knows himself in one way may be quite ignorant of himself in another. I tale Hallam as an illustrious example. Hallam I nev lumself to be a political partisan, and, wherever he knew that political prejudice might darken his counsel, he guarded most carefully against it he did not claim the judicial character without fitting lumself for it, and where he knew himself to be sitting as judge he judged admirably, so admirably that the advanced advocates even of his own views have long ago thrown lilin over as too timed and temporising for their purpose. Yet where he was not awake to his own prejudice, in matters, for instance, regarding religion and the Church, in which he seems to have land no doubt about his own infallibility of negation, how ludicrously and transparently unfair he is I

I do not see any necessity for this I do not see why a man should not say once for all I like Charles I better than Ohver Cromwell, I like the cause for which Charles behaved himself to be contending better than that for which Cromwell strove Charles is attractive to me, Oliver is repulsive, Charles is my friend, Oliver is my foe but am I bound to maintain that my friend is always right and my enemy always wrong, am I bound to hold Charles for a saint, Oliver for a monster,

and I bound mover to mention Charles without a sigh or Obver without a sneer, am I bound to concerl the faults of the one and to believe every calumny against the other? If you like, put it the other way, believe in the great Protestant statesman, treat Charles as the overrated fine centleman, the narrow minded advocate of a theory which he did not understand, the jug braded maintainer of a cause you dislike. You may be a partisan, but can you not believe that, if you believe your own side of the question, truth will be found on your side? Misrepre sentation, exaggeration, dishonesty of advocacy, will only disparace the presentment which you desire to make of your own convictions and your own preposes sions. Any, I would go further, and as I should like Charles better than Oliver even if his cause were less my own than I conceive it to be I am ready to stiel to my friends and yote against my unfriends, but why should I shut my eyes to the false and foolish things that my friends do, or to the noble aspirations, honests, and good intentions of the e whom I think wrong in their means and mistaken in their ends? Yet, as I began by saying, without some info ion of spite it seems as if history could not be uniten, that no man's zeal is ron ed to unite rules it is moved by the de ire to write down. Of course I scent to be stating extreme on a , but it is extreme cases that make their own advertisements, and that do the erent mischief. Here the study of angient history has its gient advantage over modern, yet battles are sall fought over the character of Tiberius, and the 'lues rehab tandi' has given a new reading to the history of Manus and (From Le tures e : Mediar sta d Medern Hut ir)

KICHARD LODGE

Walter Bagehot (1826-77) was born at Langport, Somerset, and from school at Bristol he passed in 1842 to University College, London, where he took his MA, in 1848, in 1852 he was called to the Bar, but joined his father as a banker and shipowner at langport. From Paris in 1851 he had written a series of letters justifying Napoleon's ce if d'état. Soon after he became a writer for the periodicals, and was associated with R. H. Hutton on the Aational Reciery In 1858 he married a drughter of Mr Wilson, founder of the Ecoromist newspaper, and from 1860 till his death he was ns editor. His works include The English Constitution (1867), a book of great value, translated into several foreign tongues, Phys es and Politics (1872), applying to politics the evolution theory, I ombard Strict (1873), a standard work on the money market, and three volumes of literary, biographical, and economic studies, with Memoir by R H Hutton (1879-81, new ed 1895) Brgeliot was an unconventional, original, and suggestive thinker, a trenchant but sagacious critic, and a vigorous and even brilliant writer. He was rendier than most contemporaries to give due weight to the historical and evolutionary aspects of things, he recognised the limitations of the Ricardian economics, and treated political economy as a science not of rigorous laws, but of tendencies There are essays on him in Mr Birrell's Miscel lantes (1902) and in Sir Leslie Stephen's Stuates of a Biographic (2nd series, 1902)

Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1829-1902), ie of the great historical specialists of his time, we in his career a supreme example of a life voted to the realisation of a great idea opley in Hants, he was educated at Winchester chool and at Christ Church, Oxford Quitting xford in 1855, lie married Isabella, youngest ughter of Edward Irving, the founder of the postolic Church, of which communion he became member, and held high place in its hierarchy 1 1874 he was appointed Professor of History in ing's College, London-1 post which he held for urteen years, and throughout the same period e acted as lecturer for the London Society for e Extension of University Teaching In 1882 he ceived a pension of £150 from the Government Mr Gladstone, and in 1884 All Souls College, Nord, elected him to a Research Fellowship On e death of Mr Froude in 1894 he was offered the egius Professorship of History at Oxford, but, on in his sixty-fifth year, he declined the honour rat he might devote himself to the great work This life. He lind honorary degrees from Oxford, dinburgh, and Gottingen

From the date of his leaving Oxford (1855) ardiner addressed himself to the task which he nremuttingly pursued to the close of his life-the istory of England from the accession of James I the Restoration. In 1865 the first instalment f the work appeared in two volumes, and their accessors followed at regular intervals till, in the ist year of his life, he was disabled by ill licalth . fragment of the third volume of his History f the Commonwealth and Protectorate (1654-66) as posthumously published in 1903 The great ork, thus so nearly brought to completion, is monument of patient, exact, and disinterested abour, but it was lifewise a labour of love which om first to last engaged the whole heart and and of its author. It was by natural affinity that fardiner selected the special period of English istory of which he has produced such a minute nd exhaustive record Of deep, though unobtruive, religious feeling, he was naturally attracted o a period when religion played so large a part the national development. His sympathies were ith the Parliament rather than with the Crown in he great controversy that cleft the English nation n twain, but he was of too fair a mind and too enial a temper to do injustice to any mode of hought or feeling, however alien to his own stimates of the Royalists Strafford and Montrose re as generous as his estimates of the Parliamen arians Pym and Hampden Of Cromwell, the lominating figure in his work, he has presented portruit which in many of its traits differs from hat of Carlyle, yet (due deduction made for the Carlylean emphasis) the lineaments presented in ooth portraits are essentially the same Sardiner, Cromwell was the 'most representative Englishman that ever lived'—typical of his countrymen by his innate conservatism and his statesmanship never determined by abstract theories, but by the immediate perception of actual fact

The greatness of Gardiner's work does not proceed from his power as a thinker or from his skill as a literary artist, it was by his passion for truth and accuracy, his candour and breadth of sympathy, his unwearying industry, that he achieved a work which must ever hold its place among the chief historical productions in English literature. In the sense in which the expression is now employed, Gardiner was not, and did not desire to be, a 'scientific historian'. He did not conceive it to be the duty of the historian to efface



SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

himself in the presentation of his materials, nor to eschew all expression of his own opinion on the events and actions he has to narrate. Everywhere he frankly pronounces his judgments, whether of condemnation or approval, and in so doing he held that he was discharging not the least important function of the historial. In his conception, if history was not directly didactic, the writing of it is a vain labour, and the true scientific historian is he who most conscientiously seeks to ascertain and present the lessons which the past has to offer

Other works of Mr Gardiner besides his principal History are The Thirty I cars' War and The First Two Stuarts ('Epochs of Modern History') Student's History of England, An Introduction to English History (in conjunction with Dr Bass Mullinger), and Cromwell's Place in History (being the first series of Ford Lectures delivered in 1896)

James Gairdner was born at Edmburgh in 1828, and at eighteen entered the Public Record Office in London, where he became assistant-keeper He has shown a rare combination of erudition, accuracy, and judicial temper in editing a long series of historical documents, not ibly the letters and papers of Richard III and Henry VII, and the continuation of Professor Brewer's calendar of Henry VIII The same qualities are seen in his own worls, which include The Houses of Lun caster and York (1874), Life of Richard III (1878), Studies in English History (1881, written in con junction with Spedding), Henry 111 (1889), and a History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century (1902) He edited the 'Paston Letters' in 1874, and re edited them in 1901

Richard Holt Mutton (1826-97), son and grandson of Unitarian ministers, was born at I ceds, and studied at University College, London, at Heidelberg and Berlin, and under James Martineau at the Manchester New College was for some time a Unitarian preacher, became principal of a Nonconformist university hall, and edited a Unitarian periodical, but under the in fluence of T W Robertson and F D Maurice he was drawn farther and farther from do matic Unit irranism, and ultimately joined the Church of Lighand He wrote for the Prospective Review assisted in editing the Economist, and, with his friend Bagchot, the new quarterly Autrorai Retriew, besides teaching mathematics in Bedford College from 1856 till 1865. In 1861 he and Mr. Townsend became associated as proprietors and joint editors of the Spectator (founded in 1828), to which he gave the impress of his accomplished, resolute, devout mind. His department was literature, as his colleague's was politics, but both agreed in siding with the North against the South in the American Civil War, and thus for a time injured the success of their paper. Later, both editors greatly strengthened opposition to Irish Home Rule Hutton became more and more a champion of Christianity in every form against naturalism, and he came to sympathise more and more fully with the neo Catholic movement, and to revere Cardinal Newman - It was inevitable that he should have constant regard to ethical and religious interests in his judgments of men and movements, whether literary, social, or political, and he was perhaps stronger in sympathetic exposition than in pure criticism. He edited Bagehot's works and wrote a Memoir Ilis Studies in Parhament (1866), Essays, Theological and Literary (1871, 3rd ed 1888), Modern Guides of English Thought (1887), and Contemporary Thought and Thinkers (1894) were partially recast and republished from the periodicals, his monograph on Scott ('Men of Letters,' 1878) was his least effective publication See a 'memorial volume' by Mr Hogben (1899) and a study by Dr Robertson Nicoll (1903)

Mortimer Collins/1827-76), son of cPly mouth solicitor, was for years a mathematical master in Guernsey, but in 1856 he settled in Berl shire, and kept up in incess intactivity in articles, novels, and playful verses. Of his novels the chief are Sweet Anne Page (1863), Marqu's and Merchant (1871), I voo Plunges for a Pearl (1872), Mr Carington, by Robert Turner Cotton' (1873), Franchingration (1874), I rem Midnight to Midnight (1875), and A Fight with Loriume (1876). See the Life (1877) by his second yife

John Veitch, II D (1829-94), born at Pechles, studied at Ldinburgh, and became Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at St Andre 5 in 1860, we Glisgow in 1864. His words include a Henritof Sit IV Hamilton (1869), I reed and other Poems (1875), History and Pechry of the Scottish Border (1877, new ed 1803), I celling for Nature in Section Poems (1867) Weeling and other Peems (1867, Dualism and Morism (1895), and Lorier Essars (1896). See his Life by Mary Bryce (1896).

James Hannay (1827-73, born at Dumfres, and dismissed from the navy for insubordination, edited the Edit lingle Conart 1865-64, and from 1868 till his death was British consulat Barcelon. Of his novels the best are Surgictor Lorteney (1850) and I ustace Courers (1855) His Lectures on Satire and Satirists (1834) deal with satirists of all ages-Horace and Juvenal, Erasmus and Buch man, Butler and Swift, Moore and Byronand are not less remarkable for his appreciative insight than for his own satiric power Ling. from the Quarterly (1861) show wide knowledge ind fine literary sense, and, like all his works are lighted up with an extraordinary wealth of epigram, simile, and successive allusion, classical and other Other works were Tire Handred Leurs of a Norman [the Gurnes] House (1865) and Studies or Thackeray (1869). The essay prefixed by him to an edition of Poe's poens was an admirable piece of work. There is an appre cintion of his work in the Bookn are for 1893

Hem v Morlev (1822-94), the son of a London apothecary, was educated at the Moravian school of Neuwied-on-the-Rhine and King's College, London After practising medicine at Madeles 1844-48, and keeping school at Manchester and Liverpool, he settled down in London in 1850 to literary work His first publication was a volume of verse called Sunrise in Italy (1848), his next ventures were in the migrames—Household Words, All the Year Round, and the Lannuer, a series of articles on public health being published also as a book. He was successively sub-editor and editor of the Examiner (1859-64), and, English lecturer at King's College for eight vears, was for nearly quarter of a century (1865–89) Professor of English Literature there Meanwhile he published Lives of Pilissy (1852), Cardan (1854), Cornelius Agrippy (1856), and Clement Marot (1870), Memoirs of Baitholomer Fair (1857), and two

volumes of fairy tales (1859-60) To another category belong the works by which he is best known -lus Luglish Writers (carried down in 10 vols to Shakespeare, 1864-94), A First Sketch of English Laterature (1873, which before his death reached its 34th thousand), his Library of English Literature (5 vols 1876-82), his English Literature in the Reign of Victoria (1881), besides four admirable series edited by him-Morley's Universal Library (63 vols at a shilling, 1883-88), Cassell's National Library (214 vols at threepence, 1886-90), the Carisbrooke Library (14 vols 1888-91), and Morley's Companion Poets (9 vols 1891-92) Larly Papers and Some Memories (1891) were largely autobiographical

David Masson, the biographer of Milton, was born at Aberdeen in 1822, and educated at Marischal College there and at the University of Edinburgh, where he studied theology under Dr Chalmers While still but a boy in years he was editing an Aberdeen weekly paper, for a time he was on the literary staff of the publishers of the present work, and to their 'Educational Course' he largely contributed, but by 1847 he had settled in London, and was busy writing for reviews, magraines, and encyclopredias. In 1852 he suc ceeded to the clinir of English Literature in University College, vacated by A. H. Clough, in 1865 he was appointed to the corresponding chair in Edinburgh University, and this post he held till he retired from active work in 1895. From 1859 till 1868 he edited Macmillan's Magazine, his first published work, Essays, Biographical and Critical, saw the light in 1856, and was reprinted with other essays in 1874-76 in three volumes named from 'Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats,' 'The Three Devils - Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's,' and But his greatest life-'Chatterton' respectively work is the magistral Life of John Millon, which justly claimed to be 'narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time,' admittedly the most complete biog raphy extant of any Englishman, it has well been called 'a noble and final monument to the poet's memory' The six volumes which it comprises appeared between the years 1859 and 1880, and, resting as they do on wide and laborious researches, present a marvellous compendium of material invaluable for the study not merely of Milton's life, but for all contemporary history -political, social, literary, theological A three-volume edition of Milton's poems (1874, new ed 1890) was followed by two smaller editions Amongst Professor Masson's other works are books on the British novelists (1859), on recent British philosophy (1865), an exhaustive study of Drummond of Hawthornden (1873), a volume of Edinburgh Sketches and Memories (1892), and the admirable little book on De Quincey in the 'Men of Letters' series Personally and in his Writings (1885) bore testimony to a still more memorable friendship Masson !

edited the standard edition of De Quincey's works (1889-90), and as editor of the register of the Priva Council of Scotland from 1879 till 1898 lie put much admirable historical work into the exhaustive but luminous introductions to the annual volumes pub hshed under his charge. He delivered the Rhind Lectures in 1885, and was appointed royal historiographer of Scotland in 1893 In London he had been the zerlous secretary of the Irrends of Italy, in Edinburgh he took an active part in promoting the higher education of women, and a succession of eminent writers revere him as a spiritual fither A vigorous and original thinker, a learned, sagacious, and open-minded historian, he has accepted the high responsibility and maintained the dignity of the true man of letters, and has from the first been recognised as an author of weight, as a critic of exceptional breadth and sanity

#### Strafford's Doom,

The plot having been discovered, and those concerned in it having fled, the consequent indignation of the two Houses, backed by a perfect tumult in London, and eries of 'Justice, Justice,' from excited mobs in the streets was fatal to Strafford Knowing this, and that an attempt to bribe the Lieutenant of the Tower had failed, he him self wrote, on the 4th of May, to the King, expressing resignation to his fate, and only recommending his four young children to his Majesty's protection. On the 8th the Bill of Attainder passed the Lords in a thin House All then depended on the King.

It is not for a historian to be very ready with opinions as to what a king, or any other person, might, could, or should have done on this or that occasion there can be no doubt. All the sophistication in the world cannot make a doubt. If ever there may be a moment in a man's life when, with all the elamour of a nation urging to an act, all personal and State reasons persuading to it as expedient, and all the pressure of eir cumstances impelling to it as inevitable, still even they who would approve of the act in itself must declare that for that man to do it were dastardly, such a moment had To dare all, to see London and I'ng come for Charles land in uproar, to lose throne, life, and everything, rather than assent to the death of his minister, was Charles's plain duty Strafford lind been his ablest minister by for, had laboured for him with heart and head, had made the supremacy of the Crown the cause of his life, not an act he had done, one may say, but was with Charles's consent, or his implied command and approba tion, and it was in trust in all this, and in the royal promise that 'not a hair of his head should be touched,' that Strafford, against his own better judgment, had run the risk of coming to London If the words 'honour' and 'fidelity' have any meaning, there was but one right course for the king. How did he behave? On Sunday the 9th of May he had a consultation with Juxon, Usher, and Williams, as spiritual advisers, and with his Privy Conneillors generally, respecting his scruples of conscience Juxon and Usher gave him the manly advice that, if his conscience did not consent to the net, he ought not to do it, Williams drew some distinction or other between 'public conscience' and 'private conscience.' The sophistry helped Charles appointed a commission, consisting of Arundel and other

lords, to give his assent to the Bill the next day On the 11th, however, he sent the young Prince of Wales to the Lords with a last message in Strafford's behalf would be 'an unspeakable contentinent,' lie said, if the Lords and Commons would agree to change Strafford's punishment into close imprisonment for life, on pun of death without farther process on the least attempt to 'If no less escape or to communicate with the King than his life can satisfy my people,' the letter ended, 'I must say Frat justitia, and then there was a postscript, suggesting at least a reprieve till Saturday request was granted, and on Wednesday the 12th of May that proud eurly head, the casket of that brain of power, rolled on the scaffold on Tower Hill

(From the Life of Millon)

William Young Sellar (1825-90), born near Golspie in Sutherland, was educated at Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and, as a Snell exhibitioner, at Balliol He graduated at Oxford with a classical first, in 1850 was elected a Fellow of Oriel, next acted as assistant professor at Durham, Glasgow (1851-53), and St Andrews (1853-59), filled for four years the Greek chair at St Andrews, and was elected in 1863 to the Latin chair at Edinbuigh He made his name widely known by his brilliant Roman Poets of the Republic (1863, enlarged 1881), which was followed by The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age -Virgil (1877) and Horace and the Elegiac Poets (1892), the latter left unfinished at his death, and edited by his nephew, Mr Andrew Lang, with a brief memoir in which it is said, not amiss, that his first book would, in France, have given him probably a claim to membership of the Academy'

John Configton (1825-69), born at Boston, was five years at Rugby, and while at Magdalen College, Oxford, carried off the Hertford and Ireland scholarships (1844) In 1846 he migrated to University College, where in 1848 he was elected Determining not to take orders, he tried า Fellow the study of law, but soon abandoned it, and was Latin professor at Oxford from 1854 until his untimely death at his native place. His greatest work is his edition of Virgil (3 vols 1861-68), with its singularly subtle and suggestive essays. It is as a skilful verse translator that he is best known, not so much for his metrical version of Horace's odes as for his rendering of the Eneid (1866), in Scott's ballad nietre-perhaps as good in its way as a verse translation by one not born a poet could be. He published also a prose translation of the Aneud He further completed Worsley's translation of the Ihad in the Spenserian stanza, and Englished Horace's Satires and Epistles admirably in the couplet of Pope. In 1872 appeared his edition of Persius and his Miscellaneous Writings, with a short Life of him by Professor H J S Smith

Thomas Edward Brown (1830-97), son of the incumbent of a small living at Douglas in the Isle of Man, was educated on the island till he came (as servitor) to Christ's Church College,

He won a double first, was elected a Oxford Fellow of Oriel, and after teaching in the Isle of Man and at Gloucester, where Henley was one of his pupils, spent thirty years (1863-92) as a master at Clifton College The rest of his life he spent in his beloved native island. His poetic temper was finer and richer than his poetic achieve ment, even his tenderest and most touching verses being somewhat rugged in form Some of his lyrics are admirable, his notablest works were narrative poems in Manx English Betsy Lee appeared in Macmillan's Magazine in 1873, and with other poems was included in Focsele Yarus Other collections were named from The Doctor (1887), The Manx Witch (1889), and Old John (1893), and all his poems were collected in one volume in 1900 His native humour, his warm love of nature and of the hills and winds and waves of Man, overflow into the two volumes of his letters published in 1900, with an introductory Memoir by Mr S T Irwin

James Payn (1830-98) was the son of a clerk to the Thames Commissioners, did not learn much at Eton, but was crammed successfully for Wool Health failing, he resolved to take orders, and while reading with a private tutor in Decon shire sent a contribution to Household Words, thus began the friendship with Dickens which influenced him for life. At Trinity College, Cam bridge, where he graduated in 1852, he published two volumes of verse, and finally decided to live by literature He wrote industriously for the magazines, and in 1859 became editor (first at Edinburgh, from 1861 in London) of Chambers's Journal, in which, till he withdrew in 1874, many of his stories and articles appeared. The Lost Sir Massingberd ran in the Journal in 1864, and attracted a great deal of notice. His best-known novel, By Proxy, appeared in 1878, and rested for its popularity more on its whimsical humour, its knowledge of men, its ingenious situations, than on special knowledge of Chinese life. In 1882 to 1896 he was Sir Leslie Stephen's successor as editor of Cornhill Of his other sixty novels the following are some of the most successful A Woman's Vengeance, Carlyon's Year, Not Wooed but Won, Thicker than Water, The Talk of the Town, The Heir of the Ages, A Modern Dick Whittington (1892), A Trying Patient (1893), and In Market Overt (1895) His weekly column of literary and other miscellanea was long a feature of the Illustrated London News Some Literary Recollections (1886) and Gleants of Memory (1894) are autobio graphical, and there is an admirable biographical introduction by Sir Leslie Stephen to The Backwater of Life, a volume of essays by Payn pub lished in 1900

Sir John Skelton (1831–97) was born in Edinburgh, called to the Scottish Bar in 1854, and in 1892 became chairman of the Local Government Board for Scotland, of which he had been secretary from 1868 Amongst his works were a defence of Mary Stuart (1876), sumptuous Lives of her (1893) and Charles I (1898), besides Mailland of Lethington (1887, a brilliant and picturesque but strongly biassed book), The Crookit Meg (1880, a graphic story of life at Peterhead, originally published in Fraser's Magazine), and the Table Talk of Shirley (1895–96) He wrote also on Dryden and on Bolingbroke, and was closely associated with Blackwood's Magazine, and, a friend and correspondent of Mr Froude's, he was made K.C.B in the year of his death

Edmund Yates (1831-94), born at Edinburgh, the son of the actor-manager Frederick Henry Yates, from 1847 till 1872 had a berth in the Post-Office, being for ten years chief of the missingletter department Busily engaged in journalism -mainly as dramatic critic-by 1854, he became widely known as author of an offensively personal article on Thackeray He produced many dramatic pieces, and published over a score of novels and other works, including Broken to Harness, Running the Gauntlet, and Black Sheep, was editor of Temple Bar, Tinsley's, and other periodicals, and in 1874 founded, with Grenville Murray, a successful 'society' weekly, The World, which, for a libel on Lord Lonsdale, involved him in 1884 in two months' imprisonment. The same year he issued his Recollections and Experiences

Laurence Oliphant was born at Capetown in 1829 Both his parents belonged to Scottish families of distinction His father was Sir Anthony Oliphant, at that time Attorney General at the Cape, afterwards, Chief-Justice of Ceylon mother was a daughter of Colonel Campbell of the 72nd Highlanders An only child, the idol of his parents, he was nurtured in such luxury that, had it not been for their religious disposition and the essential purity of his own character, he could hardly have escaped moral rum-the common fate of spoiled children As it was, it took him many years to fully realise that life held any responsibility for him more serious than that of amusing himself in relatively innocent ways was a traveller from his childhood-coming from Capetown to England at a very early age, and rejoining his parents in Ceylon when he was twelve years old Five years later he was about to enter Cambridge University, when his parents decided on a two years' tour through Europe, whereupon he persuaded them that from an educational point of view it would be best for him to accompany From that time forward, for twenty years, he was, to use his own description, 'a rolling stone' through Europe, Africa, Asia, and America Of the many important wars and revolutions of that stirring period there were few that he did not participate in, either actively or as an observer He conspired with Garibaldi and saw Victor Emmanuel crowned When war broke out with Russia he hastened to the Crimea. In 1856 he was

assisting a filibustering adventure in Nicaragua, and narrowly escaped hanging Failing to enter Parliament at the general election of 1857, he joined Lord Elgin's embassy to China, calling on the way at India, where the Mutiny was in progress In China he accompanied the squadron which captured the Peiho forts, and was one of the party which scaled the walls of Tientsin he was in Yedo as one of the British Legation, and in that famous midnight assault with which the Japanese tried to expel the unwelcome foreigners he was severely wounded. After participating in the Polish insurrection of 1863 and the war in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he returned to London, meaning to enter Parliament. Well born, personally attractive, brilliant as a writer, witty and genial, he was already a fivourite in the fishionable world, and it seemed as though the highest social and political honours were at his disposal He entered the House of Commons as member for the Stirling Burghs, and was regarded with reason as amongst the most promising of coming Liberal statesmen

About this time, however, occurred a turningpoint in Oliphant's career He came under the influence of Mr Thomas Lake Harris, then an obscure preacher of mystical doctrines. The man of pleasure, careless but not vicious, was awakened by this teacher to a consciousness of some of the deeper realities of existence. Up to thirty-eight years of age Oliphant had been possessed by an absorbing passion for knowing whatever could be It had been a period of learning, of pre paration-a prolonged boyhood Of the meaning of life he had hardly begun to think But he had learned much, and qualified himself, as he said, to be 'a citizen of the world by an extended knowledge of it,' and, when he came to settle down, Mayfair and Parliament proved, by comparison, The long preparation had qualified him for something larger and better than anything they could offer, their prizes, precious to others, did not allure him When, at the moment of disillusion, Mr Harris opened out to him visions of broader and nobler possibilities in new worlds yet unexplored, he appealed alike to his conscious need and his love of adventure In 1867 he startled London society by his sudden departure for America, where he joined the community of the Brotherhood of the New Life at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie. He had thrown in his lot with Mr Harris, and with characteristic im petuosity and thoroughness had cast away his worldly prospects to work thenceforward, for the remainder of his days, for the regeneration, first of himself, and afterwards, when self-renunciation had qualified him, for the regeneration of mankind The basis of his philosophy and religion was a belief that there were latent forces in nature which could be utilised in the interests of the human race, but, misused, would prove to be sources of The first condition for successful grave peril work in this direction was absolute personal purity

of life On the mystical doctrines of 'open breathing' and the 'two in one' which entered largely into Oliphant's beliefs it is not necessary to enlarge. He associated himself also with certain phases of spiritualism, disclaiming the authorship of some of his later books on the ground that he was simply the 'writing medium'. From the time he abandoned London society he lived a cheerful and even joy ous life in the service of others. By many of his friends his career, thus diverted at the hour of its brightest promise, was counted a failure, but Oliphant himself thought otherwise, and, considering what he gained by the renunciation, he counted the world well lost.

Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, became a member of the Brotherhood of the New Life a year later than himself. In 1872 he was married to Alice le Strange, of Hunstanston, Norfolk, who also joined the community. Lady Oliphant died in 1881, and in the same year Oliphant and his wife severed their connection with Mr Harris. The following year they established a settlement at Haifa in Palestine, where, in 1886, Mrs Oliphant died. In August 1888 Oliphant was married to Rosamond, daughter of Robert Dale Owen, and granddaughter of the famous Robert Owen. Two days later he was seized with a severe illness, and before the close of the year he died.

Oliphant's contributions to literature were numerous, they included books of travel, graphically written, some clever satires on society, and two novels scarcely so successful His chief works are The Russian Shores of the Black Sea (1853), The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha (1856), Narrative of the Earl of Elgis's Mission to China and Japan (1859), Patriots and Filibusters (1860), Piccadilly (1866), The Land of Gilead (1880), Traits and Travesties (1882), Altiora Peto, a novel (1883), Sympneumata (1885), Haifa, or Life in Modein Palestine (1885), Masollam, a novel (1886), Scientific Religion (1888) The authorised biography is the Memoir (2 vols 1891) by Mrs Oliphant the novelist, who justly acknowledges her inability to understand the mystical philosophy which had so important a bearing on Oliphant's character and career

# A Filibustering Expedition.

It was on the last day of the year [1857] that the good ship Texas eleared out of New Orleans with three hun dred emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants—a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us, but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under their regis laughed the law to seorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kossuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western 'boys' who had

just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the 'balance' the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba Many could exhibit bullet wounds and sword cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honourable - notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried There were nlways two officers of the day who walked about with swords buckled over their shooting jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas the good behaviour and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail, for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan River we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa Ricans Just before sunsct we observed, to our dismay, a British man of war's boat pull ing towards us, and a moment later Captain Coekburn, of II M S Cossack, was in the explain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries as to the kind of emigrants we It did not require long to satisfy him, and as I incautiously hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impar tiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially as, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the Orion, an 80 gun ship, carrying the fing of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the Texas and her passengers. As soon as the Admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest, and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the 'emigrants' disconsolately pacing the deek, for the Costa Ricans gave them the slip in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone Poor Walker he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference, for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he was cap tured at Truxillo by Captnin (now Sir Nowell) Salmon, and handed over to the Hondurus Government, who meontinently hanged him This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country, and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks-which doubtless improved their fighting qualities I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumour had accredited me with so tragic an end, when, at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, mised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said in the most silvery and unmoved voice, 'Oh, how d'ye do? I thought you were hung!' I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of nn old and estcemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones. (From Episodes in a Life of Ad enture)

WALTER LEWIN

Thomas William Robertson (1829-71) was born at Newark-on-Trent of a family that had for generations produced actors and actresses, and was himself brought up almost on the boards In 1848 the Lincoln circuit, with which his father was connected, ceased to pay, the company was broken up, and Tom came to London There and elsewhere he struggled for a living, acting as prompter and stage manager, writing unsuccessful plays, acting himself, writing for newspapers and magazines (Fun amongst them), translating French plays, and so forth, but he never became an actor of mark. His first success as a dramatist-when he was seriously thinking of becoming a tobacconist -was with David Garrick in 1864, the title-rôle of which was one of Sothern's great things Spite of its name, this was substantially an adaptation from the French, and it was followed by a more original study of English Bohemianism, his comedy Society, first produced at Liverpool (1865), and received there and in London with the warmest approval. Ours (1866), produced by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, thoroughly estab lished Robertson's fame, and from that time his pen was kept incessantly busy Caste (1867), Play (1868), School (1869), MP (1870)—all brought out by the Kendals at the Prince of Wales's, and Home (1869) and Dreams (1869), the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Gaiety, were all equally But in the midst of his triumphs the successful His best comedies-notably Caste author died. and School-still retain their popularity, which rests on the excellence of their construction and stagecraft, their merry humour, their healthy tone, their happy contrasts, and the sunny spirit that shines through them His Principal Dramatic Works were published with a Memoir by his son in two volumes in 1880, and a more formal biography, his Life and Writings, by Pemberton in 1893

Henry James By1on (1834-84), the son of a British consul in the West Indies, was born in Manchester, and entered the Middle Temple in 1858, but became famous as a prolific and popular writer of burlesques and extravaganzas He wrote extensively for periodicals, was the first editor of Fun, and leased several theatres, where he produced more ambitious plays, in which he himself occasionally appeared-comedies or domestic dramas of a sort, enlivened by the smart dialogue and brisk incidents of farce The best was Cyril's Success (1868), the most successful, Our Boys, which had an unprecedented run in London for more than four years (from the beginning of 1875) The Upper Crust suited Toole admirably Byron excelled in depicting Cockney vulgarity, his dialogue is usually clever and amusing, but overladen with repartee and puns, for which he readily sacrificed probability and appropriateness plots have a considerable measure of originality and ingenuity, and even of human interest, but are always artificial and often mane. His verse was

uniformly poor, and his work showed altogether a serious falling off from the standard even of Robertson

John Nichol (1833-94), son of a Glasgow professor of astronomy, was educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford, and from 1862 to 1889, when he resigned, was Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University Hannbal (1873), a drama, was his first notable achievement, The Death of Themistocles, and other Poems (1881), his next But, a pithy and accomplished writer both in verse and prose, he was known also as author of little books on Byron ('Men of Letters,' 1889), on Burns, and on Carlyle, and of a history of American literature (1882), originally contributed to the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica Professor Knight published a Life of him in 1896

Roden Nocl (1834–94)—in full the Hon Roden Berkeles Wriothesley Noel—was a son of the Lord Barham made Earl of Gainsborough in 1841, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge Behind the Veil (1863) was the first of a series of more than half a dozen poems or books of poems (including Songs of the Heights and Deeps and A Little Child's Monument), besides a drama in verse. There was also from the same pen a volume of Essays on various poets from Chatterton to Whitman, and a short Life of Shelley, and Mr Roden Noel edited selections from Spenser and from Otwav's plays

Joseph Henry Shorthouse (1834-1903) was born at Birmingham, and became a chemical manufacturer there He was profoundly interested in religious questions, bred a Quaker, he was as a grown man baptised into the Church of England The greater part of his working life he devoted to business, though to literature he gave of his best It was not till 1881, when he was within measurable distance of fifty, that his romance John Inglesant, on which he had been engaged for many years, and which had been privately printed the year before, carried his name over England, and people asked in surprise, 'Can such a thing come out of Birmingham, and be by a Birmingham manufacturer?' For the work was a protest in a modern and materialistic age and country in favour of old-world High Church religious fervour, chivalrous devotion to a sovereign, and holy reverence for woman. It awakened echoes in unlikely quarters, and stirred all readers who realise the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit mystical romance would never have been printed but for the urgency of Mr Shorthouse's friends, when submitted to James Payn it was rejected as defective in structure and lacking in the ele ments of popularity. It never was popular in the ordinary sense, yet a sale of over 80,000 copies had by 1901 testified to a grip on contemporary thought that was more than a success d'estime Little Schoolmaster Mark (1883-84) met with no

such acceptance, not can Sir Percival (1886) be pronounced an artistic triumph, spite of its restrained power and the delicate, over-refined style which marked it and all the author's works The Countess Eve (1888) showed more of the author's characteristically tender spiritual suggestion A Teacher of the Violin (1888), Blanche, Lady Falaise (1891), prefaces or introductions to Herbert's Temple (1882), an essay on The Platonism of Wordsworth (1882), a translation from Molinos (1883), and one or two other republications practically exhaust the list of his published works

The Earl of Lytton (EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, 1831-91), son of the first Lord Lytton (page 332), was educated at Harrow and at Bonn, and in 1849 went to Washington as attaché



THE EARL OF LYTTON, GCB (OWEN MEREDITH)

From the Portrait by G F Watts R A, in the National Portrait
Gallery (Fred Hollyer Photo.)

and private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer. subsequently he was attaché, secretary of legation, consul or chargé d'affaires at Florence, Paris, the Hague, St Petersburg and Constantinople, Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, and Paris 1873 he succeeded his father as second Lord Lytton, and in 1876 became Viceroy of India. Made Earl of Lytton on his resignation in 1880, he was in 1887 sent as ambassador to Paris, and there he died With more of the poetic equipment than his father possessed-imaginative vigour, facility of expression, metrical skill and grace he yet never seemed to put his best strength into his poems, which were to the last the work of a brilliant amateur His works, published mostly under the pseudonym of 'Owen Meredith,' include Clytemnestra (1855), a dramatic poem, The Wanderer, Lucile (1860), a novel in verse, probably his most successful work, a volume of what were called 'translations from the Servian,' The Ring of Amasis, a prose romance, Orval, or the Fool of Time, Fables in Song, Glenaveril (1885), an epic of modern life, in which, perhaps, he most nearly succeeded in imprining character and individuality on his work, After Paradise (1887), Maiah (1892), and King Poppy (1892) A selection from his poems by Miss M Betham Edwards appeared in 1890. He left his biography of his father incomplete—but only too complete on the unhappy relations between his father and mother

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-84), prince of parodists, was the son of the Rev Henry Blayds, who in 1852 took the name of Calverley Martley in Worcestershire, from Harrow he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, whence in 1852 (the over exuberance of his boyish spirits having come into conflict with academic discipline-he would jump over the college walls) he migrated to Christ's College, Cambridge. He won the Craven and other distinctions, graduated as second classic in 1856, and in 1858 was elected a Fellow of his At the university he was famous less for his scholarship, brilliant though it was (for he was not so industrious as he might have been), than for his gifts as a writer of clever verse, as a musician, as a caricaturist, as a talker, and as an athlete. The famous Pickwick paper (in answering which Professor Skeat was first and Sir Walter Besant second) was one of his happiest jena d'espiti in prose, and was set in 1857, when he was a don. In 1865 he was called to the Bar, and settled in London, but a neglected fall on the ice at Oulton Hall, Leeds (his father-in-law's place), in the winter of 1866-67 put an end to what might have been an exceptionally brilliant career, for the remaining seventeen years of his life lie was a confirmed invalid, the original concussion of the brain being followed by other maladies One of the most gifted men of his time, and unrivalled as a humourist, Calverley will be remembered by his two little volumes, Verses and Translations (1862) and Fly-Leaves (1872) His serious verse is much of it very admirable, but it is for his humorous verses in various kinds that C S C is best known His parodies, particularly that of to the world Jean Ingelow, were obviously the best that had appeared since the Rejected Addresses, and in their own line are unequalled in modern English literature, innumerable as his imitators have been. Calverley's parodies have the highest qualities parodies can have they depend not on a bur lesque reproduction of the words or rhythms parodied, on the evaggeration of mannerisms, the caricaturing of mere externals, but get wonderfully near the whole spirit of the originals work exhibits a singular combination of delicate insight, creative imagination, genial but trenchant satire, lightness of touch, and mastery of rhythms Some of his parodies are poems themselves ripe scholarship found admirable expression in his numerous renderings from and into Latin and

Greek, and his Theocritus (1869) displays also his facile mastery of English verse. His Laterary Remains were published in 1885, with a Memoir by his brother-in-law, Sir W J Sendall, and reminiscences of Calverley by friends such as Dr Buller, Sir John Seeley, and Sir Walter Besant. An edition of the Complete Works appeared in 1901. The first of the examples quoted below, in which Rossetti's ballad manner is playfully 'taken off,' appeared in Chambers's Journal in 1869, the other is one of those in which some of Miss Ingelow's weaknesses were made fun of

#### Ballad

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before,
And her spectacles by on her approved knees

The piper he piped on the hill top high,
(Butter and eggs and a found of cheese)
Till the cow said 'I die,' and the goose ask'd 'Why?'
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—

The connexion of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

She hears the rooks can in the windy skies,

As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas

The farmer's daughter both ripe red hips
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease

The farmer's daughter both soft brown hair, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

And spake not a word While a lady speaks

There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson checks, (Butter and eggs and a found of cheese)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
And let the cat roll in her new chemise

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning checks, (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

And gized at the piper for thirteen weeks,

Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)

And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,

And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

## Lovers and a Reflection.

In moss prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean, Meaning, however, is no great matter)
Where woods are a tremble, with rifts atween,

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together, I and my Wilhe (O love my love) I need hardly remark it was glorious weather, And flitter bats waver'd alow, above

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing, (Boats in that climate are so polite), And sands were a ribbon of green endowing, And O the sun dazzle on bark and bight '

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Wilhe!) and smelt for flowers

I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours—



C S CALVERLEY

By permission of Messts G Bell & Sons.

By rises that flush'd with their purple fix ours, Thro' beeks that brattled o'er grasses sheen, We walked and waded, we two young shavers, Thanking our stars we were both so green

We journeyed in parallels, I and Wilhe, In fortunate parallels! Butterflies, Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes

Song birds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds, .
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky —
They reck of no eerie To come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the mill stream washes, Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem, They need no parasols, no goloshes,

And good Mrs Trimmer she feedeth them

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms,
And snipt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers nt Fnte and her goddess glooms

And Willie 'gnn sing (O, his notes were fluty,
Wasts fluttered them out to the white wing'd sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,
Rhymes (better to put it) of 'ancientry,'

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82), christened Charles Gabriel Dante, was the eldest son and second child of Gabriele Rossetti, Italian scholar and patriot, who spent the last thirty years of his life in evile in London, and of Frances Polidori, the sister of Lord Byron's friend. In blood Rossetti was three-fourths Italian, the English strain coming through his mother's mother, whose muiden name was Pierce. He was born in London, and educated at King's College School,

early took to painting, and in 1846 entered the antique school of the Royal Academy, where he made the acquaintance of William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais By his personal magnet sm and his enthusiasm for the conversion of others to his own ideas, Ros setti was a natural leader of men, and he has the best title to be regarded as the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a movement to do away in painting with the grandiose conceptions and fluent technique of the Academies of Art, and to recapture something of the religious intensity and humble, painstaking

attention to detail of the early Italian painters The immediate occasion, says Mr Holman Hunt, of the founding of the Brotherhood was the discovery, at Millais' house, of a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The short-lived magazine, The Germ, was planned in 1849 to promulgate the ideas of the Brotherhood, and in 1851 Mr Ruskin wrote to the Times to defend them from the contumely that they had already excited Rossetti's first oil-painting, 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin, belongs to the year 1849, before this date he had produced some of his finest poetic work, notably The Blessed Damozel and The Portrait For the next ten years he worked hard at poetry and painting, and in 1861 published his first volume of translations, The Early Italian Poets The publication of his original poems was delayed by the death of his wife, Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who died in 1862, less than two years after their marriage. In the despair of his grief Rossetti buried the manuscript poems, many of which had been written for her, in her coffin Some seven years later he yielded to the persuasions of his friends and permitted them to be disinterred. The volume entitled *Poems* was published in 1870, and became the centre of fierce controversy. In 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review* (October 1871) over the signature 'Thomas Maitland,' and reprinted separately, Mr Robert Buchanan stated the case of Rossetti's assulants, which, faintly outlined a year

before ın wood's Magazine, was restated later in the Quarterly (1872), and, after his death, with even greater ferocity and rancour in the British Quarterly (1882) Apart from personal innuendo, these attacks charged Rossetti's poetry with gross animalism and vapid affectation It is not easy to understand why Mr Buchanan's assault should have affected Rossetti as it did, but from this he became habitually depressed and moody, more secluded 117 his habits, and addicted to the frequent use of chloral He had lived and worked in a circle of sympathy, and this covert at-



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
From the Drawing by himself (1846) in the National Portrait
Gallery

tack, delivered by a professed poet, revealed to him, perhaps for the first time, the breadth and depth of the popular misunderstanding of poetry. He replied, in a moderate and serious vein, under the title 'The Stealthy School of Criticism' (Athenaum, 1871), showing that in his sonnets, if they be not garbled by malice, 'all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, it is true, but unmistakably—to be as naught if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times' Years later, in a private letter, Mr Buchanan admitted that he liad been 'most unjust' when he 'impugned the purity and mis conceived the passion of writings, too hurriedly read, and reviewed currente calamo'

From his wife's death onward Rossetti lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where for a short time he shared his house with Mr Swinburne, Mr George Meredith, and his brother, Mr W M Rossetti In 1874 he published Dante and his Circle, a volume of translations wonderful for their fidelity to the matter and form of the originals, and in

In this and in others of his early poems, as, for instance, World's Worth, there is a purity of diction and a slow distinctness of enunciation that bespeak deep passion. There is no 'flow of language,' it is the ebbing of the life-blood, drop by drop

Rossetti is most widely and generally known as the author of The House of Life These famous sonnets, which range through a great diversity of moods, have but one subject—the passion, and the mystery, and the sacrament of love between man and woman The passion is so intense that it bears the seal of tragic fate on its forehead even from its birth, like the love of Romeo and Juliet or of Tristan and Iseult As we are carried along these rapids we hear the distant roar of the doom ahead It is perhaps over-curious to speculate on the different completion that Rossetti might have given to The House of Life had fate dealt more gently with him, and carried him out safely among the pastures where the river is deep and silent and the voices of children are heard Perhaps his gain would have been our loss, for where the shadow falls deepest and the doom impends, his thought tightens its grasp, and his expression becomes almost Shakespearian in its tortuous and complex strength His poetry fulfils the requirements of his own famous saying, which makes 'fundamental brain work' an essential of all poetry glamour of his passion and the intoxication of his admirers with the strange beauty that he celebrates interfered for a time with the due recognition of his speculative genius. But it is on the strength of this foundation—on the range and power of his vision—that his best claim to a place among the English poets must be based The attention of the public is at all times easily lured from substance to accident, and the early Italian angels and archaic musical instruments have obscured the calm sweep of the horizon that surrounds them In The Blessed Damosel, written by a boy of eighteen, these lines might well startle a critic looking only for costume and conceits

> From the fixed place of Heaven she saw Time like a pulse shake fierce Through all the worlds.

Rossetti has that great 'negative capability' which Keats found lacking in Coleildge, the power of resting content in the contemplation of mystery, without any irritable striving after certainty and system. Some of his profoundest reflections have thus been mistaken, even by favourable critics, for commonplaces. Commonplaces are great truths which from the dullness and flimsiness of man's mind have lost their power to move. They regain that power in the mind of a poet. A tree outlives the generations of man, and there comes a man whom the thought excites

Ye, who have passed Death's haggard hills, and ye Whom trees that knew your sires have ceased to know And still stand silent —is it all a show,— A wisp that laughs upon the wall?

The Burden of Nineveh is a splendid piece of historical imagining. The great winged stone bulls of Nineveh, newly dug up, are seen by the poet as they are carried into the British Museum, and they beget in him a passion of reverie. Their shadow, under which Sennacherib has perhips knelt, is now thrown on the London flags.

Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown Such proof to make thy godhead known? From their dead Past thou liv'st alone, And still thy shadow is thine own, Even as of yore in Nineveh

When Satan showed all the kingdoms of the world to Christ, did the desolation of Nineveli, already ruined, not rebuke him? The poem is compacted of thought, down to the last line, in which there comes a sense of misgiving with regard to our own civilisation, when it shall be looked back upon by coming generations

Those heavy wings spread high,
So sure of flight, which do not fly,
That set gaze, never on the sky,
Those scriptured flanks it cannot see,
Its crown, a brow contracting load,
Its planted feet which trust the sod
(So grew the image as I trod)
O Nineveh, was this thy God,—
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

Since the whole bulk of Rossetti's poetic work is comparatively small, its variety deserves notice. A Last Confession is a dramatic monologue, not unlike some of Browning's, but built round a single impression-the sense of horror awakened in the soul by the sound of a coarse, empty laugh, which reveals, as no sight can reveal it, the abode of lost souls The whole tragedy, it is easy to divine, was built up from this single experience. In The King's Tragedy and The White Ship two memorable historical tragedies are recited with Sister Helen and Eden concentrated power Bower tell weird stories of supernatural terror in a revived ballad metre, with varied refrains. Perhaps those critics are right who insist on the insuperable difficulties of modern attempts to revive the ballad The refrain, well suited for the broad and simple effects of the old ballads, is teased and varied in Sister Helen for the purposes of a more restless and critical poetry, and the old effect is lost. Lastly, in The Stream's Secret, Love's Nocturne, and many shorter poems Rossetti proves himself unsurpassed in the power of evoking emotions of wonder and pathos and mystery from the subtle music of words

It is customary to conclude the critical consideration of a poet by noticing his limitations, and by enlarging on what he did not accomplish, which is like saying the Lord's Prayer backwards by way of thank offering for his achievements Rossetti, it is truly said, 'deals with man little as a social being, and not much as an ethical being he knows (save here and there) of no care for the

many, of no conflict between duty and desire, the interest of the many and the passion of one. But he expressed the passion of one—the passion of man, hungry at heart and islanded between two eternities—with a stress of thought, a lyrical fervour, and a high command of the manifold chords of language which have not often been matched in the annals of English poetry

### Sonnet VII.-Supreme Surrender

To all the spirits of Love that wander by
Along his love sown harvest field of sleep
My lady lies apparent, and the deep
Calls to the deep, and no man sees but I
The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,
Rests there attained Methinks proud I ove must weep
When Tate's control doth from his harvest reap
The sacred hour for which the vears did sigh
First touched, the hand now warm around my neck
Taught memory long to mock desire and lot
Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,
Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache
And next the heart that trembled for its sake

### Sonnet LV -Still-born Love

Lies the queen heart in sovereign overthrow

The hour which might have been jet might not be,
Which man's and woman's heart conceived and bore
Yet whereof his was barren,—on what shore
Bides it the breaking of Time's weary sen?
Bondehild of all consummate joys set free,
It somewhere sighs and serves, and mute before
The house of Love, hears through the echoing door
His hours elect in choral consonancy

But lo! what wedded souls now hand in lindd
Together tread at last the immortal strand
With eyes where burning memory lights love home?
Lo! how the little outcast hour has turned
And leaped to their and in their faces yearned —
'I am your child O parents, ye have come!'

### Sonnet LXXIII.-The Choice

Think thou and act, to morrow thou shalt die.

Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er
Up all his years, steeply, with strum and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth, and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for '
How should this be? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?
Nay, come up hither—From this wave washed mound
Unto the furthest flood brin look with me,
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail lengues and lengues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea

#### Sonnet LXXVII -Soul's Beauty

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned, and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

#### Sonnet XCI -Lost on Both Sides

As when two men have loved a woman well,
Each hating each, through Love's and Death's deceit,
Since not for either this stark inarriage sheet
And the long pauses of this wedding bell,
Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat,
Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet
The two lives left that most of her can tell—

So separate hopes, which in a soul had woold
The one same Peace, strove with each other long,
And Peace before their faces perished since.
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,
They roam together now, and wind among
Its bye streets, knocking at the dusty inns

## My Sister's Sleep

She fell asleep on Christmas I ve
At length the long ingranted shade
Of weary cyclids overweigh d
The pain nought else might yet relieve

Our mother, who had lenned all day Over the bed from chime to chime Then raised herself for the first time, And as she sat her down, did pray

Her little work table was spread
With work to finish For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin,
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flume, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened In its dim aleove
The mirror slied a electroes round

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank,
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling vears
Heard in each hour, erept off, and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs

Our mother rose from where she sat Her needles, as she had them down, Met lightly, and her silken gown Settled no other noise than that

'Glory unto the Newly Born!'
So, as said angels, she did say,
Because we were in Christmis Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us.
There is as a pushing beel of clintes,
As some who had not unawares.
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly stepping haste.
Our mother went where Margaret las,
Fearing the sound o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched for rest!

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned, But suddenly turned lack again, And all her features seemed in pain With woo, and her eves gazed and yearned

For my part, I but had my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word
There was none spoken, but I heard
The silence for a little space

Our mother bowed herself and wept
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I I new that she was dead'
And there, all white, my sister slept
Then kneeling upon Christians morn
A little after twelve o'clock,

We said, ere the first quarter struck, 'Christ's bles ing on the newly born'

#### The Sea-Limits

Consider the sea's listless chime
'Time's self it is, made audible,—
The murniar of the carth's own shell
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end—our sight may pass
No furlong further—Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it both the mournfulnes of ancient life, Linduring always at dull strife. As the world's heart of rest and wrath, Its painful pulse is in the sands. Last utterly, the whole sky stands, Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea
Listen alone among the woods,
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound able to thee
Hark where the informurs of thronged men
Surge and sink bael and surge again,—
Still the one voice of wave and tree

Gather a shell from the strown heach And listen at its lips, they sigh. The same desire and mystery, The echo of the whole sea's speech And all mankind is thus at heart. Not anything but what thou art. And Larth. Sea, Man, are all in each

#### The Cloud Confines

The day is dark and the night.
To him that would search their heart.
No his of eloud that will plat.
Nor morning song in the hight.
Only going alone.
To him wild shallows are slown,
Deep under deep taknown.
And height above und song heigh.

Still 11 key a, we pa,—
Strange to think by the way.
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we I now ou day?

The Past is over and fled
Named new, we name it the old,
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the deal,
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too vere me,
Or by what spell they have sped
Still ve say as we go —

\* Strange to think by the vay
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we I now one day?

What of the heart of linte

That beats in the breast O Time?—
Red strife from the furthe t prime,
And anguish of hierce debate,
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grands them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the patiless eves of I are

Still we say as a ego,—

Strange to think by the way,
What ever there is to I now,
That shall we I now one day.

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—
Thy kisses snatched neath the lan
Of fangs that mock them above,
Thy bells prolonged unto I wells,
Thy hope that a breath di pels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go,—
"Strange to think by the vay,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day"

The sky leans domb on the sea,
Awary with all its wings,
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dail everlastingly
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and a not,
Our future s a scaled seed plot,
And what between them are we?—
We who as as we go —

"Strain e to think by he way
Whatever there is to live w,
That shall we know ene day."

The Family Letters and Memority lister for William Modal (2 tale 1829) is all the referred to that the term Principle of tale 1829 is all the referred to that the term Principle of Principle of the Principle of the Principle of the second o

WHILL KALLIGH

Christian Rossetti (1830-94), the youngest child of Gibricle Rossetti, and sister to Dante Rossetti, spent the greater part of her life in London, where she wis born and died. Slic lived in great privacy, devoting herself to the care of her mother (who died in 1886), to her religious duties, and to poetry. She was an attached member of the Church of England, and, for reasons of religion, rejected two proposits of marriage, one from a Roman Catholic, the other from a sinter of sundefined and heterodox views. The series of sonnets entitled Monna Innominata,

and some others of her best I nown poems, irc pro bibly as directly autobiographic d in import as Mrs Browning's Sor 110 icts from Portuguese llur carliest printed appe wed 101505 when 4he 1175 eleven years old, and from that time till her death she wrote, not volummously, but incessantly A volume called I cross was privately issued by her grandfither, Gactano Polidori, in 1847, she con tributed several numbers to The Germ (1850) over the signature

Ellen Alleyn, and thereafter wrote many poems, articles, essays, and short stories for various magazines. The best of her poems were collected by her in Goblin Market and other Poems (1862), The Prince's Progress and other Poems (1866), A Pageant and other Poems (1881), and Verses (1893). To these must be added the posthumous volume of New Poems (1896).

Though by the needents of association Christina Rossetti was brought near to the group of poets and printers who started the Pre-Raphaelite movement, she belongs to no school, and holds a place by herself in English poetry She is the least ambitious, and some would add the greatest, of Linglish poetesses. She has that rarest of gifts the gift of expressing deep feeling in quiet speech and perfect musical cadence. Her best sonnets, though they have not the splendour of the greatest of Shakespeare's, or Milton's, or Wordsworth's, or Rossetti's, yet come nearer than any of these to the purity and simplicity and perfection of form that mark the finest Italian sonnets. Her thoughts run naturally into a lyrical mould, and there is no sense of chort in all her worl. She made no attempt in the larger poetic lands of drama or romance, and was never betrayed by hierary admiration into imitating the worls of others at the sacrifice of sincerity and spont menty. Insitution has been the besetting sin of not a few Linglish poeter es. Mr. Aphra, Belin, a clever and excellent woman, has been a died vicious because she wrote factoristic coincides from the stand point of the courtly reconded from the stand point of the courtly recondible without livron, and this Browning of enforces her genuine yiths, even in her large, to

CHRISTINA GLORGINA ROSSETTI
(with her Mother, FRANCES MARY LAVINIA LOSSETTI)

From the thrawing in Grayare by D. G. Losett. (100) 11 the
National Lottrale Call ty

ma que ende no a kind of convertural nan, er, trummy after pos er, trikes सीव का लाल भी जी rion manning which, is note like Ameralaner offended Depte Rm \* r 1. threface not a little to sigperior of this Hir intti that she knew traself and held fast by Im onen coperie in il ye alin Imiler in her her inic Newbold see have reseated nearen besto cil ns her york a " A"O ! PAGMO! " Womerknow and feel many thing

that men do not know or feel and it is only be expressing these things that they can match men in literature. It was be simple loyalty to if or onn experience and their own vision that Jane Austen and Christina Rossetti achieved their unique positions among English writers.

Her genius is almost purely lyrical, and her poems are full of that beautiful redundance and that varied reiteration which are natural to all strong feeling and all spontaneous melody lyrics have very much the air of improvisations. slie chooses for theme some simple, elemental feel ing, and pours it into song, the expression rising unsmight, with incessant recurrence to the works or phrises given at first, and with a delicate sense of pattern which prescribes the changes in the endence. Her ideas are so essentially poetical that they can hardly be expressed in proseart is so subtly simple that critical analysis may well despur of explaining it. The whole bulk of her poems would vield but few quotations and perhaps not one generalised statement of moral truth Though, like many other poets famous for

verbal nielody, she had no strong taste for music, her poetical gift is musical rather than pictorial. Her most characteristic imagery, such as is found in A Birthday or Death Watches, is passionate, not contemplative, it is the outcome of moments of feeling arrested, and yields little or nothing to thought, yet everywhere and always the soul of poetry is in her work.

The poems of many earlier religious poets are easily and sharply divisible into secular and sacred It would be vain to attempt any such bisection of Miss Rossetti's work. Some of her poems deal with religious themes, and some do not, but all alike are permeated with religious ideas especially noticeable in the very few of them that have any sort of claim to be called 'long poems' Goblin Market and The Prince's Progress are fairy stories, the one telling of certain goblin sellers of magic fruit who haunt a mossy valley, the other describing the temptations and adventures that befall a prince of fable on his way to claim his The stories are told without the smallest didactic intention, they are dream fantasies, but no one who reads them can fail to perceive that the ideas shadowed in them are all religious Market is an idyl of temptation and of vicarious sacrifice, The Prince's Progress is a history of the pilgrimage of the soul, unmindful of its destiny, blinded and hindered by the love of ease and pleasure, by the search for wealth or knowledge, and aroused from time to time by the chiding, wailing voices that are carried on the air A deep melancholy underlies all her most heart-felt poems, and if she resembles Shelley in lyrical elevation and the natural glow of lyrical utterance, there is more of the sadness of humanity in her poems than Her verses beginning, 'Passing away, saith the World, passing away, have been given the fame that they deserve by the praise of Mr Swinburne, who alludes to them as 'the great New-Year hymn of Miss Rossetti, so much the noblest of sacred poems in our language that there is none which comes near it enough to stand second, a hymn touched as with the fire and bathed as in the light of sunbeams, tuned as to chords and cadences of refluent sea-music beyond reach of harp and organ, large echoes of the serene and sonorous tides of heaven'

## Shall I forget?

Shall I forget on this side of the grave?
I promise nothing you must wait and see Patient and brave.
(O my soul, watch with him and he with me)
Shall I forget in peace of Paradise?
I promise nothing follow, friend, and see Faithful and wise.
(O my soul, lead the way he walks with me)

### A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit,

My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a halcyon sea, My heart is gladder than all these Because my love is come to me

Raise me a dais of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de lys,
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

#### Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night,
Come in the speaking silence of a dream,
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream,
Come back in tears,

O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brim full of love abide and meet,
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath
Speak low, lean low,

As long ago, my love, how long ago

#### Reg

O Earth, he heavily upon her eyes,
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth,
Lie close around her, leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth,
With stillness that is almost Paradise
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song,
Even her very heart has ceased to stir

And when she wakes she will not think it long

### From 'Old and New Year Ditties.'

Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be,

Until the morning of Eternity

Passing away, saith the World, passing away
Chances, beauty and youth sapped day by day
Thy life never continueth in one stay
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May
Thou, root stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye
Then I answered Yea.

Passing away, saith my Sonl, passing away With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play, Hearken what the past doth witness and say Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array, A canker is in thy bad, thy leaf must decay
At inidinght, at coel crow, at morning, one certain day,
I o, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay
Watch thou and pray
Then I answered Yea
Passing away, suth my God, pas my away

Passing away, suth my God, pas ing away Winter pas eith after the long delay. New grapes on the vine, new his on the tender apray. Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May. Though I tarry, a sit for Me, trust Me, watch and pray. Arise, come away, moht is past and lo it is day, My love, My sister, My spouse, thou halt hear Me ray. Then I answered. Yer

#### Sour Louise de la Miséricorde

I have desired, and I have been de ire!

But now the days are over of desire,

Now dust and dying embers mode involve,

Where is the lare for which my life was hired?

Oh vanity of vanitie, desire!

Longing and love, pang of a printed planure,
I onging and love, a discribinded lare
And memory a littomles pulfet man
And love a fount of teas outrunning measure
Oh yants of vantes diret

Now from my heart fave death) describes, triel les,
Drop by drop slowly leap be drop of hire,
The drops of life, of lave of want de ne
Ales, my to e of life gone all typricales —
Oh yamty of yamthes de ne!

Oh vanity of vanite de in Stantan, inv hope v hich implit have trained up higher Tuining my garden plot to haren nare,
Oh death struct lose oh discularded fire
Oh vanity of vanites de ire!

#### Monna Innominata

'Airo che re la meite mi faci na -DAYTE 'Amorairo n' l'helaiso di costel -l'ettracca

If there be any one can take my place

And ma'e you happy whom I grieve to prieve,
Thinh not that I can gradge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face
Yes since your relies make me rich, conceive
I too an crowned, while bridal crowns I waive
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should gradge you some one dear delight,
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honourable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone

There is a 1 ife of Christin's Resie'ts by Mackenne Bell (1855) containing excerpts from her letters and extres on her wishs by Edmund Gosse (Critical Lit Late 1857). Arthur Symons (Musics in Troo Literatures, 1897). A.C. Ben on fin the National Resign. Feb. 1895), and Mes Meynell (New Residue Feb. 1895). The edition of her works (1 vol. 1994) has a 1 ife by her brother.

WALTER RALLIGH

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1833-98), beloved by English children as 'I ewis Carroll,' was the son of the vicar of Daresbury in Runcorn parish, Cheshire, and, passing from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, he graduated BA in 1854

with a first class in mathematic. Elected a tudent of his college, he wood order in (1814) and from 1855 to 1881 was in their itself entirer. In his of narme ne publiched a series of weful and even important mathematical voils began at books on the braid from the and voils began at books on the braid from the and even to and trisprometry in 1860, and continued in 1867-196 by voils on Determinant, I need and voil Meter Ready Currona Mathematical and symbolic Ionic. Triver of a mathematical mind may be a befored in the sonderfully different heaf of his hearing critical punctilious in preferring the destruction he seek Dody on the mathematical college, done of the



CHAPITS IT FAIRGE DODGSON trace Company to the Company of the Comp

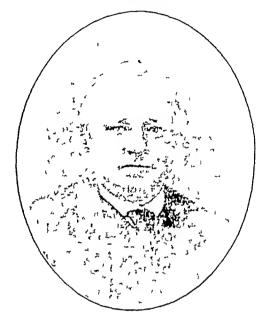
Leuis Carroll' whose noils overflowed with lun, nonsense humour, and the man nar creaters dear to children 'Lewis Carroll' never quite equilled again the genial creator of Ites, his first triumph, Il es Ait, reures in Worderl rd (1865), with the continuation Live is the Le Erri glass (1872), and its illus rations by Tennick has become a nursery classic, and been translated into most of the languages of Lurope. To the 'I ewis Carroll' series belong also Proctess agerra (1860), Hurting of the Snirk (1870), D. Mets (1879). RIsne" and Reisn I (1883, new ed. 1807), I Tangled Tale (1886) Game of Log- (1887), and SII is and Brune (1869-93)—the latter in places positively tedious. Mr S. D. Collingwood published his Lafe in a Letters in 1808, and The Levis Carrell Picture Book in 1800

Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-02) born at Kelvedon in Issex in 1849 became usher in a school at Newmarket, and in 1854 paster of the New Park Street Chapel, London The vast

Metropolitan Tabernacle was erected for him in 1859-61, with it were connected almshouses, a pastor's college, and an orphanage, over all of which he exercised and maintained effective supervision. He had a unique gift as an orator, and enlivened his fervour with quaint humour, his voice was of marvellous clearness and reach, and he wielded his mother tongue with native vigour His theological acquirements were slender and his commentaries uncritical With the newer criticism he had no sympathy, and four years before his death he withdrew from the Baptist Union because no action was taken against persons charged with what he and conservative divines regarded as fundamental errors His sermons, issued weekly from 1855, showed enormous energy of produc tivity, and continued to be surprisingly fresh, they had an average issue of 30,000, and were trans lated into several foreign tongues. He published over a hundred volumes, including The Saint and his Saviour (1867), John Ploughman's Talk (1868), The Treasury of David (a commentary on the Psalms, 1865-80), Interpreter (1874), Sermons in Candles (1891), and Messages to the Multitude A collection of Spurgeon's speeches was edited by Pike (1878), there are short Lives by Pike, Ellis, and Shindler (1891-92), and the authoritative autobiography in four volumes was compiled by his vife and Mr Harland (1897-98)

Sir John Robert Seeley (1834-95) was the third son of Mr Seeley the publisher He was educated at the City of London School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, was bracketed with three others as senior classic in 1857, and next year was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1863 he became Professor of Latin in University College, London, in 1869 of Modern History at Cambridge, and there to the end of his industrious life he remained *Lcce Homo* had appeared anonymously in 1865, and excited an extraordinary commotion in the religious world It was denounced with vehemence by many evangelicals like Lord Shaftesbury as subverting the foundation of Christian faith and hope, on the other hand, its reverent tone and literary charm commended the book to many orthodox minds For while it deliberately excluded consideration of the supernatural and insisted on Christ's human work as the founder of a Church of humanity, it did not profess to deal with all the aspects of Christ's missionsome even expected it to be followed by an Ecce Deus, which was no part of Seeley's plan. The work certainly produced no little influence on contemporary thought. Strictly anonymous at first, it was soon pretty confidently referred to the Cambridge historian, and was ultimately acknowledged by him as his Natural Religion (1882), also anonymously published, was perhaps an even more effective presentation of the author's view of the essence of Christianity, but as an eirenicon between science and faith, it persuaded neither

the Christian nor the Agnostic. For it posited a non-supernatural Christianity, and contented itself with a religion which was practically the pursuit of the ideal in life. Seeley's Life and Times of Stein (1879) was the best history of the creator of modern Germany, but, written without enthusiasm, it was generally pronounced tedious. His Short Life of Napoleon the First (1885) insisted on treating that portentous phenomenon as a clever and unscrupulous condottiere merely, and almost wholly ignored his power of political combination, his administrative sagacity, and his profound legislative achievement. In so far the historian showed himself liable to a prepossession. In his his-



SIR J R SEELEY
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

torical work generally Seeley sought for the driest light and refused to appeal to the emotions, and his concern in history was with the State and its development, with public documents and diplomatics though he strove to find in past political consecutions answers to the pressing problems of the present. In one work he struck a chord in the public breast, his Expansion of England (1883) did much to build up British Imperialism, to show the significance of the struggle between France and Britain in the eighteenth century, and to emphasise the value of Britain's oversea inheritance His Growth of British Policy, unfinished at his death, was an almost equally pregnant essay on our foreign policy, its conditioning causes, methods, and results, from the accession of Elizabeth down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, to this Professor Prothero prefixed a short Life of the author (1895) An Introduction to Political Science, published in 1896, comprises two series of lectures Seeley's work on Goethe, a reissue of magazine articles, was sound and

sensible but not remarkably illuminative. For his service to the national cause he was created K.C.M.G. in 1804

Lord de Tabley was the title, borne after his succession in 1887 to his father, the second baton, by the Hon JOHN BYR' I LHICLSTIR WARRIN (1835-1895), one of the true t poets of his time, though he never attained popularity with the public, and even to many lovers of poetry became well known only a few years before his death. Lducated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was for a time attached to the embassy at Constinuinople under Sir Stratford de Redeliffe In 1850 he was called to the Bar, and about the same time published, under a pseudonym, a volume of poems - his oan, and not, as has been erroneously said, the joint work of lumself and a dead friend. Other volumes of verse-including ballaus and Metrical Netel es, Ile Threshold of Atrides, Glimfses of Act uits, Praterita, I clow us and Morotranas, Studies n Lerse-followed in 1860-65, and to powerful dramas, Philococks (1866) and Orestes (1965), were Greel not in subject matter alone. In 1568, too, a the author (pseudonymous or monymous as vet) made his only entry into langlish public life is candidate for Mid Cheshire on the Liberal side He was not elected, and soon after tool up his residence in London, where he had the life of a literary recluse in the society of a few veryn friends. He was not a bool min merel, but an enthusiastic expert in hotany, in book plater, and in Greel coins. I ruits of these studies appeared in a work on book plates (1880) and one on Ite Fiora of Cristine (1899) Relearsals (1870) and Searching the Net (1873) were collections of poems The Soldier's Fortune (1876) was a pocue traged, Poems, Dramatic and Iyrical (1893), comprised scleetions from past work with new pieces, and a supplementary volume appeared in 1895 his death his fime was steadil growing, and a posthumous volume, Orpheus it In ice, and when Poems, edited by the Hon Lady Leighton Warren (1901), was universally greeted as a rare addition to the treasury of English poetry lables s high strung, too sensitive temperament is reflected in much of his verse—his noble mel in choly, his all-but pessimistic outlook on a world of empty strife and vain ambition. And another 1 and equally sensitive side of his character appears in the poems and passages which give rich and melodious utterance to the poet's heart felt joy in the meffable beauty of nature.

See the Memoir by Sir M. F. Grint Dull prefixe I to The F. in of Cheshire (1899), Mr. Gove s. Critical Litt Late (1891) and the biographical sketch by Professor High Waller (1993).

Sir Walter Besant (1836-1901), born at Portsmouth, studied at King's College, I ondon, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, and, having abandoned the idea of taking orders, was appointed to a professorship in Mauritius, where he found time to read largely in French literature

A succession of fevericle attacks compellere him to resign this post, he returned to Frightnd, and in 1868 whilly accepted the office of secreture of the newly founded I do too Laptor item Fund, in consument he retained till be success as a writer of fiction in ide him independent of this staff (1885) His first work, Studies in Lieud Peetry, when it in 1866, and attracted much attention rather h. its interest and pleasant's the than from its exhaut Three years later by brighn to collaborate in story writing with James Mee (1844-82, who from Northampion came to Queen's it Cambridge. from Invidented into Interstere, had published one or too unimportant to elseed there editor of Orre a Wat Lo, other they produced Pr & money Martily (1872), M. Lattle Gart, With Horb and Cr 1 Dis Son of Intar, The Golden hitterfy (1876, s with greetly meres of their popular s) Inc. Works of Trilow In Colors Ar'orr, Tre Cliffin of the elet, sai The Sein's Sufe (1881) This I former concreted in betien two sien of different sift, en hamble for intimar, ath that of He who it and Fleicher or of Lichmann and Claim, to initial necession and with the happest in alts-in it is dir if of the jourger collaborator. Thereto and Peart consider to produce fiction violate to consider invention and development, with an install energy and fer ilit, thou I for the nio part in a detinguishably different in incorporations forth in rucces in all saiser for re are of they iscal Ill ir a Girler Lair, Deretay Leetter, Ch der of Gilcon, Arn crel of In raise, Tre Ivery Galis beyond the Dien s of Lame The Mart & Crefis man, The Rel I Quer, Lee Feinte Gern to" 7/ Lady of Inin, and other somes.

Reads in this Mental in siderated by Rice and partly written before the partner mp begin are The Golden Butterfor are probably he best known of all the books associated with Besands name, and though it be admitted that the books produced by the collaborated state richer in humour more vivid in characterisation, fresher and more enter tuning altogether this does not prove that these features were wholh or mainly Mr Rices con tribution, but that Besent grew order. Unquestionably the later novels were many of them somewhat incredible and factitions, didactic and overweighted with detail, as well apt to repeat Perhaps Besant was right ideas and situations in regarding Dorothi Lorster a story of the Earl of Derwentinter and the Rebellion of 1815, as his best tale. All Sorts and Conditions of Mer, on the other hand, was the most notable of a series which produced a marked and unexpected influence on the public heart and conscience they stimulated and guided the philanthropic (and fashionable) movement that led to the establish ment of the People's Palace in the east end of London

Another series of Sir Walter's literary enterprises concerned the topography and history of London

It was his ambition to be the Stow of nineteenthcentury London, and he projected a vast scheme in which he was to have the help of experts, retaining for his own share the general history of London from the earliest times to the end of the nineteenth century. This he seems ever to have regarded as his magnum opus, and to it he devoted the continuous labour of five years. To this plan, unfinished at his death, belonged the pleasant volumes on Westminster, London, South London,

and East London (written by him with some assistance), as also London the 211 Eighteenth Century (1902), London under the Stuarts (1904), and London underthe Tudors From the Autobiography published in the same year it ap peared that he had completed a history of London from the beginning as far as the end of the eighteenth century His attitude to wards religious and theological prob lems was frankly expounded in the same book, and was by no means conservative. His relations with Mr Rice (who, it should be added, wrote a well known history of the British Turf)

he had explained in a preface to the library edition of Ready money Mortibos in 1887

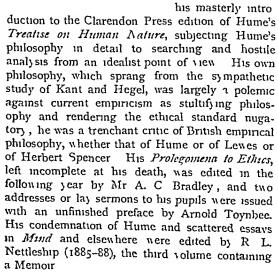
As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund Besant edited or wrote works on Jerusalem, Palestine, and the survey, and as first chairman of the Society of Authors he laboured strenuously to secure, especially to inexperienced writers for the press, as full a share as possible of the profits accruing from their labours. His zeal in their behalf, testified to by a great expenditure of time and work, led him ultimately to be unduly suspicious and not a little unfair to one of the two partners in the business of publishing books.

Further French studies were a work on the French humourists (1873) and small works on Rabelus, Montaigne, and Coligny, he wrote also Lives of Professor Palmer and Richard Jefferies, and there were opuscules from his hand on Whittington, Captain Cook, and King Alfred Ready

money Mortiboy was dramatised by the author As We are and as We may be was a collection of miscellanies, posthumously published in 1903

Thomas Hill Green (1836-82) was born at the rectory of Birkin in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first in classics, and later a third in law and modern history He was elected and re elected a Balliol Fellow, became the first

> lay tutor of the college, and, under lowett, the main influence in Balliol He married a sister of J A. Symonds in 1871, and became in 1877 Whyte's Professor of Moral Philoso phy Green's noble character, contagrous enthusiasm, philosophical independence and pro fundity, and strong interest in social questions gathered around him many of the best men at Oxford Popular education and temperance lay near his heart, and he gave himself with great carnestness School-Board work and political reform He was the 'Mr Gray' of Robert Elsmere In 1874 he contributed





SIR WALTER BLSANT From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

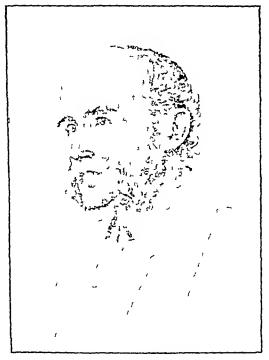
John Richard Green (1837-83) was the son of an Oxford tradesman, and was educated at Magdalen College School till the age of fifteen, when he was sent to complete his education under the charge of a private tutor. In 1854 he competed successfully for an open scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, and was matriculated at the end The choice of a college was probably of 1855 unfortunate, the members of Jesus College were mostly Welshmen, and they were rather isolated from the rest of the university Green made few intimate friends during his undergraduate days, refused to throw himself into the normal current of Oxford studies, and was content with a pass degree in 1859 That his time had not been wholly wasted, and that his early taste for reading had led him into the direction of his later work, is proved by some brilliant papers on the history of Oxford which he contributed during his last year of residence to the Oxford Chronicle In 1860 he took orders and accepted a curacy in London at St Barnabas, Goswell Road For a few months in 1863 he had charge of a parish in Hoston, but was compelled by ill-health to resign it. After another short period as a curate at Notting Hill, he received from Bishop Tait the curacy-in charge of St Philip's, Stepney, which he held for five He discharged his clerical duties with rare fidelity and devotion, but his sympathics were always with the Broad Church party, and as time went on he became more and more reluctant to bind himself to any definite religious dogmas had always been delicate, and the arduous labour of a clergyman in the east end of London overtaxed his strength When he resigned his charge at Stepney in 1869, he gave up all active clerical

During his life in London Green had managed to find time for literary work Whenever he could get away from his parish, he spent his time in the British Museum studying the authorities for early English history He had plans for a history of Somersetshire, and a history of the English Church in connection with the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but his favourite scheme was a history of England under the Angevin kings, a task which has since been performed by his disciple, Miss Kate Norgate A paper which Green read before the Somersetshire Archæological Society led to an intimate friendship with Freeman, by whom he was induced to become a contributor, and after a time a frequent contributor, to the Saturday Through Freeman he became acquainted with Stubbs, who was at the time Lambeth Librarian, an office in which Green succeeded him, and was also engaged in editing some of the most important volumes in the Rolls Series couragement which he received from these two older students was of immense value to Green, and he recognised his obligation when in 1878 he dedicated his History of the English People 'to two dear friends, my masters in the study of English History, Edward Augustus Freeman and William Stubbs'

Green's intention, when he abandoned the Church, was to earn a living by writing for the Saturday, but to devote almost the whole of his energy and time to the Angevin period a great blow to him to discover in 1869 that his lungs were affected, and that he would have to curtail his work and to live the life of an invalid For three successive winters he was compelled to Under these unwelcome and go to the South unexpected conditions he was induced to alter his plans, to abandon or postpone the unremunerative task of writing a lengthy book on a special period, and to undertake for Macmillan a Short History of the English People To the writing of this book he gave five years of such strenuous work as he could put into the limited hours allowed by medical advice It was published in 1874, and Green suddenly found himself famous. This was the more startling and gratifying, because the experts who had read the proof-sheets were by no means unani mous in prophesying success. But the verdict of readers was as decisive as in the case of Macaulty's first two volumes a quarter of a century before was not merely the vividness of the narrative and the picturesqueness of the style that secured such a notable triumph Green had presented the social side of English history in its connection with poli tical life and constitutional progress as nobody had presented it before. His life in the east end had been a more valuable training to him than Gibbon's experience as a militia officer lind been to the writer of the Dicline and Fall Green's intention was clearly stated in his Preface 'The aim of the following work is defined by its title, it is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People. At the risk of sacrificing much that was interesting and attractive in itself, and which the constant usage of our historians has made familiar to English readers, I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the in trigues of favourites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It was with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pre-Whatever the worth of the present work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a "drum and trumpet history" The mere abandonment of the time-honoured division into reigns was in itself a revolution No other European country had at that time found such a historian as Green, and though foreigners have since tried to emulate his methods, none have succeeded in equalling their

inodel The Short History remains unique in historical literature

For nine more years Green was engaged in a heroic struggle to do as much work as increasing ill health would allow. His opportunities for research were seriously curtailed by the necessity of always wintering abroad. In 1877 he married Miss Alice Stopford, whose invaluable assistance made the remaining years of his life happier and more fruitful than they could otherwise have been. He never returned to his project of Angevin history, but set himself to work out the general history of England on an ever-increasing scale. In 1878-80 he published in four volumes his History of the English People, in which he ex-



JOHN RICHARD GREEN

By permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co

punded the Short History, and rewrote those periods of it which had been defectively treated in the former book. Then he began from the beginning to utilise on a large scale the authorities which he had been studying for so many years One volume, The Making of England, which brought the history down to 828, was published in January 1882. With feverish activity he went on dictating another volume to his wife, but it was still unfinished when he died at Mentone on 7th March 1883, it appeared as a posthumous work under the name of The Corquest of England It is to these list two books that we must look to estimate the immense labour which it had cost Green to draw his brilliant picture of the nation's progress, and it is in these books that we see most clearly the extraordinary imaginative power which enabled Green to throw himself into the life of the distant past. This is his supreme merit as a historian, and in this quality he has never been surpassed

### Oxford in the Middle Ages

At the time of the arrival of Vacarias, Oxford stood in the first rank among English towns. Its town church of St Martin rose from the midst of a huddled group of houses, girt in with massive walls, that hy along the dry upper ground of a low peninsula between the streams of Cherwell and the upper Thames The ground fell gently on either side, enstward and westvard, to these rivers, while on the south a sharper descent led down across Around lay a snampy meadons to the city bridge wild forest, the moors of Cowley and Bullingdon fring ing the course of Thames, the great woods of Shotover and Bagley closing the horizon to the south and cast. Though the two huge towers of its Norman castle marked the strategic importance of Oxford as com manding the river valley along which the commerce of southern Ingland mainly flowed, its walls formed, perhaps, the least element in its military strength, for on every side but the north the town was guarded by the swampy meadows along Cherwell, or by the intricate channels into which the Thames breaks among the meadons of Osney From the midst of these meadons rose a mitred abbey of Austin canons, which, with the older priory of St Frideswide, gave the town some ecclesiastical dignity. The residence of the Norman house of the D'Oillis within its castle, the frequent visits of English kings to a palace without its walls, the presence again and again of important councils, marked its political weight within the realm The settlement of one of the wealthiest among the English Jewries in the very heart of the town indicated, while it promoted, the activity of its trade. No place better illustrates the transformation of the land in the hands of its Norman masters, the sudden outburst of industrial effort, the sudden expansion of commerce and accumulation of wealth which followed the Conquest To the west of the town rose one of the stateliest of English eastles, and in the meadows beneath the hardly less stately In the fields to the north the last of abbey of Osney the Norman Lings raised his prince of Berumont canons of St Frideswide reared the church which still exists as the diocesan cathedral, while the piety of the Norman Castellans rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city, and founded within their new castle walls the church of the Canons of St. George We know nothing of the causes which drew students and teachers within the walls of Oxford. It is possible that here as elsewhere a new teacher had quickened older educational foundations, and that the cloisters of Osney and St Frideswide already possessed schools which burst into a larger life under the impulse of Vacanus. As yet, honever, the fortunes of the University were obscured by the glories of Paris. English scholars gathered in thousands round the chairs of William of Champeaux or Abelard The English took their place as one of the 'nations' of the I rench University John of Salisbari became famous as one of the Parisian teachers Beket wandered to Paris from his school at Merton through the peaceful reign of Henry the Second Oxford was quieth increasing in numbers and repute years after the visit of Vacarius its educational position was fully established. When Gerald of Wales read his amusing Topography of Ireland to its students, the mo t

gloomy atmosphere, the poem reveals a distinct personality, and has engaging nimbleness and grace of artistic form. In the same volume the lyric 'To our Ladies of Death,' prompted by De Quincey's Suspiria, is very strikingly conceived and daintily elaborated. Thomson further illustrates his sovereign quality in Vane's Story and the attractive Oriental tale, Weddah and Om-el-Bonain, published with other poems in 1881 In his first two volumes appeared the author's best They include, besides the poems named, 'Sunday at Hampstead,' 'Sunday up the River,' and various other short pieces that evince a winning love of natural beauty and rare energy of lyrical rapture. In 1881 Thomson issued Essays and Phantasies, which are curious if not important Posthumous works are A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems, and Satures and Profamilies, both published in 1884, Shelley, a Poem, published in 1885, and Poems, Essays, and Fragments, issued in 1892 The collected Poems appeared in two volumes in 1895, and a volume of Prose was published in 1896 Mr Bertram Dobell prefixed a Life of Thomson to the volume entitled A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems, and in 1889 Mr H S Salt published a work which, as revised in 1898, has become the standard biography of the poet.

### From 'The City of Dreadful Night'

Of all things human which are strange and wild
This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
And showeth man most atterly beguiled,
To those who haunt that sunless City's range,
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him and the days,

The burden of the months he scarce can bear,
And often in his secret soul he prays

To sleep through barren periods unaware,
Arousing at some longed for date of pleasure,
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
He would outsleep another term of care

Yet in his marvellous faney he must make

Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us,

This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,

Wounded and slow and very venomous,

Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth and ocean,

Distilling poison at each painful motion,

And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since lic cannot spend and use aright
The little time here given him in trust,
But wasteth it in weary undelight
Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
He naturally claimeth to inherit
The everlasting Future, that his ment
May have full scope, as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
O nights that are as mons of slow pain,
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
O Life, whose woeful vanities remain

Immutable for all of all our legions
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
Not of your speed and variance ve complain

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes,
We do not claim renewed and endless life
When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious manition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
Dateless oblivion and divine repose

THOMAS BAYNE

Robert Buchanan (1841–1901), a versatile and highly talented writer in verse and prose, was born at Caverswall in Staffordshire, the son of a Scottish schoolmaster and Socialist, who settled for a while



ROBERT BUCHANAN
From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery

in Glasgow The son was educated at Glasgow High School and University, where his closest friend was the short-lived David Gray (page 657) In the year 1860 the two set out for London to set the Thames on fire, but gloom and poverty hung over their steps, and fame did not come until too late for the elder of the pair Buchanan's first work, Undertones, a volume of verse, pub lished in 1863, was well received. The Idylls and Legends of Inverburn followed in 1865, and next year came London Poems, his first distinct success -1 rare combination of lyrical vigour and insight into humble life, lightened up with humour and sweetened with pathos Later volumes of verse were a translation of Danish ballads and Wayside Postes (1866), North Coast Poems (1867), Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama, and The Drama of Kings (1871), two rhapsodies suggested by the

How, spite of your human scorning, Once more God's future draws nigh, And already goes forth the warning That ye of the past must die.

Great hail I we ery to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore,
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more

David Gray (1838-61), eldest of eight children of a handloom weaver, was born on the bank of the Luggie near Kirkintilloch He showed much promise at school, was destined in consequence for the ministry, and by dint of pupil-teaching paid his way for four years at Glasgow University But having contributed a considerable number of poems to the Glasgow Citizen, he determined, with his friend Robert Buchanan, to go to London, and begin the career of a man of letters. By mistake the two travelled by different trains, and, arriving ilone, Gray spent the first night in the open air, the result was a cold which soon became con-For a time the poet lived with his friend Buchanan in a garret in Blackfriars, and Mr Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton) found him some literary work. But his disease increased, and, after a sojourn in the south of England, he returned to his father's cottage at Kirkintilloch to die During his remaining months he wrote a series of thirty sonnets, In the These breathe the very passion of Shadows despair, and remain his finest work His longest poem, 'The Luggie,' is a descriptive piece contain ing many passages of great beauty The poet of 'The Luggie' presents one of the most pathetic figures in Scottish literature, Pollok, Fergusson, and Bruce were all, like him, cut off before their prime, but none of these received the arrow of death with such a piteous cry His poems were published in 1862, after his death, with a Memoir by Dr Hedderwick of the Cetizen, and an Introduction by Lord Houghton

### Sonnet

If it must be, if it must be, O God!

That I die young, and make no further moans,
That underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescuteheoned privaey, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no futh,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse,
But, like a child that in the night times eries
For light, I cry, forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the day

(From In the Shadows )

Edward Lear (1812-88), born in London, had from boyhood a passion for drawing and painting, and by a book of fine coloured drawings of parrots interested the Earl of Derby, who gave him the opportunity of visiting Italy He settled in Rome and became a landscape painter, but in spite of ill health was an indefatigable traveller, visiting not merely the out of-the-way corners of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, but Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and India After 1837 he was very little in England, though he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1850 to 1873, and he died at San Remo Lear is less known by his paintings than by his beautifully illustrated books of travel-Sketches of Rome (1842), Illustrated Excursions in Italy (1846), Journal in Greice and Albania (1851), Journal in Calabria (1852), and In Corsica (1869) Naturalists thought his drawings of birds equal to Audubon's, and Tennyson praised his Greek journal in a well-known But Lear is far best known by his Book of Nonseuse (1846, 29th ed with Introduction by Sir E Strickey, 1894), an original compound of wit, humour, paradox, and good sense in rhymes extraordinarily facile and felicitous, which have gone to the hearts of all English children The outcome of his friendship with the Derby family, the book was written to amuse the childhood of the fifteenth Earl of Derby (1826-93), afterwards a very grave statesman More Nonsense Rhymes followed in 1871, Nonsense Songs, Stories, and Botany in 1870, Laughable Lyrics in 1876

Charles Jeremiah Wells (1800-79) was born in London and educated at Edmonton, was a friend of Hazlitt and Keats (though from both he was ultimately estranged), and till 1830 practised as a solicitor in London. His book of Stories after Nature (1822), tales in poetic prose, fell still-born, and was followed in 1824 by the remarkable biblical drama, Joseph and his Brethren, which, though praised by R H Horne in The New Spirit of the Age in 1844, remained all but unknown until attention was directed to its beauties by Rossetti in Gilchrist's Life of Blake (1863) and by Mr Swinburne, who in the Fortnightly (1875) hailed him as 'a poet meant to take his place amongst the highest' Wells, who had abandoned professional work for a country life in Wales and Hertfordshire, went to Brittany in 1840, and finally settled at Marseilles After his wife's death in 1874 he burnt MSS of tragedies and poems that would have filled eight or ten volumes, but when a revised edition of Joseph had been published in 1876, the old man was moved to write some additional scenes for his chef dauvre, which Mr Gosse has described as 'an overgrown specimen of the pseudo Jacobean drama in verse popular in ultra-poetical circles between 1820 and 1830' to be regarded less as a play than as a poetical curiosity of florid eloquence and rich versification

See Mr Watts Dunton in the Attenaum (1876–1879) Mr Buxton Forman in Miles's Poets of the Century, and Linton's edition of Stories after Nature (1891).

Master of all of us,' said R L Stevenson Some critics have dilated on his lack of constructive skill, or even paradoxically affirmed that he violates every canon which the art of fiction should observe, and too much has been made of the obscurity and indirectness of his diction. The idiosyncrasies of his style, which in the later works is often provokingly compressed and elliptical, form a certain barrier to appreciation, and repel many at the outset, but those who have become accustomed to the atmosphere of his thought and utterance are agreed that there are few writers, living or dead, whose works will better repay a careful study Unintelligibility and obscurity are relative terms, and to the novel in its most complex and highest form it cannot be made matter of reproach that there are some—perhaps many—who lack the intelligence or the sensibility that can alone admit them to the charmed circle of appreciative readers difficulties of Mr Meredith's style and manner have been greatly evaggerated, and are felt to be a serious impediment to sympathetic understanding only by those who have not the patience to apply themselves to the study of the higher fiction with the same ardour that they would think necessary in the case of any other art No one has ever tried to make words convey so much meaning as Mr Meredith, and very few have had so much meaning to express His power of phrase-making is as wonderful as the variety and appositeness of his use of individual words (It should be noted that with the publication of The Ego.st in 1879, there was a marked change in Mr Meredith's style, a change not without its disadvantages—to a more fastidious choice of words, with an increasing command of felicitous phrases, and a more sedulous effort to put the fullest significance and suggestiveness into every sentence. Although Mr Meredith was long in gaining recognition, and is unlikely ever to be a popular writer in the ordinary sense, he is now regarded by the majority of cultivated readers as one of the most powerful and original intellectual forces of our time, distinguished alike for the large sanity of his outlook upon life, the subtlety and grasp of his insight into the springs of character, and his command of many of the most effective forms of artistic expression

#### From 'Love in the Valley'

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows

Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon

No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder

Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon

Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,

Even as in a dance, and her smile can heal no less

Like the swinging May cloud that pelts the flowers with

hulstones.

Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers

Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,

Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,

Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew

Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells
Maiden still the morn is, and stringe she is, and secret,
Stringe her eyes, her cheeks are cold as cold sea
shells

#### From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.'

They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthilly striven to bring them together. And, O victory 1. O wonder 1 after toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded 1.

'Here we two sit who are written above as one!'
Pupe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents!

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the West the set of sunken fire draws back, and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine tops, surveys heaven

'Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?'

'O Richard! yes, for I remembered you'

'Lucy ' and did you pray that we might meet?'

'I did!'

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair Immortal journeys onward Fronting her, it is not night but veiled day Full half the sky is flushed Not darkness not day, but the nuptials of the two

'My own' my own for ever! You are pledged to me? Whisper!'

He hears the delicious music.

'And you are mine?'

A soft beam travels to the fern covert under the pine wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eves turned to, him an instant, timidly fluttering over the depths of his, and then downcast, for through her eyes her soul is naked to him

'Lucy! my bride! my life!'

The night jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked

Pipe no more, Love, for a time! Pipe as you will you cannot express their first hiss, nothing of its sweetness, and of the sacredness of it nothing. St Cecilin up aloft, before the silver organ pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her you may liear it.

### From 'The Egolst'

'An oath?' she said, and moved her lips to recall what she might have said and forgotten 'To what? What oath?'

'That you will be true to me dead as well as living!
Whisper it'

'Willoughby, I shall be true to my vows at the altar'

'Tome 'me!'

'It will be to you '

'To my soul No heaven can be for me—I see none, only torture, unless I have your word, Clara. I trust it. I will trust it implicitly My confidence in you is absolute.'

'Then you need not be troubled'

'It is for jou, my love, that you may be armed and strong when I am not by to protect you'

'Onr views of the world are opposed, Willoughby'

'Consent gratify me, snear it Say, "Beyond death" Whisper it I ask for nothing more Women

think the husband's grave breaks the bond, ents the tic, sets them loose. They wed the ficsh—pali! What I call on you for is nobility the transcendent nobility of faithfulness beyond death "His widow!" let them say, a saint in widowlood."

'My vows at the altar must suffice.'

'You will not? Clara 11

'I am plighted to you'

'Not a word?—a simple promise? But you love me?'

'I have given you the best proof of it that I can

"Consider how utterly I place confidence in you."

"I hope it is well placed "

'I could kneel to you, to worship you, if you would,

'Kneel to heaven, not to me, Willoughby I nm I wish I were able to tell what I nm I may be inconstant I do not know myself Think, question yourself whether I am really the person you should marry. Your wife should have great qualities of mind and soul. I will consent to hear that I do not possess them, and abide by the verdict.'

'You do, you do possess them!' Willoughly cried 'When you know better what the world is, you will inderstand my anxiety. Alive, I am strong to shield you from it, dead, helpless—that is all. You would be clad in mail, steel proof, inviolable, if you would But try to enter into inv inind, think with me, feel with me. When you have once comprehended the Intensity of the love of a man like me, you will not require asking it is the difference of the elect and the vulgar, of the ideal of love from the coupling of the herds. We will let it drop. At least, I have your hand. As long as I live I have your hand. Ought I not to be satisfied? I am, only, I see farther than most men, and feel more deeply.'

## From 'Vittoria.'

It was he who preached to the Italians that oppor tunity is a mocking devil when we look for it to be revealed, or, in other words, whit for chance, as it is God's angel when it is ereated within its, the ripe fruit of virtue and devotion He eried out to Italians to wait for no inspiration but their own, that they should never subdue their minds to follow any alien example, nor let a foreign city of fire be their beacon Watching over his Italy, her wrist in his meditative clasp year by year, he stood lile a mystic leech by the couch of a fair and hopeless frame, pledged to revise it by the inspired assurance, shared by none, that life lind not forsaken it. A body given over to death and vultures-lie stood by it in the desert. Is it a marvel to you that i lien the carrion wings swooped low, and the claws fixed, and the beak plueked and savoured its morsel, he raised his arm, and urged the half resuseitated frame to some vindicat ing show of existence? Arise! he said, even in what appeared most fatal hours of darkness The slack limbs moved, the body rose and fell. The cost of the effort was the breaking out of innumerable wounds, old and new, the gain was the display of the miracle that Italy She tasted her own blood, and herself knew that she lived Then she felt her chains. The time was coming for her to prove, by the virtues within her, that she was worthy to live, when others of her sons, subtle and adept, intricate as serpents, hold, inquestioning as well bestridden steeds, should grapple and play deep for her in the game of worldly strife. Now-at this hour of which I speak-when Austrians marched like a merry

stame down Milan streets, and Italians stood life the burnt out cinders of the fire prate, Italy s faint wrist was still in the clutch of her grave leech, who counted the beating of her pulse between long pauses, that would have made another think life to be heaving its last, not beginning

A revised edition of Mr Meredillis novely began to appear in 1837 and was completed three years later in thirty two volumes. There is a very complete bibliography by Mr John Lane prefixed to the study of Meredilli published by Mr Le Callienne in 1837. Mi s Hannali Tynch published by Mr Le Callienne in 1831 as did Mr Walter Jerrold in 1903. In Pa il Worsfall diene ed Lis theory of fiction in The Lincaples of Criticism (1927) and in Lictorian Priva Matters (1922) Mr W. C. Bro yiell ha attemped an appreciative critical estimate. Mr Meredilli's profound significance in connection with the Pena cence of Word's has been suggested in the easy introductory to the present volume.

### JAMES OLIPHANT

Justin W'Carthy, born at Cork in 1830, early embraced a journalistic career, which, commencing in Liverpool, was most of it spent in England 1860 he joined the Reporters' Gillery of the House of Commons as representative of the Morning Star, and in 1864 became editor of that paper, later he was appointed a leader-writer on the Daily Yeas I or many years lie contributed copiously to the hterature of fiction, A Fair Saion (1873) and Dear Lady Disdain (1875) being perhaps his most suc cessful novels. But Mr M'Carthy's main interests have always been centred in public affairs. Not only did he for many years occupy a prominent position in the House of Commons as an active member and, for a time, the chairman of the Irish party, but his best literary worl has been done in the region of political history The History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria (1878-97), is an excellent and, on the whole, ex tremely fair summary of the events of the Victorian era, the latter half of the work has the interest and value which attaches to a description of political events by one who was acquainted with many of the principal personages who figure in his pages A History of the Four Georges, written after the first volume of the History of Our Own Tintes had appeared, may be best described in an Irishism as a sequel of antecedent history, it is written on the same scale as the earlier work and treated in the But Mr M'Carthy is more at home same manner in the history of events which are still politics than of politics which have become history criticism may fairly be passed on The Regn of Queen Anne (1902) Among other works which blend history with politics are The Life of Sir Robert Peel (1891), Lives of Pope Leo XIII and of Mr Gladstone, and Modern England (1898) Mr M'Carthy retired from Parliament and from public life in 1896, and devoted himself exclusively to literary work, and in 1903 a Civil List pension was bestowed on him His Reminiscences (1899) contain effective sketches of contemporary per sonages, in British Political Leaders (1903) the sketches are too purely journalistic to be of endur ing value.- His son, Mr Justin Buntly M'Carthy (born 1860), is a novelist, dramatist, and historian.

James Hutchison Stirling, patrnrch of British philosophers, was born at Glasgow in 1820, studied at Glasgow University, and practised 1843-1851 as a surgeon near Aberdare in South Wales. but afterwards went to Paris and Heidelberg, and devoted himself to philosophy His Sccret of Hegel (1865, new ed 1900), a masterpiece of philosophical insight and expository genius, opened up an unknown world to English readers, and give a powerful impulse to the study of philosophy, in 1881 came his Complete Text-book to Kant LL D both of Edinburgh and of Glasgow, he delivered the first course of Gifford lectures at Edinburgh -Philosophy and Theology (1890) Other works, hardly less original, incisive, and influential, are an assault on Hamilton's doctrine of perception (1865), a translation, with notes, of Schwegler's History of Philosophy (1867, 12th ed 1893), Jerrold, Tennyson, and Vacaulay (1868), As Regards Protoplasm (1869, complete ed 1872), a reply to Husley, Lectures on the Philosophy of Law (1873), Burns in Drama (1878), Darvinianism (1894), a trenchant criticism of the three Darwins, What is Thought? or the Problem of Philosophy (1900), and, finally, The Categories (1903) In Germany, as well as in Italy and elsewhere, the Secret of Hegel was accepted as a profound, brilliant, and authentic exegesis, Emerson knew no modern British book that showed 'such competence to analyse the most abstruse problems of the science, and, much more, such singular vigour and breadth of view in treating the matter in relation to literature and humanity' And Carlyle thought its author 'the only man in Britain capable of bringing meta physical philosophy, in the ultimate, German or European, and highest actual form of it, distinctly home to the understanding of British men who wish to understand it?

Lewis Campbell was born 3rd September 1830, at Edinburgh, the son of a cousin of Thomas Campbell the poet, and was educated at the Academy of Edinburgh, the University of Glasgow, and Trinity and Balliol Colleges at Oxford He took Anglican orders, and in 1856-58 was vicar of an English parish, from 1863 to 1802 was Professor of Greek at St Andrews, where he delivered the Gifford Lectures in 1894-95 has edited the plays of Sophocles and three of Plato's dialogues, one of them in collaboration with Professor Jowett, and has translated Æschylus and Sophocles into spirited and graceful English verse Besides other books and articles on classical subjects he has published sermons, written (in collaboration with W Garnett) the Life of Clerk Maxwell, and (with Evelyn Abbott) edited Jowett's Life and Letters

Friedrich May-Willer (1823-1900), son of the German poet Wilhelm Müller, was born at Dessau, and educated at Leipzig, Berlin, and Paris, and through Bunsen was, as an accomplished Sanskritist, asked to England to edit the Rig Veda for the East India Company at Oxford, he was successively Taylorian Professor of Modern Languages and, from 1868, of Comparative Philology, a study he did more than any one else to promote in England, though many of his favourite doctrines have been superseded Besides a history of Sanskrit literature and books on the science of religion, of thought, and of mythology, he issued in singularly nervous, polished, and idiomatic English the essays he called Chips from a German IVorkshop (1868-75), and the Glasgow Gifford lectures on natural religion (1889–93) held numerous academic and other honours, and in 1896 was made a member of the Privi Council Auld Lang Syne (1898-99) was autobiographical, and his wife edited his Life and Letters (1902)

Thomas Hodgkin, born of Quaker stock at Tottenham in 1831, and educated at University College, London, became partner in a large banking house at Newcastle on Tyne Devoting learned leisure to historical writing, he has recorded the history of Italy after the fall of the Roman Empire in Italy and her Invaders (7 vols 1880-98), and as parerga wrote monographs on The Dynasty of Theodosius (1889) and Theodoric the Goth (1891), and a Life of Charlemagne (1897)

Frederic William Farrar (1831-1903), born in Bombay, graduated at London University and at Cambridge. Ordained in 1854, he was for many years a master at Harrow, and in 1871-76 head master of Marlborough College, in 1876 he became canon of Westminster and rector of St Margaret's, archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, and Dean of Canterbury in 1895. An eloquent preacher and a copious author, he wrote Errc and other stories of school life, books on philology and education, a Life of Christ (1874) which ran through twelve editions in as many months, a Life of St Paul, besides Lives of the Tathers and a History of Interpretation One of several volumes of sermons was Eternal Hope (1878), disputing the doctrine of eternal punishment Darkness and Dawn (1892) was a story of Nero's days, and Gathering Clouds (1895) of Chrysostom's Life by his son was published in 1903

Fredetic Harrison, born in London in 1831, was educated at King's College School, London, and Wadham College, Oxford, taking a classical first class in 1853. He became Fellow and tutor of his college, but was called to the Bar in 1858, and practised conveyancing and in the Courts of Equity. He has served on more than one Royal Commission, from 1877 till 1889 was Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law to the Inns of Court, and was an alderman in the London County Council. He is an advanced Liberal and Home-Ruler, and his outlook on the world is largely conditioned by his zeal as a convinced Comtist. Since 1880 he has been president of the English Positivist Committee. An eager student of history and

literature, as a critic he wields a versatile and trenchant pen. He has written on the inclining of listory (1862), on order and progress, on education and the choice of books, on Byzantine history, and on early Victorian literature, edited the Positivist Calendar of Great Men, and published much on Positivist matters, especially on Comite's Positive Polity, as author of books on Cromwell, William the Salent, King Alfred, and Ruskin (1902), the litter containing much original and suggestive criticism, and we have further had from him a collection of critiques of Lennyson, Mill, and others, addresses delivered in America (1901), and the Byzantine historical romance Theophano (1904)

Sit Leslie Stephen, son of Sir Junes Stephen, for many years Colonial Under Secre tary, was born at Kensington Gore, 28th November 1832 He was educated at Eton King's College, London, and Frinity Hall Cambridge It was his intention to follow a clerical career, and he took holy orders, but in consequence of increas ing intellectual dissatisfaction with the creed of the Church, he abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman and devoted lumself to literature Settling in London, he contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette is well as to the Loringhila Review, Fraser's Magazine, and Macmillan's Magazine In 1871 he was appointed editor of the Cornhill Hagazine, and retuned this position till 1882, when he resigned in order to undertake the duties of editor of the Dictionary of Vational Biography The first volume of the *Dictionary* appeared early in 1885, and under Stephen's editorship twenty quarterly volumes were published. He afterwards appointed Mr Sidney Lee-since 1883 his assistant -joint editor, and early in 1891, in impaired health, he abandoned the editorship to his coadjutor but continued to be contributor. In 1892 he was appointed president of the London Library in succession to Tennison, and in June 1902 was created a Knight Commander of the Bath thinker of singular independence and energy, a critic of exceptional learning, breadth, and sanity, Sir Leslie Stephen has been an industrious writer, amongst his works being The Playground of Europe (1871), Hours in a Library (three series, 1874-79), The History of English Thought in the Lighteenth Century (1876 and 1881), Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking (1879), The Science of Ethics (1882), Life of Henry Fawcett (1885), An Agnostic's Apology (1893), Life of Sir James Litzjames Stephen (1895), Studies of a Biographer (4 vols 1898-1902), The English Utilitarians (3 vols 1900), George Eliot in the 'Men of Letters' series (1902), and English Literature and Fuglish Society in the Eighteenth Century (1903) A disciple of Hume, Bentham, and the Mills, in his Science of Ethics he retained the utilitarian system as modified by the new light thrown upon the ethical development of man by Darwin and Spencer He died 22nd February 1904.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, born in 1832 at Letterkenny in Donegal, had a distinguished course at Irinity College, Dublin, and taling orders, became a curate in London incumbency was St James's Chapel (1866-75), his second, Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where, in virtue of his independence of thought and the literary grace of his sermons, he came to be till his resignation in 1894 amongst the foremost London preachers In 1880, on dogmatic grounds connected with miracles, he severed his connec tion with the Church of Lighand I or a time he had been a royal chipliin. His Life of Robertson of Brighton (1865) from the first railed as a classical biography, his Primer of Linglish Litera ture (1876), unique amongst primers, was follored by his Ilistory of Early English Literature (2 vols 1892) and a one volume work on Linglish Litera ture to the Aorman Conquest (1898) Amongst his volumes of sermons and theological worl's are Jesus and Modern Thought and The Gospel of Joy A poet himself, he is a critic of sympathetic firsight, and he has published, besides a little book on Milton, import int studies of Tennyson (1894) and Browning (1902) With a colleague he prepired A Ireasury of Irish Poetry in the Linglish Tongic (1901), and the first section of the present work (Vol 1 pp 1-30) is from his pen

James Cotter Morison (1832-88), son of the proprietor of Morison's Pills, was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and lived much in France. His misterpiece, Inc Life of St Bernard (1863), was dedicated to Carlyle. For his friend Mr Morley he wrote Gibbon (1878) and Macaulty (1882) in the 'Men of Letters' scries, his list work, The Service of Man (1887), was a criticism of revealed religion from the Positive point of view

Sir Lewis Morris was born at Penrhyn m Carmarthen in 1833, and educated at Sherborne and Jesus College, Oxford, where in 1855 he took a first in classics and won the Chancellors prize. He practised at the Bar as a conveyancer from 1861 to 1881, and subsequently devoted himself to local work in Wiles in connection with education and politics, but failed (as a Liberal candidate) to gain a seat in Parliament for a Welsh constituency Songs of Two Worlds (3 vols 1872-75) by 'A New Writer' showed taste, grace, craftsmanship, and the influence of Tennison, The Epic of Hades (1876), by the same anonymous 'New Writer,' retold in a sufficiently modern spirit the myths and legends of uncient Greece—of Helen, Endymion, Mursyus. These pretty idvls were welcomed and the rest with joi by a great public. His critics were will ing here, as in his later work, to recognise attrac tive narrative, metrical skill, clear and sometimes forcible thought, unmistakable talent, but refused to acknowledge evidence of true poetic genius. He has since published Green, a Drama in Mono logue, The Ode of Life, Songs Unsung, Gycia, a Tragedy, A Vision of Saints (1890), Idylls and

Lyrics (1896), Harvest Tide, and immy other books of verse, besides articles and addresses. In 1877 he was made an honorary Fellow of his old college, in 1895 he was made a knight-bachelor, and he holds a Greek decoration and some other honours

Edward Burnett Tylor was born at Camberwell in 1832, educated at the Friends' school, Grove House, Tottenham, and starting from Cuba in 1856 with a friend, made a scientific journey through Mexico, one result of which was his Anahuac, or Mexico and the Mexicans (1861) He was recognised as the most philosophical of English anthropologists and one of the moulders of the science when, already FRS and an honorary graduate of Oxford and St Andrews, he was appointed successively keeper of the Oxford University Museum (1883), Reader in Anthro pology, and Professor of Anthropology, and he lins been Gifford lecturer at Aberdeen and president of the Anthropological Society His Re searches into the Early History of Mankind (1865) and Primitive Culture (2 vols 1871, 3rd ed 1891) stand first among works of their class, in learning, arrangement, grasp of principles, and breadth of The foundation of his philosophy of man is involved in the significance lie finds in the various ideas, rules, and usages that accompany or flow from animism, the child like apprehension by the primitive savage of disembodied spiritual existences, as the minimum of religion and the basis of culture. One of the best introductory handbooks to a subject ever written is his attractive, luminous, and comprehensive Anthropology (1881)

Sir Edwin Arnold, the son of a Sussex magis trate, was born in 1832, and was sent to school at Rochester, to King's College, London, and to University College, Oxford, where he was elected a scholar He won the Newdigate (1853) with a poem on Belshazzar's Feast, for a while was second master at Birmingham, and afterwards became principal of the Deccan College at Poona Returning to England in 1861, he joined the staff of the Daily Telegraph, with which, as editor and otherwise, he has been since identified He published a volume of poems in 1853, and as early as 1875, in The Song of Songs of Iudia, was busy with his life-task of interpreting in English verse the life and thought of the East. His most im portant book is The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation (1879), a verse rendering of the story of the life of Buddha, with an exposition of Nirvana and Karma and the rest of his teaching, and, in-\*cidentally, descriptions of the scenery and manners of ancient India His statement of Indian philo sophy has not been accepted by experts as impeccable, and his fluent and sometimes grandiose blank verse was by critics generally regarded as lacking in distinction, but the work attained great popularity, and by the end of the century had sgone through sixty English and eighty American editions In The Light of the World (1891) he

attempted, more audaciously and less successfully, to do for Jesus Christ's life and teaching what he had done for Buddha. The subject was less unfamiliar, the inadequacy of the treatment more generally recognised, and the not infrequent infelicities more inevitably conspicuous. There was little to rivet attention, the paraphrases of the gospel story were found pedantic or purposeless, and, spite of much fine writing in smooth and copious (but monotonous) blank verse, the whole failed of effect. Other works are Pearls of the Faith, With Swadi in the Garden (translations from the Guilstan), The Tenth Muse, and other Poems,



SIR EDWIN ARNOID
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Potephar's Wife, Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife (a play), The Voyage of Ithobal He visited India and Japan, and gave readings in the United States, and wrote books on his travels, based on articles in his paper. He was CSI (1877) and KClE (1888), and had Siamese, Japanese, Persian, and Turkish decorations. His third wife was a Japanese lady. He died 25th March 1904.

Lord Avebury had made his name in literature as Sir John Lubbock long ere he was created a peer (1900). The son of the astronomer Sir John William Lubbock (1803-65), he was born in London in 1834, from Eton he passed at fourteen into his father's banking house, in 1856 became a partner, served on several educational and currency commissions, and in 1870 was returned for Maidstone in the Liberal interest, in 1880 for London University—after 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. He was the means of passing more

than a dozen important measures, including the Bank Holidays Act, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Ancient Monuments Bill, and the Shop Hours Bill He holds honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and several other home and foreign universities, was vice-chancellor of London University 1872-80, and has been president of the British Association, vice-president of the Royal Society, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the London County Council, and president of many scientific associations at home and honorary fellow of many learned societies abroad Distinguished for his original researches on primitive man and on the habits of bees and ants, he is almost equally well known as having greatly contributed. by the interest of his exposition, to popularise all the scientific subjects with which he deals, and his treatises on the practical philosophy of life have some of them reached their two hundredth His selection of the hundred best thousand books in universal literature greatly extended the mental horizon of many Englishmen and English-He has given innumerable lectures and addresses, scientific and popular, and contributed more than a hundred memoirs to the Transactions of the Royal Society and other scientific journals He has also published Prehistoric Times (1865, 6th ed 1900), The Origin of Civilisation (1870, 6th ed 1902), The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects (1874), British Wild-flowers in Relation to Insects (1875), Ants, Bees, and Wasps (1882), The Senses and Instincts of Animals (1888), The Pleasures of Life (1887-89), The Beauties of Nature (1892), The Use of Life (1894), and The Scenery of Switzerland (1896)

Sabine Baring-Gould, born at Exeter in 1834, of an old Devon family, in early life lived much in Germany and France Educated at Clare College, Cambridge, he became incumbent of Dalton near Thirsk in 1866, and rector of East Mersea, Colchester, in 1871, and in 1881 presented himself to the rectory of Lew Trenchard, Devon. having on his father's death (1872) succeeded to the estate there He is one of the most indefatigable, multifarious, and unequal of authors His eighty works include, besides several volumes of sermons and theological works, collections of English minstrelsy and west country songs, books of travel in Iceland, Brittany, and South France, works on Germany, past and present, and its Church, histories of the Cæsars and Napoleon Bonaparte, a whole series of popular antiquarian publications, of which The Book of IVere-IVolves (1865) and Curious Myths of the Middle Ages (1866) were the most popular, collections of fairy stories, of historic oddities, and strange events, and a long series of novels, of which Mehalah (1880), John Herring, Richard Cable, Mrs Curgenven, and Nebo the Natler (1902) are amongst the best known Chris of all Sorts was the work of 1903

## William Morris

was born 24th March 1834 at Walthamston, not then a suburb of London, and educated at Marl borough and Oxford His writings form only one part of his life-work as poet, artist, and reformer, in each of these directions he did a full life's work. As artist the volume of original work produced by him or under his direction is enormous, and its effect-striking enough in England already-is only now beginning to manifest itself in anything like its true proportion in western and central Europe As reformer, the result of his life-work has been to revolutionise the decorative instincts of English homes, to emphasise, and to translate for the public, the meaning of decorative art, to bring back into English printing the ideals of an early age, 'printing books which should have a definite claim to beauty and at the same time should be easy to read and should not dazzle the eve or trouble the intellect of the reader to eccentricity of form in the letters,' and even in the Socialist agitation which took up so much of the latter years of his life, and which embodied for him so many of his ideals, to redeem it from the narrowness which characterises so many of the European Socialist parties, and to bring it into line with the aspirations common to the thinking men of all political parties His influence is apparent not in the work of his imitators only, but even more in the general Renaissance of style, the substitution of a truer feeling for beauty of line and colour in all the ordinary surroundings of life. He died 3rd October 1896

As a writer, Morris belongs to the Romantic school at its best and healthiest. The Prc-Raphaelite movement, of which his work is but the direct expression, is a phase of the great romantic development, which, arising in our country, finding its first expression in the poems of Ossian, the Percy Ballads, and the work of Chatterton, spread to the continent of Europe, made itself deeply felt in Germany and in western Europe generally, while pursuing in England a course freed from some of the excesses of disordered imagination which characterised it abroad As Mr Watts Dunton, in formulating his theory of the Renascence of Wonder, has finely pointed out, the English Romantic school did not aim merely at the revival of natural language, it sought rather to reach through Art the forgotten world of old Romance-that world of wonder and mystery and spiritual beauty of which poets gain glimpses through

Magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in facry lands forlorn

When Morris was beginning his career as a writer by his contributions to the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, Tennyson had written his best poems, Browning was at his finest and freshest, Ruskin and Carlyle were applying a vigorous criticism in life and art. The moral and

emotional life of the nation had been stimulated by the Tractarian movement and the Russian war, and be himself, prepared by a lifelong interest in medieval architecture and in such romance as was open to the reader of the day, had just made the acquaintance of Malory and Froissart It was at this time that The Blessed Damozel and Hand and Soul fell into his hands. We have heard him describe their thrilling effect upon him, and when this was reinforced by the remarkable personal influence of Rossetti and his paintings, the young poet found his bent determined owe to the acquaintanceship and intimacy then formed many of the more distinctive poems-such as The Defence of Guenevere, King Arthur's Tomb and The Blue Closet, and the Tune of Seven fowers-but Morris even in these owed little to Rossetti, except subject and a sort of courtly and intense note in the diction the two minds were essentially unlike He was much more influenced by Tennyson and by Browning, but his poems were fresher and less conscious than those of Tennyson, while Browning had taught something of his own insight without lending his fine worldliness to the observation of the younger mind In that sensitivity to the outward circumstances of things which we call sensuousness Morns approaches Keats 'Riding Together,' 'Summer Dawn,' or 'The Haystack in the Floods' should, any one of them, have established the poet's reputation they did not. The little volume was spoken of 'as a curiosity which shows how far affectation may mislead an earnest man towards the fogland of Art.'

Nearly ten years passed before Morris published his Jason, a poem originally designed to take its place in the framework of The Earthly Paradise, but which had outgrown in the making the limits of that scheme His early verse 'had gradually gained for itself an increasing audience amongst men of imaginative taste,' to quote again the words of the greatest critic of our days. It was followed by the Earthly Paradise itself, the collection of poems with which Morris's name is most often The device by which twelve classic legends are alternate with as many niedieval ones provided the poet with an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage, while the introduction and the poems of the Months which connect the stories are little masterpieces no one who understands the charm of English country can be unmoved by them These works mark the second stage in his development as a writer early poems are all edge, these are distinguished by a flow so smooth and easy that 'the happiness of epitliet and of local colouring, the picturesque detail and the appropriate phrase which give life and individuality to his pictures, are for the most part known only by their effects and only fully appreciated in the retrospect.'

Low is Enough, published in 1872, was a bold innovation in point of form, written with a pas-

sionate quality such as one found in his earliest work, a much more mature balance in carrying out his scheme. It is perhaps the least popular of his works, and at the same time it is the most instructive for the student of his work, with its ordered intricacy, its architectural construction of four receding planes. In it real things are seen through a medium of strange and deceptive splendour, not enhanced but transformed, while the skill with which the difficult Middle English metres is handled enlarges the limits of English verse.

The third period of artistic development, dating from his visits to Iceland, is marl ed by a scries of translations from the Icelandic, culminating in his epic of Sigurd the Volsung, perhaps his finest work 'More musculine than Jason, more vigorous and romantic than the best of the stories in the Earthly Paradise, it will take its place among the epic poems of the world' A comparison of the way in which the subject of Sigurd was treated by Ampere among the French, Fouque among the Germans, and Morris among the English would present an instructive study of the development of the Romantic school in these three Translations of the Linerd, the Odyssey, and Beowulf mark another development of his energies Virgil was brought from Classical Art strught into Romance, but after all this was but just, as the Encid is the fountain head of Roman-In writing of his version of the Odyssey, we may again quote from Mr Watts Dunton 'The two specially Homeric qualities—those, indeed, which set Homer apart from all other poets -are eagerness and dignity That Tennyson could have given us the Homeric dignity his magnificent rendering of a famous fragment of the *Iliad* shows Chapman's translations show that the eagerness also can be caught could not have given the dignity of Homer, but then, while Tennyson has left us but a few lines speaking with the dignity of the Iliad, Morris give us a literal translation of the entire Odyssey, which, though it missed the Homeric dignity, secured the eagerness as completely as Chapman's free and ensy paraphrase.

As a prose writer his productions fall into three distinct classes-his controversial writings, his translations, and his prose romances. The works of the first class, including his lectures on art and his Socialist tales and tracts, A Dicam of John Ball, and News from Nowhere, are written in an English so simple and direct that it has no rivil since the best of Cobbett, yet with a distinction and grace all his own A little sketch, Under the Elm-tru, still lives in one's memory as the very embodiment of poetical ideas, expressed in plain and serious prose. Apart from its tendency, A Dream of John Ball is a work whose beautiful language, whose delicate fidelity to archaeological details and mediaval feeling, have conquered for it a place in the affections of many who are as the

poles asunder from its author's sympithics. The translations from the Icelandic, which we have already mentioned, are remarkable for their close ness in point of form to their originals, and the same may be said for the three hitle. I rench romances, but in the case of the latter the Old French lends itself more gracefully to our tongue, of which it is, in truth, a sort of foster mother.

His published prose romances begin with The House of the Wolfings, 'i form of literary art so new that new canons of criticism have to be formulated and applied to it'. It is the tale of a little Northern tribe attacked by the Romans, and is told in prose interiningled with song speech—a true



WILLIAM MORRIS
From a Photograph by desses Walker & til utali

Northern saga From that time forward a success sion of these tales poured from his pen, The Roots of the Mountains, The Story of the Glittering Plain, The Wood beyond the World, The Well at the World's End, The Water of the Wondrous Isles, and The Sundering Flood Round their language and diction a storm of criticism raged A public accustomed to the stereotyped form of the magazine and the newspaper found itself in face of a use of language as individual and as striking as that of Carlyle or Meredith, and wondered accord-For Morris the use of archaic words and old-world turn of phrase was an artistic necessity, if he were to create the atmosphere he required, to awaken the mind to the expectation of strange surroundings and simpler if unaccustomed motives He is not in the world of Caxton or of Malory, yet of such surroundings is his tale built up, and his language recalls, but does not copy, theirs this age of his romance never existed-1 fact which no man knew better than himself. Two pasts were always with him the historical, with I

its riches of art and its squalid poverty, its high rims and marvellous performances, its misery and vice, its good and bad, and the bad very bad, the other in ideal age, five hundred years behind us and a thous and years ahead. The age in which he loved to move is one which contains only what is fairest and strongest in mediaval life, he peoples with his infiguration a little hollow land, sheltered by wide forests and desolate wastes, where his loved ones may live undisturbed, for from the focs of the outside world. Once, indeed, he began a story of the actual past—the adventures of one of his favourite Northmen in the decaying Roman civilisation, but he found the task of portraying its cul too great for what was to be the solace of his lessure hours, and he abandoned it half done. To the picturing, then, of this ideal v orld the poet, the artist in words, brought a style wholly new, which places these romances among the most original contributions to pure literature that our cooch has Morris's use of the supernatural, too, is very personal and quite northern in character, avoiding the bizarre, the cruel, the borderland of madness into which so in my of the German Romantic school fall. Perhaps the principal defect of these romances is a want of relief to the virtues of almost all the actors therein even the criminality which occurs is business lile and free from any taint of nic inness

The literary art of William Morris is, as we have said of the Romantic school, indeed in many respects it is not too much to say that the school touches its high water mark of achieve ment with him Perhaps no single line of his reaches the haunting beauty of certain stancas from Keats or the sensuous magic of Rossetti, but, on the other hand, he is free from the mysticism of the latter he has a fuller and stronger sacep of wing than the former. Analogies have been sought for him with Chaucer and with Spenser, but though he is a comantic story-teller like Chaucer, he is distinguished from him by the fact that he finishes his stories, and by his deliberate avoidance of humour in his writing, probably in accordance with the theories of art he held this avoidance was deliberate is known from the suppressed conclusion of Sir Peter Harpedon's End, of which Mr Watts Dunton has preserved His points of contact with Spenser the memory are more numerous, but no exact parallel can be His art as a story teller was that of the improvisatore, and he carried it to the highest The pictorial point of which it was capable quality of his work sets him in a class apart from His special other writers of the Romantic school bent of mind was historic, and there were few questions concerning the Middle Ages which he had not studied. Scott knew history perhaps as well, he had at his finger ends all that was to be known of olden times, but he did not see as Morris He could describe, he could not print in words 'My work,' said Morris, 'is the embodiment of dreams—to bring before men's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with' It was this characteristic—the pictorial view of things—which, in addition to the romantic spirit and the imaginative love of beauty, gave unity and harmony to all his work, artistic and literary

## The Wedding Path.

He said 'We shall be home but a very little while after the first, for the way I tell of is as short as the Portway But hearken, my sweet! When we are in the meadows we shall sit down for a minute on a bank under the chestnut trees, and thence watch the moon coming up over the southern cliffs And I shall behold thee in the summer night, and deem that I see all thy beauty, which yet shall make me dumb with wonder when I see it indeed in the house amongst the candles.'

'O may,' she said, 'In the Portway shall we go, the torch bearers shall be abiding thee at the gate'

Spake Face of god 'Then shall we rise up and wend first through a wide treeless meadow, wherein nmidst the night we shall behold the kine moving about like odorous shadows, and through the greyness of the moonlight thou shalt deem that thou seest the pink colour of the eglimtine blossoms, so fragrant they are'

'O nay,' she said, 'but it is meet that we go by the Portway'

But he said 'Then from the wide meadow come we into a close of corn, and then into an orchard close beyond it. There in the ancient walnut tree the owl sitteth breathing hard in the night time, but thou shall not hear him for the joy of the nightingales singing from the apple trees of the close. Then from out of the shadowed orchard shall we come into the open town meadow, and over its daisies shall the moonlight be lying in a grey flood of brightness.

Short is the way across it to the brim of the Weltering Water, and across the water lieth the fining graden of the Face, and I have dight for thee there in little bout to wrift us across the might dark waters, that shall be like wavering flames of white fire where the moon smites them, and like the void of all things where the shadows hing over them. There then shall we be in the garden, beholding how the hall windows are yellow, and hearkening the sound of the hall glee borne across the flowers and blending with the voice of the nightingales in the trices. There then shall we go along the griss paths whereby the pinks and the cloves and the lavender are sending forth their fragrance, to cheer us, who faint at the scent of the over worn roses, and the honey sweetness of the likes.

'All this is for thee, and for nought but for thee this even, and many a blossom whereof thou knowest nought shall grieve if thy foot tread not thereby to night, if the path of thy wedding which I have made, be void of thee, on the even of the Chamber of Love.

'But lo! at last at the garden's end is the yew walk arched over for thee, and thou canst not see whereby to enter it, but I, I know it, and I lead thee into and along the dark tunnel through the moonlight, and 'hime hand is not weary of mine as we go But at the end shall we come to a wicket, which shall bring us out by the gable end of the Hall of the Face Turn we about its corner then, and there are we blinking on the torches of the torch beavers, and the candles through the open door, and the hall ablaze with light and full of joyous clamour,

like the bale fire in the dark night kindled on a ness above the sea by fisher folk remembering the Gods '

'O nry,' she said, 'but by the Portway must we go, the strughtest way to the Gate of Burgstead'

In vnn she spake, and knew not what she suid, for even as he was speaking he led her away, and her feet went as her will went, rather than her words, and even as she said that last word she set her foot on the first board of the foot bridge, and she turned aback one moment, and saw the long line of the rock wall yet glowing with the last of the sunset of midsummer, while as she turned again, lo ' before her the moon just begin ning to lift himself above the edge of the southern chiffs, and betwixt her and him all Burgdale, and Face of god moreover (From the Rocks of the Mountains)

### Summer Dawn.

Pry but one prayer for me 'twist thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars
The summer night wineth, the morning light slips,
Taint and grey 'twist the leaves of the aspen, betwist

That are patiently waiting there for the dawn Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold Waits to float through them along with the sun Fir out in the meadows, above the young corn,

the cloud bars,

The heavy elms wmt, and restless and cold The aneasy wind rises, the roses are dun, Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn, Round the lone house in the midst of the com

Speak but one word to me over the corn, Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn

(From The Defence of Guenevere)

### I know a little garden close

'I know a little garden close Set thick with his and red rose, Where I would wander if I might From dewy dawn to dewy night, And have one with me wandering

'And though within it no birds sing, And though no pillared house is there, And though the apple boughs are bare Of fruit and blossom, would to God, Her feet upon the green grass trod, And I beheld them as before

'There comes n murmur from the shore, And in the place two fair streams are, Drawn from the purple hills afar, Drawn down unto the restless sea, The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee The shore no ship has ever seen, Still beaten by the billows green, Whose murmur comes unceasingly Unto the place for which I ery

'For which I cry both day and night, For which I let slip all delight, That maketh me both deaf and blind, Carcless to win, unskilled to find, And quick to lose what all men seek.

'Yet tottering as I am, and weak, Still have I left a little breath To seek within the jaws of death An entrance to that happy place, To seek the unforgotten face Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me Anigh the murmuring of the sea.'

(From The Life and Death of Jason, Book is )

[The Life of William Morris, by Mr J W Mackail, was published in two volumes in 1899, a book on Morris, his art, his writings, and his public life, by Mr Aymer Vallance had appeared in 1897, in which year Mr Buxton Forman produced The Books of William Worris and there is 4 Description of the Kelmscott Press by Mr S C Cool erell (1898)]

ROBERT STECLE

Thomas Mood the Younger (1835-74), son of a more famous father, Thomas Hood the Elder (see above at page 136), studied at Pembroke College, Oxford, published a poem, a 'Farewell to the Swallows,' in 1853, and a series of Pen and Pencil Pictures in 1857, and after a year or two of journalism in Cornwall and five years' clerking in the War Office, he became, in 1865, editor of Fun, to which he contributed largely in prose, in verse, and in drawings. He published half-adozen novels, the best Captain Master's Children (1865), and to a volume of his Favourite Poems (Boston, US, 1877) his sister prefixed a Memoir

Richard Gainett, born at Lichfield in 1835, the son of a keeper of books in the British Museum, held in the same institution a succession of posts, being latterly editor (1881-90) of the great catalogue and (1890-99) keeper of printed books. He has published several volumes of original verse, besides translations from German and Italian, essays, and books on Carlyle, Emerson, Milton, Blake, and E G Wakefield, as well as on the relics of Shelley, on The Age of Dryden, on Richmond on the Thames, and a History of Italian Literature Twilight of the Gods, published in 1888 with other tales, was a brilliant jeu-d'espiri He has also contributed much to encyclopædias and the Dictionary of National Biography, and was responsible for two of the volumes of English Literature, an Illustrated Record (4 vols 1903, the other volumes by Mr Gosse) He is LL.D and CB

### Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, and critic, was born at St Ives, Huntingdon, in At the age of eleven he was sent to a private school at Cambridge, and he received there and afterwards at home an elaborate educa-At an early period of his life, in order to learn the Romany language, he saw much of the gypsics, and had those remarkable experiences with them which lend perhaps the chief colour to Aylwin and The Coming of Love In 1875, having settled in London, he became a prominent figure in a famous group of poets, and the leading critic of poetry on the La anuner and the Athenann Afterwards he took the same position on the  $\Sigma n$ cyclopædia Britannica, contributing to it a treatise on 'Poetry,' which has been described by an eminent writer as 'the literary crown of that vast work' This essay is alone sufficient to show how deep has been his study of poetic principles, and how completely justified was Mr Swinburne in styling him 'the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest minded and surest siglited of any age. In 1897 he published The Jubilee Greeting to the Men of Greater Britain, and in the same year his long-looked for volume of collected poems, The Coming of Love, which immediately set him in the front rank of contemporary poets. In the following year he published Aylwin, a poetical romance, which was placed by Lord Acton and Mr G B Gooch, in The Annals of Politics and Culture, first amongst the three most important books published in England in 1898 Aylwin, in this story, and Percy Aylwin, in The Coming of Love, may be regarded as the embodi ment of his philosophy of life. The two cousins, Henry Aylwin of the romance, and Percy Aylwin of the poem, are phases of a modern Hamlet, a Hamlet who stands at the portals of the outer dark ness, gazing with eyes made wistful by the loss of a beloved woman. In both the romance and the poem the theme is love at war with death, or, to use the words of the author, in his preface to the illustrated edition of Aylavin

It is a story written as a comment on Love's warfare with death-written to show that confronted as man is every moment by signs of the fragility and brevity of human life, the great marvel connected with him is not that his thoughts dwell frequently upon the unknown country beyond Orion where the beloved dead are loving us still, but that he can find time and patience to think upon anything else—a story written further to show how terribly despair becomes intensified when a man has lost -or thinks lie has lost—a woman whose love was the only light of his world-when his soul is torn from his body, as it were, and whisked off on the wings of the 'viewless winds' right away beyond the farthest star, till the universe hangs beneath his fect a trembling point of twinkling light, and at last even this dies away and his soul cries out for help in that utter dark It was to depict this phase of ness and loneliness human emotion that both As Frin and The Coming of Love were written. They were missives from the lonely watch tower of the unter's soul, sent out into the strange and busy battle of the world—sent out to find, if possible, another soul or two to whom the watcher was, without knowing it, akin

In Aylann the problem is symbolised by the victory of love over sinister circumstance, whereas in the poem it is symbolised by a kind of unistic dream of 'Natura Benigna.' Aylwin is so full of portruts of men of genius that no one can form a vivid conception of the higher literary and artistic life of the mid-Victorian epoch who lins not studied Notwithstanding the vogue of Aylwin, there is no doubt that it is on his poems, such as The Coming of Love, Christmas at the Mermaid, Prophetic Pictures at Venice, John the Pilgrim, The Omnipotence of Love, The Three Fausts, What the Silent Voices Said, Apollo in Paris, The Wood-Haunter's Dream, The Octopus of the Golden Isles, The Last Walk with Jowett from Boar's Hill, and Omar Khayyam, that Mr Watts Dunton's future position will mainly rest (see a study by the present writer, 1904) Here there is only room to touch upon *The Coming of Love*, a poem which, as a critic has said, 'has its chances for all time.'

Percy Aylwin is a poet and a sailor with such an absorbing love for the sea that he has no room for any other passion—to him an imprisoned sea-bird is a sufferer almost more pitiable than an imprisoned man, as will be seen by the following extract from the opening section of the poem

### Mother Carey's Chicken

[Percy, on seeing a storm petrel in a cage on a cottage wall near Gypsy Dell, takes down the cage, with the view of releasing the bird.]

I cannot brook thy gaze, beloved bird,
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye,
Too deeply, brother, is my spirit stirred
To see thee here, beneath the landsmen's sky,
Cooped in a cage with food thou canst not ext,
Thy 'snow flake' soiled, and soiled those conquering feet
That walked the billows, while thy 's vect sweet'
Proclaimed the tempest nigh

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,
I'riend whom I blessed wherever keels may roam,
Prince of my childish dreams, whom mermaids nursed
In purple of billows—silver of ocean foam,
Abashed I stand before the mighty grief
That quells all other Sorrow's King and Chief,
Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief,
Then finds a cage for home I

From out thy jail thou seest you heath and woods,
But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers?
Ali, no I those rain drops twinkling on the buds
Bring only visions of the salt sea showers.
'The sea I' the linnets pipe from hedge and heath,
'The sea I' the hone; suckles whisper and breathe,
And tumbling waves, where those wild roses wreathe,
Murming from inland bowers.

These winds so soft to others—how they burn I
The mayis sings with gurgle and ripple and plash,
To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern,
And when the rain recalls the briny lash,
Old Ocean's kiss we love—oli, when thy sight
Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—
Bright as the lightning's flash—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,
All kindly breaths of land shrub, flower, and vine,
Recall the sea scents, till thy feathered skin
Tingles in answer to a dream of brine—
When thou, remembering there thy royal birth,
Dost see between the bars a world of dearth,
Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—
So heavy and dark as thine?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (thank God!),
Who loved thee more than albutross or gull—
Loved thee, and loved the waves thy footsteps trod—
Dreamed of thee when, becalmed, we by a hull—
'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a cluld of six,
To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,
Chimbed up the boat and then with bramble sticks
Tried all in vain to scull—

The friend who shared thy Paradise of Storm—
The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,
Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form
Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,
And heard her call 'Come! for the welkin thielens,
And tempests mutter and the lightning quickens!'
Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens
Were daws or blue rock doves—

Thy friend who owned another Paridise,
Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit
Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice,
While Triton, from afar, would sound solute
There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm,
For marvellous struins, as of the morning's shalm,
Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm
Whose shores were Ocean's lute.

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,
Far glittering memories mirrored in those eyes,
As if there shone within each iris ring
An orbed world—ocean and hills and skies '—
Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep
Conquered in sport '—yea, up the glimmering steep
Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,
Sported with victories !—

To see thee here 'a coil of wilted weeds

Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,
Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds—

Winner in Mother Carey's Sabbutli fray
When, stung by magic of the Witch's chant,
They rise, each foamy crested combatant—
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and pant
Till albatross, sea swallow, and cormorant

Must flee like doves away!

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,
And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,
Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,
Master and monarch of the wind and waves,
Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,
Asked ship for shelter—never till at last
The form flakes hurled against the sloping mast
Slashed thee like whirling glaives,

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenned,
Where scarce the great sea wanderer fares with thee,
I come to take thee—nay, 'its I, thy friend'
Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free,
I come to tear this eage from off this wall,
And take thee hence to that heree festival

And take thee hence to that fierce festival
Where billows march and winds are musical,
Hymning the Victor—Sea'

Yea, lift thine eyes to mine Dost know me now?

Thou'rt free! thou rt free! Ah, surely a bird can smile!

Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how

I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,

Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take

The morsel up and wheel about the wake?

Thou'rt free, thou'rt free, but for thine own dear sake

I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast

The road that turns for home turns never wrong,
Where waves run high inv bird will not be lost

Mis home I know "tis where the winds are strong—

Where, on a throne of billows, rolling lioary
And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—
Proplietic Nature bares the secret of the story
That holds the spheres in song!

Percy, carrying the bird in the cage, suddenly comes upon a landsman friend of his, a Romany Rye (presumably the late F H Groome), who is just parting from a young gypsy-girl. She is so beautiful that Percy stands dazzled and forgets the petrel. It is symbolical of the inner meaning of the story that the bird now pushes its way through the half-open door and flies away. From that moment, through the magic of love, to Percy the land is richer than the sea, and this ends the first phase of the story. The first hiss between the two lovers is thus described.

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?
Or stood she here even now where dew drops gleam
And miles of furze shine yellov down the west?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
Her bosom beats—I see the bright eyes beam
I think she kissed these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine—so hallowed of the lips they pressed
You thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
Can this be Earth?—Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
I seem to know them, though this body of mine
Passed Into spirit at the touch of hers!

Percy stays with the gypsies, and the gypsy girl, Rhona, teaches him Romany. This arouses the jealousy of a gypsy rival—Herne the 'Scollard' Percy Aylwin's family afterwards succeeds in separating him from her, and he is again sent to sea. While cruising among the coral islands he receives the letter from Rhona which of itself paints her character with unequalled vividness.

#### Rhona's Letter

On Christmas Eve I seed in dreams the day
When Herne the Scollard come and said to me,
He's off, that rye o yourn, gone clean away gentleman
Till swallow time, he's left this letter see
In dreams I heerd the bee and grasshopper,
Like on that mornin, buz in Rington Hollow,
She'll live till swallow time and then she'll mer,
For never will a rye come back to her gentleman
Wot leaves her till the comin o the swallow

All night I heerd them bees and grasshoppers,
All night I smelt the breath o grass and may,
Mixed sweet wi smells o honey from the furze
Like on that mornin when you went anay,
All night I heerd in dreams my daddy sal laugh
Sayin, De blessed chi ud give de chollo girl—whole
O Bozzles breed—tans, vardey, greis, and all—
To see dat tarno rye o hern palall back
Wots left her till the comin o the swallow

I woke and went a walkin on the ice
All white with snow dust, just like sparklin loon,
And soon beneath the stars I heerd a vice,
A vice I knowed and often, often shoon,
hear

I I nowed it wirr my blessed mammy's mollo
Rhona, she sez, that tarno rie you love,
He's thinkin on you, don't you go and rove,
You'll see him at the comin o the swallow
Sez she, For you it seemed to kill the grass
When he wir gone, and freeze the brooklets gillies,
I here wornt no smell, dear, in the sweetest cas,
And when the summer brought the water likes,
And when the sweet winds waved the golden giv, wheat

The skies above em seemed as bleak and kollo

The months are long, but mammy says you'll live

As now, when all the world seems frozen yiv

By tlunkin o the comin o the swallow

smoke

black

MON

An then I seed a shape as thin as till,

She sez, The whinchit soon wi silver throat
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin whin,
And soon the blackcaps airliest gille ull float song
From light green boughs through leaves a peepin thin,
The wheat ear soon ull bring the willow wren,
And then the fust fond nightingale ull follow,
A callin Come, dear, to his laggin hen
Still out at sea, the spring is in our glen,
Come, darlin, wi the comin o the swallow

And she wur gone 1 And then I read the words
In mornin twilight wot you rote to me,
They made the Christmas sing with summer birds,
And spring leaves shine on every frozen tree,
And when the dawnin kindled Rington spire,
And curdlin winter clouds burnt gold and lollo
Round the dear sun, wot seemed a volk o fire,
Another night, I sez, has brought him nigher,
Hes comin withe comin o the swallow

And soon the bull pups found me on the Pool—You know the way they barks to see me slide—But when the skatin bors o Rington scool Comed on, it turned my head to see em glide. I seemed to see you twirlin on your skates, And somethin made me clap my hans and hollo, It's him, I sez, achinnin o them 8s causing But when I woke like—I'm the gal wot waits Alone, I sez, the comin o the swallow

Comin seemed ringin in the Christmas chime,
Comin seemed rit on everything I seed,
In beads o frost along the nets o rime,
Sparklin on every frozen rush and reed,
And when the pips began to bark and play,
And frisk and scrabble and bite my frock and wallow
Among the snow and fling it up like spray,
I says to them, You know who rote to say
He's comin withe comin o the swallow

The thought on t makes the snow drifts o December Sline gold, I sez, like daffodils o spring Wot wait beneath he's comin, pips, remember, If not—for me no singin birds ull sing No chorin chiriklo ull hold the gale cuckoo Wi Cuckoo, cuckoo, over hill and hollow There II be no crakiu o the meadow rail, There II be no Jug jug o the nightingale, For her wot waits the comin o the swallow

Come back, minaw, and you may kiss your han mine own
To that fine rawni rowin on the river, lady
Ill never call that lady a chovihan,
Nor yit a mumply gorgie—I ll forgive her

Come back, minaw I wur to be your wife
Come back—or, say the word, and I will follow
Your footfalls round the world I ll leave this life
(I ve flung away a ready that ere knife)—
I m dyin for the comin o the swallow

1 Tents, wagons, horses.

After a while Percy returns to England and proceeds to Gypsy Dell, reaching it at the very moment when 'the Scollard,' maddened by jealousy on discovering that Rhona is to meet Percy that night, has drawn his knife upon the girl under the starlight by the river-bank. But the courageous girl overcomes her antagonist and hurls him into the water, where he is drowned There are other witnesses-the stars, whose reflected light, according to a gypsy superstition, writes in the water, just above where the drowned man sank, mysterious hierogly placs legible only to a gypsy star readersigns telling the story of the deed For a Romany woman the penalty for marrying a Gorgio is death Notwithstanding this, Rhona, defying all perils, marries Percy Here is the bewitching picture of Rhona waking in the tent at dawn

The young light peeps through yonder trembling chink The tent's mouth makes in answer to a breeze, The rooks outside are stirring in the trees. Through which I see the deepening bars of pink. I hear the earliest anvil's tingling clink. I hear the earliest anvil's tingling clink. From Jasper's forge, the cattle on the lens. Begin to low. She's waking by degrees. Sleeps rosy fetters melt, but link by link. What dream is hers? Her eyelids shake with tears, The fond eyes open now like flowers in dew. She sobs I know not what of passionate fears. You'll never leave me now? There is but you, I dreamt a voice was whispering in my ears, "The Dukkeripen o' stars comes ever true."

But Rhona cannot free her mind from forebodings, and one night when they are on the river together, she herself reads the runes of the stars

The mirrored stars lit all the billrush spears, And all the flags and broad leaved his isles. The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles, Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres. We rowed—we sang, her voice seemed in mine ears An angel's, yet with woman's dearer wiles. But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles, And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears. What shaped those shadows like another boat Where Rhona sat and he Love made a liar? There, where the Scollard sank, I saw it float, While ripples shook the stars to 55 mbols dire, We wept—we kissed—while starry fingers wrote, And ripples shook the stars to a snake of fire

The gypsies, by reading the starry signs, get, as Rhona foresaw, a knowledge of the homicide, and, inveigling her from her husband, secretly slay her Percy, coming back to Gypsy Dell, tries wantly to find out where the gypsies have buried her. Then he flies from the dingle lest the memory of Rhona should drive him mad, and lives alone in the Alps, where he passes into the strange ecstasy, depicted

in 'Natura Maligna,' which has been much discussed by the critics

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold I ollowed my feet with azure eyes of prey. By glacier brink slie stood-by cataract spray-When mists were dire, or avalanche echoes rolled At night she glimmered in the death wind cold, And if a footprint slione at break of day, My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say "Tis hers whose hand God's nuglitier living doth hold" I trod her snow bridge, for the moon was bright, Her reiele arch across the sheer erevasse. When lo, she stood ! God made her let me pass, Then felled the bridge ! Oh, there in sallow light, There down the clasm, I saw her, cruel, white, And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

Of this awful vision Sir George Birdwood, the orientalist, wrote in the Athenaum of 5th February 1881. 'Even in its very epithets it is just such a hymn as a Hindu Puritan (Suvite) would address to Kali ("the malignant") or Purvati ("the mountaineer"). It is to be delivered from her that Hindus shrick to God in the dehrium of their fear.' Finally, a magical dream comes to the anguished lover which prepares him for the true reading of 'The Promise of the Sunrise' and the revelation of 'Natura Benigna'

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear Last night came she whose eyes are memories now, Her far off gaze seemed all forgetful how Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear 'Sorrow,' I said, 'has made me old, my dear, 'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow Beneath my load a seraph's neck might bow, Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair' Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move! I saw the love mists thickening in her eyes—I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise, But when upon my neck she fell, my love, Her hair smelt sweet of whim and woodland spice

And now 'Natura Benigna' speaks to him, and he is consoled

What power is this? What witchery wans my feet To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow, All silent as the emerald gulfs below, Down whose ice walls the wings of twilight beat? What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet—What answering pulse that all the senses know, Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet? Mother, 'tis I, reborn I know thee well That throb I know and all it prophesies, O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell Of Silence, gazing from thy hills and skies! Dumb Mother, stringgling with the years to tell The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes

It is intensely interesting to the metrical student to see how in a form so novel, so concentrated, and so artistic, Rhona Boswell lives with an electric passion unrivalled save in the terse drama of the Border ballad or the 'lyrical cry' of Heine or Burns

JAMES DOUGLAS

# Algernon Charles Swinburne

was born in Chapel Street, Belgravia, on 5th April His father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, belonged to an old Northumbrian family, and his mother, Lady Jane Henrietta, was a daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham Although born in London, he is not a Londoner, for it was by chance that his birth took place at a time when his family were making a brief stay His father owned a beautiful in the metropolis place in the Isle of Wight-East Dene, Bonchurch -together with the well-known Landslip, and his grandfather (Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart.) resided at Capheaton, his estate in Northumber-The two families for some years lived together, spending the summer at Capheaton and the winter at East Dene. Some of his later lyrics were written at The Orchard, a beautiful place at Niton Bay belonging to a relative He entered Eton in his twelfth and left it in his seventeenth year After leaving Eton he read for two years with the future Bishop Woodford A reminiscence of his school days appears in the Dedication to Poems and Ballads Speaking of his verses, he says

Some sang to me dreaming in classifme,
And truant in hand as in tongue,
For the joungest was born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young

In 1856 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were John Nichol, T H Green, A. V Dicey, G Birkbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke, a brilliant young student who was drowned (not unlike 'Lycidas') while swimming in the Isis Other contemporaries were Sir Michael Hicks Beach and the Right Hon James Bryce Four contributions by Mr Swinburne appeared in the Undergraduate Papers (1857-58), a publication edited by John Nichol, who has described it as being 'to our set what The Germ was to Rossetti's' Although in 1858 he took the Taylorian Prize for French and Italian, and a second class in classical moderations, Mr Swinburne left Oxford in 1860 without taking a degree, and shortly afterwards published at his own expense his first volume of poetry, The Queen Mother and Rosamund (1860), two Shakespearian plays full of dramatic fire and poetic presage, but although its promise was recognised by some literary men, the book fell dead In 1861 Mr Swinburne spent with his parents a few weeks in Italy At that time Walter Savage Landor was living at Fiesole Being already an ardent Landonan, Mr Swinburne had brought with him a letter of introduction to Landor from Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and the two poets met four or five times, the young generation mingling with the old

And with the white the gold haired head Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's truth Was half not harsh in the ears of youth

During the next few years Mr Swinburne contributed several poems to the Spectator, in which also appeared his famous letter on Mr George Meredith's Modern Love-the first authoritative recognition of his friend's genius as a poet Atalanta in Calydon appeared in 1865 praised by Monckton Milnes in the Edinburgh Remew, by the Athenaum, and by other literary journals, it immediately placed the young poet in the foremost files of fame Chastelard, the first part of his Mary Stuart trilogy, was published in the same year, and in the following year (1866) Poems and Ballads fell like a thunderbolt on Philistin If Atalanta made the poet Byronically famous, Poems and Ballads made him Byronically infamous Savagely assailed and maligned, he fiercely defended himself in Notes on Poems and Reviews (1866), but the British public was in 'one of its periodical fits of morality,' and the poet was 'singled out as an expiritory sacrifice.' For years the storm raged round his head, and the London clubs buzzed with fantastic legends and apocryphal gossip although, or because, Philistia howled, everybody knew 'Faustine' and 'Dolores' by heart. 'We all went about,' said a contemporary poet, 'chanting to one another those new, astonishing melodics' Mr Swinburne himself has described Poems and Ballads as péchés de jeunesse But 'Dolores' is more than a tour de force in double rhymes. It is one of the most poignantly moral lyrics in our literature. It is a passionate revelation of the pain of pleasure, the ennul of evil, and the It may seem a far cry from satiety of sin Solomon to Swinburne, but 'Dolores' is really a lyrical version of the seventh chapter of Proverbs. It is the despairing cry of the baffled voluptuary Vice has its renegades as well as virtue. We hear too much about the temptations of vice, and too little about the temptations of virtue. 'Dolores' shows that in the deepest depth of hedonism the hedonist is haunted by the eternal riddle of good and evil, that the wiles of vice are weaker than the wiles of virtue, and that the attainment of perfect depravity is infinitely harder than the attainment of perfect righteous Doubtless so daring a paradox was bound to épater le bourgiois, especially the conventional Pharisee, who habitually overvalues the power of evil and undervalues the power of good, but surely the purblindest prude might have perceived the ethical meaning of such lines as

Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

No prophet or preacher has painted the agony and anguish of sin more remorselessly than Mr Swinburne With regard to the metrical structure of 'Dolores,' it is interesting to note that it is based on Byron's 'Stanzas to Augusta' ('Though the day of my destiny's over') By truncating the last line

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energy in varied technique which had passed since he wrote Atalanta the powers of the poet had Under its steadily strengthened and matured austere form Atalanta pulses with the luxuriant exuberance of youthful romanticism Its arraignment of the gods and most of its choruses are really as modern in temper as Prometheus Unbound Erechtheus is a much more serious attempt to solve the problem which has fascinated many generations of poets from Milton to Shelley, I tions Erechtheus is the most wonderful

from Landor to Matthew Arnoldthe problem of resurrecting in English the soul of Greck thought and imagination In the case of Mr Swinburne the fascination was a fascination opposites, for no temper could be less Greek than Swinburnian temper But there seems to be a principle in litera ture which resem bles the principle of sexual selection The artist some times instinctively seeks for his own antithesis and hungers after victory ın alıcn forms All the romantic riot in MrSwinburne's blood clamoured for Greek severity and Greek strunt. Nothing is more remarkable in the phenomena of literature than unconscious

economy of correction I he same tendency may be seen in Browning, whose Gothic grotesquerie and barbaric formlessness were always sprawling at the feet of Greek sanity and Greek beauty The most paradoxical feature of Mr Swinburne's Hellenism is its co existence with his romanticism His imagination is Protean He assumes the very soul of a period, and for the time sings as if he were a poet of the time. At one moment he is an Elizabethan dramatist, at another a Hebrew seer, at another a French lyrist, at another a Greek poet His mastery of multifurious styles is unparalleled. The vivid Greek verses prefixed to Atalanta are followed by the no less vivid l

'Argument,' written in prose as magical as that of the Authorised Version Or take 'Anactoria' (perhaps the pinnacle of his achievements in point of form), or 'On the Cliffs,' in which he captures the uncapturable Sapphic cadence

> Bid not ache nor agony break nor master, Lady, my spirit

But of all Mr Swinburne's spiritual transmigra

austerity of con tour, its pure sanity of style, its noble patriotism, its holy maternal heroism, its magninimity, and its clangorous songs of storm and battle are all built up into an edifice of balanced beauty and symmetrical The strength choruses in *Erech*theus will never be so popular as the choruses in Atalanta, but m perfection of form and unity of spirit it is nobler than Atalanta, and indeed nobler than any other remearnation of Greek art

After Lrechtheus the romantic tem per reconquered the poet's magna tion, and since then it has maintained its ascendency This no doubt is partly due to the influence of the closer intimacy which sprang up

about this time between him and the great romantic poet and critic Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton It was in 1879 that the two friends became permanent housemates at The Pines, Putney Hill They have lived together ever since In these days when literary friendships are some times more perilous than literary enmities, the spectacle of a literary friendship which has endured for thirty years refutes a reproach which is often cast at the Republic of Letters. Though living so near London, Mr Swinburne is not of London, and his days pass serenely between the lintels of literature and life. Yet he is by no means the bookish recluse of popular legend He sees



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

many friends at The Pines He is full of physical A great lover of long rambles, he fire and energy is seen every morning 'walking the Wimbledon postmin off his legs' He is like a boy in his hearty love for the open air He never deigns to wear an overcoat or to carry an umbrella or to wear a glove, but swings along with an elastic stride in winter and summer, in wind and snow and rain, with a gusto for all weathers as hearty as George Borrow's He still delights in swimming with his friend, who as a boy swam at Cromer with George Borrow The value of a comradeship so congenial in so many ways to Mr Swinburne's essentially sociable nature can hardly be exaggerated, and there can be no doubt that his genius owes much to the sympathy and the incitement of this ideal companionship tram of Lyonesse (1882) was inscribed 'To my best friend, Theodore Watts, I dedicate in this book the best I have to give him,' and to it was prefixed this beautiful sonnet

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,
Fliat twice have heard keen April's clarion sound
Since first we here together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and refterate word
Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third

There is a friend that as the wise man saith

Cleaves clover than a brother nor to me

Hath time not shown, through days like waves at

strife.

This truth more sure than all things else but death,
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
That washes toward your feet these waifs of life

Assuredly the poet gave his 'best,' for besides Tristram, in which the impressioned splendour of his lyrical genius culminated, the volume contains some of his finest sonnets (including the superb cameos of the Elizabethan dramatists) and that lovely nosegay of child songs, 'A Dark Month' In A Midsummer Holiday (1884), which was also inscribed 'To Theodore Watts,' Mr Swinburne commemorated a holiday spent with his friend on the East Anglian coast As this volume contains some of Mr Swinburne's most magnificent seaballads, a word about his passion for the sea may not be out of place. Doubtless other poets have sung the sea, but no other poet has sung it so spontaneously and so sincerely Most of our poets, from Cumpbell to Kipling, regard the sea either as a stage for our naval heroes, or as material for metaphor, or as a stock pot of sentiment, or as a reservoir of rhetoric. Even Byron addresses the ocean as if it were a public meeting Mr Swinburne was the first poet to escape from all these artificialities and to do for the sea what Wordsworth did for the land. His clean rapture in the sea is free from literary affectation glorious description of Tristram swimming is

written in the grandly spacious manner of the greatest poetry

And he, ere night's wide work lay all undone,
As earth from her bright body easts off night,
Cast off his raiment for a rapturous fight
And stood between the sea's edge and the sea
Naked, and godlike of his mould as he
Whose swift foot's sound shook all the towers of
I rov.

So elothed with might, so girt upon with joy,

As, ere the knife had shorn to feed the fire His glorious hair before the unkindled pyre Whereon the half of his great heart was laid, Stood, in the light of his live limbs arrayed, Child of heroic earth and heavenly sea, The flower of all men scaree less bright than he, If any of all men latter born might stand, Stood Tristram, silent, on the glimmering strand Not long but with a cry of love that rang As from a trumpet golden monthed, he spring, As toward a mother's where his head might rest Her child rejoicing, toward the strong sca's breast That none may gird nor measure and his heart Sent forth a shout that bade his hips not part, But triumplied in him silent no man's voice, No song, no sound of elarions that rejoice, Can set that glory forth which fills with fire The body and soul that have their whole desire Silent, and freer than birds or dreams are free Take all their will of all the encountering sea. And toward the foam he bent and forward smote, Laughing, and launched his body like a boat Full to the sea breach, and against the tide Struck strongly forth with amorous arms made wirle To take the bright breast of the wave to his And on his lips the sharp sweet minute's kiss Given of the wave's hip for a breath's space curled And pure as at the daydawn of the world And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea Kindled, as though the world were even as he, Heart stung with exultation of desire And all the life that moved him seemed to aspire, As all the sea's life toward the sun and still Delight within him waxed with quickening will More smooth and strong and perfect as a flame I hat springs and spreads, till each glad limb became A note of rapture in the tune of life, Like music mild and keen as sleep and strife Till the sweet change that bids the sense grow sure Of deeper depth and purity more pure Wrapped him and lapped him round with clearer cold, And all the rippling green grew royal gold Between him and the far sun's rising rim And like the sun his heart rejoiced in him, And brightened with a broadening flame of mirth And hardly seemed its life a part of earth, But the life kindled of a fiery birth And passion of a new begotten son Between the live sea and the living sun And mightier grew the joy to meet full faced Each wave, and mount with upward plunge, and taste The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross Its flickering crown of snows that flash and toss Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and thence To match the next with vet more strenuous sense, Till on his eyes the light beat hard and bade

His face turn west and shoreward through the glad Swift revel of the waters golden clad, And back with light reluctant heart be bore Across the broad backed rollers in to shore

As examples of Mr Swinburhe's later sea poetry, we may mention those magnificent ballads, 'In the Water' and 'On the Verge'

Since the publication of A Midsummer Holiday Mr Swinburne has devoted himself mainly to poetic drama in the Elizabethan manner In Marino Taliero (1885) he handled with great power the well-known story of the octogenarian doge of Faliero is a magnificent conception, and the stainless loves of Bertuccio and the Duchess are as pure and as fresh as the loves of Dante and Beatrice It is indeed a curious error to imagine that the Swinburnian conception of love is solely or even mainly sensual The truth is that in Mr Swinburne's poetry many phases of the love passion are found. No doubt he seems to accentuate the sensual as distinguished from the sentimental side of love, and the explanation is to be sought not only in the poet's pas sionate temperament, but in his saturation with Greek poetry, in which love is an animal appe tite like hunger or thirst Turther, his Elizabethanism leads him into direct locutions which are at variance with the modern taste for veiled suggestion Stress is often laid on his Gallicism, but in point of fact his temper is utterly different from the Gallic temper, preferring plain, downright Saxon to salacious euphemism and suggestive periphrasis. The present literary convention is not likely to be permanent, and it must be said that Mr Swinburne's fearless candour is broader and larger and in essence more wholesome than the mankish sentimentalism of the fading Victorian age Chastelard is a poignantly true study of a young man fascinated by the selfish conicism of a beautiful noman. Everybody knows that there are women who dominate men not by their nobility, but by their ignobility—nomen whose charm is a repulsive attraction Sumburne shows other aspects of love It would be hard to match in our literature the extreme evaltation and heroic purity of the crotic passages in Tristram Here the love-passion is shown in its healthiest and wholesomest phase, a phase which stands midway between Greek animalism and Victorian sentiment Since Marino Fatiero Wr Sumburne has published three plays Locrine (1887), The Sisters (1892) and Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards (1899) In addition to the volumes of poems already mentioned, he has pub lished Songs of Two Nations (1875), Poems and Ballads Second Series (1878), Poims and Ballads Third Series (1889), Songs of the Springtides (1880), Studies in Song (1880) The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense (1880), A Century of Roundels (1883), Astrophel (1894), The Tale of Balen (1896) He has also made a volume of Selections from his poetical works His prose ! works include George Chapman a Critical Essay (1875), A Note on Charlotte Brontō (1877), A Study of Shakespeare (1880), Miscellanies (1886), A Study of Victor Hugo (1886), A Study of Ben Jonson (1889), Studies in Prose and Poetry (1894) He has also contributed to the Encyclopadia Britannica and to the leading monthly reviews many valuable critical monographs and essays. In his numerous studies of the Ehzabethan dramatists he has done more than any writer save Charles Lamb to revive interest in the great poets so long overshadoved by the genius of Shakespeare

In many respects, indeed, Mr Swinburne is more Elizabethan than Victorian Like Ben Jonson be is 'passionately kind and angry,' and like Mar lowe he is 'all air and fire'. No modern poet is more utterly born and more utterly made a There seems to be no thread of prose in his nature. His imagination is perpetually incan descent, his poetic energy always at white heat He sees everything in terms of poetry no gift of prose compromise or secular concilia His intellect is worked by his imagination so swiftly that it seems uncontrollable, but in reality he is a perfect master of his vehicle. It is possible for a poet to be too poetical for his time, for in all save the golden ages of literature, poetry is a foreign language to four men out of five and to nine critics out of ten Learning does not endow a man with the power of knowing poetry when he sees it. That is why so much modern criticism is preoccupied with the unpoetic elements of poetry -with its philosophy, its morality, its message to the age, its anecdotes, and so forth poetry like Mr Swinburne's didactic criticism is dumb, searching in vain for the facile novelette, the easy platitude, the pious truism He is a singer and nothing but a singer

### He sings in music for the music comes

In Tennyson's just phrase, 'he is a reed through which all things blow into music.' This, far from being a defect, is a unique power, for he has made poetry almost as sensuously emotional and imagi native as music. It is with music that his poetry ought to be compared, for it affects the intellectual feelings not merely through the logical ficulty, but mainly through the aural imagination along in vast volumes of subtly modulated melody, in long, undulant waves of rhythmic harmoni that elate and exalt, trouble and charm, thrill and enthral the mind It enters the soul not by the avenue of the eve, but by the avenue of the ear, not like the coloured song of Milton or Shakespeare, Keats or Wordsworth, but like the sym phonies and sonatas, the operas and oratorios, of the great musical composers. Other poetry may be read by the eye his must be read by the ear Unfortunately, in modern times the habit of read ing poetry aloud has died out, and most men in the presence of poetry are like the deaf at a concert or That is why the colour blind in a picture gallery

the magnitude of Mr Swinburne's creative energy is unsuspected by students trained in the old didactic school Bewildered by his manifold music, they charge him with masking his intellectual poverty under sonorous verbinge. It is strange that a fallacy so uncritical should pass for criticism In sheer intellectual power of the imagination Mr Swinburne is surpassed by none of his The fact that his intellect excontemporaries presses itself in so many new metrical forms proves rather than disproves its strength for in his best work the conquest of sense is not less complete than the conquest of sound, the mastery of mind is as triumphant as the mastery of music. The quality of intellectual imagination displayed in 'Atalanta,' 'Erechtheus,' 'Tristram,' 'Hertha,' 'Tiresias,' 'The Hymn to Proserpine,' 'The Hymn of Man,' 'The Eve of Revolution,' 'Ave Atque Vale' (a threnody as fine as Lycidas or Adonais), 'The Triumph of Time,' 'A Forsaken Garden,' 'Hesperia,' 'The Garden of Proserpine,' 'By the North Sea,' 'A Nympholept,' 'A Song in Time of Order,' 'Itylus,' 'Jacobite Song,' 'Cor Cordium,' 'Ilicet,' 'Christmas Antiphones,' and in scores of lyrics, songs, and sonnets, is of the first order Full justice has never been done to the intellectual subtlety of such a poem as 'Hertha'

I am that which began,
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me God and man,
I am equal and whole,
d changes, and man, and the form o

God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily, I am the soul

Beside or above me,

Nought is there to go,

Love or unlove me,

Unknow me or know,

I am that which unloves me and loves, I am stricken,
and I am the blow

I the mark that is missed,
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and the body that is

But what thing dost thou know,
Looking Godward, to cry
'I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high'?
thou, whom thou seekest to find him

I am thou, whom thou seekest to find hun, and thou but thyself, thou art I

No doubt it is Mr Swinburne's diffuseness which has engendered the critical delusion that he is mainly a gorgeous verbalist. But although in one sense he is the most diffuse of poets, in another sense he is the least diffuse. Few poets can pack an iambic line more cunningly and more closely, with more magical feets of elision, or beat more music into a sonnet or a song. As has been pointed out, he is diffuse only in anaprestic and dactylic metres. The true test of the Swinburnian

lyric is not verbal parsimony, but musical richness, for here it is music that expresses emotion-music and music alone, music often without colour, music often without pictorial flashes Of course there are unvitalised tracts in Swinburne, as in all poets, where the music expresses no emotion, and then, no doubt, as Mr Myers said, we must read the emotion into the music. But true criticism must recognise that diffuseness is as legitimate in anaprests and dactyls as it is illegitimate in lambs. For it has been shown that, owing to the dominance in English of the consonants over the vowels, the anapæstic line, with its crowded syllables, becomes 'pebbly' unless the corners are bevelled off by liquids, and the available words containing I's and r's being limited, the expression of the thought must be manipulated in order to include them The result is that the poet in his search for music diverges from concise and direct utterance, deliberately sacrificing verbal brevity to verbal Another charge brought against Mr Swinburne concerns his undoubtedly excessive use of alliteration. Here again the explanation is to be found in the laws governing anapæstic and dactylic verse, for if daring liquidation is necessary to oil the clogging consonants, daring alliteration is necessary to drive them along Therefore criticism must recognise that bold alliteration is as legitimate in anapæsts and dactyls as it is illegitimate in lambs. If we study, for example, one of the loveliest choruses in Atalanta, the hymn to Artemis, we shall see that its rhytlimical beauty could not have been achieved without liquidation and alliteration

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With hisp of leaves and ripple of rain,
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain

Come with bows bent, and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might,
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day, and the feet of the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round our knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player,
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south west wind and the west wind sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins,
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins,

And time remembered is grief forgotten, And frosts are slun and flowers begotten, And in green underwood and cover Blossom by blossom the spring begins

The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammed a trivelling foot,
The funt fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut lines at the chestnut root

And Pan by noon and Bacelius by night,
Pleeter of foot than the fleet foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Monad and the Bassarid,
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid

The ny falls with the Breehand's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes,
The wild vine shipping down leaves hare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs
The wild vine ships with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried my catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies

It may seem superfluous to prose the metrical splendour of this immortal lyric, but one may pardonably dwell on the magical effect produced by the introduction of the couplet after the fourth line, by the choice of a dactyl for the opening of the second stanza instead of the anapæst used for the opening of the first stanza, and by the thunderous resteration of the word 'fire' in the fourth line of the third stanza.

It must be admitted that in rhymed iambic measures Mr Swinburne is often too diffuse and too alliterative. This is due partly to his training in dancing metres, and partly to his undoubted passion for sacrificing the demands of the eye to the demands of the ear. His habit of allowing the rhyme to master his inargination continually retards the imaginative περιπέτεια

For rhyme the rudder is of verses, With which, like ships, they steer their courses

Indeed, it must be said that no great poet has ever defied so defiantly the maxim, Ars est celare at tem. He seems to reveal his art as carefully as other poets conceal it. But it would be absurd to suppose that he does so by chance and not by design. He doubtless deliberately accepts the loss in illusion for the sake of the gain in music. It is uncritical, therefore, to censure as insincerity what is evidently a deliberate means towards a definite end. The question whether the end justifies the means is a question of ear as well as eye, for undoubtedly undue servility to the eye tends towards metrical monotony as great as the metrical monotony produced by undue servility to the ear

On the whole, it must be allowed that Mr Swin burne, by undicating the stifled claims of lyneal music, has enriched our poetry with an almost mexhaustible variety of new rhythms, new metres, new measures, and new rhymes. He has, indeed, no rival as a metrical inventor. As a specimen of his extreme subtlety in this respect, it is sufficient to cite 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' one of the many grandly sonorous metrical structures which he has built upon the prose cadences of the Old Testament

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

Apart from its rhythmical beauty, this poem illustrates the Hebraic temper of the poet's genius. In prophetic grandeur and moral sublimity he is close of kin to the great Israelitish seers. His imaginative metempsychosis of the august Hebrew spirit is, indeed, one of the most original features of his poetry, and suggests a comparison with Milton's Hebraism which would, however, take us too far afield.

Another marvellous feat of metrical creation is the home in Atalanta, remarkable for rhythmical qualities quite different from those displayed in the poems already mentioned

#### Melenger

Let your hands meet
Lound the weight of my head,
Lift yo my feet
As the feet of the dead,

For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten as lead

Unto each man lus fate,

Unto cach as he saith
In whose fingers the weight
Of the world is as breath,
Yet I would that in clamour of battle mine hands had
laid hold upon death

Would God he had found me
Beneath fresh boughs!
Would God he had bound me
Unawares in mine house,
the in mine cyes, and songs in my lips, an

With light in mine eyes, and songs in my lips, and a crown on my brows!

But thou, O mother,

The dreamer of dreams,

Wilt thou bring forth another

To feel the sun's beams

When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by ampassable streams?

#### Chorus

When thou dravest the men
Of the chosen of Thruce,
None turned him again
Nor endured he thy face
Clothed round with the blush of the battle, with light

from a terrible place

#### Oeneus

Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears,
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine cars
With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty,
the splendour of spears.

#### Meleager

For the dead man no home is,
Ah, better to be
What the flower of the foam is
In fields of the sea
That the sea waves might be as my raiment, the gulf
stream a garment for me.

Would the winds blow me back?

Or the waves hurl me home?

Ah, to touch in the track

Where the pinc learnt to roam

Cold girdles and crowns of the sea gods, cool blossoms of water and foam!

In all poetry there is no funeral dirge so heavily—niclancholy, so sorrowfully dolorous, so plangently solemn. The rhythms and the rhymes rise and fall like the slow feet of mourners, and the syllables bent with the very pulse of grievous despair. Another kind of metrical invention is found in 'The Eve of Revolution,' where the magnificent sublimity of the music is heightened and deepened by the splendid *leitmotif* of the trumpet that breaks up the night. Tremendous are the metrical antitheses and antiphones in *Tristram of Lyonesse*, notably in the book entitled 'Iscult at Tintagel,' where the wind and the sea chant a terrible choral accompaniment to the anguish of the Queen

And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind, And as a breaking battle was the sea. And as a full field charging was the sea And as the ery of slain men was the wind And all her soul was as the breaking sea, And all her heart anlingered as the wind And all their pist came wailing in the wind, And all their future thundered in the sea And as men's anguish clamouring cried the wind, And as God's anger answering rang the sea And like a world's cry shuddering was the wind, And like a God's voice threatening was the sea. And like man's heart relenting sighed the wind, And as God's wrath subsiding sank the sea.

There is a perpetual play and counterplay of symbolical imagery throughout the poem. The *leitmotif* of tragic passion appears at the close of the first book, 'The Sailing of the Swallow'

Their lieads neared and their hands were drawn in one, And they saw dark, though still the insunken sun Far through fine rain shot fire into the south, And their four lips became one burning mouth

And at the end, when Iseult steps on shore and finds Tristram dead, it resumes the whole tragedy of their tragic love

And ere her ear might hear her heart had heard, Nor sought she sign for witness of the word, But came and stood above him newly dead,
And felt his death upon her, and her head
Bowed, as to reach the spring that slakes all drouth,
And their four hips became one silent mouth

In many respects Tristram of Lyonesse must be regarded as Mr Swinburne's masterpiece. It is the noblest 'lyrical epic' in our literature. In it the heroic couplet is transformed from the cold artificial cadence of Dryden and Pope into a grandly sonorous and sinuous rhythmical life, full of cunningly linked harmonies and anapæstic undulations more nearly resembling the Homeric hexameter than any of the innumerable attempts to reproduce 'the strong-winged music of Homer,' and at the same time approximating very closely to the fluent continuity of blank verse. Where, for example, can such a passage as the description of Tristram rowing be matched?

And while they sat at speech as at a feast, Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east And blackening till its might liad marred the skies, And the sea thrilled as with heart sundering sighs One after one drawn, with each breath it drew, And the green hardened into iron blue, And the soft light went out of all its face. Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might In the east wind's full free and the strong ser's spite Labouring, and all the rowers rowed hard, but he More inightily than any wearier three And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes That loved him but in holy girlish wise For noble joy in his fair manliness And trust and tender wonder, none the less She thought if God had given her grace to be Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea, Even such a man she would be, for his stroke Was mightiest as the mightier water broke, And in sheer measure like strong music drave Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave, And as a tune before a great king played I or triumph was the tune their strong strokes made, And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars Over the mid sea's grey foam paven floors, For all the loud breach of the waves at wall So for an hour they fought the storm out still, And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high The keel sprang from the wave ridge, and the sky Glared at them for a breath's space through the run

Or take the great couplet in the description of Tristram's last fight

But on the slayer exulting like the flame Whose foot foreshines the thunder Tristram came.

Or the sunset in Joyous Gard

So that day
They communed, even till even was worn'away,
Nor aught they said seemed strange or sad to say,
But sweet as night's dim dawn to weariness
Nor loved they life or love for death's sake less,
Nor feared they death for love's or life's sake more.
And on the sounding soft funereal shore

They, watching till the day should wholly die, Saw the far sea sweep to the far grey sky, Saw the long sands sweep to the long grey sea. And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea, And only far off shore the form gave light, And life in them sank silent as the night.

# Or Iseult's piteous prayer

Yea, though deep lips and tender hair be thinned, Though check wither, brow fade, and bosom wane, Shall I change also from this heart again. To madenhood of heart and holiness? Shall I more love thee, Lord, or love him less—Ah miserable! though spirit and heart be rent, Shall I repent, Lord God? shall I repent? Nay, though thou slay me! for herein I am blest, That as I loved him yet I love him best—More than mine own soul or thy love or thee, Though thy love save and my love save not me.

Or the large imagery in the lines telling how Tristram-

Let all sad thoughts through his spirit sweep. As leaves through air or tears through eyes that weep. Or snowflakes through dark weather and his soul,. That had seen all those sightless seasons roll. One after one, wave over weary wave, Was in him as a corpse is in its grave.

Or this flash of romantic glamour

And like the moan of lions hurt to death

Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.

Or this troubling picture of the queen

And all that strange hair shed Across the tissued pillows, fold on fold Innumerable, incomparable, all gold

The failure of modern poets to raise blank verse to the Shakespearian or to the Miltonic height suggests that the Swinburnian heroic couplet may be more suited to the genius of a language which craves for the rich emphasis of rhyme. Before Tristram was written our poets assumed, perhaps too hastily, that the heroic couplet was an artificial form incapable of being made ductile and flexible. Tristram overthrew that assumption, and perhaps the Tristram couplet may be still further developed by poets who cannot build the loftier harmonies of blank verse. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr Swinburne has not continued an experiment so fruitful

In conclusion, it may be well to clear away certain uncritical ideas with regard to Mr Swinburne's religious poems. It is absurd to assume that, because he scourges the crimes of Christless Christianity, he is therefore blind to the moral grandeur of Christ. Now and again an ignorant and illiterate person speaks of such a poem as 'Before a Crucifix'—a vindication of Christ against theological caricatures of Christ—as if it were an attack on Christ Himself! It would indeed be strange if a poet who has drawn his inspiration so largely from the Bible were unable to realise

its of chical splendour. It is because he realises it more intensely than some of its professional in terpreters that he perceives the paradox of an unchristian Christianity—

Of Christian creeds that spit on Christ.

His conception of Christ is summed up in his sonnet 'On the Russian Persecution of the Jews,' with its prophetic appeal

Face loved of little children long ngo, Head hated of the priests and rulers then, Say was not this thy passion, to forcknow In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

There is really no deep difference between the Pantheism of Browning and the 'Pananthropism' of Swinburne, and the spiritual interpretation of the Incarnation brings the most liberal theologians very close to the Swinburnian conception of the divinity of man. It is not a paradox, therefore, but a platitude to say that Mr Swinburne, for from being irreligious, is one of the most religious poets of our time. Faults he has, but they are superficial faults of taste and judgment rather than deep flaws of the spirit, and the day is coming when it will be universally acknowledged that he has pursued his artistic aims with a high nobility of soul and with a lofty faith in the spiritual future of humanity

#### JAMES DOUGLAS

# Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy, one of the greatest novelists of the period, was born at Upper Bockhampton near Dorchester, 2nd June 1840 He was brought up and practised as an architect, gaining in 1863 the prize and medal of the Institution of British Architects and Sir William Tite's prize for archi His intention was to become tectural design an architect, and his earliest work in print is an account of the building of a house, published in Chambers's Journal in 1865 But he gradually became absorbed in literature, and from the be ginning of his career till now he has steadily risen in the estimation alike of critics and the public. Always a diligent student, he was in his early years deeply impressed by the poetry of The Dorsetshire poems of his friend and neighbour, the Rev William Barnes, were also favourites, and he has written more than one critical appreciation of these, remarkable for depth and subtlety - Mr Hardy, who has resided for many years at Max Gate, Dorchester, has had no public life, and his jealously guarded his privacy. But on various occasions he has spoken frankly of his own intention in his novels, partly in his interesting prefices and partly in occasional replies to critics. He has removed the thin veil which hangs over the scenery of his fiction Mr Hardy's first novel, Desperate Remedies, was published anonymously in 1871 Though it had no popular success, its great power was recognised by the critics, notably the Athenaum and the Spectator-'We see no reason why he should not write novels only a little inferior to the best of the present generation? In 1872 the charming idyl Under the Greenwood Tice appeared, and was recognised as a singularly fresh and delightful sketch of rural life, comparable with the masterpieces of George Sand - It describes the love affairs of a country schoolmistress, 'a bright little bird,' with the vicar, the churchwarden, and the tranter's son, who wins the prize. It was followed in 1873 by A Pair of Blue Lyes, a tragedy wrought out with much subtlety and pathos irony prevented it from being very popular, though the heroine is one of the most winning among the author's creations Mr Hardy gained his first notable success with his next book, Far from the Madding Crowd, first published in the Cornhill Magazine, under the editorship of Mr Frederick Greenwood Appearing anonymously, it was attributed by many readers to George Eliot, though some of the younger critics of the day did not hesitate to deny this on the ground that the story was much too good for her From that day Mr Hardy had his own circle of warm admirers, both among reviewers and readers. In Far from the Madding Crowd there is a sure and easy power, a wealth of material, an unfailing distinction of expression, and a dramatic power which places the book among the author's finest productions Hand of Ethelberta, which followed in 1876, is a very clever and brilliant evercise in comedy The herome, Ethichberta, is a butler's daughter, who finds herself placed by marriage in an aristocratic environment, and the tale describes the reactions between her and her circumstances Next came The Return of the Native, perhaps the greatest and most original of all Mr Hardy's books, the most masterly in style, and the profoundest in its apprehension of nature and character. It was somewhat coldly received, but has steadily grown in favour Then came The Trumpet Major, a slighter and more popular book, on the lines of Las from the Madding Crowd It was succeeded by A Laodician and Truo on a Tower, both highly finished works, but neither marking an advance The Mayor of Casterbridge (1886) is a sound and strong study of human nature, and The Wood landers (1887) is a book of more complex and still greater power, ranking with Far from the Madding Crowd and the Return of the Native Tess of the D'Urbervilles (1891) was the first story of Mr Hardy's that had a really great circulation, and in some respects it marked a new departure in his There was no change in the underlying convictions and preferences to which he has been constant from the beginning, but he asserted his right to deal more frankly and explicitly with the problems of life and destiny This claim was pushed still further in Jude the Obscure (1895), which called forth much hostile criticism. It is certain that Tess and Jude are in every respect among the highest achievements of the author,

whatever be thought of their philosophy By the time they were published, comparisons between Mr Hardy and the popular novelists who reigned over the dreamest period of British fiction were felt to be ridiculous In 1897 The Well beloved, published some years previously in serial form, appeared as a book Il essex Tales (1888) contains some of the best short stories in the language, and A Group of Noble Dames (1891) embodies in fiction some Wessex traditions. Two volumes of poetry, Wesser Poems (1898) and Poems of the Past and the Present (1901), are characteristic expressions of the author's mind, rugged and sombre, but often with a haunting melody of their own

Mr Hardy is first of all a most original writer He is influenced by no master, although it is easy to see that Heine and Schopenhauer have touched As a stylist he occupies a high place, though he has cared supremely for rendering the truth as he has seen it in fact and life. He is born of the earth, born of Wesser almost in a more special sense than her other children Teniers like power of citching and fixing phases of peasant life is unapproached except in Sliake speare. At their best his peasants are comparable only with those in Hamlet and A H'nter's Tale It has been complained that he brings the phrases and thoughts of culture into the conversation of his rustics, intertwining distinct phases of either thought or language, or of both. It may be replied that the humours of his peasantry are bound up largely with their use of scriptural language, but the true answer is that such creations of genius attest themselves like Shakespeare's His sensitiveness to scenic and atmospheric effects, to the moods and changes of day and night, to the voices of the heathbells, the trees, and the winds, to the delicate harmonies of colour, achieves an effect impossible to the closest observation and the minutest vision It brings the reader into the inmost heart and shrine of nature In Mr Hardy's view of life the main interest is that of love has hardly any place for children. His heroes and heromes are isolated. Family ties count for little. The ordinary ambition for a career is scarcely recog-In his characters the element of flexibility is wanting, and when the phase of passionate love is ended there is little to follow but misery His women have been described as 'Undines of the earth' They are fascinating, vivacious, incalculable. They have an elemental purity of nature, and so long as they are led by instinct they are true, but they make no fight against circum-They show an impassioned receptivity, and their love is blind and impulsive. From the first but more explicitly in his later books, Mr Hardy has proclaimed that human life is governed by inscrutable forces, that human beings are puppets of fate, and destined to misery an artistic point of view, it is difficult to secure the full effect of tragedy in a book where tragedy itself is treated as hardly more than a deeper tinge

of the common leaden colour in the hum in lot, and it might be fair to say that in the Return of the Native the final impression is rather that of human miserableness than of human grief. But this cannot be said of Tess and Jude the Obscure. There we have a true rendering of the anguish of the human spirit, of the depths, though not of the heights, in life

#### From 'The Return of the Native'

The place became full of a watchful intentuess now, for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its litting form seemed to await something, but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through



THOMAS HARDY
From a Photograph by Efficit & Fry

the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly con-Smiling champings of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, im pressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which fre quently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting Tair prospects wed happily with fair times, but alas, if times be not fur! Men have oftener suf fered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings over

sadly tinged Higgard Egdon appealed to a subiler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Lempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it is young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of inture that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind, and, ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Badeu be passed unliceded as he lastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly neither commonplace, unmeauing, nor tame, but, like man, slighted and enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a louely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

#### Valenciennes

(1793)

We trenched, we trumpeted and drummed, And from our mortars tons of iron hummed Ath'art the ditch, the month we bombed The Town o' Valencieen

'Twas in the June o' Ninety dree (The Duke o' Yark our then Commander been) The German Legion, Guards, and we Laid siege to Valencieen.

This was the first time in the war
That French and English spilled each other's gore,
—God knows what year wall end the roar
Begun at Valencieen!

'Twas said that we'd no business there
A topperen the French for disagreën,
However, that's not my affair—
We were at Valencieen

Such snocks and slats, since were began Never knew raw recruit or veteran Stone deaf therence went many a man Who served at Valencieen

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,
A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleën,
And harmless townsfolk fell to die
Each hour at Valeneieen!

And, sweaten wi' the bombardiers,

A shell was slent to shards anighst my ears

"Twas nigh the end of hopes and sears

For me at Valencieen!

They bore my wownded frame to camp, And shut my gapèn slull, and washed en clean, And jined en wi' a zilver clamp, This night at Valencieën 'We've fetched en back too quick from dead, But never more on earth while rose is red Will drum rouse Corpel!' Doctor said O'me at Valencieën

'Twer true No voice o' friend or for Can reach me now, or any liven been, And little have I power to know Since then at Valencieen!

I never hear the zummer hums
O' bees, and don' know when the cuckoo comes,
But night and day I hear the bombs
We threw at Valencieen

As for the Duke o' Yark in war,
There be some volk whose judgment o' en is incan,
But this I say—'a was not far
From great at Valencieen

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,
My wownds come back, as though new wownds I'd had,
But yet—at times I'm sort o' glad
I fout at Valencieën

Well Heaven wi' its jasper halls
Is now the on'y Town I care to be in
Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls
As we did Valencieen

1878-1897

One of the best criticisms is in the Il estimater Review, April 1833, another is that by Coyentry Patmore in the St James's Gazette and April 1887 See also volumes by Lionel Johnson (1894) and Annie Macdonell (1894) The Hardy country has been described and illustrated by Bertram Windle See al o Borkman November 1991.

W ROBLRTSON NICOLL

Alfred Austin poet-laureate from 1896 on wards, was born of Catholic parents at Headingley, Leeds, in 1835, and, educated at Stonyliurst and Oscott, he graduated at the University of London in 1853, and was called to the Bar in 1857, but practised for little more than three years, having on his father's death in 1861 adopted literature as a profession His first efforts in poetry and fiction (Randolph, a Tale of Polish Grief, &c ) had hardly been successful, but The Season, a Satire (1861), was distinctly bright and clever. In The Poetry of the Period (1870) he distinguished himself more by the audacity of his judgments on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne than by real critical insight. The Golden Age, Interludes, Madonna's Child, The Tower of Babel ('a celestral love drama'), The Human Tragedy, Lyrical Poems, and Narrative Poems (vol vi of a 'collected edition of his works) are volumes of verse in various kinds, as are Savonarola (a tragedy), Prime Lucifer (a drama in verse), England's Darling, The Conversion of Winckelmann and other Poems, and Flodden Field, performed at His Majesty's Theatre in 1903, and we have further had from him the idyllic prose books The Gaiden that I Love, In Veronica's Garden, and Lamia's Winter Quarters, not to speak of Spring and Autumn in Ireland and A Tale of True Love From 1883 Mr Austin had been the energetic editor of the National Review, and in 1896 (four years after the death of rennyson) he was named poet-laureate. The appointment has caused an unfair standard to be applied to his work—Tenny son could have no successor in his own rank. But Mr Austin's best lyrics, if they lack the true lyrical ring, are simple, sincere, fresh, and graceful, like much of his prose. His worst, unhappily, are some of his official elucubrations as laureate, or such verses as he felt called to produce in praise of the Jameson Raid



ALFRED AUSTIN
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons

Sir Alfred Comvus Lyall was born, the son of a clergyman, at Coulston in Surrey in 1835, and was educated at Eton and Haileybury for an Indian career KCB (1881) and Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces in 1882-87, he was in 1888 appointed a member of the Council of India His Verses written in India proved him to be not merely a keen critic of the life about him but a poet. His Asiatic Studies (1882, new ed 1899) showed a rarely sympathetic insight into the actual beliefs of the Indian people, and has been heartily accepted as a standard authority. He has also written a book on Warren Hastings, and one on the rise of the British dominion in India (1893), and, in a different field, a critical study of Tennyson (1902) He is a member of the Privy Council and holds honorary degrees of Oxford and Cambridge

Alfred Ainger, son of a London architect, was born in 1837, graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and after holding a cure near Lichfield, in 1866 became a reader at the Temple Church, in 1887 a canon of Bristol, and in 1894 Master of

the Temple Author of the articles on Limb and Hood in this work, of selections, with a memoir, from Hood, and of a book on Crabbe ("Men of Letters" series, 1903), he is best I nown in literature as biographer (1882, 1888) and editor (6 vols 1883-88) of Lamb He died 8th I ebruary 1904

# William Edward Hurtpole Locky,

historian and moralist, was born at Dublin on 26th March 1838, and educated for the Irish Church first at Cheltenham and then at Irmity College, Dublin His first book (1860) was on The Reli gious Tendencies of the 1ge. He soon resolved to make historical research his life work, and after a a distinguished literary career he was from 1895 till 1903 MP for Dublin University In 1861 he published anonymously The Leaners of Public Ofunion in Ireland, four bulliant and sympathetic essays on Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O Connell the greatly enlarged edition of 1903, which omitted Swift, expanded the O'Connell article into what is the best history of Ireland from the Union to the potato famine. His final judgment on Swift appeared in the introduction to an edition of the Dean's works 1897) His learned, luminous, and dispassionate History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe (2 vols 1865, new ed. 1899) does not deal with rational ism in the sense of religious free thought or mere anti supernaturalism in interpreting the Bible—still less with rationalism in the stricter sense of one specific school of German Biblical criticism has for its subject the dawn of the age of reason and the decline of the age of unlicitating futh, the gradual revolt, conscious or unconscious, against traditional, ecclesiastical, and clerical standards of judgment in all that concerns life and manners The decay of the belief in witchcraft and magic, fading faith in the miraculous as an explanation of mysteries, the sapping of the persecuting spirit by the growth of tolera tion, the disappearance of superstition and the secularisation of life-all fall within the scope of this scholarly and original vork. The statements, guardedly made, are supported by a mass of copious notes and references, and though the worl is well written, Lecky attached more importance to the substance of what he said than to the manner of saying it. The tone is nowliere that of a partisan, but the ethical philosopher is the unhasitating friend of progress, and in his own sense of the word is a broad minded rationalist. He did, and did admirably, some of the work Buckle proposed to do, but his spirit was not the spirit of Buckle-it was more truly historical, more genial and broad minded

The Ilistory of England in the Eighteenth Century (8 vols 1878-90, 12th ed in 12 vols 1899) is not a history in strict chronological form, but rather a philosophical study of events and their causes, a succession of dissertations on the manners of the last age, relieved by an admirable

series of finished historical portruts. Perhaps the most origin il portion of the vork is the treatment of the American war of independence, but the five volumes dealing with Ireland are even more valuable, and it should count is a special ment that one Irish Instorians as able to treat Irish poli tical history with moderation and charit Lecty. stands midway between the drimmer school of literary historians and the modern scientific type of researchers in irchives the are not ashamed of the dryacdust method. He rurely obtrude any personal propossession, and is singularly free from prejudice, he is afried of purple pitches and epigrams as disturbing the judicial attitude, but when he gives the rems to his imagination be commands an impressive diction. In him the first of the lustorian is not so much to paint a peure as to solve a problem—to explain a nation s present by the past. The History of European Morals from Annistus to Charlemagie 12 vols ruly is ilso learned, Liborious, and judicial, and it occupies a field of its own, showing exceptional power of guildring vast masses of detached social phenoment, too much unheeded into a rew light, and of interpreting their eignificance and their lesson. A volume of poems (1801) was not generally considered to show Leely at he best he was essen tially a thinker and expositor, and not a lyrist, but as counterpieces to his last prove the ver-es a e of great interest to his renders. I celly, who was in substance i Whig and a Moderate, tool in spine of his warm trish sympathics, a strong side against Home Rule, and as MP for Dublin University from 1895, and in his Deviceracy and Liverty (1896. new ed 1899), revealed the anti-Radical somewhat too mindful of the defects and dangers of unre strained democracy The Map of Life Conduct and Chiracter (1899, though it demands only the freedom's high is consistent with a determine view of life, is not a disquisition on the foundation of morals but a compendium of practical observations on such subjects as the management of character, success, money, marriage national and individual ideals, and the disproportionate amount of English energy devoted to political interests. Lecky, who was LLD and DCL, was admitted to the lang Council in 1897, one of the first authors to receive the new Order of Merit in 1902 he was the first to be removed by death (22nd October 1903)

#### Persecutions of the Weslevans.

From the time of the institution of lay preachers Methodism became in a great degree independent of the Lstablished Church. Its chapels multiplied in the great towns, and its unnerant missionaries penetrated to the most seeluded districts. They were accustomed to preach in fields and gardens, in streets and lecture rooms, market places and churchyards. On one occasion find Whitefield at a fair mounting a stage which have creeted for some wrestlers, and there dene pleasures of the world, on another, preaching mountebanks at Moorfields. On a third, attract his pulpit 10,000 of the spectators at a raceo.

fourth, standing beside the gallows at an execution to speak of death and of eternity Wesley, when excluded from the pulpit of Epworth, delivered some of his most impressive sermons in the churchyard, standing on his father's tomb Howell Harris, the apostle of Wales. encountering a party of mountebanks, spring into their midst exclaiming, in a solemn voice, 'Let us pray,' and then proceeded to thunder forth the judgments of the Lord Rowland Hill was accustomed to visit the great towns on market-day in order that he might address the people in the market place, and to go from fair to fair preaching among the revellers from his favourite text, 'Come out from among them. In this manner the Methodist preachers came in contact with the most savage elements of the population, and there were few forms of mob violence they did not experience. In 1741 one of their preachers named Seward, after repeated ill treatment in Wales, was at last struck on the head while preaching at Monmouth, and died of the blow not, while Wheatley was preaching at Norwich, a poor woman with child perished from the kicks and blows of the mob At Wednesbury-a little town in Stafford shire—then very famous for its cocklights—numerous houses were wrecked, the Methodists were stoned, beaten with cadgels, or dragged through the public kennels Women were atrociously abused The leaders of the mob declared their intention to destroy every Methodist in the county Wesley himself appeared in the town, and the moters speedily surrounded the house where he was staying. With the placid courage that never deserted him in danger, he descended alone and unarmed into their midst. His perfect calmness and his singularly venerable appearance quelled the most noisy, and he succeeded by a few well chosen words in producing a sudden reaction His captors, however, insisted on his accompanying them to a neighbouring justice, who exhorted them to disperse in peace. The night had now fullen, and Wesley was actually returning to Wednes bury protected by a portion of the very crowd who had attacked him, when a new mob poured in from an adjoin ing village. He was seized by the hair and dragged through the streets Some struck at him with cudgels Many cried to knock out his brains and kill him at once. A river was flowing near, and he imagined they would throv him into the water. Yet in that dreadful moment his self possession never failed him. He uttered in loud and solemn tones a prayer to God He addressed those who were nearest him with all the slill that a consummite knowledge of the popular character could supply, and he speedily won over to his side some of the most powerful of the leaders Gradually the throng paused, wavered, divided, and Wesley returned almost uninjured to his house To a similar courage he owed his life at Bolton, when the house where he was preach ing was attacked, and at last burst open, by a furious crowd thursting for his life Again and again he preached, like the other leaders of the movement, in the midst of showers of stones or tiles or rotten eggs fortunes of his brother were little different At Cardiff, when he was preaching, women were kicked and their clothes set on fire by rockets At St Ives and in the neighbouring villages the congregation were attacked with endgels, and everything in the room where they were assembled was shattered to atoms At Devizes a water engine played upon the house where he was stry His horses were seized The house of one of his supporters was ransacked, and bull-dogs were let loose upon him. At Dublin Whitefield was almost stoned to death. At Exeter he was stoned in the very presence of the bishop. At Plymouth he was violently assaulted and his life seriously threatened hy a naval officer.

(From England in the Eighteenth Century.)

#### Early Christianity and Patriotism

The relations of Christianity to the sentiment of patri otism were from the first very unfortunate. While the Christians were, from obvious reasons, completely sepa rated from the national spirit of Judea, they found them selves equally at variance with the lingering remnants of Roman patriotism Rome was to them the power of Antichrist, and its overthrow the necessary prelude to the millennial reign. They formed an illegal organisation, directly opposed to the genius of the empire, anticipating its speedy destruction, looking back with something more than despondency to the fate of the heroes who had adorned its past, and refusing resolutely to participate in those national spectacles which were the symbols and the expressions of patriotic feeling. Though scrupulously averse to all rebellion, they rarely concealed their senti ments, and the whole tendency of their teaching was to withdraw men as far as possible both from the functions and the enthusiasm of public life. It was at once their confession and their boast that no interests were more indifferent to them than those of their country regarded the lawfulness of taking arms as very question able, and all those proud and aspiring qualities that constitute the distinctive beauty of the soldier's character as emphatically nuchristian. Their home and their in terests were in another world, and, provided only they were unmolested in their worship, they avowed with frankness, long after the empire had become Christian, that it was a matter of indifference to them under what rule they lived Asceticism, drawing all the enthusiasm of Christendom to the desert life, and clevating as an ideal the extreme and absolute' abnegation of all patriot ism, formed the culmination of the movement, and was undoubtedly one cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire.

There are, probably, few subjects on which popular judgments are commonly more erroneous than upon the relations between positive religious and moral enthusiasm Religions have, no doubt, a most real power of evoking a latent energy which, without their existence, would never have been called into action, but their influence is on the whole probably more attractive than erentive They supply the channel in which moral enthusiasm flows, the banner under which it is enlisted, the mould in which it is east, the ideal to which it tends idea the phrase 'a very good man' would have suggested to an early Roman would probably have been that of great and distinguished patriotism, and the passion and interest of such a man in his country's cause were in direct proportion to his moral elevation. Ascetie Chris tinnity decisively diverted moral enthusiasm into another channel, and the civic virtues, in consequence, neces sarily declined. The extinction of all public spirit, the base treachery and corruption pervading every depart ment of the Government, the cowardice of the army, the despicable frivolity of character that led the people of Treves, when fresh from their burning city, to call for theatres and circuses, and the people of Roman Carthage to plunge wildly into the excitement of the chariot rices,

on the very day when their city succumbed beneath the Vandal—all these things coexisted with extraordinary displays of ascetic and of missionary devotion. The genius and the virtue that might have defended the empire were engaged in fierce disputes about the Pelagian controversy, at the very time when Attila was encircling Rome with his armies, and there was 10 subtlety of theological metaphysics which did not kindle a deeper interest in the Christian leaders than the throes of their expiring country. The moral enthusiasm that in other days would have fired the armies of Rome with an in vincible valour, impelled thousands to abandon their country and their homes, and consume the weary hours in a long routine of uscless and horrible maceitations



WILLIAM EDWARD HAKTPOLL LECKY
From a Pholograph by Russell & Sons.

When the Goths had captured Ronic, St Augustine, as we have seen, pointed with a just pride to the Christian Church, which remained an unviolated sanctuary during the horrors of the sack, as a proof that a new spirit of sanctity and of reverence had descended upon the world The Pagan, in his turn, pointed to what he deemed a not less significant fact—the golden statues of Valour and of Fortune were melted down to pay the ransom to the con-Many of the Christians contemplated with an indifference that almost amounted to complacency what they regarded as the predicted ruin of the city of the When the Vandals swept over Asrica, the fallen gods Donatists, muddened by the persecution of the orthodox, received them with open arms, and contributed their share to that deadly blow The immortal pass of Ther mopylæ was surrendered without a struggle to the Goths A Pagan writer accused the monks of having betrayed it It is more probable that they had absorbed or diverted the heroism that in other days would have defended it The conquest, at a later date, of Egypt by the Moham

medans, was in a great measure due to an invitation from the persecuted Monophysites. Sub-equent religious wars have again and again exhibited the same phenomenon. The treachery of a religious to his country no longer argued an absence of all moral feeling. It had become compatible with the deepest religious enthusiasm, and with all the courage of a martyr.

(From The History of Furtern Morals)

Lord Acton (1834-1902), born at Naples John EMERICH TOWARD DALPERG ACTON, was the grandson of the Minister of Lerdinand IV of Naples, and succeeded his fither as baronet in 1838 He was educated it Oscott under Cardinal Wiseman, and at Munich by Dr Döllinger, whose views he zerlously espoused, distinguishing himself in Rome in 1870 by his hostility to the dogma of papal infallibility. He sat in Parliament for Carlow (1859-65), and was rused to the peerage by Mr Gladstone in 1869 as Baron Acton of Aldenham The leader of the Liberal Catholics in England, he was for a time editor of the Home and Foreign Remark, and afterwards of the Weelly Correrade and British Quarterly, but it was rather by his universal repute as a scholar of singular learning and breadth of mind than be his virtings on the Vatican decrees (1874), Wolsey (1877), German Schools of History (1886), and other occarional publications, that he had shown himself exceptionally well qualified to hold the Cambridge chair of History is Scales a successor (1803). His inaugural lecture on The Study of History expounded the high and deep view he took of the subject. The inherent worth and interest of humanity was his leading thought, the course of listory was for him a philosophy of history. Historical facts were for him 'not a burden on the memory, but an illumination of the soul? His point of view was cosmopolitin, his crudition was tast and his insight profound. But his lofty ideal of fastidious accuracy himited his productiveness. No scholar of anything like his learning wrote or published so little, perhaps his chiefest bequest to posterity was his planning and mapping out and laying the foundations of the great Cambriage Modern History, of which the first volume appeared in His enormous library, the verr of his death purchased after his death by an American million aire, and presented to Mr John Morley, found an appropriate resting-place in the University of Cambridge A bibliography of the vorks of Bishop Stubbs, Bishop Creighton, and Lord Acton was edited for the Royal Historical Society in 1903, Acton's letters to Mrs Drew appeared in 1904.

William John Courthope, the son of a Sussex clergyman, was born in 1842, studied at Harrow and New College, Oxford, and besides being a Civil Service Commissioner, has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford Editor of Pope's works and author of a Life of him, he has written, besides a short Life of Addison, The Paradise of Birds, and other works, a magistral History of Poetry (4 vols 1895–1904)

John Morley, son of a surgeon at Blackburn, was born on the 24th December 1838. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1856, and three years later took his degree. At that time the Fracturan movement, which had long dominated Oxford, had spent its force, and was followed by a movement in the direction of Liberalism, J. S. Mill succeeded to the intellectual throne vacated by Newman. At a formative period of his life Mr. Morley came under the influence of Mill, to whose memory he

has paid a noble On the tribute conclusion of his university course he embarked upon a literary career, and after a few preliminary ven tures (as in editing the Literary Gazelle and the Morning Star), he was appointed editor of the Fortnightly Remew. in succession to G H Ienes 1880 he became editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, then the leading organ of advanced Liberalism in London. notably in dealing with Irish politics, and lic conducted the Pall Mall till he was sent (1883) to Parliament by Neucistle 1886 he was ap pointed Secretary for Ireland in Mr Gladstone's Home Rule administra tion, with a seat in the Cabinet,

and in 1892, when the Gladstone Government again held office, he returned to his old post. In 1895 Mr Morley was one of those who lost their seats in the disaster which overtook the Liberal party, his loss of popularity being largely due to the stand he made against Socialistic interference with the hours of Libour in the form of a compulsory eight hours, day. In 1896 he re entered Parliament as meinber for the Montrose Burghs. Since 1894 he has been a trustee of the British Museum

Mr Morley's speeches, models of literary excellence, are distinguished by dignity of tone, elevation of thought, and manifest sincerity. In recent years, especially on foreign questions—notably on the South African will—Mr Morley has taken the

unpopular side, but by the force of his personality and his steadfast adherence to his principles he has retained the respect of those who have differed most violently from him. The key to Mr Morley's public career is to be found in his writings. A friend and admirer of J. S. Mill, he has carried to the study of modern problems the spirit and methods of Philosophical Liberalism, and he has freed the creed of his masters from many of its crudities. On the historic side the old Liberals

were always weak. They condemned or approved institutions, not accord ing to their relative values, but accord ing to their rch tion to an abstract system of political philosophy error was noted by Mill, but he came upon the scene too early to profit by the revolution worked in political philosophy, espe cially on the historic side, by the cvolutionary con cention of society Mr Morley accepts in the main the leading conceptions of the Philo sopluc Liberalsnamely, a belief in individud and social progress along the lines of freedom and knowledge - pro gress being ac celerated by the growth of justice and sympathy His political creed,

rooted in a passionate desire for justice and freedom, makes him look coldly upon recent Socialistic developments. And it is his intense interest in the piogress of humanity which explains his antipathy to the Imperialist conception, in his view, Great Britain should be not the nulltary dictator but the moral pioneer of humanity. Mr Morley is entirely free of the crude views of the cirly Radicals, who hoped in their day to see the establishment of the Age of Reason, evolution, not revolution, is the keynote of his thinking. His study of Burke and Cointe has shown him the relative value of old ideas and old institutions, and by his deep historic sense, his fondness for the concrete, his vital interest in humanity, apart from philosophic shibboleths, Mr



JOHN MOKLTY
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Morley has left behind him the old revolutionary Liberalism of his misters, and has advanced to what may be called evolutionary Liberalism

Mr Morley's philosophy of life must be gathered from a study of his writings, of which that On Compromuse (1874) is one of the most characteristic In his Voltaire (1872) we have his attitude towards religion, particularly to that form of it which in his view has been the main obstruction to individual and social progress. In his Dide of and the Lawsclopædists (1878) we have his insistence upon the paramount importance of knowledge and freedom as the two vital fictors in progress, and a generous tribute is paid to the advanced thinkers of the Revolution period, who fought so valiantly for the liberation of humanity In Rousseau (1873), along with appreciation of Rousseau's influence as supplementary to the hard, dry, critical influence of Voltaire, we have a protest against the dangers of importing into political life sentimentalism and intuitionalism In Buile (1879) Mr Morley pre sents us with a sketch of the ideal politician, in whom the desire for progress is held in check by a profound regard for the principles of order and continuity In his Life of Cobden (1881) he does justice to those great politico economic principles which, in his opinion, tend to internationalise commerce and industry, thereby promoting the brotherhood of man Two series of Critical Miscellances (1871 and 1877) and a volume of Studies in Literature (1891) are an integral part of Mr. Morley's literary work, and the Oliver Cromwell (1900) showed how fairly Mr Morley could deal with a man and a revolution dominated by religious conceptions he does not share His Life of Glad stone (3 vols 1903) was sure to be not merely a permanent addition to the political history of the time, but a literary masterpiece. Yet as Gladstone's career was so bound up with the public life of his time, there was an obvious danger that the historian would encroach on the biographer, that against the massive historic background the figure of Gladstone would shrink into something quite indistinct and shadowy. But in this greatest of our political biographies, Mr Morley's intuitive sense of literary proportion stood him in good stend, the history of the time is depicted with superb and attractive lucidity, while Gladstone all through remains the central figure

#### The Political Spirit.

It is at least well, and more than that, it is an indispensable condition of social well being, that the divorce between political responsibility and intellectual responsibility, between respect for what is instantly practicable and search after what is only important in thought, should not be too complete and universal. Even if there were no other objection, the undisputed prominence of the political spirit has a plain tendency to limit the subjects in which the men animated by it can take a real interest All matters fall out of sight, or at least fall into a secondary place, which do not bear more or less directly and patently upon the material and structural welfare of the

community In this vay the inembers of the community miss the most bracing, widening, and elevated of the whole range of influences that create great characters First, they lose sincere concern about the larger questions which the human mind has raised up for itself. Second, they lose a fearless desire to reach the true answers to them, or if no certain answers should prove to be vithin reach, then at any rate to be satisfied on good grounds that this is so Such questions are not immediately discerted by commonplace minds to be of social import. Consequently they, and all else that is not obviously conneeted with the machinery of society, give way in the public consideration to what is so connected with it, in a manner that cannot be in tal en-Hor momentors a disadvantage this is we can best know by contempla ing the characters which has a conclumes lighted up the old times. Men were then devoutly per haded that their eternal salvation depended on their having true bend. Any slackness in finding out y luch beliefs are the true ones would have to be answered for before the throne of Almights God, at the sure in I and peril of evera mg domination. To what quarter in the large lastone forms ment can we turn our eves with such cer units of leng stirred and clavated, of thinking better of human life and the worth of those who have been mos deaply penetrated by its seriousness, as to the annals of the intropid spirits whom the Protestant doctrine of in te feasible personal respon ibility brought to the front in Germany in the sixteenth century, and in England and Scotland in the seventeenth? It is not their faintness, call less is it their theology, which males the great Paritan chiefs of Ingland and the siern Covenanters of Scotland so heroic in our signt. It is the fact that they sought truth and ensued it, not thinking of the practical nor cautiously counting majorities and minorities, but each man pondering and searching so has ever in the great Tasl master's eye ' (From On Comfron ut)

#### HECTOR MACPHERSON

James Brice, son of Dr Jimes Brice, geologist and schoolmaster, was born at Belfast, 10th May 1838, and educated at Glasgon High School and University, and Frinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1862 as double Elected a Fellow of Oriel, and called to the Bar in 1867, he was Regius Professor of Civil Lav at Oxford from 1870 to 1893, and entered Parlia ment as a Liberal in 1880. In 1886 he was made Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in 1892 Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and he is a member of the Privy Council His literary works give him a place among the most accomplished scholars of the day. His first book of note, The Holy Reman Empire, which appeared in 1884, was an elaboration of a university prize essay, and contains a luminous sketch of the central political institutions of the Middle Ages, his Transcaucasia and Ararat (1877) is the record of a visit to the East, in which he climbed the historic mountain. The monumental work on The American Commonwealth (1888) marked him as the successor of De Tocqueville, and won him the honour of a corresponding membership of the Institute of France. His later works are Impres

sions of South Africa (1897), Studies in History and Inrisprudence (1902), and an interesting volume of Studies in Contemporary Biography (1903)

Sir George Otto Trevelynn, son of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Governor of Madras and Baronet, and Hannah, the sister of Lord Michally, was born in 1838 at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire, the birtliplace of his illustrious Educated at Harrow and Tranty College, Cambridge, he graduated as second classic in 1861, and gave high promise of distinction in literature by his Aristophanic slits of Horace at the University of Athens (1861) and The Ladies in Parlia-In 1865 he entered Parliament as a ment (1869) Liberal, and sat, infinly for Scotch constituencies, until 1897, filling at different times the Cabinet offices of Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary for Scotland His earlier prose works were the Letters of a Competition Wallah (1864) and the brilliant but rather too emphatic narrative of the defence and fall of Ca unpore (1864) In 1876 he enriched English biography with his admirable Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, which ranks next to the masterpieces of Boswell and Lockhart, and in 1880 he followed it up with a vivid picture of later eighteenth century politics in The Early History of Charles James For The American Revolution (parts 1 and 11, 3 vols 1899-1903) was in a sense a continuation of the Fox-His voungest son, Ceorge Macaulay Trevelian, born in 1876, has also applied himself to historical studies, and published a volume on England in the Age of 11 schffe (1899)

Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), born at Carlisle, from Durliam School passed to Merton College, Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow in Successively vicar of Limbleton, Professor 1866 of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, Bishop of Peterborough (1891) and of London (1896), he became one of the most authoritative of English historians, amongst his works being a book on Simon de Montfort (1876), his great History of the Paface during the Reformation Period (1882-04, new ed 6 vols 1901), and the sumptuous Queen Elizabeth (1807) His Memoir of Sir George Grev (1884) was published after his death, as were his Thoughts or I ducation and his Lesais and Revicus His wife edited his Life and Letters (1904)

William Hale White was born at Bedford about 1830, the son of a bookseller who was from 1850 to 1880 doorkeeper to the House of Commons. In 1848-51 Mr Hale White qualified at Cheshunt and New College for the Congregational immistry, but was expelled for his views on inspiration, whereupon he became a jour nalist and miscellaneous writer. His translation of Spino a's Ethic (1883, revised by Miss Hutchison Stirling, new ed. 1894) was published under his own name, but he owes his literary eminence to the powerful studies of domestic social, moral, and

theological problems contained in the remarkable trilogy of novels, The Automography of Mark Rutherford (1881), Mark Rutherford's Deliverance (1885), and The Revolution in Fanner's Lane (1887), 'edited by Reuben Shapcott' Mark Rutherford's' later novels, Mirram's Schooling, Catherine Furze, and Clara Hopgood (1896) attracted less notice. He collected and edited in 1897, as The Inner Life of the House of Commons, a series of articles contributed by his father to a weekly paper. In a book on The Apostasy of Wordsworth (1898) he vindicated the poet's consistency, in 1900 he gave us Pages from a Journal, in 1904 a study of Bunyan.

William Robertson Smith (1846-94), the son of the Free Church minister at Keis in Aberdeenshire, was educated at Aberdeen, I'din burgh, Bonn, and Göttingen, and in 1870 became Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College at Aberdeen 1 or his article on the 'Bible' in the ninth edition of the Encyclopadia Britannica he was prosecuted before the General Assembly of the Ircc Church of Scotland on a charge of heresy, but acquitted, in 1880 Another article on 'Hebrew Language and Literature' cost him his chiur, from which he was dismissed in 1881 quently he delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow the lectures republished as The Old Testament in the Jervish Chinen (1881) and The Prophets of Israel (1882), and after assisting and succeeding Professor Spencer Baynes in the editorship of the Eucyclopædia Britannica, lie was made Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University in 1883 and university librarian. Ere his death he had gained the reputation of one of the foremost Semitic scholars in Turope, The Religion of the Semites (1889) containing some of his most pregnant work

Edward Dowden, born at Cork in 1843, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1867 he became Professor of English Literature him we one Shalspere, his Mind and Art (1875), a work which gave a decided impulse to Shakespearern study and gave him high standing as a Shakespearean scholar—the invaluable Shaksfore Primer, the Introduction to Shalsfer (1893), the standard Life of Shelley (1886), and an excellent small book on Southey, besides poems, several volumes of studies in literature, a H story of French Literature (1897), and Puritar and Inglican (1900) He has also edited Shelley, Wordsworth, selections from Souther, critical editions of Hamlet, of Romeo and Juliet, and of the Sources the correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, and that of Southey with Caroline Bowles Professor Donden contributed the article on Matthew Arnold to the present work

John Pentland Hahaffs was born near level, Switzerland, in 1849, studied in Germans and at Trinite College, Dublin and from 1871 to

1899 was Professor there of Ancient History He has written on Kant, on primitive civilisation, on Greek antiquities, on paper, and on the art of conversation, but is best known for a series of fresh and interesting works on Greel history, such as Greek Social Life from Homei to Menandei, Alexander's Empire, Greek Life and Thought from Alexander to the Roman Conquest, and The Empire of the Ptolemies

Henry Austin Dobson was born at Ply mouth on the 18th of January 1840, and at the age of eight went with his parents to Holyhcad in Educated at Beaumaris and Coventry, and afterwards at the gimnase of Strasburg, he returned to England in 1856, intending to follow his father's profession of civil engineer, but it was fitted that he should enter the Civil Service as a clerk in the Board of Trade, where-for the last seventeen years as principal of his departmenthe served until his retirement in 1901 work did not debar him from favourite studies in art, or from practising in prose and verse. His first poetical contribution to a magazine was to Temple Bar in December 1864 But his literary career practically began in March 1868, when he became a contributor of verse to St Paul's Magazine, then under the editorship of Anthony Trollope, and to the editor his first volume of poems, Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société, was dedicated at its publication in October 1873 Proverbs in Porcelain followed in 1877, Old-World Idylls in 1883, and At the Sign of the Lyre in 1885 Whether in the artificial forms of old French verse—rondel, ron deau, ballade, tnoiet, chant royal, and villanelle (which he was among the earliest to write syste matically)—or in more familiar and less elaborate rhythms, his poems are remarkable for perfection of teclinique, for freshiness, spontaneity, and sprightly humour, while many are instinct with true pathos or genuine satire. Activity in prose composition and editorial work soon followed 1879 Mr Dobson began his literary studies of the eighteenth century with the Life of Hogaith (ex prinded in the subsequent editions of 1891, 1898, and 1902), and continued them in the monograph on Fielding in the 'English Men of Letters' (1883, new American ed 1900), since followed in the same series by Richardson (1902) and Tanny Burney (1903), in Thomas Bewick and his Pupils (1884, new ed 1889), in Steele (1886) and Goldsmith (1888), in Horace Walpole (1890), in Eighteenth-Century Vignettes (1892-96), A Paladin of Philan throps (1897), and Side Walk Studies (1902) By these he has approved himself an accurate and sympathetic biographer and an exquisite critic, having at command the rare gift of combining the results of conscientious and laborious research with lightness and brightness of presentment Through his various works in prose and verse, and through his editing of a selection of Eighteenth Century Essays (1882), and the Fables of Gry (1882), the poems of Prior (1889), and the plays, poems, and novel of Golusmith, as well as by his contributions to Ward's English Poets, Crail's English Prose, and to most of the principal magnzines and reviews, Mr Dobson has attained critical rank as the supreme authority on the lighter literary aspects of the ages of Pope and Johnson, and his intimate I nowledge of French literature is seen in his I our Frenchwomen (1890) His prose has the same pleasant ease and dainti ness of style as distinguishes his poems, which with some new additions, were collected in 1897 The fifth edition (1902) contained selections from Carmina Votiva, poems first privately published In 1902 Edinburgh conferred on him in 1901 its honorary degree of LLD He contributed important articles to the Dictionaly of National Biography, to the Encyclopadia Britannia, and to Chambers's Encyclepadia, and the value of his contributions to the present work (see Vol II, pages 1-13, 294-300, 339-348, 478-494) cannot ful to be recognised by every reader

#### Angel Court

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and siel, to left and right
The cowering house, shrint from sight,
Huddled and hopeless, excles, bare

Misnamed, you say c For surch rare

Must be the angel shapes that light

In Angel Court!

Nay! the Eternities are there
Death at the doorway stands to smite
I ife in its garrets leaps to light
And Love has chimbed that crumbhing stair
In Angel Court

# On a Fan

Chicken skin, delicate white, Printed by Carlo Vanioo, Loves in a riot of light, Roses and vaporous blue, Harl to the daints fron fro t' Picture above, if you can, Lyes that could melt as the dew,-This was the Poinpadour's fan ' See how they rise at the sight, Thronging the Wil de Bauf through, Courtiers as butterflies bright, Beauties that Fragonard drew, Talon roure, falbala, queue, Cardinal, Duke,-to a man, Eager to sigh or to suc,-This was the Pompadour's fan! Ah, but things more than polite Hung on this toy, " yez "ous! Matters of state and of night, Things that great ministers do, Things that, may be, overthrew Those in whose brains they begin,

Here was the sign and the eue,-

This was the Pompidour's fan!

#### Envoi

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
—But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's Fan!

#### A Garden Song

Here, in this sequestered close, Bloom the hyaeinth and rose, Here beside the modest stock Flaunts the flaring hollyhock, Here, without a pang, one sees Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race In this quiet resting place, Peach, and apricot, and fig Here will ripen, and grow big, Here is store and overplus,—More had not Aleinous!

Here, in alleys cool and green, Far alread the thrush is seen, Here along the southern wall Keeps the bee his festival, All is quiet else—afar Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long, Here be spaces meet for song, Grant, O garden god, that I, Now that none profane is nigh,—Now that mood and moment please,—Find the fair Pierides!

#### In After Days

In after days when grasses high
O ertop the stone where I shall he,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honoured dust,
I shall not question or reply

I shall not see the morning sky,
I shall not hear the night wind sigh,
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—'He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust'
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

#### The Letter

Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be, For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam, And Mother's storing Apples,—Prue and Me Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—"'Tis a long Lane that has no turning," John!

'Only till Snnday next, and then you'll wait Behind the White Thorn, by the broken Stile— We can go round and catch them at the Gate, All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile, Dear Prue won't look, and Father he'll go on, And Sam's two Eyes are all for Cissy, John!

'John, she's so smart,—with every Ribbon new,
Flame coloured Sack, and Crimson Padesoy
As proud as proud, and has the Vapours too,
Just like My Lady,—calls poor Sam a Boy,
And yous no Sweet heart's worth the Thinking on
Till he's past Thirty
I know better, John'

'My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much Before we knew each other, I and you, And now, why, John, your least, least Finger touch, Gives me enough to think a Summer through See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone! Look in this corner,—mind you find it, John!'

Mrs Richmond Ritchie, as novelist and author perhaps still better known as 'Miss



MRS RICHMOND RITCHIE
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

Thackeray,' is Thackeray's eldest daughter, Anne Isabella, and was born in 1837 She first appeared as an author in vol 1 of the Cornhill (1860) with 'Little Scholars' To this sketch succeeded a dozen or more volumes of novels, tales, biographical essays, and other varied work, of which may be mentioned The Story of Elizabeth (1863), The Village on the Cliff (1867), Old Kensington (1873), Miss Angel (1875, its heroine Angelica Kauffmann), Mrs Dymond (1885), Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Biowning (1892), Loid Tennyson and his Friends (1893), Chapters from some Memoirs (1895), and her dainty modern recasts of such old world stories as 'Bluebeard' and 'Cinderella' Tender, delicate, harmonious, her books are feminine as are very few women's In 1877 she married her cousin, Mr Richmond Thackeray Ritchie.

Europe in Literature,' of ill of which he is general editor, a bool on the town of Manchester, and much miscellaneous worl, editions of Scott's Dryden and of Sterne, and a great worl on The History of Criticism from the Earliest Times to the Present, in three volumes

Alfred Perceval Graves, born in 1816 in the south of Ireland, thoroughly understands the southern peasant. His billids are the work of a generation carlier than that of Mr Yeats, and they embody an earlier and very different-not on that account, perhaps, a less accurate-conception of Irish character, he may be said to belong to the school of Lever and Lover His best known some 'I ather O'I'lynn,' is an admirable example of the school of Irish humour to which it belongshumour genuine and never coarse - April Linghter, bright and wholesome, but with a tear of tender ness never far off. In other pieces-'The White Blossom's off the Bog,' for instance—he has struck with a true touch the note of gentle pathos Graves's principal volumes are Some of Killarius (1873), Irish Songs and ballads 18801 and Lether O'Flynn and other Irish Lyrics 1889 Several of his songs have been published with musical accompaniment arranged by Professor Villiers Stanford

William Schwenck Gilbert was the son of William Gilbert 1804 89, author of some thirts novels and tiles, and was born in London in 1836 He griduated at London University was a clerk in the Privy Council Office from 1857 to 1862, and in 1864 was called to the Bar I rom 1861 he had been contributing to the magazines, and he was crelong on the staft of I un in whose columns his Bab Ballads appeared this burlesque Dul camai t (1866) was followed by a long series of comedies, burlesques and operettas - the fairs contedues including The Palace of Irutl (1870) Premation and Galatea (1871), The Bulled World (1873), Broken Hearts (1876), and Harlequer and the Fairy's Dilemma (1904, 7 two act domestic Other plays are the charming printomiine. Sweethearts (1874), Engaged (1877) Charity (1874), Gretchen (1879), Comedy and Traceds (1884), and Brantinghame Hall (1888) the work with which his name is more especi ally identified is the characteristic genre of light witty, humorous, paradoxical operettas, in which his sprightly and clevelly versified words and songs were wedded to the tuneful and taking music of Sir Arthur Sullivan The 'Gilbert and Sullivan' productions, though not quite a new species, were a very considerable contribution to the dramatic art of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century Though neither great nor profound either as literature or as art, they had in both elements real interest and value, and attracted and entertained large sections of the public who had no keen attachment to the classical drama or the 'legitimate' opera Besides the preliminary experiments in this sort, Thespis I

(1871) and Irral by Jury, this wonderfully popular series comprised The Sorierer (1877), 11 31 5 Prinafere (1878), The Pirates of Persance (1880), Patience (1881), Iolanthe (1882), Princess Ida (1883). The Vil ado (1885), Ruddigore (1887), The Yeomen of the Guard (1868), The Gondoliers (1885), Ctopia Lamited (1893, and He Grand Dule (1896) In nearly all his better I no on works Galbert de place a funtastic humour that is often subtle, neigh always healths in tone and a only the more enterraining for a slight flavour of expressing which is seldomer seriously meant than set down in pure fun. On the other hand the sittre though playfull put is often real and effective. His touch is light, and the draid earnestings with which are an ant concerts are voiked out it in mitable though it has constantly been unitated In Ter Lance of the Guard he for ook the pro esque your and presented characters that we both human and pathetic. As seems appropriate in the cale of one the claims to be of the blood of Sir Humilire Calbrit Mr Calber works as at least as popular Misunders audira bi in America at hone meen Mi Gilbert and Sir Atthur Sulh an led to a temporary breach in the brilliant exertisful partner hip of more than twent sears' sand a and for a time the confiberator vorken up but Collect's libratio to Bir Law long (1804) see to music by another composer vias found to link in important element of its popularity. Liker the list joint vorls of the old partners i seemed as if the vein was tirkely exhausted and e er before Sullivan's dath the series had come to an end. Much of Colliert's verse this is supreme eralis man-lup and master, of rhymes and the lans

Sir Francis Couley Burnand, Implica in 1002, was born in 1836, and educated it Lian and Cambridge for Analysis orders, but in 1858 became a Roman Calholic. He was called to the har in 1862 but the success of some early dramatic ventures altered his plans, and he has produced over a hundred and twenty pieces chiefly light coinedies and built-ques including Tre Celer I and Cea and Rea (to Sullivan's music). He had joined Mr II J. Byron in starting I un but in 1863 left that paper for Pull, of which in 1880 he became editor. Amongst his own contributions of Punch were Happy Thoughts (1868), Tre Modern Sandford and Merter (1872) and Strapmers, hi 'Weeder' (1878) My Jame and real Precere with it (1874) was followed in 1903 by a more considerable autobiographical Reminister is

George Robert Sims was born in London in 1847, and was educated there and at Bonn Having joined the staff of Fun in 1874, he soon commenced his 'Dagonet' ballads and other contributions to the Referee Among his plays are Crutch and Toothfick (1870), Mether in ha i (1861), The Lights & London (1881), Fle Roman Rie (1882), and, written in collaboration, In the Rarks, Harbour Lights, The Golden Ladder, Little Clris

topher Columbus, The Gipsy Earl, The Gay City, and Scarlet Sin His novels include Rognes and Vagabonds, Memoirs of Mary Jane, Mary Jane Married, Memoirs of a Landlady, and The Ten Commandments His Daily News letters on the housing of the London poor were effective work in a very different category

Sydney Grundy, the son of a Manchester mayor, was born in 1848, educated at Owens College, and called to the Bar in 1869. He practised as a barrister for seven years, and had meanwhile made his first literary and dramatic ventures, including a novel in 1876. His first dozen plays were mainly adaptations from the French. A White Lie and A Fool's Paradise (both in 1889) were on similar lines, but original in substance, and his art was developed in a long series of plays, of which Sowing the Wind (1893), The New Woman (1894), The Greatest of These (1895), A Marriage of Convenience, The Black Thip, and A Debt of Honour have been amongst the most entertuning and successful.

Henry Arthur Jones, the son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, was born at Grandborough in 1851, was educated in the county, and from thirteen to twenty-seven was engaged in business first nameworthy play, A Clerical Error, was produced m 1879, his first lit was The Silver King (1882) He passed from melodrama in Saints and Sinners (1884) to serious criticism of modern country life, and this was followed by The Middleman (1889), The Dancing Girl (1891), and The Crusaders, showing greater depth and maturity. Of more than a score of plays produced by him-many of them with a piquant element of social satire—some of the most notable were The Case of Rebellions Susan (1894), Michael and lus Lost Angel (1896), The Liars (1897), The Manauvies of Jane (1898), and Mrs Dane's Defence (1900)

Arthur Wing Pinero, the son of a London solicitor, was born in 1855, and bred at private schools with a view to his father's profession, but in 1874 made his début on the stage at Edinburgh, in 1875 joined the Lyceum company, and continued an actor till 1881 The player had ere then made bimself known as a promising playwright, his earlier pieces including £200 a Year (1877) and The Squire (1881) His farces The Magistrate, The Schoolinistress, and Dandy Dick proved him a genial humourist, Sweet Lavender (1888) was a sentimental drama. The Profligate was a new departure, The Heaker Sex, Lady Bountiful, and one or two others are also 'modern' and real But it was in The Second Mrs Tanqueray (1893) that Mr Pinero produced a play that marked an epoch in the history of modern English drama, and the serious problems of modern social life were the keynotes of those that followed-I he Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith (1895), The Benefit of the Doubt, Trelawny of the Wells, The Princess and the Butterfly (1897), The Gay Lord Quex (1899), Iris (1901), and Letty (1903)

William Ernest Henley (1849-1903) was born at Gloucester and educated at the Crypt Grammar School there While lying in hospital at Edinburgh he was visited by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the two became intimate for years, collaborating especially in a series of plays, Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea, and Robert Macaire Henley edited The Magazine of Art, The Scots (later National) Observer, The New Review, and other serials, two or three anthologies of lyrics, an edition of Burns (with Mr T E Henderson) and one volume of an edition of Byron, part of a Shakespeare, and the 'Tudor Translations,' and republished in volumes Views and Reviews on literary and artistic subjects With Mr Farmer, he worked on a great dictionary of slang, practically completed at his death. His poetry is vigorous and vivid in expression and rapid in movement, shows a fondness for unrhymed lyncal measures and experiments in unusual rhythms, for odd words and curious locutions, and is lacking chiefly in simplicity and grace The 'Hospital Rhymes' in the first Book of Verses (1888, 4th ed 1893) are full of the grimmest realism, whereas the 'Bric-à-brac' series are largely exercitations in artificial verse forms The London Voluntaires, published with the Song of the Sword (1892), had more of true poetry in them, of music and magic. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1898, but For England's Sake (1900) and Hawthorn and Lavender (1901) were later volumes All his work, prose and verse, reflects his virile temperament, his 'unconquerable soul' had to contend against physical disabilities and broken health His best poems were short, in much of his verse there were rough, even coarse, passages, and he could celebrate the speed of the motor car in a poem which is as little a thing of beauty as the vehicle itself. Yet some of his poems, and parts of many, were exquisite, at times he heard 'the voice of strange command'

Out of the sound of the ebb and flow,
Out of the sight of lamp and star,
It calls you where the good winds blow,
Where the unchanging meadows are,
From faded hopes, and hopes agleam,
It calls you, calls you night and day,
Beyond the dark, into the dream
Over the hills and far away

In criticism he was confident, aggressive, full of pre judices, anti conventional in his judgments, arrogant and contemptuous but stimulating, pungent, and trenchant in style. He commanded an exceptional wealth of epigram and dealt largely in inexplicit allusions, and his intolerance of dullness led to eccentricity and paradox. He strenuously maintained Byron's claim to be regarded as the great English poet of the nineteenth century. His long essay on Burns prefixed to the edition of the works by him and Mr Henderson aggreed worshippers of the bard by insisting overmuch that Burns was 'a lewd peasant of genius' who completed rather

than initiated a development in national song, and he outriged Stevensonians by the manner of his protests against the representation of R I S given As editor he 'discovered,' in the official Life encouraged, trained, or stimulated a remark ible series of writers who became noted for their gifts

Edmund Gosse, the son of Philip Henry Gosse (1810-88) the distinguished naturalist, was born in London on 21st September 1849, and educated in Devonshire Appointed assistant librarian at the British Museum in 1867, he became translator he had appeared as a poet in a volume of Madia gals, Songs, and Sonnets, in which he collaborated with Mr J A Blukie, this was followed in 1873 by another volume of lyrics entitled On I rol and Flute In 1872-74 he had visited Norway, Den mark, and Sweden, and familiarised himself still more thoroughly with Scandinavian literature, in 1877 he made a similar literary tour in Holland For some years afterwards he devoted himself mainly to verse, producing King Iril, a tragedy on a Norse theme (1876), the Unluation I over, in dramatic form 1878), and New Poems (1879), which were followed by Firlansi it I tile 1886: and In Russet and Silver (1894) The spont metty grace, and lightness of touch displayed in his lyrical poetry were universally recognised. His first prose work of note, Northern Studies, was published in 1879, and was the fruit of his Scandi navian and Dutch researches, Mr Gosse's essays on Ibsen were the earliest efforts to introduce the great Norwegian drainatist and poet to the English public In 1882 he contributed the excel lent monograph on Gray to the series of 'Linglish Men of Letters,' and he has since shown his interest in the work of that eighteenth-century classic by editing Grav's works in 1884 Thenceforth he devoted himself mainly to the illustration of Lng lish literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, his work comprising Seventeenth Century Studies (1883), a review of the transition From Shakespeare to Pope (1885), a Life of Congresion (1888), a History of Lighteenth Century Literature (1889), Jacobean Parts (1894), and, on larger lines, the I sfe and Letters of Dr Donne (1899) Other volumes of essays were Gossip in a Library, Questions at Issue, and Critical Kit-Kats (1896), and a suggestive History of Modern English Literature appeared in 1897 In 1890 Mr Gosse performed a pious duty in publishing a life of The Secret of Narcisse (1892) was a prose romance of the Renaissance in France, Hypolympia, or the Gods in the Island (1901), was a delightful 'ironic phantasy' Mr Gosse's editorial care has also been exercised on a selection of English Odes (1881), and on collecting the works of Lodge, the Elizabethan dramatist, in 1882, and of Thomas Lovell Beddocs in 1890-91 Translations of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler (1891) and, in collaboration with Mr William Archer, of l

The Master Builder (1893) showed his sustained interest in Norse drama. In 1884 he lectured at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and other American Mr Gosse's taste and enthusiasm universities have done much for the intelligent understanding of literature. The is a strict but sympathetic entire, and the polished prove of his critical vorb shors much of the grace and lucidity of his verse. In 1884 his literary distinction was recognised by his appointment, as successor of Sir Leslie Stephen, to the Chrl Tectureship in English Literature it Trinity College, Combrid, c, next year another to the Board of Trade in 1875. Tive years earlier ! honour followed in the honourry degree of MA. conferred by the University, and St Andrews added its LLD in 1899. Mr Gosse has super vised a scries of short hi tories of the literatures of the world, and had charge of the Interary department of the supplement to the Lucyclopedia britannica -With Dr Richard Garnett lie is author of Luglish Literature, an Illustratea Record (4 vols 1903-4), the second and fourth volumes being from his pen-And he was an important contributor to the present vorl, the articles on Spenser and on Sidney as poet, on Webster, Lord, and Shirley, and on the Llizabethan song writers and sonne' eveles, being his

#### The Himnad's Grave

The , irl who once, on I ydian heights, Around the sacred grove of pines, Would dance through v hole tempesti ous nights When no moon shines Whose pipe of lotor featly blown Gave airs as shrill as Cotys o in

Who, erowned with buds of its dark Three times drained deep with emprous lips The wine fed boul of willow bark With silver tips,

Nor sand nor ceased, but shouted still Like some vald wand from hall to hill,

She has at last where poplars wave Their sad gray folinge all day long, The river murmurs near her grave

A soothing song, Larewell, it saith! Her days have done With shouting at the set of sun

(From On L. Land Flate)

#### Two Points of View

If I forget,-

May joy pledge this weak heart to sorrow ! If I forget -

May my soul's coloured summer borrow The hucless tones of storm and run, Of ruth and terror, shame and pain,-If I forget !

Though you forget,-There is no binding code for beauty Though you forget,-Love was your charm, but not your duty, And life's worst breeze must never bring A rufile to your silken wing, Though you forget.

If I forget,—
The salt creek may forget the ocean,
If I forget
The heart whence flows my heart's bright motion,
May I sink meanlier than the worst,
Abandoned, outcast, crushed, accurst,—
If I forget!

Though you forget,—
No word of mine shall mar your pleasure,
Though you forget,—
You filled my barren life with treasure,
You may withdraw the gift you give,
You still are lord, I still am slave,—
Though you forget.

(From Firdausi in Exile)

# Robert Louis Stevenson,

essayist and romance-writer, was the only child of Thomas Stevenson, a distinguished civil engineer, himself the youngest son of one still more famous, Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Mathematical and engineering talent was hereditary in the family, who for three generations have been pre eminent in the construction and illumination of lighthouses. His mother was Margaret Balfour, of the old Scottish family of the Balfours of Pilrig From her he inherited the delicacy which made him a chronic invalid He was born in Edinburgh throughout his life on the 13th of November 1850 Even in childhood his health gave constant anxiety, and his education was interrupted and irregular from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year much of his time was spent in travelling in the south of England and abroad. He was destined for the hereditary profession of his family, and between 1867 and 1871 went through a course of engineering study at Edinburgh University, also gaining some practical experience, and that familiarity with the sea and sea-folk which is so marked a feature in his writings, chiefly in connection with the great Wick breakwater and the Dhu Heartach Lighthouse But he had no aptitude for the scientific side of the profession, and insufficient health for the exposure and physical hardships which its practice involves. Even as a boy, he was completely wrapped up in two interests and the curious study of human life in all its ispects, with a strong leaning towards its more sorded and squaled aspects, and as strong a revolt rightst convention and respectability In 1871 he definitely abandoned engineering and began to rend law, being admitted an advocate at the Scottish Bar in 1875 To his legal studies he only give an absolute minimum of attention, but whether in Edinburgh, at his father's countryhouse among the Pentlands, or in rambles far and wide over both Lowlands and Highlands, he was an industrious student of human nature, an eager devourer and assimilator of all sorts of imaginative and historical literature, and, to use his own phrase, 'a sedulous ape' of the writers upon whom

he had an ambition of forming his style of the mot propre, a quality then, even more than now, rather French than British, became his consuming passion Fortunately his admiration for the large manner of the Romantic school, and the underlying Puritanism of his own temperament, kept him from dropping into a mere follower of the school of Flubert. In or about his twenty-fifth year the formative influences in his artistic life came in rapid succession first the acquaintance, which soon ripened into a close and lifelong friend ship, with Mr Sidney Colvin, then his own initiation into authorship through Mr Leslie Stephen and the Cornhill Magazine, and, a little later, his intro duction by Mr Stephen to Mr W E Henley at the In the summer of that year beginning of 1875 his cousin, the brilliant artist and critic, R. A. M Stevenson, took him to Fontainebleau and intro duced him into the cosmopolitan artists' colony at For three years he passed much of Barbizon his time there In 1876 he made, together with Sir Walter Simpson, the canoe-journey from Antwerp to Pontoise, the record of which, In Inland Voyage (1878), was his first published work. Though it had no wide or striking success, it gave him a significant place in literature among the small circle who ultimately form public taste. In the same year with it there appeared (in magnitines) the series of fantastic stories entitled New Arabian Nights, and also the striking study or apologue called Will of the Mill, one of his first and most successful essays in that mixture of psychology and romance which he was to make peculiarly his own. In 1879 appeared Travels with a Donkey through the Cevennes, the journal of a tour taken in southern France in the previous autumn During these years Stevenson lived almost as much in France as in Edinburgh or London Barbizon he had made the acquaintance of a Californian lady, Mrs Osbourne, whom he afterwards married, and who was his critic and collaborator in much of his work thereafter mainly to renew relations with her that in the summer of 1879 Stevenson went out to California. This was the darkest period of his fortunes writing as yet only brought him a very small and very precarious income, the hardships of the journey, which, partly for economy's sake, and partly to grin r new experience (recounted in Across the Plains), he took as an ordinary emigrant, greatly reduced his small stock of bodily strength, and the winter of 1879-80, spent in poverty, loneliness, and dejection, almost wore through the fruil thread of his life. With his marriage and return to Europe in 1880 the tide of his fortunes began to turn, but there was no physical recovery, and for the rest of his life he had to struggle against con stant ill health which seldom allowed him to work for more than two or three hours in the day, and often for months together debarred him from both work and companionship The volume and excel lence of the work he produced under these appalling

difficulties during the next few years are equally amazing His laborious apprenticeship was now bearing fruit. The collected volume of essays en titled Virginibus Puerisque was published in 1881, after a winter spent at Davos, in that year, among many other works planned or begun, he wrote the brilliant story of Scottish diablerie called Thrawn land, began the series of verses of childhood which took the world by storm when they appeared four years later, and began also the first of

his serious romances of adventure, the epoch-making Treasure Island It was printed and pub lished in 1882, and obtained immediate and almost universal recognition Hither-Stevenson had only been known to a comparatively small circle of ap preciative critics He now took his place as one of the foremost imaginative writers of his time The New Arabian Nights already men tioned were collected and published about the same time, and were followed by a fresh series, More New Arabian Nights. in 1883, in 1882 also appeared a second volume of collected essays, Familiar Studies of Men and Books, which estab lished his reputation as a fine and subtle

critic, and as the expounder of a suggestive and original philosophy of life From this time forward he was not only a writer of unquestioned originality and distinction, but the head of a school, and an influence in literature of profound import

Two years at Hydres did nothing to restore his health, and in the autumn of 1884 he settled at Bournemouth, where he remained until the summer of 1887 The first fruit of this period was the singular and interesting Prince Otto, a romance in a manner quite new to him, and one which he never repeated The influence of Mr George Meredith is very marked in it, and to that influence may be at least in part attributed the fact that, alone among all his romances, it makes a serious if not wholly successful attempt to create women and make them integral to the story. For the absence of female interest is one of the most marked features of-Stevenson's work. On men, and more especially on young men and boys, he lavished all his art and all his refined psychology, his heroines, where there are any, are mere boys in petticoats. and his subsidiary women characters little more than part of the scenery or background of the action Two years' labour was spent over Prince Otto, but some months before it appeared there was published the celebrated Child's Garden of Verse, as decisive and important a success in its own field of literature

as Treasure Island

had been two years

was in this case almost wholly new,

the Child's Garden

may be said not only

to have founded a

new school, but to have opened up a

new side of life, and to be a substantiai

contribution towards

the theory of human

development and the

science of psycho

The field

before

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON From a Photograph by W J Hawker, Bournemouth.

The essay logy called Child's Play, which had origin ally appeared in the Cornhill Magazine as early as 1878, and was included in the Virginibus Puerisque volume of 1881, had broken ground in this direction, with singular delicacy and depth of insight. But now Stevenson was able to address his vindication and interpretation of

childhood urbi et orbi, these verses, perpetually reprinted, quoted, in many cases set to music and sung, have become household words among the whole English speaking world

A few months after Prince Otto appeared the brief but very highly finished psychological romance, The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Its fortunes were at first doubtful, the public were a little shocked, a little puzzled, and greatly inclined to be scandalised. Like the story of the Suicide Club in the New Arabian Nights, it was thought to deal too lightly and fantastically with a subject in itself painful and even shocking, as to which conventional good taste suggested that the lips should be closed, if not the eyes shut But it soon conquered popularity, and it has, alone among Stevenson's works, added two names to the common stock of these imaginative creations which are as real and as widely known as any historical figures During those years much of his time was also spent in writing plays and dramatic sketches, for the most part in collaboration with Mr Henley A volume containing four of the plays which they completed between 1880 and 1885, Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea, and Vacaure, was pub lished in 1892 Neither author had any notable dramatic gift. Two of the four plays have been produced on the stage, but rather as literary curiosities than as pieces which could attract the public, or which had any essential vitality best that can be said of Stevenson's plays is that they are not feebler or more ineffective than Scott's

But by this time Stevenson had turned to a field for romance with which he was, alike by birth and training, peculiarly qualified to deal-Scotland of the eighteenth century. A passionate lover of Scotland and the Scottish character, he had also since boyhood been a student of Scottish history, and was versed in the annals of both the Whigs and the Jacobites The celebrated political and criminal trials of that period had been his favourite reading as a student of law and a briefless advo-He had planned and begun to collect materials for more than one historical work dealing with Scotland between 1660 and 1800 Edinburgh still in his boyhood retained a tradition of the period when it was a centre of national life as various, crowded, and thrilling as had ever been in Athens or Florence And the eighteenth cen tury had from the first strongly attracted his At the age of four-and-twenty he imagination had written of it in words of quite remarkable insight and sympathy 'the spirit of a country orderly and prosperous, a flavour of the presence of magistrates and well-to-do merchants in bagwigs, the clink of glasses at night in fire lit parlours, something certain and civic and domestic,' and yet withal in the fullest sense of the word romantic. Where the great magician had been, it might seem presumptuous to follow, but the field from which Scott had reaped with so large and careless, yet so sure and fine a hand, still left ample resources for the new methods which the mere lapse of half a century necessarily implied To this period and setting belong the four works which are the core and consummation of Stevenson's achievement in romance Kidnapped (1886), The Master of Ballantrae (1889), Catriona (1893), and Weir of Hermiston, left a fragment at the author's death

In 1887 Stevenson's lung disease had become so serious that neither the English nor the French Riviera was any longer a safe refuge for him He left England that autumn in order to spend the winter in the dry air of the Adirondack Mountains at Lake Saranac, and from that time never returned to Europe The charming volume of poems, *Underwoods*, was published just after

his departure. In verse Stevenson was only a brilliant amateur, but these poems have all the curious fascination that attaches to the work of a trained artist who diverges for his own amusement into an alien though cognate art. The same year was issued the collected volume of short stories entitled The Merry Men, and in the following year The Black Arrow, a romance of adventure of which the scene is hid in England during the Wars of the Roses Here, as always when he went back beyond the eighteenth century, his touch is uncertain and his success very imperfect With the Middle Ages he had no sympathy, and the fifteenth century, although it lies beyond the Middle Ages properly so called, was almost equally alien from him. In the summer of 1888 the voyage in the Southern Pacific, which had been one of his cherished dreams since boyhood, was actually undertaken The climate there was favourable, the semi-barbaric and adventurous life of the Polynesian Islands fascinated him, and after wanderings in the South Seas extending over nearly two years, he bought a piece of land in Samoa and settled there for the remainder of his Through the six years spent by him in the South Seas he was writing constantly politics of Samoa absorbed much of his interest, but his journals and letters failed to arouse any great corresponding interest in the audience for whom he wrote Nor did he obtain any striking success by his stories of life in the islands (the Island Nights' Entertainments of 1893 and The Ebb tide of 1894), though they contain much admirable description and characterisation went on, however, at the same time working on his main central line, and whenever he laid his scene in Scotland, his certainty of touch and vigour of handling remained almost unimpaired In another work of this period, The IVrecker (1892), he made an attempt at filling a larger canvas, working into it the suggestions and memories of his earlier life in Edinburgh and among the artists of Paris and Fontamebleau, with his later experiences of California and the Pacific The result was a strangely amorphous and ineffective book, containing much excellent work that is on the whole The two works last named, and some others of minor importance, were written in collaboration with his stepson, Mr Lloyd Osbourne By this time physical debility had greatly affected Stevenson's power of continuous or constructive St Ives, the story of the adventures of a French prisoner of war in Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, is perhaps the neakest and most flaccid of all his romances. He left it incomplete, but its own vitality, no than his, was already exhausted In the last months of his life he was able to rally his powers for a last effort, and the opening chapters of Weir of Hermiston (the scene of which is again in Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century) are on a level with his best and finest work

this was the last flare of a dying flame. On the 3rd of December 1894 he died suddenly in his home at Vailima in Samoa

Great as is the positive and essential merit of Stevenson's work when at its best, it is as an influence in letters and in thought that his position is In some respects he is an interestmost notable ing parallel to William Hazlitt, a writer whom, both in substance and manner, he took in youth for one of his chief models If to Hazlitt may be applied the caustic saying of Voltaire, Sa réputation s'affermu a toujours, parce qu' on le lit guère, so more than half of the various and unequal work that fills the long shelf of Stevenson's collected works will probably become the possession of a small circle of men of letters and be disregarded or forgotten by the wider public The same fite has already overtaken De Quincey, who likewise resembles Stevenson in multifariousness, in a cer tain extravagance and whimsical ty of mind, and in the possession of a style of great fascination and marked individuality, highly artificial in origin and construction, but become a second nature to its author, and handled with perfect case and consummate skill Stevenson as an essayist stands apart from both in virtue of his refined and subtle as a romance-writer he belongs to a different order of literature. The name by which he was known among the native Samoans, Tusitala, 'the teller of tales,' is that on which his permanent reputation will rest. His delight in stories of adventure was that of a boy, and his story-telling instinct (one of the rarest of literary qualities) unsurpassed within the limits which his nature had assigned to him. He was one of those persons who in a sense never outgrow their boyhood has been already remarked, one half of the human race remained for him throughout life almost a scaled book. 'I have never pleased myself with inny women of mine, he wrote towards the end of his life, and the criticism is just. Even his men are for the most part larger children romance of boyhood and adolescence, and, going still farther back, of the feelings and inner life of childhood, he is an unsurpassed master the philosophy of life developed in both his essays and his romances is that rather of a gifted boy than of a mature man. Like his style, it was fully developed in him by the age of five and twenty, and it underwent no change thereafter except, in his last years, an imperceptible and silent reversion towards the traditions of his birth and blood has been called, not unjustly, the best loved of modern writers, and the Gods, according to the Greek saying, also loved him for he died young

#### From 'Notes on Edinburgh.'

The ancient and famons metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom, none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced

gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sinset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Tirth expands into the German Ocean, and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi

But Edinburgh pays eruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest chimates under heaven. She is hable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying south ward from the Highland hills The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love slielter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence Many such aspire angrily after that. Somewhere else of the imagination, where all troubles They lean over the great bridge are supposed to end which joins the New Town with the Old-that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the winds -and watch the trains smoling out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney tops l And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts, go where they will, they find no city of the same distinc tion, go where they will, they take a pride in their old home

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other eities in the sentiment which slie inspires. The rest may have admirers, she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train And indeed, even by her lindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satis factory in itself They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting She is pre eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gasworks It is a house of many memories Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levées, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dnst, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the rulgar, but the stone prlace has outlived these changes For fifty weeks together, it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture, but on the fifty first, behold the palace reawakened and mimick ing its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers, a couch and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate, at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neigh bours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers, from time to time the old volcano smokes Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence, it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other, like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumen tal marble There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead, you may see the troops marshalled on the high paride, and nt night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the seene of imperal deliberations Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon, and you see a troop of eitizens in tawdry masquerade, tabard above, heather mixture trowser below, and the men themselves trudg ing in the mud among unsympathetic bystanders grooms of a well appointed circus trend the streets with a better presence. And yet these are the Heralds and Pursuvants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two score boys, and thickes, and hackney coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students. coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the springtime-or say one morning rather, at the peep of day-late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street, and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a pralm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the parliaments of Churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

#### From 'Kidnapped.'

The next day Mr Henderland found for me a man who had a boat of his own and was to cross the Linnhe Loch that afternoon into Appin, fishing. Him he prevailed on to take me, for he was one of his flock, and in this way I saved a long day's travel and the price of two public ferries I must otherwise have passed

It was near noon before we set out in dark day with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The set was here very deep and still, and had scaree a wave upon it, so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough and burren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver freed with little watercourses where the sun shone upon them It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did

There was but one thing to mention. A little after we had started, the sun shone upon a little moving climp of scarlet close in along the waterside to the

north It was much of the same red as soldiers' coats, every now and then, too, there came little sparks and lightnings, as though the sun had struck upon bright steel

I asked my boatman what it should be, and he answered he supposed it was some of the red soldiers coming from Fort William into Appin, against the poor tenantry of the country. Well, it was a sad sight to me and whether it was because of my thoughts of Alan, or from something prophetic in my bosom, although this was but the second time I had seen King George's troops, I had no good will to them

At last we came so near the point of land at the entering in of Loch Leven that I begged to be set on shore My boatman (who was an honest fellow and mindful of his promise to the catechist) would fain have carried me on to Balachulish, but as this was to take me farther from my secret destination, I insisted, and was set on shore at last under the wood of Lettermore (or Letter vore, for I have heard it both ways) in Alan's country of Appin

This was a wood of birehes, growing on a steep, craggy side of a mountain that overhung the loch. It had many openings and ferny howes, and a road or bridle track ran north and south through the midst of it, by the edge of which, where was a spring, I sat down to eat some out bread of Mr Henderland's, and think upon my situation

Here I was not only troubled by a cloud of stinging midges, but far more by the doubts of my mind. What I ought to do, why I was going to join myself with an outlaw and a would be murderer like Alan, whether I should not be acting more like a man of sense to tramp back to the south country direct, by my own guidance and at my own charges, and what Mr Campbell or even Mr Henderland would think of me if they should ever learn my folly and presumption these were the doubts that now began to come in on me stronger than ever

As I was so sitting and thinking, a sound of men and horses came to me through the wood, and presently after, at a turning of the road, I saw four travellers come into view The way was in this part so rough and narrow that they came single and led their horses by the The first was a great, red headed gentleman, of an imperions and flushed face, who carried his hat in his hand and fanned himself, for he was in a breathing heat The second, by his decent black garb and white wig, I correctly took to be a lawyer. The third was a servant. and wore some part of his clothes in tartan which showed that his master was of a Highland family, and either an outlaw or else in singular good odour with the Government, since the wearing of tartan was against If I had been better versed in these things, I would have known the tartan to be of the Argyle (or Campbell) colours. This servant had a good sized port manteau strapped on his horse, and a net of lemons (to brew punch with) hanging at the saddle-bow, as was often enough the custom with luxurious trivellers in that part of the country

As for the fourth, who brought up the tail, I had seen his like before, and knew him at once to be a sheriff's officer

I had no sooner seen these people coming than I made up my mind (for no reason that I can tell) to go through with my adventure, and when the first came alongside

of me, I rose up from the brief en and asked him the

He stopped and looked at me, as I thought, a little oddly, and then, turning to the lawyer, 'Mungo, and he, 'there is many a man would than this more of a warning than two pysts. Here mu I on my road to Duror on the job ye len, and here is a young lad starts up out of the bracken, and species if I am on the way to Aucharn'

"(denure," said the other, "this is an ill abject for jesting,"

These two had now drawn close up and were gainst at me, while the two followers had halted about a tone cast in the rear

"And what seek ye in Auchari?" aid Colin Ros Campbell of Glenure him they called the Red Lox for he it was that I had stopped

"The man that live there" said I

'James of the Glons,' says Glenure, musingly and then to the lawyer. 'Is he jatherin, his propte, thing ye?'

"Anyway," says the lawver "we shall do better to bule " where we are, and let the olders rally a

"If you are concerned for me," and I down moth r of his people nor your, but and hore t subject of Kin George, owing no man and fear no no man

Why, very well and, replie the lactor. But if I may make so ball as ask, what does the hone tamage of fir from his country? and who does he come see me the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here. I must the you. I am king's Lactor upon several of these estate and have twelve files of soldiers at my back!

I have beard a waif word in the country will, a little nettled, "that you were a hard man to drive

He still kept looling at me, as if in doul

Welt,' said he at lat, your tongue is hold but I am no unfriend to plalines. If yo had a led me the way to the door of Jame. Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set yought and but lense God speed. But to day—th, Mungo? And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

But just as he turned there came the shot of a finded from higher up the full, and with the very coind of it. Glenner fell upon the road

O, I am dead " he cried, several times over

The lawyer had caught him up and held turn in his arms, the servant standing over and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with seared eyes, and there was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

"Tal ceare of yourselves," save he "I am dead"

He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers shipped on the buttons. With that he gave n great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

#### From 'Pulvis et Umbra.'

Of the Kosmos in the last resort science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down, gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances, and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction, NH<sub>2</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>O. Con

subtration dates not dwell up in this view that way malties lies oricine extrict its into zone of specials for, where there is no habitable city for the mind of mon

Put take the Komos till a gro ser faith, is nir ense give lt it We heliald space sown is the intatory a lambs sun and worlds and the shoots and a recla of existens some, like the un, still blizzing, some or this, like the catha other, like the moon, table in decolo All of these is take to be made efforteither we call matter a thin sluck its analysican lalger to concerve, to whee me in the properties no familiarny can reconcide our mind. This could, be not a uncel by the historian of nee to undeals fito come hing we call life evel there hall it may swith a gelin and a market broader in the property of the most pinker, outside even the on affrecent pickey) to uno recent plating may million, millions either ing in o one, as the multiplocate that an interest, a fee. This said gates once of the das, and we we are to it set that it with neutronal its stand for professional sees and proposed sometifications of emphal to net with a retently some ore dek or big tinni d twe aprefector ritares Pt now release the rains with make edicated at the thurship of early endine a constant mer i neighborn even in the little and the em il i figur,

lu two main shiper this erapion co eri the co e es nace of the earths the and it and the rejectable of a in the direct the invertible of the cherical the second rooted to the garage of the first come, detach I to of its nord mul, or locatery placed with the nyonel feet of norther toxicity, my the fewers of a more tometralle that if i la sell of britishing considered the heart top. To white place is better enclined return we have hittle on alout less ther have their jour and corrows their delight and hilling agames it app a not him. Into the incompating, to shelp a consolies I has neem to have. These store with its a thin and a mode the mirroles of light, of hearing of the projection of said things that I blue space, the immedes of memors and rizon his which the present reconcerned and when it is gone as image by thing in the brains of min and brote the mimele of reproduction, with its imperiors desires and stancar; And to jut the last touch upon this consequence mountain mass of the resolung and the inconcercible, all these prevupon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, crummin, them inside themseives and by that summary proce , growing fit the vereinnan, the while perhaps the tree not less than the hon of the descrit. For the vegetarian is only the exter of the damb

Meanwhile our rotators island loaded with preusion) life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever matimed hip, send through space with mininguiable speed and thrus alternate cheels to the reverberation of a blazing world, tunety million miles and

What a monstrous spectre is this tran, the discuss of the agglutinated dut, lifting alternate feet or true, drigged with slumber killing feeding, growing, being ing forth small copies of hinself grown upon with hir like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face, a thing to set cluldren screaming,—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes. Poor soul, here for so little,

cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so in commensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, arremediably condemned to prey npon his fellow lives who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him in stead filled with imperfect virtues infinitely childish, often admirably valuant, often tonchingly kind, sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity, rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea, singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection, bringing forth in pain, rearing with long suffering solicitude, his To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of Innacy thought of duty, the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible, a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. (From Across the Plains)

#### From 'Underwoods'

It is the season now to go About the country lugh and low, Among the blacs hand in hand, And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid, Wholly fain and half afraid, Now meet along the hazel d brook. To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired, Their rough and tumble play they shared, They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and ened, A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face, She strove against him in the race, He unabashed her garter saw, That now would touch her skirts with awe

Now by the stile ablaze she stops, And his demnrer eyes he drops, Now they exchange averted sighs Or stand and marry silent eyes

And he to her a hero is, And sweeter she than primroses, Their common silence dearer far Than nightingale and mayis are.

Now v hen they sever wedded hands, Joy trembles in their bosom strands And lovely langhter leaps and falls Upon their lips in madrigals

(No 11)

#### From 'Songs of Travel.'

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now, Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,

My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying, Hills of home! and to hear again the call,

Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying, And hear no more at all

(No xhii, To S R. Crockett, on receiving a dedication.)

The only complete collection of Steven.ons works is the Edin burgh edition in twenty-eight volumes (1894-98), but most of his romances, essays, and miscellaneous writings are in general circulation. His Life, by Mr Graham Balfour (2 vols. 1901), does little more than supplement the two volumes of Letters to his Family and Friends, edited by Mr Sidney Colvin (1899). Some further biographical details are given in R L Steventon's Edin burgh Days, by Miss E B Simpson (1899). Ont of the hundred of critical articles on the man and his work which have appeared during the later years of his life and since his death, few are of any substantial value. Among those which are, two only are of sufficient importance to demand mention. Mr Colvin's preface—really an informal biography—to the two volumes of letters just mentioned, and Professor W Raleigh's able, if somewhat academic, appreciation R L Stevenson (1895).

J W MACKAIL

John Churton Collins, born in 1848 in Gloucestershire, studied at Balliol, has written much for the reviews and magazines, edited works of Tourneur, Herbert of Cherbury, Greene, Dryden, Tennyson, and written books on Sir Joshua Reynolds, on Bolingbroke and on Voltaire in England, and on Swift, besides A Study of English Literature, Illustrations of Tennyson, Essays and Criticisms, and Ephemera Critica

William Hurrell Mallock, born in 1849 at Cockington Court, Devon, won the Newdigate in 1871 whilst at Balliol, Oxford He made a hit with The New Republic (1877) and The New Paul and Virginia (1878), has written A Romance of the Nineteenth Century, and other novels, has published a poem on Lucretius and other volumes of verse, and in Aristocracy and Evolution, Religion as a Credible Doctrine, and other works has sought to make serious contributions to the solution of religious, political, and sociological problems

Hemy Rider Haggard, born at Bradenham Hall in Norfolk 22nd June 1856, and educated at Ipswich Grammar School, held several official positions in South Africa in 1875-79, and on his return was called to the Bar His first book, Cetewayo and his White Neighbours (1882), attracted little notice, and two novels, Dawn (1884) and The Witch's Head (1885), were only successful after King Solomon's Mines (1885) and She (1887) had by their novelty and imaginative ingenuity won great and immediate popularity. Among his other novels are Jess (1887), Allan Quatermain (1887), Marwa's Revenge (1888), Cleopatra (1889), Allan's Wife (1890), Nada the Lily (1892), Montezuma's Daughter (1893), Joan Haste (1895), and S-vallow, a Story of the Great Trek (1897) The H orld's Desire (1891) was written in collaboration with Mr Andrew Lang Mr Haggard is keenly interested in agricultural conditions and problems. and has published A Farmer's Year (1899) and Rural England (1903), a somewhat pessimistic survey of the present agricultural position, based on elaborate personal inquiries

Hrs Humphry Ward was born in 1851 at Hobart in Tasmania, eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, second son of Dr Arnold of Rugby, who, having resigned his Tasmanian inspectorship of schools on becoming a Roman Catholic, was by Dr Newman appointed Professor of English Literature in a Catholic college at Dublin Mary Augusta Arnold was already known as a scholarly and accomplished writer when in 1872 she married Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of The English Poets She began early to contribute to Macmillan's Magazine, and gave the fruits of her Spanish studies to Smith and Wace's Dictionary of Christian Biography A child's story,



MRS HUMPHRY WARD From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Milly and Olly (1881), Miss Bretherton (1884), a slight novel, and the translation of Amiel's Journal Intime (1885) prepared the way for the spiritual romance of Robert Elsmere (1888), which became the novel of the season It embodied in attempt to describe the struggle of a soul in its voyage towards newer theistic aspirations after losing the landmarks of the old faith Profound spiritual insight, broad human sympathy, and strong thinking are manifest throughout, but as a work of art it is marred by diffuseness, didactic persistency of purpose, and a fatal want of mastery over the fundamental secret of the novelist-the power to make her puppets live rather than preach Its successor, David Grieve (1892), showed all its faults and fewer merits

As Associated (1894) and Str George Tressady (1895) are novels of English politics and society with much that is truly felt and movingly represented, yet too didactic withal Helbeck of Bannisdale (1898) and Eleanor (1900) deal with aspects of modern Catholicism, and Lady Rose's Daughter (1903) is another novel of society, depicting a situation that recalls the relations of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse and Madame du Deffand

Madame Duclaux, a bilingual authoress, was born at Leamington in 1857, was educated at Brussels, in Italy, and at University College, London, and under her maiden name of Agnes Mary Frances Robinson was well known as an English poetess ere, in 1888, she married Professor James Darmesteter, a learned Parisian, who was professor at the Collége de France (died 1894) 1901 she married Professor Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute (died 1904) Her Handful of Honeysuckles showed her a poetess of rare gifts, and the impression was confirmed by her Crowned Hippolytus, a translation from Euripides, The New Arcadia and other Poems, An Italian Garden, a book of songs, Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play, and Retrospect and other Poems She has published a novel, Arden, and books on the End of the Middle Ages and on Emily Bronte, in French and English, Lives of Margaret Queen of Navarre and of M Renan, and a medireval anthology, and in French, a book on Frousart (in the 'Grands Ecrivains' series), and Grands Ecrivains d'Outremanche (1901)

Michael Field is the pseudonym adopted by two ladies who write poetry in collaboration, and whose names are understood to be Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper They have produced about a dozen plays in verse, and also three or four Some of the plays, like volumes of lyrics Callurrhoe (1884) and Brutus Ultor (1887), have classical themes, but the majority are based on passages of English and Scottish history are Fair Rosamund (1884), The Father's Tragedy (1885), dealing with the fate of David, Earl of Rothesay, William Rufus (1886), Canute the Great (1887), and The Tragu Mary (1890), who of course is Mary Queen of Scots These latter are written after the Elizabethan manner, and by some critics have even been called Shakespearian Callirrhoe is pretty and ingenious, but not at all Hellenic in tone or quality The lyrical poems pub lished under the pseudonym as Long Ago (1889), Sight and Song (1892), and Under the Bough (1893) are less ambitious and have more decided charm.

Alice Weynell, daughter of Mr T J Thompson, and younger sister of Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) the battle-painter, was educated entirely by her father, with whom she lived in England and Italy until her marriage in 1877 with Mr Wilfrid Meynell, who has written much for the reviews, and in 1903 published a Life of

Beaconsfield. Preludes (1875), her first volume of verse, was illustrated by her sister, and was republished with some changes and additions in It was praised by Ruskin and Rossetti, and contains verse of high quality and finish for so young a poetess as she was when most of its contents were written. For many years afterwards her literary activity was mainly employed in essay writing in the newspapers and reviews, but in 1897 she edited an Anthology of English Poetry, showing delicate literary discernment. The list of her published works includes The Rhythm of Life (1893), The Colour of Life and The Children (1896), The Spirit of Place (1898), a sympathetic criticism of Ruskin, and a volume of Later Poems (1902)

Mary St Leger Harrison, at the beginning of the twentieth century one of the most conspicuous and powerful of women novelists, is the younger daughter of Charles Kingsley, and as Mary St Leger Kingslev spent her girlhood at Eversley She married the rector of Clovelly in that North Devon which was so dear to her father, but became a widow in 1897 Under the penname of 'Lucas Malet' she made her mark in 1882 with Mrs Lorimer, a sketch in black and white, and had a great success in Colonel Enderby's Wife (1885)-both of them, like most of her novels, dealing frankly with the ethical aspects of human Little Peter and 4 Counsel of life and society Perfection were succeeded by The Wages of Sin (1891), The Carissima (1896), The Gateless Barrier (1900), and The History of Sir Richard Calmady, a 'strong' rather than pleasant study of an unamable dwarf and his noble mother (1901) In 1899 Mrs Harrison had become a member of the Roman Catholic communion

Fiona Macleod is the name borne by the authoress of a remarkable series of Celtic tales, romances, and poems which began to appear in 1894 with Pharais, a Romance of the Isles followed in quick succession The Mountain Lovers and The Sin-Eater (1895), The Washer of the Ford and Green Fire (1896), and The Laughter of Peterhin (1897), most of which were collected in 1897 in a three-volume reprint. Later books are The Dominion of Dreams (1899), The Divine Adventure (1900), and Drostan and Iseult (1902) Fiona Macleod finds her themes in the Celtic myths of early Ireland and Scotland, which in her pages are so effectively treated as to make her one of the chief representatives of that 'Celtic Revival' of which Mr W B Yeats is the protagonist. From the Hills of Dream is a collection of lyrics, Through the Ivory Gates, poems, The Immortal Hour, a drama based on a Celtic legend In the dedication to Mr Meredith of The Sin-Eater she says 'The beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour—it is out of these, the spiritual inheritance of the Gael, that I have fashioned these tales'

James Matthew Barrie was born in 1860 at Kirriemuir, a Forfarshire village to which he has given a popularity it never formerly enjoyed Educated at first at the village school, he passed to Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, taking his VI A in 1882. After eighteen months work on the staff of a Nottingham newspaper, he settled in London as a contributor to such weekly journals as the Speaker and the National Observer. His first book, Better Dead (1887), was largely a satire on London life, his second, The Auld Licht Idylls (1888), and its successor and sequel, A Window in Thrams (1889), made him one of the most popular writers of the day. Few recent



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

sketches of Scottish village life show as much keen observation and quaint humour as are to be found in these vignettes of an extinct generation of country weavers Less successful was Mr Barrie's next venture, The Little Minister, a full length novel published in Good Words in 1891, which, though clever in description, dialogue, and character-drawing, showed a lack of constructive power on a large design and of skill in the handling of a theme involving serious passion. Other works of fiction from his pen are When a Man's Single (1888), My Lady Nicotine (1899), Sentimental Tommy (1896), with its sequel, Tommy and Griscl (1900), and The Little II hite Bird (1902) Margaret Ogilvie (1896) is a pathetic picture of the life and death of his mother His dramatic ventures, including Walker, London (1892), a slight but agreeable farce, in the title rôle of which Mr J L. Toole made one of his last successes, The

Professor's Love Story (1895), a charmingly fresh comedy, and a setting of his own novel The Little Minister (1897), which displayed many of the faults of the novel, were wonderfully well received on the stage, and have been followed by The Wedding Guest, a rather melodramatic piece, The Idmirable Crichton, a clever fantasy, Quality Street, and the 'delightful joke' Little Mary (1903) There is a book on Barrie and his work by Hammerton (1900)

Goorge Bernard Shaw, novelist and play wright, was born at Dublin in 1856 He had no university education, but in 1876 came to London and there embarked, at first with smill success, in a career of journalism and literary work tween 1880 and 1883 he produced four novels, the best known of which is Cashel Byron's Profession, In 1883 he became i with a boxer for hero Socialist agitator, and helped to form the programme of the Fabian Society, editing the essays of the League, to which he had contributed in Several tracts from his pen were also pub lished by the same adventure, among them The Quintessence of Ibsenism in 1891 In 1892 appeared the first of his clever and eccentric plays, II idowers' Houses, produced by the Independent Theatre Society, and followed by Irms and the Van (1894), Candida, The Man of Honour and The Man of Destruy in 1897, and others in the same erratic vein A collection of them, under the title of *Plays* Pleasant and Unpleasant, was issued in 1898, Three Plays for Puritans followed in 1900, and Man and Superman (1903) combines comedy with a paradoxical philosophy of life

John Davidson, son of a minister of the Evangelical Union, was born at Barrhead in Renfrewshire in 1857, and educated at Greenock After studying for one session at Edinburgh University, he spent some twelve venrs in desul tory employment as chemist's assistant, mercantile clerk, and teacher in various schools at Greenock, Perth, Glasgow, Paisley, and Crieff In 1890 he went to London as a journalist, and wrote for the newspapers until his verses began to attract Already he had published dramas-Bruce, a Chromele Play (1886), after the Elizabethan manner, Smith, a Tragic Farce (1888), and Scaramouch in Naxos (1889) These were followed in 1891 by a volume of poems entitled In a Music Hall, and before the end of the century he had produced seven or eight other volumes of poetry and drama, the most notable of which are Fleet Street Lelogues (1893-95), Ballads and Songs (1894), New Ballads (1896), The Last Ballad (1898), Godfrida, 1 play, and The Testament of an Empire Builder (1902) His verse is forcible, graceful, and luxuriant, in his treatment of some metropolitan scenes he shows a quite poignant realism, in his dramatic works he is more successful with a theme like that of the story of Arindne than with the heroic history of a nation's struggle for freedom

William Watson, son of a Yorl shire farmer, was born at Burley in Whirfedale in that county on 2nd August 1858. His father afterwards be came a merchant at Liverpool, where the son was brought up. None of our universities can claim the honour of educiting him, but from an early age he showed a poetic bent and gift, and in 1880 appeared The Prince's Quest, his first published work, manifesting strongly the influence of William Morris Neither it, however, nor the Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature, which came out in 1884, attracted much attention, and it was not till the thoughtful and touching verses on 'Wordsworth's Grave,' in the measure of Gray's Elegy and the manner of Matthew Arnold, were issued along with some other short pieces in 1890 that Mr Writson was generally recognised as a poet. In 1892 he produced another pleasing clegy entitled 'Lachryma Musarum,' on the death of Tennyson, bringing it out along with several other lyrics, one of which 'England my Mother,' bears close resemblance to Mr Henley's much more powerful verses to 'England, my England' published earlier in the sunc vear The Elofing Ingels (1893) is a clever exprise in Byronic offara i ma, and, lile the majority of its predecessors, has something of the air of an echo of the great masters. More original and personal are the sonnets on The Year of Shame and He Purple East (1896), although they are deformed by their fierce and almost historical deminciation of the 'unspeak able Turl' The most notable of Mr Watson's other poems are his Father of the Forest (1895) and The Hope of the World (1897), which were collected along with the rest of his verse in 1898, m 1902 he produced one of the many odes on the coronation of King Edward VII, and in 1903 published For Lingland Poems written 11 Estrangement In prose he has written a volume of essays entitled Excursions in Criticism (1893) In 1895 he received a Civil List pension in recognition of his work

Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde (1856-1900), poet and dramatist, was the younger son of Sir William Wilde, eminent both as surgeon and as antiquary, and of Jane Ligee, a lady who under the nom de guerre of 'Speranza' contributed some inspiring verse to The Spirit of the Nation educated first at Frinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Magdalen, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize in 1878 by a poem on Here he began that cult of 'asthe Ravenna ticism' for which he quickly became fumous both in England and America This movement, which for a few years took an astonishing hold on the British public, derived its impulse mainly from Wilde, and its influence has been much more than ephemeral In 1881 appeared a volume of poems, marked by a singular mixture of verbal felicity and affected sentiment. In 1888 Wilde entered on a period of great activity, first as a writer of novels

and stories, and later as a drumatist. In the former kind Dorian Graj (1891) is his chief work, and its success was due, in part at least, to qualities not cyclusively literary The popularity of his plays was more legitimately earned. Lady II indermere's Fan (1892), A Woman of No Importance (1893), The Ideal Husband, and The Importance of being Larnest (1895) were all of them successful on the stage, and are admirable specimens of light comedy, abounding in vivacious dialogue and dexterous situations. Wilde's career was abruptly terminated in the height of his drimatic success, and after undergoing two years imprisonment for an odious criminal offence, he was released in 1897, and passed his remaining years in France, where shortly before his death he was received into the The Ballad of Reading Roman Catholic Church Gaol (1898) embodies his experiences as a convict

George Moore, novelist, playwright, and art critic, was born in 1857, son of a Mayo landowner and MP, who, like most of the Young Ireland party, to which he was attached, united literary talent with political activity Educated at Oscott, Moore early give proof that his father's taste for letters had descended to him His carliest venture was in verse. Flowers of Passion appeared in 1878, and Martin Luther, a tragedy, in 1879 ing these efforts, Moore spent several years in the study of art in Paris, where he imbibed views which have coloured all his subsequent work. 1885 a translation of Zola's Pot bouille expressly avowed the direction which Moore's artistic and literary sympathies had now taken, but in A Mummer's IVife, a novel published in the previous year, he had indicated his enthusiasm for 'realism' plainly enough. Vain Fortune (1891) and Esther Waters (1894) are in the same sein career has been chiefly associated with what is known as the Celtic Revival, and is somewhat at odds with his earlier tendencies. That his intimate connection with the modern school of art and letters in France should have led him to the con clusion that the English language has ceased to be an apt vehicle for literary purposes, is less surprising than that the disciple of realism should find the clixir of a new literary life in the idealism of the Celtic movement. With Mr Yeats, Mr Martyn, Dr Hyde, and others, he has been a contributor to Ideals in Ireland (1901), and has written The Bending of the Bough for the Irish Literary Theatre It is perhaps as an art critic that he has most deservedly won distinction, his best work in this kind is to be found in Modern Painting (1898) In 1903 he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, mainly on Celtic national grounds

Sit Atthur Conan Doyle was the son of a clerk in the Exchequer Office in Edinburgh who possessed a share of the artistic gifts of his famous brother Richard Doyle, born in 1859, he was educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University for a medical career He practised medicine on land and

on an Arctic ship, but was writing for Chambers's Journal when still a student, and in 1887 and 1888 attracted notice by A Study in Scarlet and Micah Clarke, which were followed in 1890 by the still more popular IVhite Company, and save that he evercised his medical profession with the troops during part of the war in South Africa, and that he stood in 1900, unsuccessfully, as Unionist candidate for a seat in Edinburgh, he has since 1890 been known as a successful author by profession, especially as the creator of a special type of detective story, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, first published in the Strand Magazine, and in 1891 in book form Brigadier Gerard, Rodney Stone, and The Hound of the Baskerniles are amongst his most successful He also wrote The Great Boer II ar (1900) and a short work on The Cause and Conduct of the War, issued to explain and defend the action of Britain against misrepresentation in Europe and America. For his services in this connection he was knighted in 1902. In a straightforward, unaffected, agorous style he writes stories full of invention, movement, and interest.

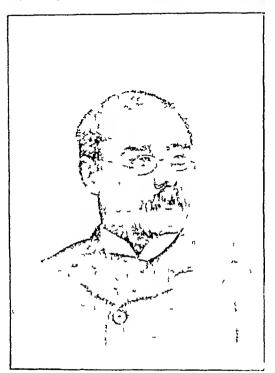
Sidney Lee, to whom Britain is largely indebted for the carrying out of the monumental Dictionary of National Biography, was born in London in 1859, studied at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford From the beginning of the Dictionary of National Biography to the twenty-first volume (1883-90) he was assistant-editor, in 1890-91 (vols \viii-\vivi) he was joint-editor with Sir Leslie Stephen, and from 1891 to the conclusion of the work (with the sixty third volume), besides supplement (3 vols) and epitome (1891-1903), was sole editor. In 1883 he produced a new edition of Lord Berners's translation of Huon of Bordeaux, which was followed by a recension and continuation of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography, he wrote on Stratford on Avon from the earliest time till Shakespeare's death, and on the first folio Shakespeare, and he has published Lives of Shakespeare and of Queen Victoria, expanded from the articles on them contributed by him to the Dictionary article on Shakespeare in this work is from his pen

Israel Zangwill, born in London in 1864, the son of an immigrant, was successively teacher and journalist, has written essays, poems, and plays, but is best known as author of Children of the Ghetto, Ghetto Tragedies, The King of Schnorers, Dreamers of the Ghetto, and other stories showing his keen insight into all aspects of Jewish life and his sympathy with his race, as well as his literary skill and power

Anthony Hope Hawkins, born in 1863, the son of a London head master and clergyman, was educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, and called to the Bar in 1887 The Prisonce of Zenda (1894) was not his first book, but it was that which made his pen name of 'Anthony Hope' familiar, and, compounded of romanticism, satire, modernity,

and burlesque, has served as a model to many attempts in the same genre. The amusing Dolly Dialogues belong to the same year, and other notable works are Rupert of Hentzau, The King's Mirror, Quisante, Tristram of Blent, and The Intrusions of Peggy

Rudy and Kipling. Journalist, writer of short stories, poet and novelist, was born at Bombay on 30 li December 1865. His father, Mr John Lockwood Kipling, CIE, is an artist of considerable knowledge and skill, his mother (mic Alice Macdonald) has, in conjunction with her daughter, published a volume of poems (Hand



RUDYARD KIPLING From a Photograph by Flliott & Fry

in Hand, 1902) showing no small literary power combined with rare delicacy and refinement of Mr Rudyard Kipling was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Microards returning to India, he became a journalist and acted at Allahabad as assistant editor on the Ciril and Military Gazette and the Proneer, in which were printed the stories which, when collected and republished in book form, first dres the attention of the reading public to his Mr Kipling has travelled in China Japan, Africa, Australia, and America. It was during his seven years' residence in the United States that he all bu' succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, which called forth an extraordinary manifestation of s mpaths on the part of the American public After this he returned to England, but he has since then made more than one visit of considerable deration to South Africa. Mr Kiplings publica.

tions include Departmental Ditties (1886), Plant Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, In Black and White, The Story of the Gadsbys, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, Hee Wilhe Winkie, Life's Handicap, The Light that Failed, The Naulakha (written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier), Barrack Room Ballads, Many Inventions, The Jungle Book, The Second Jungle Book, The Seven Seas, Captains Courageous, The Day's Work, Stalky & Co, From Sea to Sea, Kim, Just So Stories, The Five Nations (poems), and Traffics and Discoveries (1904)

Mr Kipling is still a young man with many years of work, it may be hoped, before him No attempt could therefore in any case be made to fix the place which he will eventually occupy in the The task would literature of his age and country be made additionally difficult by the curious and almost freakish developments and changes which have marked his literary power during the list eighteen vears He became known originally as a writer of short stories dealing with Indian life, and particularly with the life of the British soldier in These showed him to be possessed of a method at once vivid and strong, and of an uncompromising directness of expression somewhat rare amongst the writers of the day. The stories were not less remarkable for the extraordinary keenness of observation displayed by the writer. He may be said (although not a few soldiers might hesitate to concur in this dictum) to have represented the common soldier with a futliful accuracy that left but little to be desired, there, limned to the life, were the Cockney, the Yorkshireman, and the Irishman, three types of the great mass of their fellows who make up the rank and file of the army Their weaknesses and the peculiar code of morals that is supposed to distinguish the regular soldier from his civilian fellow countrymen were set down as faithfully as their courage, their fatalistic en durance, their admiration of manliness, and their The success of Soldiers Three resourcefulness and Plain Tales from the Hills was incontestable, and they were followed by sketches displaying the same graphic power in conjunction with imagina tive insight and a vein of tenderness in some of the tales that formed a strange contrast to the somewhat brutal but intentional roughness of other writings by the young author Less success ful was The Light that Failed, Mr Kipling's first attempt at a novel. The same qualities and the same contrast are to be observed in this book as in the collections of shorter stories, but the coarse ness outweighs and overpowers the tenderness, and the style of writing which, in spite of its jerkiness and its lack of emotional restraint, carried the writer triumphantly through the few pages of the short story seems to lay and halt when forced into his service for a novel. While the two Jungle Books and Kim must not be forgotten by those who endeavour to estimate Mr Kipling's position, it may safely be said that of late

Mr Kipling's chief triumphs have been gained by his poems. The best of these, such as, to take only 'wo examples, 'The Ballad of East and West' and 'The Recessional,' reach a very high level indeed In the 'Ballad' is to be found that union of fiery descriptive power with nobility of feeling and an artfully simple metrical dexterity which stamps all great ballads The subject fortunately forbade that overwrought attention to its technical details which is a mark of some of Mr Kipling's pieces both in everse and prose, but there is, on the contrary, a downright and straightforward narration of a heroic and knightly incident which makes its appeal to the reader without any adventitious trickery No doubt many of Mr Kipling's pieces in verse, notably the Barrack Room Ballads, with their course dialect jargon and their almost affected brutality of sentiment, are destined merely to a passing Of many of his other pieces, too, it popularity may be said that the strenuous and often aggressive patriot has submerged the poet, but if he be judged by the best of his work in poetry, it my be affirmed that amongst writers of the day he is unsurpressed for vigour of diction combined with an imaginative power that holds the reader in its spell even when the subject dealt with by the poet is most terrible and distressing

### RUDOLF C LEHMANN

Stephen Phillips, born at Somerton near Oxford in 1868, is the son of an English clergyman, and was educated at the Grammar Schools of Stratford and of Peterborough, where his father was Precentor of the Cathedral After studying a while for the Civil Service, he went on the stage, playing parts of all kinds in Benson's Company, and subsequently became an army tutor he turned to literature, and in 1897 drew critical notice by his striking poem Christ in Hades, afterwards included in the volume of Poems published in the same year, which was 'crowned' by the Academy journal The author's theatrical experience helped, with their own dramatic and poetic merit, to secure success on the stage for the poetical dramas Paolo and Francesca (1899), Herod (1900), and Ulysses (1902), The Sin of David, on a plot from the English Civil War, followed in 1904 As a poct Mr Phillips is admitted by the best critics to have true and high poetic endowment, with a real gift for epigrammatic and memorable lines

William Butler Teats, born in Dublin in 1865, of Anglo Irish parentage, his steeped his inagination in the legend and myth of the Irish Celt, and it has been apparently the chief ambition of his maturer years to give reality to that conception of an individual Irish literature, divorced from English influences, which has inspired the movement of which the Irish Literary Society and the Irish Literary Theatre are the organised champions. Yet it may be doubted whether the Ideas of Good and Fell (1903), over which he has

brooded in The Celtic Trustight (1902), in which he loves to sit, are really Irish ideas, or whether his art is as Celtic as he supposes Certainly, in spite of his 'Cathleens' and 'Maircs,' his 'Finns' and 'Brans,' one may read the latest and most carefully revised edition of his Poems without finding any very direct evidences of a distinctively Celtie imagination Mr Yeats was born with a delight in the vague, the mystical, and the unreal) These are poetical qualities, but they are not the peculiar characteristic of Irish folklore any more than they are the peculiar characteristic of the Scandinavian sagas. In every race and in every literature, of you go back to the primitive myth and unrecorded tradition, you go back to the vague, the mystical, and the unreal) If the past be but remote enough, even realities become unreal, and action no more than a dream Whatever his tongue, the bard or story-teller can only speak of 'old, unhappy, far off things, and battles long ago Mr Yeats is a poet of imagination, and he has found in the realm of Celtic mith, which Ferguson was the first to explore, material which mates with his fancy But to speak of his verse or of his prose tales-charming as many of the latter are—as an interpretation of Irish character is to profoundly misinterpret that character. It is characteristic of Mr Yeats's delight in dreams and shadows that the poet who has most attracted and influenced him is William Blake, whose works he edited in 1892 in conjunction with Mr E J Ellis

It is nineteen years since Mr Yeats, then a lad of nineteen, first appeared in print in the pages of the Dublin University Review Since then, though he has published many volumes, he has written comparatively little verse. He is to be commended for the restraint he has exercised, and the fasti diousness with which he has pruned his poems Though he has published since 1888 several volumes of poetry, the collected edition, which contains 'all of his published poetry which he cares to preserve,' is still of modest size interpreter of Celtic myth and tradition, and an exponent of the Celtic influences in literature, Mr Yeats takes himself, as we have seen, very Every one may not take the same view of his mission that he does himself But no one can doubt that he is a poet. When he is least self conscious Mr Yeats can fulfil with real charm of manner and of language one of the highest functions of a poet, that of expressing in the language of the imagination the dimly realised feelings of less gifted persons. If he can give the world more of such poetry as the lyric in which he has sung for every prisoned toiler in the smoke of cities the haunting charm of nature's lonely solitudes, the world will forgive him readily enough for many าก๊ectations

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore,
While I stand on the roadway or on the payements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core

# COMPLEMENTARY LIST

# OF RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AUTHORS, IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE

- George Long (1800-79), sometime professor in University College, London, edited the Penny Cyclopadia, contributed much to Smith's Classical Dictionaries, and was an accomplished translator and commentator on classical texts.
- John Colquinum (1805-85), army officer, wrote The Moor and the Loch, Rocks and Rivers, Salmon Casts, and Sporting Days
- Charles George William St John (1809-56), for a while a clerk in the Ireasury, wrote *Hild Sports of the Highlands* and valuable *Note books* on sport and natural history
- John Bright (1811-89) wrote little directly for publication, though he contributed a few prefatory notes to other peoples works, and was co-editor with Thorold Rogers of Cobden's speeches. His own Speeches on Questions of Public Policy, which may fairly claim to rank as literature, were published in 1868 (new ed. 1878), his Public Addresses in 1879, and his Public Letters in 1885.
- Sir Edward Skepherd Creasy (1812-78), professor in London University and then Chief Justice of Ceylon, wrote The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World
- William George Wnrd (1812-82), Fellow and tutor of Bulliol, became a Tructarian, and wrote The Ideal of a Christian Church, whence he became known as 'Ideal Ward,' becoming Roman Catholic, he edited the Dublin Review, and maintained Papal infallibility against liberalism in theology
- Edward Forbes (1815-54), Professor of Natural History at Ldinburgh, published more than two hundred works or papers on various departments of zoology and paleontology
- George Jacob Holyoake (b 1817) has written many books on the history of co operation and on secularism (of which he was the foremost exponent), as well as the autobiographical Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life
- John Complete Shairp (1819-85), Principal of St Andrews University and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was a poet and accomplished critic, amongst his works being Kilmahoe, Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, Culture and Religion, Aspects of Poetry, and a small book on Burns.
- Alexander Campbell Fraser (b 1819), at first a Free Church minister, and for thirty five years Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, published the great edition of Berkeley's works, as also of Locke's Essay, with smaller books on Berkeley and Locke, a defence of theism (Gifford Lectures), and an autobiographical Biographia Philosophica
- Francis Guiton (b 1822), traveller and anthropologist, has by a long life of patient research made himself

- the supreme authority on all that concerns heredity in man, amongst his books being Tropical South Africa, Hereditary Genius (1869), English Men of Science—their Nature and Nurture, Human Facility, Natural Inheritance, as well as an important work on Linger Prints and a Tingerprint Directors
- Sir Ldwnrd Brnce Hnmley (1824-93), Licutenant General and Commandant of the Staff College, contributed to Blackwood and Traser, and, besides books on wars and campaigns, wrote on Voltaire, on Shake speare's Timeral, and Lady Lee's Widowhood
- Lord Kelvin (b. 1824), long known as Sir William Thomson, the most eminent mathematician and physicist of his time, has published not merely in numerable Mathematical and Physical Papers, but also three volumes of Popular Lectures and Addresses
- uniten much on local and eeelesiastical history,

  Arcady and The Coming of the Friars amongst many
  other books
- Sir William Hinggins (b. 1824) has, as an astronomer directing his own private observatory, made himself a supreme authority on spectroscopic astronomy, and has contributed largely to the Transactions of the learned societies.
- George Bruce Walleson (1825-98), colonel, wrote books on the 1 rench in India, on the Indian Mutiny, and other periods of military history
- Frederick Janues Furnivnii, born in 1825, has given a great impulse to the scholarly study of English literature by over a limited works he has published, largely annotated editions of old English texts for the learned societies of which he has been an important member
- Lord Dufferin (1826-1902), statesman and order, was author of Letters from High Latitudes, first published in 1859 And see page 385
- St George Wivnet (1827-1900), Professor of Zoology at the Roman Catholic College of Kensington, wrote The Genesis of Species and other works from the standpoint of a sincere evolutionist save as regards mind, but an opponent of natural selection, and was for his eschatological views ultimately debarred from the sacraments of his Church.
- Simon Somerville Laurie (b 1829), from 1876 till 1902
  Professor of Education at Edinburgh, has published a Life of Contenus, works on the institutes of education, on the history of medieval education, on the philosophy of ethics, and on British theories of morals, and as 'Scotus Novantieus,' Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta and Ethica
- William Michael Rossettl (b 1829), editor of the famons Pre Raphaelite Germ in 1850, has written much on

- his father, his brother and sister, and on the Pre Raphaelites, produced a Life of Keats, and edited many of the English poets, including Shelley, Blake, and the series of 'Moxon's Popular Poets'
- Sir Monutstuart Grant Duff (b 1829) has published, besides political speeches and miscellanies, Studies in European Politics, books on Sir Henry Maine, M Renan, and Lord de Tabley, and four series of Notes from a Diary
- Stauley Leathes (1830-1900), Prebendary of St Paul's, was Boyle lecturer, Hulsean lecturer, and author of many conservative theological works
- George Tomkins Chesue; (1830-95), general and member of the Conneil of the Viceroy of India, wrote, besides The Battle of Dorking, The Private Secretary and The Lesters
- Joseph Parker (1830-1902), preacher at the City Temple in London, was a copious and popular theological writer
- Hamilton \(\text{Tide}\) (b 1830) has written poems, novels, and plays, among his recent works being \(\text{Jane Treachel}\), \(The Snaies of the World\), and \(We are Seven (1902)\)
- John Knox Laughton (b 1830), Professor of Modern History at University College, London, is an anthority on the science of navigation and on naval history, his books on Nelson, on Velson and his Comfanions, and on Sea Fights aid Adventures being among the most popular, his Life of Sir Henry Reeve is his most important work on other than nautical themes
- James Clerk Maxwell (1831-79), Professor of Physics at Cambridge, was one of the most creative thinkers on electricity and magnetism, produced epoch making books and papers on these and other branches of physical science, and was a brilliant letter writer
- Edward Speneer Beesly (b. 1831), formerly a professor of University College, London, wrote what he thought a fairer estimate than heretofore of Cate line, Clodius, and Tiberius, and a book on Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the translators of Comte's Positive Polit;
- George Manville Fenn (b 1831) has produced about a hundred novels and boys' stories, including The Parson o' Durnford, The Silver Salvers, The Canker Worm, Black Shadows (1902)
- George Alfred Henty (1832-1902), journalist and novel ist, was author of eighty books for boys, Colonel Thorndy ke's Secret being one of his later novels.
- Lord Roberts (b 1832), a distinguished soldier, field marshal, and commander in cluef, is a successful author in virtue of his Rise of Wellington and Forty one Years in India
- Thomas Fowler (b. 1832), President of Corpus Christi, Oxford, has written manuals of deductive and in ductive logic, books on the principles of morals, and works on Locke, on Broon, on Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, besides two histories of his own college
- Henry Fawcett (1833-84), Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and MP, is best known for his Manual of Political Economy, largely a popular exposition of Mill, and a book on Protection and Tree Trade
- Richard Watson Dixon (1833-1900), vicar of Warkworth and honorary canon of Carlisle, published seven volumes of poetry, but is remembered as

- author of a scholarly History of the Church of England in the Reformation period
- Lord Wolseley (b 1833), field marshal and commanderin-chief from 1895 to 1900, is the author of a Life of the Duke of Marlborough (1894), of The Fall and Decline of Napoleon (1895), and of an (auto biographical) Story of a Soldier's Life (1903)
- George Du Maurier (1834-96), artist and Punch illus trator, was author of Peter Ibbetson, Trilby (1894), and The Martian (1897)
- William Westall (1834-1903), originally a business man, then journalist and novelist, published Larry Lohen grin in 1879, The Old Factory in 1881, Strange Crimes, A New Bridal, Her Ladyship's Secret, The Sacred Crescents, are but a few of his many stories
- Junes Bass Mullinger (b 1834), University Lecturer on History at Cambridge, is author of the great history of his university and of one of St John's College, of books on the ancient African Church and on The Schools of Charles the Great, and, with Dr S R Gardiner, of an Introduction to English History
- Phillip Standinge Worsley (1835-66) was the author of verse translations of the Odjssej and twelve books of the Iliad
- George Birkbeck Hill (1835-1903), at one time head master of a school at Tottenham, wrote Dr John son, his Trunds and his Critics, and produced the masterly (but over annotated) Oxford edition of Boswell's Johnson, besides editing and writing much in the way of Johnsoniana, as well as editing Hume's and Boswell's letters
- Paul Bellont Du Chaillu (1835-1903) discovered the gorilla, recorded his Adventures in Equatorial Africa (1861), wrote several books on African experiences and African subjects, and produced books on Sweden and on the Viking Age
- Sir Archibaid Geikie (b. 1835) is not merely a very distinguished geologist, but an accomplished writer on his science, his Lives of J. D. Forbes, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir A. C. Ramshy, as well as his book on *The Founders of Geology*, taking a permanent place in biographical literature
- Wniter William Skent (b. 1835), Professor of Anglo Saxon in Cambridge, has by some sixty works done more than any scholar to the knowledge of Middle English and English philology generally, his edition of Chaucer and his Lis mological English Dictionary his most famous works
- Sir Norman Lockyer (b 1836), Director of the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington, has written innumerable works on astronomy, solar physics, and spectrum analysis, some of his best known books being Star Gaing Past and Present, The Chemistry of the Sun, Earth Movements, The Meteoritic Hypothesis, The Dawn of Astronomy
- John Wesley Hales (b. 1836), Professor of English at King's College, London, his written Shakespeare Essays and edited Percy's Folio MS
- Oscar Browning (b 1837), Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has produced The Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century, A History of England (4 vols), The Ilight to Varennes, books on the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the Condottien, and Lives of Goethe, Dinte, Peter the Great, Charles VII, and George Eliot.

- James Augustus Henry Murray (b 1837) wrote on Scottish dialects, and from 1879 was chief editor of the Philological Society's Nev English Dictionary, by far the most important work that has been done in English lexicography
- Adolphus William Ward (b 1837), professor and principal at Owens College, wrote a *Histori* of *Dramatic Literature*, *Chancer* and *Dickets* in the 'Men of Letters' series and *The Electress Sophia* (1903) in the Goupil Series
- Jnmes Albery (1838-89), dramatic author, produced his first successful adaptation (Dr Dary) in 1866, his best known plays being Two Roses, Torgiven, and
- James Dykes Campbell (1838-95), merchant at Glas gow and in Mauritius, is memorable as biographer and editor of Coleridge, and for his accurate and scholarly knowledge of the literary history of Words worth's period
- Henry Sidgwick (1838-1900), Professor of Moral Phil osophy at Cambridge, wrote the Methods of I thics, Principles of Political Economy, Outlines of a His tory of Ethics, Elements of Politics, The Development of European Polity
- Archibnia Forbes (1838-1900), special correspondent of the *Daily News*, was especially eminent as a war correspondent.
- Robert Film (b. 1838), for quarter of a century Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, published the first volume of his great History of the Philosophy of History in 1874 (revised in 1894 as Historical Philosophy in France and Scitzerland), and has also written on theism, and theistic theories, and socialism
- Sir William Francis Butler (b 1838), general and K.C.B., wrote much on British North America—

  The Great Lone Land, The Wild North I and—and Lives of Sir Charles Napier, General Gordon, and General Colley
- Andrew Martin Fairbairn (b 1838), Congregationalist minister and Principal of Mansfield College at Oxford, is author of Studies in Keligion and Philosophy (1876), The City of God, Christ in Modern Theology, The Philosophy of the Christian Religion
- Sir Spencer Walpole (b 1839), who was Secretary to the General Post Office, wrote A History of England from 1815, Lives of Spencer Perceval and Earl Russell, and more than one volume in the 'English Citizen Series'
- William Samuel Lilly (b 1840), burnister and secretary to the Catholie Union, has in *The Great Emgma*, *The Claims of Christianity*, and a dozen other works defended orthodoxy from Darwinism and other modern heresies
- Richard Whiteing (b 1840), journalist and novelist, is best known as author of No 5 John Street, The Democracy, The Island, The Yellow Van (1903)
- Sir Robert Stawell Bull (b 1840), Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, proved an eloquent expositor of his science in his Story of the Heavens, Starland, The Story of the Sun, and Great Astronomers
- Edward Whymper (1840-1903), artist and mountaineer, was author of Scrambles among the Alps, Tra els among the Great Andes, Chamonix and Mont Blanc, and Zermatt and the Matterhorn, classics of climbers.
- Sir Frank Thomas Marzinis, K.C B (b. 1840), has served in the War Office and written poems and books on Dickens, Victor Hugo, and Thackeray

- Sir Richard Claverhouse 1ebb (b. 1841), Reguis Professor of Greek at Cambridge, besides editions, translations, and commentaries on the classics (notably on Sophocles), has published a monograph on Bentley in the 'Men of Letters' series, and a work on modern Greece
- Sir Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904), African traveller and member of Parliament, 'found Livingstone' in the service of the New York Herald, and recorded his adventures on that expedition, other works being on The Congo and its Irree State, Coomassie and Magdala, In Darkest Africa, and Through the Dark Continent
- Thomas Kelly Cheyne (b. 1841), Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Seripture at Oxford and Canon of Rochester, is a very eminent Old Testament critic, has written much on Isaiah, Psalms, and other books of the Bible, and was editor in chief of the Encyclo padia Biblica (4 vols. 1899-1903)
- Harry Buxton Forman (b. 1842), assistant secretary of the General Post Office, edited Kents and Shelley, and has written about them and other poets, as well as on bibliographical subjects
- Sir Thomas Wemyss Relii (b. 1842), first editor of the Speaker, has written, besides novels and a book on contemporary politicians, Lives of Charlotte Bronte, of Forster, of Lord Houghton, and of William Black.
- Henry Duff Traill, D. C. L. (1842-1900), was author of The New Lucian, The Acw Tection, of Recaptured Rhymes and Saturday Songs, as well as of books on Sterne, Coleridge, Strafford, Sir John Franklin, Lord Salisbury. He edited Social England (6 vols 1893-97), and projected Literature (Times office)
- Frelyn Abbott (1843-1901), tutor of Balliol, wrote a History of Greece, and (with another) the Life of Jowett
- Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke (b. 1843), M.P., has writen *Greater Britain*, and books on European politics and the army question
- James Ward (b. 1843), professor at Cambridge, is best known as author of Naturalism and Agnosticism (1899)
- Frederick Wedmore (b. 1844) is author of Studies in Euglish Art, Pastorals of France, Four Masters of Etching, Etching in Eugland, and other works on art, a Life of Balzae, and a book on Veryon.
- Iolin A Doyle (b 1844), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has written on Th. American Colonies and The English in America, besides a school history of the United States, and edited Miss Ferrier's Letters
- William Kingdon Ciliford (1845-79), Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London, was author of Elements of Dynamics, The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences, Seeing and Thinking, besides mathematical papers and lectures and essays on various topics.
- James Asheroft Noble (1845-96), journalist and critic, published poems and a book on The Sonnel in England and other I ssays
- Sir Frederick Pollock (b 1845), Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, has written, besides various handbooks on law subjects, A History of English Law (with Professor Mailland), Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics, an introduction to the history of politics, books on Spinoza and on mountaincering and (with another) The Etchiugham Letters

- Sir Herbert Maxwell (b 1845) has written largely for the magazines, produced novels, books on local history, topography, and place names, works on fishing and natural phenomena, as well as a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the House of Douglas
- Archibald Henry Sayee (b 1846), Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, is distinguished also as an Egyptologist, Hebrust, Old Testament scholar, and philologist, amongst his worls being Comparative Philology, The Science of Language, The Hitties, The Higher Criticism, and a famous bool on Herodotos
- William Edward Norris (b 1846) published Heaps of Money (1877), My Friend Jim, The Rogue, The Widower, The Flower of the Flock, The Credit of the Country, and other novels
- Sir Henry Craik (b 1846), Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, edited English prose selections and selections from Swift, and besides a book on the State and education, wrote a Life of Swift (1882) and A Century of Scottish History (1901)
- Ernest Hartley Coleridge (b 1846), son of S T C's son Derwent, has edited his grandfather's letters, selections from his note books called Anima Poeta, and the final edition of Byron's Poetical Works (6 vols 1898-1902), and he contributed the article on Coleridge to the present work
- Francis Herbert Bradley (b. 1846), Fellow of Merton, Oxford, has written on ethics, logic, and metaphysics—his chief book being Appearance and Reality
- Arthur 8 Way (b 1847), translator in verse of the Odyssey, part of the Iliad, of Euripides, and of the Epodes of Horace.
- The Earl of Rosebery (b 1847), statesman and orator, has published books on Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, and the later Life of Napoleon
- David Christic Murry (b. 1847), novelest and play wright, has published since A Life's Atonement (1880), Joseph's Coal (1881), and Val Strange (1882), some thirty other novels
- Major Martin Hume (b 1847), of the Record Office, has edited the Calendar of Spanish Papers and the Chronicle of Henry VIII, produced several longer and shorter histories of Span and the Spanish people, and written books on The Courtships of Queen Eliza beth and The Year after the Armada, as well as Lives of Raleigh, Lord Burghley, and Philip II of Spain
- George John Romanes (1848-94), in his later years less and less an agnostic, wrote on Organic Evolution, Mental Evolution in Animals, Darvin and after Darvin, Thoughts on Rehyson
- Arthur James Balfour (b. 1848), Prime Minister, has written on *Philosophic Doubl* and on *The Foundations of Belief*, besides publishing essays and addresses on ethical, political, and financial questions
- George Watter Prothers (b. 1848), editor of the Quar terly Review, and formerly Professor of History at Edinburgh, has written The Life and Times of Simon de Montfort, a memoir of Henry Bradshaw, a British History Reader, and other works
- William Francis Barry (b. 1849), rector of a Roman Catholic church at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, has written The New Antigone, The Place of Dreams, The Two Standards, Arden Massiler, The Wizard's Kuot, The Dayspring, and other novels
- Joseph William Comyns Carr (b 1849), art critic and

- dramatist, has written many books, essays, and papers on art, and is author of the plays The United Pair, The Naturalist, The Iriar, Forgive ness, King Arthur
- Philip Stewart Robinson (b 1849), journalist, wrote In my Indian Garden, Under the Punkah, The Poets' Birds, and The Poets' Beasts
- Fdwnrd trber, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in Birmingham University, had by 1903 edited in English Reprints and clscwhere 25,000 pages of English books.
- Andrew Cecil Bradley, since 1901 Professor of Poetry at Oxford, published his lecture on Poetry for Poetry's Sake (1901) and a commentary on In Memoriam (1901), and he contributed the article on Keats to this work
- Arthur Henry Bullen, son of the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, had, before he became a partner in the publishing house of Lawrence & Bullen, begin the series of scholarly reprints (Carols and Poems from 15th Century, 1884, Lyrics from Elicabethan Song Books, 1886, Lyrics from the Elizabethan Age, 1891) with which his name is identified, he contributed the essay on Restoration Literature to the first volume of this work
- Frederic William Mailland (b 1850), Professor of English Law at Cambridge, has written, with Sir Frederick Pollock, A History of English Law, he sides books on canon law in England, on Domesday Book, and on political theories in the Middle Ages
- Silns Litto Hocking (b. 1850), minister of the Methodist Free Church and novelist, published between 1878 and 1903 some thirty novels, Alec Greene the first, and Gripped one of the last
- Joseph Hocking, a younger brother, is also minister of religion and novelist, having between Jabes Laster brook in 1891 and O'er Moor and Fen produced more than a dozen novels.
- Robert Barr (b 1850), editor of the Idler and novelist, has written The Face and the Mask, The Strong Arm, The Unchanging East
- R C Corton is the nom de guerre of Richard Claude Critchett, who from 1875 was a conspicuous actor, and has since become eminent as n dramatic author, amongst his plays being Sunlight and Shadov, Liberty Hall, The Home Secretary, Whiels within Wheels, and The Under Current.
- Iohn Watson (b. 1850), minister of the Presbyterian Church in England at Selton Park, Liverpool, is better known by his literary pseudonym of 'Ian Maclaren,' and as author of Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush (1894), The Days of Auld Lang Syne (1895), Kate Carnegie (1896), A Doctor of the Old School (1897), and Rabbi Saunderson (1898)
- Parliament, and Professor of Law in University College, London, has written a Life of Charlotte Bronte and a book on Hazhit, besides Obiter Dicta, Ret Indicata, law books, and essays
- Walter Herries Pollock (b. 1850), barrister and some time editor of the Saturday Review, published The Modern French Theatre, Lectures on the French Poets, A Nine Men's Morrice, King Zub, a book on Jane Austen and her contemporaries, a treatise on Feneing, and several plays in collaboration with Sir Walter Besant

- John Arthur Blatte (b. 1850), author and journalist, has written Madrigals, Songs, and Sounds, Lores Lictory, L. Sexiet of Singers, and has contributed the article on Thackery to the present work
- Irederick Fork Powell (1850-1904), Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has written on Lark England up to the Norman Conjue's, on Alfred the Great and William the Conjuever, and a History of Lingland to 1809, and with Nights on he edited the Corpus Poeticum Boreale
- Peter Hume Brown (h 1850) Profes or of Ancient Scottish History at I dinburgh, has written I was of Know and Puchanan and a History of Subard (vols 1 and a 1898-1992), in 1995 he gave the Rhind I cetures on Scotland in the Time of Que a Mari, and to this work he contributed articles on James I, Know, Buchanan, Fronde, and S. R. Gardiner
- Henry Drummond (1851-97), Profesor of Natural Science in the 1 rec Church College of Glasgos, saw in his lifetime his Natural Law in the Natural Harid reach its thirtieth edition, neither 11, 1 11 of Han nor his work on Tropical Minea had chaceeptional success
- Traces Hindes (roome (1851-1902) who e for the Incyclyfedia Interine the Die in interior National Integraphs, and the Atternation was sub-chter of Chambers's Incycly is a (1887-92) and published in Giff Tents (1880). I have for the rifler of (1887). In Suffell Incomes (on his father on I I dward Fitz Gerild, 1805), And sy of (a novel 1896), Gifts Folk Indes (1899) and an edition of La creto (1900). He assisted in editing the first volume of the present work, and am nest the articles contributed by Immare these on Crabbe, Percool, FitzGerild, and Henry Engelse.
- William Robertson Meoli (b. 1851), for a time a I rec. Church minister at Kelso sub equently editor of the British Weelth, Bealth and and other serials, has published, besides theological works, I iten in the dots of the Ninete inthe Centure, and has edited the works of Charlotte Bronte, under one of his i winder greater, 'W. E. Wace,' he published a noteworthy bool on Tennyson in 1881, and to this work has contributed the articles on Charlotte Bronte, Mrs Gasliell, and Mr Hardy
- SIT Officer Iosephi Lodge (b. 1851), Principal of the University of Birmingham, has published bool on incenanies, electricity, lightning conductors, and written much on questions of psychical research and the relations of science and religion
- Waller Leaf (b. 1852), banker and I cllow of I ondon University, was, with Messrs Lang and Mivers, author of the famous translation of the Iliad into English prose, he has edited the Iliad with notes, and written a Comfanion to the Iliad
- Louis N Parker (b 1852), dramatist and composer is best I nown by the plays The Man in the Street Roseman, The Happy Infe, The Vagaband King, The Cardinal
- R F cumingliame (rninm (b. 1852) has shown his power of vivid observation and caustic criticism in Mogreb el Aclsa, the record of a journey in Moroeco, and in numerous sketches, essays, and articles on South American Spanish, and Scottish subjects, many of them reprinted in volumes.

- Rowland Funuad Prothers (b. 1852) editor of the Quarterh from 1864 to 1869, edited the Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanles, the Letters of Gibbs, and the total edition of the Letter and Fairs its of Latter food (6 vel. 1895-1991)
- Climites Hinrold Herford (b. 1953). Professor of Fry.

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- Herbert Woodfield Poul (b. 1853) leader was reto the Pully Newtonia for their years "I in write Mar and Learn, a Life of Mr (day toom and a bolton Matthew Arms I
- Henry Spenser Williams (h. 1934) poured t and publics has written many looks form, it and orticle on a tent factor. He care there is form, and imposed deletes are most to number toing The Brown of the little, the Brown of the land of the land executions of the little executions of the little executions.
- John I dward Courtenay Bodley (b. 1853) pulshed in 1808 of a regional network on I runge and its in itn ion, and in 1003 of you an 'le cororation of livery VII
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  Illiam Robertson Meoli (b. 1851), for a time a Irect Church minister at Kelso sub equently editor of the British Weelst, Berlin an and other serials, has published, besides theological works, Island in the Church of the Court of the Co
  - James Ceorge Fraver (b. 1851), I ellow of Trants, Cambridge, wrote on Tie 11 or 1827, and made an epoch in the study of comperative religion b. Is God'n Rough (1890 201 ed extended at 1900), I e has also written on Patsanias and translated him.
  - John Holland Pose (b. 1858) wrote 1 Certury of Pur few History, Lee Kire of Pure in , and a critical Life of Napoleo (I), and annotated Carlyle's French Kerelutica
  - Thomas Trederick Tout (b) 1855), Professor of History at Manchester University (Owens College), has written on I dward I, The Enterior of the Papace, and on Germany and the Empire' in the Cambridge Mei en History
  - Richard Lodge (h. 1855), Professor of History at Fundargh, has written a short history of modern Furope, a bool on Richelieu and a work on the close of the Middle Ages, and he has contributed to this work the articles on Macanlay, Freeman, J. K. Green, and Bishop Stubbs
  - William Paton Iscr (b. 1855) Professor of English Literature in University College, London, author of Laic and Romanic, and other works, contributed the articles on Wordsworth and Scott to the present work

- Frank Frankfort Moore (b. 1855) has published books of verse, a number of plans, and I forbid the Banns, The Jessamy Bride, A Danisel or Two, and nearly fifty novels and miscellaneous works.
- Arthur Bingham Walkley (b 1855), dramatic critic, published Playhouse Impressions and Frames of Mind
- Stonley John Weyman (b 1855) is known as author of A Gentleman of France (1893), Under the Red Robe (1894), The Memoirs of a Minister of France and The Red Cockade (1895), Shrewsbury (1897), The Castle Inn (1898), Count Hannibal (1901), In King's Byrvays (1902), and The Long Night (1903) bring up the list of his stories to more than a dozen
- John Mackinnon Robertson (b 1856), editor of the National Reformer and the Iree Review, wrote Essays towards a Critical Method, Buckle and his Critics, A History of Free Thought, Christianity and Mythology, An Introduction to English Politics
- Henry Thomas Mackenzic Bell (b 1856) has published several volumes of poems, and books on Charles Whitehead and Christina Rossetti
- George B Bargin (b 1856), journalist and novelist, has written His Lordship and Others, A Son of Mammon, The Shutters of Silence, The Ladies of the Manor
- Charles Whibley, critic and reviewer, has published The Book of Scoundrels, Studies in Frankness, The Pageantry of Life, a monograph on Thackeray (1903), and introductions to Rabelais and other books in the Tudor Series, and he contributed the article on Beaconsfield to this work
- Douglas Hyde, President of the Irish National Literary Society, has written The Story of Early Irish Literature (1897), A Literary History of Ireland (1899), and poems and a play in Irish, besides editing many Irish texts and translating medieval tales from the Irish
- John oxenham, novelist, is known as author of John of Gerisan, Barbe of Grand Bayon, and other novels and stones
- Rudolph Chambers Lehmann (b. 1856), a member of the stuff of Punch, has published a score of works in prose and verse, including Harry Fludjer at Cambridge, Mr Punch's Prize Novels, Anni Ingaces, Adventures of Mr Pucklock Holes, and has contributed the articles on Dickens, Kipling, and Bret Hurte to the present work.
- Thomas Anstey Cutheric (b 1856), as 'F Anstey' wrote Vice Versa, The Giant's Robe, The Bleck Poodle, The Tinted Venus, and nearly a score of other works, mostly humorous and mainly published first in the columns of Punch
- William Archer (b. 1856), dramatic critic, edited and translated Ibsen, and wrote Masks or Faces and other books
- William Sharp (b 1856) has published Earth's Voices, Sospiri di Roma, Sospiri d'Italia, and other volumes of verse, half a dozen novels, and books on Rossetti, Shelley, Heine, Ste Beuve, Philip Bourke Marston, and many miscellaneous essays and studies in literature and criticism
- J A Fuller Maltland (b 1856), musical critic of the Times, edited the new edition of Grove's Diction ary, wrote much on music and musicians, helped to translate Spitta's Bach, and produced books of his own on The Masters of German Music, a Life of Kobert Schumann, and The Musician's Pilgrimage

- fessor of Fine Art at Cambridge, wrote on Wood Cutters of the Netherlands, Larly Flemish Artists, on Durer, on Reynolds and Gainsborough, before in 1890 he began to enrich the literature of moun laineering, his best known contributions being on the Karakoram Himalayas, the Alps, Spitsbergen, the Bohman Andes, and Aconcagua
- Affred Denis Godley (b. 1856), Tellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, has, besides more serious classical work in editing and translating, shown a brilliant gift of sprightly verse in Verses to Order, Lyra Privola, and the like.
- wilfrid Ward (b 1856), a conspicuous Roman Catholic author, is the son of 'Ideal Ward,' and has written two works on his father, the Oxford Movement, and the Catholic Revival, and a Life of Cardinal Wise man, some of his many contributions to the reviews appeared in 1903 in a volume on Problems and Persons
- Charles Harding Firth (b 1857), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has edited and written many works dealing with the great Civil War, including Scotland and the Protectorate, Oliver Cromwell, Cromwell's Arms
- Knrl Pearson (b. 1857), Professor of Applied Mathe matics and Mechanics in University College, Lon don, has written, besides mathematical works, The Ethic of Free Thought, The Grammar of Science, The Chances of Death and other Studies in Evolution
- George Gissing (1857-1903) published The Unclassed in 1884, Thyrza and New Grub Street in 1887, and secured a welcome for more than a dozen stories and a study of Dickens. The Private Papers of Henry Ry ecroft (1903) was understood to be autobiographical, Veranilda (1904) was a historical romance.
- Morley Roberts (b. 1857) is author of some thirty works, mainly novels, including The Western Aremus (1887), A Son of Empire, Immortal Youth, The Wingless Psyche, Rachel Marr (1903)
- Frank Thomas Bullen (b. 1857), till 1883 a sailor, after 1898 made notable additions to the literature of the sea—The Cruise of the Cachalot, The Log of a Sea Waif, Deep Sea Plunderings, A Whaleman's Wife
- Sir Hnrry Hamilton Johnston (b 1858), naturalist, traveller, and British Commissioner in Africa, has written much on Africa—on the Congo, on Kili manjaro, on the colonisation of Africa, on British Central Africa, on the Ugunda Protectorate.
- Benjamin Kidd (b. 1858) wrote Social Leolution, which in seven years was translated into seven languages, The Control of the Tropies, and The Principles of Western Civilisation
- Clement King Shorter (b 1858), editor of The Sphere and The Tatler, published Charlotte Bronte and her Circle and Sixty Years of Victorian Literature
- Egerton Costle (b 1858), author of Saciolo (with Mr W H Pollock), Desp rate Remidies, and other plays as also of The Fride of Jennico, Young April, The Secret Castle, romances, and The Jerningham Letters
- Henry Seton Merriman (died 1903) was the normal de guerre of Hugh Stowell Scott, a novelist who became popular as the author of The Slave of the Lamp (1892), The Sovers (1896), In Kedar's Tents (1897) Roden's Corner (1898), The Isla of Unrest (1900) The Velect Glove (1901), The Vultures (1902), and Barlasch of the Guard (1903)—several

of them, like the last named, admirably conceived and powerfully written historical romanees

Hinstings Rashdinii (b. 1858), I cllow and tutor of New College, Oxford, wrote the History of the Universities of Europe in the Middle Ases and (with mother) the history of New College

Cloude ( Monteflore (b 1858), one of the editors of the Jewish Quarterly, delivered a course of 'Hibbert Lectures' (1892) on the ancient religion of the He brews, edited The Bible for Home Reading (2 vol-1896-97), and was author of Liberal Judaism (1903)

Sir Innes Rennell Rodd (b 1858), diplomat and envoy, published, besides a book on the folklore of Modern Greece, Poems in Many Lands, The Unknown Madonna, The Violet Crown, Ballads of the Fleet, and other collections of verse

Lord Curzon (b 1859), Viceroy of India, summed up ably his experiences of Eastern travel in Russia in Central Asia, Persia and the Persian Question, and Problems of the Far East

Affred William Pollard (b. 1859), assistant in the Library of the British Museum, has written much on hibbiography, including Books about Books, Early Illustrated Books, and Italian Book Illustrations, and is known as author of an excellent Chaucer Primer, and editor of the 'Globe' Chaucer and of a collection of English Miracle Plays, to this work he contributed the section on Middle English I iterature

Jerome Kiapka Jerome (b. 1859), editor of the Idler and of To day, published Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, Three Men in a Boat, Paul Kilver, and a score of other books

Albert Edward Housinan (b. 1859), Professor of Latin in University College, London, is author of A Shropshire Lad (1896)

Henry Charles Beeching (b. 1859), Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, was one of the authors of Love in Idleness and Love in a Looking Glass, wrote In a Garden and other Poems, has published, besides sermons, Lectures on Poetry, Keligio Laici, and other works, and has edited Milton, Herbert, Vaughan, Daniel, and Drayton, and Lennyson's In Memoriam

John W Mackall (b 1859), one of the authors of Love in Idleness, has published Select Trigrams from the Greek Anthology, a history of Latin Interature, Liblia Innocentum, The Sayings of the Lord Jesus, and the Life of William Morris, and has contributed the articles on Ruskin and R. L. Stevenson to this work

Percy White, journalist and novelist, wrote Mr Bailey Martin, A Passionate Pilgrim, A Millionaires Daughter, The Journal of a Jealous Woman, The New Christians

William Pett Ridge, author of Mord Em ly (1898), has written also A Son of the State, A Breaker of La vs, London Only, I ost Property

Justin Huntis M'Carthy (b. 1860), son of Mr Justin M'Carthy (page 660), is known as a writer in various kinds—histories, novels, dramas, and poems—The Candidate, My Friend the Prince, If I were King being amongst his plays

Sninnel Rullierford Crockett (b 1860), from 1886 to 1895 Free Church minister at Penicul, in Midlothian, had already published a volume of verse entitled Dulce Cor (1886), The Sticket Unister (1893), and The Raiders (1894) These two later efforts proved instantly successful, and were followed by more than a score of works of fiction, including The Men of the Moss Hags (1895), Cleg Kelly (1896), The Grey Man (1896), The Black Douglas (1899), Kit Kennedy (1899) Little Anna Mark, Isan of the Sword Hand (1900), and The Silver Shill (1901) The Adventurer in Shain was a book of travel sletches

Charles William Chadwick Oman (b 1860), Deputy Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has published War-viel the King maler, histories of Greece, the Byzantine Empire, Europe from the fifth to the tenth century, and Fugland, A History of the Art of War in the Muldle Ages, A History of the Penin sular War (vols 1 and 11 1902-3)

Climpics Haddon Climmbers (b. 1860), novelist and playuright, is author of Captain Swift, The Idler, John a Dreams, The Tyrann; of Tears

Owen Sennin (b. 1861), assistant editor of Punch, has by his Horace at Cambridge (1894), Itilers of the Sand, The Battle of the Bass, In Cap and Bells, and Borroved Plumes (1902) approved himself our eleverest parodist since Calverles

John B Bury (b. 1861), Professor of History in Cambridge University, has written on the history of the later Roman Finpire, and of Greece to Alexanders death, published an inaugural lecture on history at Cambridge, and edited, besides several classical texts, Gibbon's Decline and Fall (1896-1900), with valuable notes, corrections, and additions, and Free mans Historical Geography (1903)

Revenue Records, has published The Forest Lovers, Richard Ver and Var, New Canterbury Tales, and other stories, mainly romantic and poetical pictures of medieval life, besides a book of verse.

Whiler Rhielph (b 1861), Professor of English Literature at Glasgow, has written on R. L. Steven son, on Milton, and on Wordsworth, a history of the English Novel, and a book on Style, and to this worl contributed the articles on the two Rossettis.

Eden Philipoits (b 1862) has published The End of a Life, Children of the Mist, Sous of the Morning, and other novels and books.

Norman Gale (b 1862) published in 1892-93 two volumes of drinty rural lyries called A Country Muse, and they were followed by Orchard Songs, A June Romance, Cricket Sengs, and Songs for Little People and in prose, Keninciations and—a novel—The Collapse of the Peintent

Henry John Newboll (b 1862), editor of the Monthly Review, published a drama, Morared, in 1895, but secured popularity by the patriotic ring and fervour of his verse in Admirals All (1897), The Island Race, and The Sailing of the Long Ships (1902)

William Henry Hadson (b 1862), lecturer on English hiterature, published an introduction to the philos ophy of Herbert Spencer, a short Life of Sir Walter Scott, poems, and Ronsseau and Naturalism (L. 1927)

II Hudson, naturalist and traveller, has published The Naturalis' in La Plata, British Birds, Birds in London, Birds and Man

Arithme Christopher Benson (b. 1862), master at Eton, published, besides a Life of his father the Archbishop of Canterbury, The Professor and other Poems, The Schoolmaster, and books on Tennyson and Rossetti

- Francis Thompson (b 1863), bred a Catholic at Ushaw College, showed in a volume of *Poems* (1893) his admiration of Crashaw and his compeers, and has since published *Sister Songs* (1895) and *New Poems* (1897), besides doing much criticism.
- Henry Brereton Marriott Watson (b 1863), author of Galleping Dick, At the First Corner, The House Drouded, The Shirts of Chance, assisted Mr Barne in the play Richard Savage
- Winx Peniberton (b. 1863), is author of The Iron Pirate, The Sea Wolves, Pro Putria, The House under the Sea, and a dozen others
- Sea, and a dozen others

  1854 by his Tales of Mean Streets, followed by the

  'Martin Hewitt' series of three stories, by The Child'

of the Jago, and The Hole in the Wall

- William Wymark Jacobs (b 1863) published Many Cargoes in 1896, followed by The Skipper's Woving, The Lady of the Barge, Odd Craft, and other stories, mainly nautical and all humorous
- munly nautical and all humorous

  Robert Marshall (b. 1863), army captain and dramatist,

  is author of His Excellency the Governor, The Noble
- Lord, There's many a Slip

  Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch (b. 1863), I nown to many readers as 'Q,' has since the publication of Deal Man's I ock (1887), Troy Town (1888), and The Splendid Spur (1889) allowed few years to pass without a novel, book of poems, or other work, amongst them The Delectable Duchy, The Go'den Pomp, The White Wolf
- nobert Smythe Michens (b. 1864), journalist and novelist, attracted notice by his Green Carnation in 1894, and has since written An Imaginative Man, The Folly of Eustace, Flames, The Londoners, and has collaborated in more than one play
- Yell Muhro (b. 1864) became known as author of *The Lost Pibroch* (1896), which has been followed by several other Highland romantic fictions on a bigger scale, such as *John Splendid*, a Highland Komance (1898), The Paymaster's Boy (1899), and Children of Tempest (1903)
- Israel Collinez (b 1864), lecturer on English at Cam bridge, has edited Parl, Cyncwulf's Christ, The Fxder Book, and other monuments of our older English literature, the 'Temple Shakespeare,' and Lamb's Spainieus
- George Cregory Smith (b 1865), Lecturer on English in the University of Edinburgh, has published looks on The Days of James IV and on The Transition Period in fifteenth centure European literature, edited a critical edition of The Spatator, and contributed to this work the articles on Addison, Jeffrey, and De Quincey
- Affred Edward Woodley Mason (b. 1865) wrote in 1895 A Remance of Wastdale, and followed with The Courtship of Morrice Buckler, The Philandevers, Lawrence Clavering, Parson Kelly (with Mr Andrew Ling), Ensign Keightley, Clementina
- Arthur symbos (b 1865), poet and critic, has published several volumes of verse, an introduction to Browning, Studies in Two Literatures, Tie Symbolist Movement, and Cities
- Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher (b. 1865), Fellow and tutor of New College. Oxford, became through The Memoral Empire (1898) a recognised authority on the history of Germany.

The Time Machine, and had by 1903 written nearly a score of stories or collections of stories somewhat in the vein of Jules Verne—The War of the Worlds, The Invisible Man, The Island of Dr Moreau, The Sea Lady But Manlind in the Making (1903) is a serious attempt at an Utopian new republic.

If 6 Wells (b 1866) struck out an original vein in

- Thomas Seccombe (b 1866), assistant editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, initiated his literary career with Ti che Bad Men in 1894, and has since produced The Age of Johnson, The Age of Shakespeare (with another), and edited Smollett's Miscellanies and an edition of Buron Munchausen Richard Le Gallienne (b 1866) has published
  - Volumes in Folio (1888), The Book Bills of Nancissus, The Keligion of a Literary Man, two volumes of Prose I ancies, and estimates of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling two or three volumes of verse, in fiction, The Quest of the Golden Girl and The Romance of Zion Chapel, besides If I were God, Travels in England, and The Life Romantic
- Ernest William Hornung (b. 1866), novelist and jour nalist, has written A Bride from the Bush, The Rogue's March, Dead Men tell no Tales, Peccari, The Black Mash
- Lionel Johnson (1867–1902) did much reviewing and criticism, published volumes of poems in 1895 and 1897 (Ireland and other Poems), and a criticism of The Art of Thomas Hards
- Barry Pain (b 1867), journalist and author, has produced Playthings and Pavodies, Scenes and Interludes, The Kindness of the Celestial, The Octave of Claudius
- Edward Frederic Benson (b 1867) published *Dodo* in 1893, *The Babe B A*, and half a dozen other novels, stories, and plays since.
- Intrence Housman (b 1867), himself an artist, wrote on blake in 1893, and has since the publication of Arras in 1896 had an increasing circle of admirers for his poetry, Spikenard is a volume of devotional love poems, Gods and their Makers a prose allegory
- Charles Raymond Beazley (b 1868), Fellow of Merton, has published books on James of Aragon, Henry the Navigator, and the Cabots, and a history of The Darun of Modern Geography (1897-1901)
- for children in 1897, published *The Open Road* in 1899, and is now known as editor of the life, works, and letters of Charles and Mary Lamb
- Ceorge Douglas Brown (1869-1902) suddenly became famous in 1901 for his House outh the Green Shutters, but died villim twelve months of its publication
- Laurence Binson (b. 1869), assistant in the British Museum, published Isric Foems in 1894, Foems in 1805, London Vision in 1895-98, The Praise of Life in 1896, Forphysion and other Pecus in 1898, Odes in 1900, The Death of Agam in 1903.
- Joseph Conrad, master in the merchant service and novelist, became known in 1895 by Alriajer's Ielis, later stones being It. Outcast of the Islands, Tales of Unrest, Lord Jim, Typhoen, Nostromo (1904)
- Stephen Cwynn published High cays and Lywais in Done a' in 1899, a book on Northcote the painter, To-day and To morrow in Iretanl, and a critical study of Tennyson

- Bernard Capes, novelist, produced in 1898 The Lake of Wine, followed by Our Lady of Darkness, Joan Brotherhood, Lore like a Gipsy, Secret on the Hill
- Albert Frederick Pollard (b 1869), contributor of many articles to the Dictionary of National Biography, is author of The Jesuits in Poland, England under Protector Someiset, and Henry VIII in the Goupil Series
- Basil Hood, army captain and dramatic author, has written The Emerald Isle, Sweet and Twenty, My Pretty Maid
- Henry V 1 smood, actor and dramatist, is author of Rest, One Summer's Day, The Wilderness
- James Donglas (born in Belfast in 1869), eritic and assistant editor of the Star, and contributor to the
- Athenaum, Bookman, and other journals, has published an Ode or the Coronation of King Edward VII and an appreciation of Mr Watts Dunton (1903), and to this work he has contributed the articles on William Birl e, P J Bailey, Mr Watts Dunton, Mr Sv inburne, and some other authors
- William Romaine Paterson (b. 1871) has, under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, written since 1896 a series of novels, including The Torrientor, The Destroyer, Nude Souls, and an essay, The Eternal Conflict
- Ford Madox Hnester (b. 1873) has written poems, stories, a Lise of Madox Brown, a monograph on Possatti, and, with Joseph Courad, Romance
- Lady John Scott (Alien Ann Spottiswoode, 1801-1900) was author of 'Annie Laurie,' 'Douglas, tender and true,' 'Ettrick,' 'Durisdeer,' and some others of the most esteemed of modern Scotch songs, as well as of the music to which they are sung
- Anna Swanwick (1813-99) wrote An Utopian Dream and other prose works, but is remembered as the translator of Faust in necomplished verse, as well as a translator from Schiller and Alschylus
- Grace Agullar (1816-47), an Luglish Jewess, wrote on her ancestral faith, published poeins, and was I nown chiefly as authoress of many unsectarian but strongly religious novels, such as Home Influence and A Mother's Recompense
- Mrs Mary Anne Frencht Green (1818-95) edited The Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies, The Diary of John Rous, The Letters of Queen Henridia Maria, and calendared important series of State papers
- Maria Charlotte Tucker (1821-93) wrote 2s 'A.L.O.E.'
  (A Lady of England) many stories (usually didactic)
  for children
- Julia Kavanagh (1824-77), a devout Irish Catholic, laid the seenes of most of her stories—Madeleine, Nathalie, Addle, and many others—in France, she wrote also on French and English women of letters
- Annie Keary (1825-79) was author of the novel Castle Daly, and of stories for children, and other works
- Mrs Charles Inrnard (1830-69), the 'Claribel' of so many drawing room songs, published three collections of songs, ballids, and verses
- Amelia Blandford Edwards (1831-92), Egyptologist and novelist, wrote My Brother's Wife, Barbara's History, Half a Milhon of Money, Debenham's Vow, and Lord Brackenburn
- Mrs Isabella L Bishop (born Bird, 1832-1904) travelled extensively, and wrote accounts of her experiences in America, Japan, Indo China, Persia, and Tibet.
- Matilda Burbara Petham Edwards (b 1836), cousin of Amelia B Edwards, has written on Γrench to pography and life, and many novels, including The White House by the Sea, Dr Jacob, Kitty, Dream Charlotte
- Hrs Mary Lonisa Stewart Molesworth (b 1839) wrote as 'Ennis Graham' half a dozen novels, but became eminent for her delightful stories for children—Carrots, Cuckoo Clock, Herr Baby, The Boys and I, and many more

- Mrs Julia Horatia Fwing (born Gatty, 1842-85) wrote a series of charming stories for children, including Mrs Overthewer's Remembrances, Jacka napes, Jan of the Unidmill, A Flat Iron for a Farthing, The Story of a Stort Life
- Agnes Mary Clerke (b 1842) wrote The System of the Stars, Problems in Astrophysics, and other astronomical works
- Mathide Lind (1847-96), a champion of women's rights, born in Mannheim, translated Strauss's Old I aith and the New and Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs, wrote Lives of George Lhot and Madaine Roland and published some remarkable poems, The Prophics of St Oran, The Heather on Fire, The Ascent of Man
- Mrs Flora Annie Steel (born Websler, 1847) has written I rom the Five Kivers, Tales from the Punjah, On the Face of the Waters, Voices in the Night, The Hosts of the Lord
- Mrs Fawcett (Millicent Garrett, b. 1847), widow of Professor I awcett, and a defender of women's rights, is author of *Political Economy for Beginn ers* and other works on economics
- Mrs Tonhuin Smith has, under her maden name of L. T. Meade, written a long series of novels and stones, mostly for girls and children, of which Scamp and I, A World of Girls, The Girls of St. Wode's, All Sorts, A Princess of the Gutter, Drift, are examples
- Mrs Henry Reeves, writing under her maiden name of Helen Mathers, became known by her novels Comin' thro' the Rye, Chirry Ripe, My Iady Greenslee es, and Sam's Sweetheart, The Story of a Sin, A Man of To day, My Jo John, Cinders, and Honey are some of her later ones
- Wrs Allee Stopford Greene (b 1849), besides editing her husband's Short History, wrote Henry II and Town Life in the Fifteenth Century
- Madame de Laszowski Gerard (born Emily Gerard, 1849) is author of Reata, Beggar my New hour, The Waters of Hercules (in collaboration with her sister), and half a dozen other books and stories
- Emily Frances Adeline Sergeant (1851-1904) was author of a score of novels, including The Story of a Penitent Soul, Beyond Recall, Sibyl Fletcher, Miss Betty's Mistake, The Common Lot, Blake of Oriel
- Madame Longard de Longarde (born Dorothea Gerard, 1855) wrote the three above named novels with her sister, and a score of stories or books of her own

- Mrs Henry Ady (born July Carturight) is equivally known for her boss on Barne lones, G. I. Watts, Passen Lepage, Inc Lauters of Horen 4 and a her artistic abjects, and for her lave of Isabella d I str. niol Beatrice d I st ...
- Mrs Breniond Hamphreys, as 'Rita,' published Dinc. Durden (1883) Fig. the Kitte, Int Lie Vir umsfeit, in O'd Lynes Travedy, In Sin of Jarfer Ston list. and other novels
- Hrs Margaret Wolfe Hungerford (c. 1855-97), an Irish novelist virtual sometime, anonymously and some times as 'The Duche's,' published near thirty volumes of the t stories and novels, Delius in 1877. and Molly ham, the most succes ful, in 1878
- Molet Laget (b. 1856) is in Interature "Vernon Lee," and author of The Lighteents Century in Italy, Lughorien lessays on the Kenais ancel, Bulan Phylogues) 1 Phyntoir Lever, Genut Lon, Hertus
- Mr. Annie Beanit (born Wood, 1857), for a v luc anti-Christian and \* culari t writer and lecturer, became from 1850 onward a conspicuous representative of a p enda Brahminical theosophi, among her books being Ramarnation, The An ent Us him Liveric Ciritionds, The Lebernie Le Bem of Lede
- taustance (arollae Woodhill Inden (1855-89) wrote brilliant cisave on philosophical subject, and published two is lames of prietry of singular interest
- Hestin Stretton is the pan name of Sarah Scoth, anchor of less as Fust last and make one
- burate Crand (from I rouges I le ibeth Clicke) is known a author of Tre Hea enh To us and other problem notels. He Beth here and Buts the Imp sulte bring later Foll-
- Mrs Burnett Smith has unler her neithen name of Inni S Swin written Alarm le, Carlo rec 51 I ms, br & lericke Hall, Act Le, and many other s one, e p cially popular with kuls
- Libra 13nff is the pen name of Ada I II n Bayly (ched 160th, nutbor of Digray, He From the dut to mathers a Stinder, to Ka Hitre Bras
- Mrs. Mona Caird (from Mison) i author of I'r Hinr of A-11 (1884), It Du store et Duam, and cher movel and if excess on marina and on f vaci retion
- Stringe Winter In the' I is (1885) The Iruc Le Ch & Naruet & name of 1 W. 1600
- maxmell trans the permuo of Mr. M. G. Tutte ! be the ki min through The Science of Den 19 mit (1881) to hims at hips or A Cita Leval, ? in the reanistares sets on the men
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- lantly Morse Symonds ( t. sorge Latter by the transfer of Mrs. Clement Shorter (Roce Stewart) when a feet on he next to tree is the dr make examplifier regular? र गरे न्यू सर रहित्र

- Her W. K. Cilfford, with of Professor C fire anter instruction for aliften, in a rater children - Ver Karks Lenner, I. s. 1. falls-ils Parizi, Alli Press, All I Ling Duct and other plans
- Lady Mary Montgomeric turrie les anicationant nate of Vielet lane, strunged where to in on a author of I rea Drive to A in (1872), Ile Tre Que r of the Fame , Sets, The T Har, Tir Wrig a Mir, whill reflect to of the Queen of Awarr and ever leader in if SLISC
- The Hon Links Lawress daughter of f. difficusts m de a name for her elf by ber In he on laurer a, followed in the mannel the the mental organ Ireland and a book on I sex in Ir and was a and With the Will Geere (1802) in vot in ear promo-
- Mrs Latharine Tynan Hinkson (bem by a 18 st; published a volume of poems in 1855, on leading has written upwards of a score of two's in present verse, mainly mixels, among their It Dornal Girl She Walki in Beauty, Tra Secret I news
- tmy kery (1861-89) Jeni'li poetis, nices, but is lartiffe and two other collections of points cluver novel, Protein Sacht
- Bentelee Unernden (lk 1864) is author of 5 ft ef t Lats in ter Vicht (1893), In Varying Mo 2 Hills Strefferd, Fatharre Leantha
- Marie Corelli, born in 1864, and tenmed in a Leindi convent for a munical career, produced a paylor novel, 4 Forian cel 7-1 Il rius, in 1880 . F is in Il rm 7 3, 11 lith, and The S i of Int the work of the next halfelo in years, no next ambitions and more popular were to a trace the Serres of Setri and The Mist & H. Minteret D nat Zing, Tre Le Sen at Soul, June, and his attracted levels are than the Muter Count in (1900) and Terre ill in (1939)
- Filmbeth Robins, dismonstriben the store for her interpretations of them, have the Laker watten Zer Ora Que is enterfeer after
- Illen Thorneveroft Powler ton the gray Alrest to a published plants and the nevels the real field Carrily (18 8) I Pin e Fen & Irel ona Ly, Level to non nº 1 ex 11 se
- Mrs. Arthur Stanmard flown Vanglam) whose as "Toling Many Chalmondeles unthor of Tol Decay Tours, Sur Child Dir. 1, D. 17 To ver 21 \ 1 For 4.

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# ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS

#### English Literature in Canada.



HE Dominion of Canada, even without its Arctic islands, occupies more of the surface of the North American continent than the United States, and is in area little less than the whole of Europe But at the beginning of the twentieth century

the energetic population who had already given it its rank amongst the most promising countries and communities of the world numbered less than five and a half millions—a little more numerous than the people of the Netherlands at the same date, larger by a million than the popu lation of Scotland, but less by a million than the population of Greater London. Only since the early years of the seventeenth century has any part of what we now call Canada been the home of men of European blood and speech earliest settlers were Frenchmen, whose sparsely peopled settlements on the shores of the St Lawrence and in Acadia were till near the end of the century but little disturbed by the English colonists to the south From New England the tide of colonisation gradually flowed towards north and west. Collisions between French and English interests, between French and English colonists, became frequent and almost inevitable, and in the middle of the eighteenth century Chinda was the stake for which France and England contended in wars fought out partly in Europe and partly in America. The capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759 practically ended the struggle, and by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, what was then called Canada, with the parts of New France between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, was ceded to Great Britain During the revolution which led to the constitution of the United States as a new nation, Canada remained loval to the mother-country And the immigration into Canada at the close of the war of some thirty or forty thousand United Empire Lovalists, sadly shaking off the dust of their feet against the new republican polity, greatly strengthened the still numerically weak English element in the loval province, and permanently saved British interests in the vast area where till of late settlers of English speech had been greatly outnumbered by those of French

French literature in Canada, beginning with the books of the old explorers and missionaries, and including in modern days the poems of Fréclictie, Crémazie, Le May, and Sulte, lies wholly without the scope of this work. And the earliest books in English written in Canada or about Canadasuch as the accounts of their explorations by the Londoner Samuel Hearne and the Scotsman Alexander Mackenzie, all dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century-need only passing mention. Nor have the Earl of Selkirks writings, William Smiths History of Carada (1815), or David Thompson's The Har of 1812 much to do with the develop ment of Canadian literature, as in the other colonies, a majority of the earlier writers were British born From 1828 onwards Joseph Howe made his newspaper, the Nova Scotian, published in Halifax, an important literary as well as political organ, and secured for it Haliburton's humorous In virtue of his three years' sojourn in Canada, and of his Lawric Todd, Bogle Corbet, and other works dealing with Canadian life, John Galt (see pages 296-300) is at least associated with Canadian literature, and whoever it was who wrote it, the 'Canadian Boat Song,' referred to on page 298, is (in contrast to Moores) a very noteworthy and early poetic outcome of a Scottish exile's life in the Crinidian backwoods R M Ballantyne's stories (see page 623) reflect his experiences in the Hudson Bay territories, and have made two generations of British boys familiar with some aspects of life in those regions

The first considerable verse writer in Canada was Mrs Susannah Moodie, youngest sister of Miss Agnes Strickland. With her husband, a Scottish officer who had seen service in the Low Countries and South Africa, she settled in Ontario in 1832, and before her death in 1885 produced a good deal of verse (including notable poems on the maple and the canoe) and much minor fiction. Charles Heavysege (1816–76), a Liverpool cabinetimaker, published after he settled in Canada, in 1853, sonnets, longer poems, novels, and several tragedies, of which the most important

was Saul Isabella Valances Crawford (1851-87), born in Dublin, came to Canada as a child, and 15 gratefully remembered for her lyrics, such as 'The Master Builder' and 'The Ave of the Pioneer, George Frederick Cameron (1854-85), a Nova Scotian born, deserves to be regarded as the first native poet whose lyrics, intense and passionate, were greeted as admirable by the foremost English critics and poets at Queen's University, Kingston, Cameron became editor of a Kingston newspaper, and is perhaps best known for his defiant 'What reck we of the creeds of men?' At the end of the nineteenth century an enthusiastic Canadian anthologist was able to commemorate the work of no less than a hundred and thirty five Canadian poets, of whom C G D Roberts, Bliss Carman, W W Campbell, and Sir Gilbert Parker may be reckoned amongst the foremost

In novels, tales, and stories Galt's first successor was Major John Richardson, author of Walousta (1833), who was born in Ontario of Scottish parents. William Kirby, G. M. Adam, Miss Lily Dougall, and Miss M. M. Saunders are but a fer amongst recent or living authors of romance and story. Grant Allen, though Canadian born, came to Oxford as a youth, and was reel oned amongst English authors. Sir Gilbert Parker, though serving as English M.P. from 1900, is still accounted a Canadian poet and Canadian novelist, and is the most conspicuous Canadian man of letters.

Amongst historical writers, besides Bourinot and C G D Roberts, Kingsford and Goldwin Smith, should be named Robert Christie, James Hannay, George Bryce, J C Dent, and G M Mr Arthur Doughty's six volumes on Wolfe's campugn (1903) constitute a very important contribution to Canadian history Alpheus Todd produced in his Parliamentary Government in England (1867-68) what even in England ranks as an authoritative work. Sir Daniel Wilson had attained eminence in Scotland as an antiquarian and historian ere in 1853, in mid time of his life, he came to Toronto as Professor of History and English Literature. Sir William Logan, geologist, was the first native man of science who can be reckoned amongst really eminent representatives of his profession the Dawsons, father and son-Sir J W Dawson and Dr G M Dawson-worthily maintained the tradition Sir John Murray 'of the Challenges,' a supreme authority on oceanography, was born in Coburg, Ontario, and partly educated in Canada, but has done most of his scientific lifework in Britain Dr Theal (see page 730) is a New Brunswicker Dr J B Crozier, though settled in London, may be claimed by Canadians as one of their most original and stimulating thinkers Professor John Watson of Kingston went from Scotland to Canada in 1872, and has since then published a series of works on Kant, Schelling, Comte, Mill, and Spencer, on ethical philosophy and Christian idealism, which rank him amongst our most fruitful writers on philosophy

On the beginnings of literature in Canada, see the Transactions of the Popal Society of Car ida (1833 et seq.), especially a paper by J G Bourinot in 1803, published also as a separate book, Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness the same authors Intellectual Development of the Caradian People the relevant portions of the Instories of Canada particularly that by Roberts, Light halls collection of Songs of the Great Dominion (1880) and his anthology of Canadian Peems of Lars ('Canterbury Poets, 1891), Sladen and Roberts, Founger American Poets (1891) Stedman's Luctorian Anthology (1895) Wetherell's Later Canadain Peems (1893), Rand's Tressury of Canadian I erse (1900)

Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865) was born at Windsor in Nova Scotia, and educated Called to the Bar in 1820, in his native town he became a member of the House of Assembly, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas (1828), and Judge of the Supreme Court (1842) In 1856 he retired and settled in England, was made DCL by Oxford, and in 1859-63 was Conservative MP for Launceston He takes rank in British American literature mainly as creator of 'Sam Slick,' Yankee pedlar and clockmaker, whose quaint drollery, unsophisticated wit, simple but trenchant satire, knowledge of human nature, and aptitude in the use of 'soft sander' have given him a fair chance of immortality. The newspaper sketches (written anonymously) in which this character first appeared were collected in 1837-40 as The Clockmaker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville, and were continued as The Atlaché, or Sam Slick in England (1843-44), the typical Yankee having been brought to England in this new capacity. Haliburton's other works include A Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia (1825-29), Bubbles of Canada (1839), The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony, The Letter-bag of the Great Western, Wise Saws and Modern Instances, Nature and Human Nature, Traits of American Humour, and Rule and Misrule of the English in America (1850) The Canadian humourist has had few successors in his own country, but he is accognised as the father of all such as have anywhere in America written There is a Memoir humorous work in dialect by Γ B Crofton (1889)

Joseph Hone (1804-73) was the son of an emigrant loyalist who came from Boston to Halifax after the American Revolution—Bred, like his father, a printer, he soon showed exceptional journalistic gifts, and in 1828 became proprietor and editor of the Nova Scotian, remarkable not merely as the paper in which Haliburton's 'Sam Slick' made his bow to the world, but for its editor's own brilliant contributions—These comprised sketches of his own experiences, 'Western and Eastern Rambles,' a series of papers, 'The Club,' on the model of Noctes Ambrosianæ, and his weightier 'Legislative Reviews'—He became the most conspicuous man in provincial public life, the most eloquent speaker in the Assembly, Secretary of State, and

Governor of Nova Scotin His Speeches and Public Letters were published (1858), and there is a Life of him by Fenety (1896)

William Kingsford (1819-98), author of the standard History of Canada, was born in I ondon, at sixteen he enlisted in the Dragoon Guards, and in 1837 went with his regiment to Canada. He had risen to be sergeant when, in 1841, he left the army to do surveying work, and as surveyor or engineer he was till 1879 engaged on canals, rail ways, and harbours in the United States, Panamá, and Canada His first publications were on roads, canals, and his own travels. His History of Canada (10 vols 1887-97), the result of seven teen years' patient labour in Canadian archives, is more remarkable for its fairness, fullness, and fidelity to its sources than for its literary style.

Goldwin Smith, born at Reading in 1823. passed from Eton to Oxford, took a first in classics in 1845, and in 1847 was elected a Fellow of University College and called to the Bar A zealous promoter of university reform, he was assistantsecretary to the first and secretary to the second Oxford University Commission, and served on an Education Commission in 1858 Regius Professor of History at Oxford in 1858-66, he was during the American Civil War a strenuous upholder of the North, in 1864 he lectured in the United States, and in 1868 he was elected to the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University Four years later he settled in Canada, edited the Canadian Monthly 1872-74, and founded and edited The Week and The Bystander, and forty years' residence and literary work entitle him to rank as a conspicuous Canadian publicist and author He has written on the study of history, on Irish history, on Three English Statesmen (Pym, Hampden, Cromwell), a political history of the United States, and a political history of the United Kingdom, vigorous in style, luminous in exposition, and rich in suggestion. He is the author of books or pamphlets on university reform, the American Civil War, and questions of the day here and in America. Believing profoundly in the mission of the English race, he is antiimperialist both in British and in American politics, supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but opposed Home Rule He has always insisted (in The Political Destiny of Canada and in Canada and the Canadian Question) that, geographically and commercially, Canada is bound ultimately to gravitate towards incorporation in the United He is an anti-Socialist but a Radical in most respects, an idealist but somewhat of a pessi mist, an independent thinker and a very trenchant There are monographs from his pen on Cowper, on Jane Austen, and on Lloyd Garrison He has produced in A Trip to England and Oxford and her Colleges glorified guide books for American tourists Bay Leaves and Specimens of Greek Tragedy show his skill in verse And in Rational Religion (1861), Guesses at the Riddle of Existence (1897), and a short book on The Founder of Christianity, insists on free inquiry, and demands a reconstruction of our faith

Sir John George Bourinet, born in Sydney, Nova Scotia, in 1837, studied at Trinity College, Toionto, and for years edited the Halifan heporter, but in 1880 became Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, of which he has been president and honorary secre He has written largely on constitutional history, on parliamentary procedure and parlia mentary government in Canada, a book on Cape Breton and one on Canada under British rule, besides the two works noted above on The Intel lectual Development of the Canadian People (1880) and on Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weak ness (1893, originally, like many of his works, printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada) He was made KCMG in 1898, and has received academic honours from Laval University

Charles Grant Allen (1848-99) born at Kingston in Canada, graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1871 After four years at Queen's College, Jamaica, as Professor of Logic and Principal (1873-77), he returned to England, and, adopting a literary career, published Physiological Æstlictics (1877), Colour Sense, Lvolutionist at Large, Dai win, Colin Clout's Calendar, Flowers and then Pedigrees, The Story of the Plants, mainly connected with the exposition and popularisation of the evolution theory make a livelihood by scientific work, he turned to novel writing, and showed a marvellous fertility and attained remarkable popularity under the cir cumstances Babylon, In All Shades Philistia, The Devil's Die, were written frankly to please the public, in The Woman who Dul (1895), first of his 'Hill top Novels,' he sought to expound and promote his views on life and society—in this case unconventional and startling views on marriage and the relation of the sexes Evolution of the Idea of God (1897) was an anti-Christian philosophy of religion. He wrote also n small book on Anglo-Saxon Britain, and a series of admirable historical guide-books to Paris, Florence, and Belgium

John Benttie Crozier, born of Scotch parents at Galt, Ontario, in 1849, was educated at the Grammar School in Galt and at Toronto University, and having qualified as M D (1872), came to England and settled in practice in London But he found time to produce as early as 1880 an important work on The Religion of the Future, first of a series of original and suggestive contributions to the history of civilisation and culture, Civilisation and Progress (1885) being followed in

1897 by the first volume of The History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution My Inner Life (1898) he described as 'a chapter on personal evolution and autobiography,' and he wrote a study of Lord Randolph Churchill and English democracy

W. H. Drummond, born in 1859 in the west of Ireland, came to Quebec province in 1869, and settled as doctor in a typical mixed village, Bord a Plouffe, peopled by French and English-speaking voyageurs, Indians, half-breeds, and French Scotch Irish Canadians, who ran the rapids and served with Wolseley on the Red River expedition He handles in a masterly manner the mixed patois of English and French spoken around him, and in his verse the grotesqueness of the combination strikes one less than the poetry and tenderness and fire of the narrative. The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems made him favourably known in 1898, Phil-o-Rnin's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres were his next ventures (1899), Johnnie Courteau and other Poems followed in 1901

Charles George Douglas Roberts, born at Douglas, New Brunswick, in 1860, studied at the University of New Brunswick, and after holding one or two minor educational posts, edited the Week at Toronto, was Professor of English Literature and of Economics in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, from 1885 till 1895, and for two years edited a paper in New York His best-known work in poetry is contained in Orion and other Poems (1880), In Divers Tones (1887), Poems of Wild Life (1888), an ode for the Shelley centenary, Songs of the Common Day, and The Book of the Native But he has written largely in prose on a variety of subjects, from guide books and histories of Canada to Earth's Enigmas, The Raid from Beausejour, The Forge in the Forest, Around the Camp fire, By the Marshes of Minas, The Heart of the Ancient Wood, and Barbara Ladd (1903), a story of Connecticut child life.

Archibald Lampman (1861-99), descended from a family of German loyalist-emigrants from Pennsylvania, was born at Morpeth in Ontario, studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and made a name for himself as a poet while holding an appointment in the Ottawa Post Office. Among the Millet (1888) and Lyrus of Earth (1895) were his chief collections of verse, and a memoir of him was prefixed to a collected edition of his Poems by D C Scott (1900)

William Bliss Carman, born at Fredericton in New Brunswick in 1861, studied at the university of his native province, at Edinburgh, and at Harvard, and was successively engineer and teacher, but since 1890 has edited or contributed to papers in New York, Chicago, and Boston When Low Tide on Grand Pré appeared in 1893 he was universally acclaimed as a poet of power

and originality A Sea mark, Behind the Arras, and Ballads of Lost Haven followed With a friend, Richard Hovey, he has produced three series of Songs from Vagabondia St Kavin, a Ballad, At Michaelmas, The Girl in the Poster, The Green Book of the Bards, and The Vengeanec of Noel Brassard appeared between 1894 and 1899

William Wilfred Campbell, born at Berlin in western Ontario in 1861, was the son of an Anglican clergyman, and educated in Toronto and in Massachusetts, became rector of a church in St Stephen, New Brunswick. In 1891 he withdrew from clerical work and took a post in the Civil Service at Ottawa Lake Lyrics and other Poems, fresh descriptive verses, won him a hearing as a poet in 1889, Beyond the Hills of Dreams (1899) contains vigorous patriotic lyrics, such as 'Victoria,' England,' and 'The World Mother'

Lily Dougall. born in Montreal in 1858, was educated at home and at Edinburgh University, and is L L A of St Andrews Her novels Beggais All (1891) and What Necessity Knows dealt effectively with soul problems, and have been followed by The Zeitgeist, A Question of Faith, The Madonna of a Day, A Dozen Ways of Love, The Mormon Prophet (1898)

Mrs Everard Cotes, born at Brantford, Ontario, in 1861, contributed largely to papers and magazines, and as Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan became famous for A Social Departure (1890), based on a tour round the world, and An American Gril in London (1891) In 1891 Miss Duncan married Mr Cotes, an Indian journalist, and lins written a series of tales of Anglo-Indian life—His Honour and a Lady (1896), The Simple Adventures of a View Sahib, The Pool in the Desert (1903, four short stories), and others

Charles William Gordon, born near Glengarry, Ontario, was for some time a teacher, but qualified at Toronto and in Edinburgh for the Presbyterian ministry, and in 1894 became minister of a church in Winnipeg Under the penname of Ralph Connor, he is author of Beyond the Marshes, Black Rock, Given's Canyon, The Sky Pilot (1898, a tale of an evangelist on the Rockies), and Ould Michael

Sir Gilbert Parker, born in Canada in 1862, and educated at Trinity College, Toronto, travelled much in Canada and in the Southern Seas, and for a time was on the staff of a Sydney paper. He published two or three plays, a book on Australia (1892), and a volume of poems (1894). But it was with Pierre and his People (1892), a fine presentation of Canadian character, that he first tapped the mine that has proved so rich. Other stories of Canadian life in the past or in the present, amongst habitants, half breeds, and the rest, are The Translation of a Savage, The Trail of the

Sword, When Valmond came to Pontiac, The Seats of the Mighty (a historical novel, dealing with Wolfe and the siege of Quebec), The Pomp of the Lawellettes, The Lane that had no Turning, and The Right of Way. The scene of The Battle of the Strong (1898) is laid in Jersey, and that of Donovan Pasha (1902) in Egypt, but neither of these ap

pealed so strongly as his Canadian stories even to non-Canadian readers. In his historical work on *Old Quebec* (1903) he had the help of a collaborator. Sir Gilbert had been settled in England for some years when in 1900 he was elected M.P. for Gravesend, as a Conservative, he was knighted in 1902.

# Australasian Literature.



HE great southern island continent we call Australia begins to take shape on French and German maps in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Portuguese may have seen Australian coasts by the middle of

But it is not till the beginning that century of the seventeenth that we know of Dutch ships actually in these waters, and by their enterprise the Dutch earned in that century the right to bestow their long-current names on New Holland and Van Diemen's Land And Tasman invented the Dutch Latin name Nova Zeelanda when he discovered the islands in 1642, but slightly (and not quite correctly) Anglicised when in 1840 New Zealand became definitively a British colony The name Australia, of happy omen, dates only from the Voyage to Terra Australis published by Matthew Flinders in 1814 It was Cook's voyages in 1770 and later that made parts of Australia and New Zealand really well known to Europeans, and the first period of European settlement, associated with British penal stations, began in 1788 interior of Australia was wholly unknown till after The discovery of gold in 1851 brought a flood of fresh blood and adventurous energy into the settlements, but it was the slower and soberer pastoral and agricultural colonisation that by 1901 had permanently secured wealth and well-being for the five Australian colonies, which, with Tasmania, in that year entered on a new epoch as the Commonwealth of Australia. At the inauguration of the Commonwealth its population (3,775,000, fully two thirds native born) was less than that of the English county of Lancashire or of London, and was excelled by that of four several States of the American Union at the same date. But it was considerably more than the total white popula tion of the thirteen United States at the first census in 1790 (3,172,000) New Zealand, with its white population of nearly 790,000, has all the elements of another great and prosperous state of English blood and speech

To all the colonies the settlers, or a proportion of them, brought their love of the home literature, and erelong one and another began to write songs and stories in imitation of the poets of the mother-country and of America, Poe's influence has been traced as well as that of Wordsworth and Byron, of Tennyson and Browning Among the first were

Barron Field, a judge of the Supreme Court m New South Wales, who as early as 1819 published a volume of poems, The Firstfruits of Australian Poetry, reviewed by Charles Lamb in the Examiner, W C Wentworth, and the statesman Sir Henry Parkes Some of what R H Horne wrote was inspired by his Australian experiences (page 413). Alfred Domett's principal poem was the Moon epic named below Charles Harpur (1812-68) was even called 'the Australian Wordsworth' Lionel Michael attracted notice in 1857 by his Songs cuthout Music By far the greater part of Australian literature has been the work of men born and bred in Great Britain Henry Clarence Kendall was the first Australian born writer to secure a permanent place in the affections of Australians. But even now Adam Lindsay Gordon's verse is oftenest on Australian lips and Gordon came from the Kendall and Lindsay Gordon began old country a new and more important stage in Australian J Brunton Stephens, a Scotsman, literature became 'the Queensland poet' But the most characteristically Australian native born poets are the so called 'Bulletin School, whose gifts have been developed in and by the Sadney Bulletin-John Farrell, author of How he Dud (1895), A B Paterson, author of The Man from Snowy River (1895), Edward Dyson, author of Rhymes from the Mines (1896), and Henry Lawson, author of While the Billy Boils, in prose, and In the Days when the H orld was With, in verse (1896) Mr Lawson, whose rough and swinging verses denounce with vehemence the vices of civilisation and glorify the 'good old days,' has been described as the most representative writer Australia has yet produced

Of novels dealing with Australian subjects, probably the most important as literature have been written by two great English novelists, one of whom never even saw Australia, while the other was but for a few years a colonist. In It's Never too Late to Mend, Charles Reade (see page 482) carefully followed his documents, but Henry Kingsley's descriptions of bush-life and of the pioneer settlers in Geoffrey Hamlyn and The Hillyars and the Burtons (see page 513) are singularly vivid and true and attractive. Much of R. L. Stevenson's later work was produced under the Southern Cross, and is racy of the Southern Sea if not of Australasia. Marcus

Clarke is on the whole the most conspicuous prose writer of those who may fairly be called Australians though European born 'Rolf Boldrewood' has been called the 'national novelist of Australia.' Ada Cambridge and 'Tasma,' both English born, and Mrs Campbell Praed, a colonial, are the most eminent women writers, though Mary Gaunt (Mrs Lindsay Miller) has also done good work in short stories and longer 'George Egerton,' Australian born, is cosmopolitan in her works Guy Boothby, born in Adelaide in 1867, the son of a member of the South Australian House of Assembly, has produced a score of stories, of which On the Wallaby (1894) and Billy Binks are sufficiently Australian in subject. But domiciled in England, he is rather identified with his most notable book, Dr Nikola, and its continuations Louis Becke, born in Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, has stuck more exclusively to Southern subjects, and utilised in his stories his experiences as a supercargo on shipboard amongst the South Sea Islands and as an Australian journalist. Some of his work he has done m collaboration with Walter Jeffery, who, born in Portsmouth in 1861, went to sea, and in 1886 settled in Sydney, where in 1891 he became editor of a paper Joseph Jacobs, born in Sydney in 1854, was educated partly there and partly at Cambridge, and has become a first-rate authority on the mediæval history of the Jews (his own people) and on fairy tales James Francis Hogan, author, journalist, and MP, was born in Tipperary in 1855, and was in infancy taken by his parents to Melbourne, where he was educated, and whence he returned in 1887 William Henry Fitchett, born in 1850, and educated at Melbourne University for the Methodist ministry, has written popular and patriotic books on British heroic history Haddon Chambers, journalist, story-writer, and dramatic author, was born at Stanmore near Sydney in 1860, and had been stock-rider and Civil servant ere in 1882 he settled in England. Ernest William Hornung, novelist and journalist, born at Middlesbrough in 1866, found two years in Australia enough to provide him with materials for several Australian stories Equally short was the sojourn in Australia of Hume Nisbet, who gave an Australian colouring to his stories Fergus Hume, British born, was a barrister in New Zealand before he took to story-writing Brereton Marriott Watson, born in 1863 near Melbourne, and educated at Christchurch, N Z., in 1885 began literary work in England Gilbert Aimé Murray, born in Sydnes in 1866, is the son of the President of the NSW Legislative Council, Professor of Greek at Glasgow in 1889-99, he is an accomplished Greek scholar, and has shown true poetic power in his own plays and in masterly translations from Euripides

In the Australian novel the four main aspects of colonial life liave been all duly chronicled—the convict period, the pastoral development, the

gold exploitation, and the triumphant democracy of industry and labour

Records of explorations, lives of explorers, and histories of the colonies form another large section of the literary output of Australisian historians Mr G W Rusden is perhaps the most comprehensive and voluminous A disproportionate amount of talent and energy is absorbed in journalism, and it should be added that many of the duly papers and the magazines of Australia F W L Adams (1862-93) are very ably written made some stir in Australia both by his verse and prose while on the staff of the Sydney Bulletin, wrote novels of Australian life and criticisms of things Australian, and a notable autobiographical novel, The Child of the Age Born in Malta, an army doctor's son, he shot himself at Margate, already doomed to death by lung disease Charles Henry Pearson (1830-94), author of National Life and Character, spent twenty years in Australia, sat in the colonial parliament, and in 1886-90 was Victorian Minister of Education Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (page 583) may also here be named Samuel Butler's *Lrewhon* (page 624) seems to have taken shape in New Zealand

In New Zealand as in Australia, literary impulses have mainly found vent in journalism. There are many books on the country, its geology, ornithology, and history. Probably those which most distinctly deserve to rank as literature are Manning's Old New Zealand (1865), a description of Maori life by an Englishman who married a Maori wife and became a naturalised Maori, he has been for his humour called the 'Charles Lever of New Zealand.' And The Long White Cloud (1898), so called by its author, Mr W P Reeves, a colonial, from the poetical Maori name for the colony, is admirably written throughout.

See Douglas Sladen, Australian Poets (1888) and Australian Ballads and Rhymes (1888), anthologies Desmond Byrne Australian Writers (on seven authors 1896). Turner and Sutherland The Development of Australian Literature (New York, 1898). A. Patchett Martin, Deginnings of an Australian Literature (1898), and the relevant chapter in Percy F. Rowland's The New Auton (1903).

Adam Lindsay Gordon, born at Fayal in the Azores in 1833, was the son of a retired armycaptain of Scottish family, who latterly taught Hindustani at Cheltenham College Meant also to be a soldier, Adam was sent to school at Cheltenham and to Woolwich, and kept several terms at Merton College, Oxford But already an inordinate passion for horsemanship and openair sports overbore all other interests, and led him into various irregularities At twenty lie sailed to Adelaide, and was successively policetrooper, horse-breaker, and livery stable keeper, becoming withal the best gentleman steeplechaserider in the colony He led an adventurous life in the South Australian bush, vet at odd times read the classics and English poets. He wrote a good deal of verse, and even sat for a spell in the pro vincial legislative assembly. But neither here nor

in Victoria, where he ultimately made his home, was he in any of his various vocations persistent and sedulous enough to make a decent in elihood, and he soon ran through a legacy his father left He was sensitive, proud, solitary, and melan choly in temperament. He had married a domestic servant and believed himself to have lost caste most unreasonably, for there is evidence that he retained to the last the affection and respect of his friends, avoided the grosser excesses not uncommon in the bush, was chivalrous to women, and had no sorded interests in the turf. He was severely disappointed when his hopes of securing the succession to the Scottish estate of Esslemont in Aberdeen shire turned out to be barred by legal obstacles Financial embarrassment deepened his natural gloom and unhinged his mind, and he shot himself at Brighton, a seaside suburb of Melbourne had earned the love of all lovers of poetry amongst his countrymen by Sea-spray and Smoke drift (1867), Ashtaroth (1867), and Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes (1870) 'The Sick Stock rider' is a marvellously vivid transcript from the bush life he knew, and 'How we beat the Tavourite' is perhaps the best ballad of the turf in English 'From the Wreck' and 'Wolf and Hound' are colonial experiences, so that his subjects are occasionally Australian But on the whole the spirit and temper are, as in the bulk of Australian verse and prose, those of a typical and representative Briton Unlike Kendall, he never made Austrahan scenery the sole subject of any poem, even 'Whispering in the Wattle Boughs' is not the voice of the Australian forest, but, like 'An Exile's Farewell,' 'Early Adieus,' 'Wormwood and Nightshade,' the echo of his own sad memories, not unmixed with sense of failure and remorse glorified the horse and his rider in such a way as to secure local enthusiasm, but he owed more to Byron and Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, than to Australia or anything Australian He was fond of short dramatic romances based on medieval literature, as in 'The Rhyme of Joyous Garde' and 'The Romance of Britomarte,' Ashtaroth, a dramatic lyric, suggests the influence of Faust and Manfred It is not the specifically Australian element that commends him to his readers, but the vitally human utterance of man hood, gallantry, energy, and pathos Marcus Clarke wrote a biographical introduction to Gordon's collected poems (1880, repeatedly reprinted), and under the not too appropriate title of the Laureate of the Centaurs, J Howlett Ross published a memoir in 1889

Henry Clarence Kendall (1841-82) was born in a poverty-stricken hut at Ulladulla in New South Wales, and was brought up in the solitudes of the bush. His father, the son of a missionary, had fought in Chili under Dundonald, his mother was a granddaughter of Leonard MacNally, Irish playwright and informer. From

a lawver's office in Sydney Henry pissed to a clerkship in the government service. From boyhood he had written verses, and he found time to do a good deal of journalistic work struggled ineffectually against his dipsomaniac lieredity, resigned his post in the Colonial Secre tary's office in 1869, did not prosper in business with his brothers, and secured a small appointment as an inspector of forests Unlike Lindsay Gordon, he lind a keen feeling for nature as revealed in Australian sceners and life in the bush, and sang of Australian mountains, streams, and forests with a wistful charm. In virtue of this and of his national odes he has been called the national poet of Australia, and he has earned a permanent place in the esteem of Australians, but he has not come home to their hearts as Lindsay Gordon did, though his verse is more carefully finished and What glimpses he gives of his own melodious life experiences are said and depressing, and confessedly he has not Gordon's force or verve. Yet 'September in Australia,' 'The Hut by the Black Swamp,' 'Death in the Bush,' 'The Grave of Leichardt,' and many other of his poems show true poetic gifts His most sustained effort is 'Orara,' a narrative poem of tragedy and adven-His best work is found in his ture in the bush Leaves from an Australian I orest (1869), commently racy of the soil his earliest in Songs and Poems, his last in Songs from the Mountains A collected edition appeared in 1886

Marcus Clarke (1846-81), the son of a London barrister, after an undisciplined and precocious youth emigrated to Australia when he was eighteen, and failed to interest himself in his work either in a Melbourne bank or on an up country sheep But from the time that he secured an appointment on the Melbourne Argus it was plain he had found his true life work, and though he remained a Bohemian, improvident, vexatiously erratic, and indisposed to drudgery or patient, persistent labour of any kind, lie was recognised as having the makings of a brilliant journalist and man of letters In Long Odds, a pessimistic study of a mesalliance and the victimising of an easy going hero by two or more villains, he had to get friends to help in supplying instalments to keep up the supply of copy for the serial in which the tale He wrote much for magazines, was published produced pantomimes, burlesques, and controversial pamphlets, and succeeded admirably with some short realistic tales, such as Pretty Dick and Gentleman George's Bride, but it is mainly as author of For the Term of his Natural Life that he has been called the most notable Austra linn prose writer His chef-docuvre is a powerful but prinful story expressly meant to bring out the appalling brutalities that—almost inevitably -- recompanied and flowed from the hap hazard system of transportation of criminals and the hiring out of convict labour in the settlements.

The terrible realism hardly goes beyond the facts, and is relieved by a humour only too savage and cynical, and an occasional touch of romance, Lord Rosebery said that it 'has all the ghastliness of truth' The ingenuity of the plot is perhaps less satisfactory than the dramatic power of the development and the life-like reality with which the characters are endowed, Clarke's keen insight and the accuracy of his observation are more remark-But his extravagant able than his creative power and improvident ways forced him to write so much and to have so many irons in the fire that he failed to do justice to his powers, and, like Lindsay Gordon and Kendall, he died young-he was but thirty-five at his death

Alfred Domett (1811-87), Browning's 'lost Waring,' was, like Browning, a Camberwell man, studied at St John's, Cambridge, and after being called to the Bar, migrated to New Zealand in 1842. In swift succession he occupied the principal public posts in the colony, that of Prime Minister amongst the rest. The year after his return to England (1871) he published his famous—but too lengthy—Maori epic Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Day Dream. He had contributed verses to Blackwood in 1837, his Flotsam and Jetsam (1877) was dedicated to Browning

Tames Brunton Stephens (1835–1902), born at Borrowstounness in Scotland and educated at Edinburgh University, was for thirty years closely associated with the intellectual life of Australia. His Connet Once (1871), an elaborate poem in hexameters on a sad story, was written while he was a tutor in a Queensland squatter's family He subsequently held a post in the Civil Service, and in virtue as much of his shorter humorous pieces ('The Chinee Cook,' 'Ode to a Black Gin') as of his more serious and finished work ('The Angel of the Doves,' 'Mute Discourse'), was commonly known as the Queensland poet.

Thomas Alexander Browne has, under the pen name of Rolf Boldrewood, written Robbery under Arms (1888), A Modern Buccaneer (1894), The Squatter's Dream (1895), A Canvas Town Romance (1898), Ghost Camp (1902), and other Australian tales of adventure Born in London on the 6th August 1826, he was taken to Australia in 1830 by his father, Captun Sylvester John Browne, a founder of Melbourne, and there, after a good education and a varied experience in stock-farming and other vocations, he became a police magistrate and goldfields commissioner in New South Wales, till 1895. His Old Melbourne Memories contain vivid sketches of up-country life on the cattle stations in 'the day's before the gold'

Benjamin Leopold Farjeon (1836-1903), of the Australian plu born in London, went almost straight from school to try his luck at the Australian gold-diggings, but settled in New Zealand, wrote a story or two, and at Dunedin was manager and part proprietor of the

first daily newspaper published in New Zealand By 1870 he was in London working as dramitist and novelist. His first success, Grif, was followed by Blade o'-Grass, Joshua Marvel, The Mesmerists, The Mystery of the Royal Mail (1902), and a long series of other stories, in some of which his colonial experiences are utilised

Ada Cambridge, born at St Germains in Norfolk in 1844, sailed in 1870 with her husband, the Rev G F Cross, for Victoria, where they settled—since 1893 in a Melbourne suburb her maiden name Mrs Cross has since 1891 become famous as a novelist-The Three Miss Kings, the story of three bush bred girls, being followed by A Marked Man, A Little Minx, Materfamilias, Path and Goal, The Devastators (1901), and other novels, besides poems and Thurty Years in Aus tralia (1903), reminiscences and views of Victorian life, manners, and problems In most of her stories the interest centres on the human and English element in the characters, often both strong and tender, and depends but little on 'local colour' even when the scene is wholly or partly laid in Australia. She is strong in pathetic scenes, and her style is simple and natural

Mrs Campbell Praed, born in 1851 Rosa Prior, daughter of the Postmaster-General of Queensland, has written some thirty novels dealing largely with the political and social life of well-to do colonials. In Policy and Passion (1881), one of her first stories, she professed that her aim was to depict 'certain phases of Australian life in which the main interests and dominant passions of the personages concerned are identical with those which might readily present themselves upon a European stage, but which directly and indirectly are influenced by striking natural surroundings and conditions of being in separable from the youth of a vigorous and impul sive nation,' and she has sought to fulfil this aim in most of her Australian novels. Notable amongst her works-in which a pessimistic tone is noticeable -are Policy and Passion, Nadine, Miss Jacobsen's Chance, The Romance of a Station, and The Insanc Root (1902) She married Mr Mackworth Pried in 1872, and in 1902 she published My Australian Girlhood, autobiographical reminiscences

Tasma, born in London about 1860, came with her father, Mr Huybers, to Hobart in infancy, and when little more than a girl was writing stories, sketches, and reviews in colonial journals. In 1879 she went to live in France, where she wrote for the reviews and lectured, and in 1885 she married M Auguste Couvreur, a Belgian publicist Her first and best-known novel, Unch Piper of Piper's Hill, published in 1889, deals with types of the Australian plutocraev, and has been compared with the Silas Lapham of Mr Howells. In her Earliest Youth, Not Counting the Cost, and The Penance of Portia Janes deal also with Australian character.

George Egerton is the pen name of Mrs Golding Bright, bred an artist, but a novelist by profession Born in Melbourne about 1870 (her maiden name Dunne), she has been thrice married,

and has lived in Ireland, the United States, South America, London, and elsewhere, and her works include Keynotes, Discords, Symphonies, Fantasias, The Wheel of God, Rosa Amorosa

# English Literature in South Africa



APE COLONY, destined to be the nucleus of a vaster British South Africa, did not become permanently a British possession till 1814 What has been written by Dutch colonists in Dutch or in the Cape taal is not

of literary value, and lies outside the scope of the The earlier literature in English present work connected with South Africa is rather about it than of it, and, as has been already said, consists mainly of books that are no books, such as government reports, or of the experiences of missionaries, hunters, explorers, or shipwrecked sailors, all of them English born and European in culture and The Rev John Campbell's Travels in South Africa was in 1814 a notable contribution to a series that included Dr Livingstone's first volume of Missionary Travels (1857), and later records of exploration, travel, and adventure, and books on South Africa were multiplied prodigiously by the troubles that led to the Boer War of 1899-To another category belong the letters sent from Africa in 1797-1801 by the lady ever dear to Scotsmen as the author of Auld Robin Gray, Lady Anne Barnard, who as wife of the Colonial Secretary had exceptional advantages-and disadvantagesfor studying life at the Cape (see Vol II p 804)

Thomas Pringle, also Scottish, was not much longer-hardly six years-in Africa, but in his verses written there struck an actually African note, and by his African Sketches awakened interest in the small and troubled colony, which already in vision he saw extending northward to, and even 'peradventure, in after days,' beyond the equator (Vol II p 791) The autobiography (1901) of Sir Harry Smith, the governor commemorated in the names of Harrismith and Ladysmith, gives a vivid picture of colonial conditions in the middle of the nineteenth century Bishop Colenso's famous book on the Pentateuch was not merely written in South Africa, but originated in problems raised by a Zulu anxious inquirer, as the controversy mainly concerned theology in Britain, Colenso has been treated above (Vol II p 452) Some of Mr Rider Haggard's novels reproduce very successfully the local colour and atmosphere of South Africa, and in so far may distinctly rank as African

George McCall Theal, born in 1837 at St John, New Brunswick, went in youth to South Africa, was active as a journalist, and by 1877 was recognised as an authority on all that concerns Bantu history, customs, and folklore. On behalf of the Cape Government he successfully carried

out a mission to keep a Kuffir tribe from taking part in the war which had just broken out, in the Busuto War of 1867-68 he fulfilled a like mission with singular tact and insight into native character For fourteen years he was chief clerk in the Department of Native Affairs, and having for a time been Keeper of the Archives of the Colony, he was ultimately inade Colonial Historiographer His History of South Africa, which for comprehen sweness and conscientious research takes rank with our greater European histories, has been in progress for over thirty years, and suffers somewhat from the piecemeal publication corresponding with the course of his researches thus, while The History of South Africa from 1486 to 1691 appeared in 1888, The Beginning of South African History, incorpornting much newly discovered matter bearing on parts of the same period, saw the light only in 1902 He has striven to attain impartiality, and only by the hasty has been reproached for Dutch or 'pro Boer' prepossessions LLD of Queen's University, Kingston, and D Lit of the University of the Cape, he has published fifteen volumes of South Ifrican Records in Portuguese, Dutch, and English, Genealogical Registers of colonial fimilies, shorter books on the history of the colony, and a volume on Kaffir foll lore.

Mrs Cronwright Schreiner is doubtless the most original author to whom South Africa lias given birth Daughter of a missionary of German family in the service of the London Missionary Society (her mother a Londoner), slie was born in Basutoland about 1865, and while yet in her teens startled the conventional English world of letters by her Story of an African Farm, a powerful series of imperfectly finished pictures of life on a Boer farm, and of the spiritual problems and struggles that rend an inquiring soul professedly by 'Ralph Iron,' but when it was known to be the first work of Miss Olive Schreiner, a brilliant literary future was prophesied for her Dreams (1890), a group of spiritual allegories, hardly increased her reputation, and when, after her marriage (1894) to Mr S C Cronwright, the controversial note became dominant, her work lost in charm and interest as well as in power Trooper Peter Halket (1897) was practically an anti-Rhodesian pamphlet More explicitly polemi cal were (jointly with her husband) The Political Situation (1895) and An English South African's View of the Situation (1899), on the problems that issued in the Boer War, her view being strongly in sympathy with the Cape Dutch

# AMERICAN LITERATURE.



E 'slender beginnings' of American literature (see Vol I p 832), in the main written by authors of English birth and published in the mother-country, yielded little of even antiquarian memory beyond Roger Wilhams's The Bloudy

Tenent of Persecution, Anne Bradstreet's poems, and the Bay Psalm Book Life in the colonies was, indeed, further illustrated by sermons, diaries, letters, and other records either then issued or collected since and made accessible by historical societies, but their importance is rather social than literary, and the same is true also of the most popular poem of the New England colonies, Michael Wigglesworth's The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment (1662), which for more than a century was in the place of a church classic for the Puritan Commonwealths There was plenty of scholarly learning of the ecclesiastical sort then flourishing among the English Nonconformists, intellectual activity was vigorous among the leaders, the people at large enjoyed a mental and spiritual life, but nothing of literary permanence was produced

The writers of the first generations born upon the soil, whose books characterise the scattered communities then conglomerating into groups of colonies along the seaboard in the later seventeenth and earlier eighteenth centuries, departed but slightly from the pattern set by their fathers The north eastern colonies, and, in particular, those of New England, were the chief, and, in fact, almost the exclusive sources of such literature as there was Sermons and writings of a cognate kind made up its bulk, annals and personal narratives of all sorts gave way to books of a more formal historical nature dealing with the colonial past and the relations of the people with the Indians and the home Government, meagre scientific observations were recorded, but of polite literature there was at best only a small product, and that consisted of the most feeble, awkward, and mane imitation of the reigning English schools Touches of originality have been sought for in the way of looking at things disclosed by observers of manners, but such traces of a rising American spirit are practically imperceptible, or if a subtle analysis seems to find them, they are unimportant in the general mass. Tradition governed the form and substance of all that was written, the matter and method of the Puritan mind constituted the main stream, originality—a new life—stirred only in the secular and political fields, and there did not at once find literary expression. Men rather than books are the landmarks of the time to the eye of memory, titles are but the shadows of personalities, and these are memorable rather as high-water marks of certain Puritan forces in the region of character than for the value of what they bequeathed by their pens

In the earlier part of the period under review, during which the ecclesiastical mind remained dominant, two names only definitely survive-Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards the third of the name, represents the consummation of the elder conservative Puritan clergy, and his great work, Magnalia Christi Americana (1702), is the chief monument of the seventeenthcentury New England which it records, as well as the most important literary achievement of the New World up to that time Its author was prepared for this and his other labours by heredity His grandfather, Richard Mather, was a jointauthor, with Thomas Welde and John Eliot, the translator of the Indian Bible, of the Bay Psalm His father, Increase Mather, a graduate of Harvard and of Trinity College, Dublin, and President of Harvard, is credited with one hundred and thirty six titles, of which the major part was, of course, sermons, but he is historically remembered as the forerunner of Franklin in representing the colonies at London, where he secured the new charter, and also as the head, though not without strenuous and successful opposition, of the clerical hierarchy of New England In succession to him Cotton Mather took the post of the conservator of the old ways, but in his time the power of the clergy was already weakened, and he was less powerful in the State than his father had been. though he was more highly distinguished as a writer and also as an ascetic and visionary saint of his caste. Jonathan Edwards in the next generation shows the onward course of time by the fact that he dealt not at all with affairs, but retiring into the intellectual sphere of dogmatic theology, won lasting fame as a metaphysical schoolman applying the logic of the reason with marvellous efficiency to the matter of Calvinism,

and carrying that particular theory of God's nature and ways to the final stage of its development. His reputation for intellectual force has never fuled to be recognised, and is now widespread, but it is the faculty, and not its fruits in thought, that is admired.

Apart from these two celebrated men, one the example of the contents and the other of the power of the Puritan mind in the colonies, the literary works of the early eighteenth century have no more than parochial value, and they are without interest except for the antiquarian reader. A very human picture of life in the community about Wassachusetts Bay is contained in Samuel Sewall's Diary (published only in 1878-82), of especial importance for the time of the witchcraft delusion at Salem, in which he bore a prominent part, he is also historically remembered as the author of the first auti slavery tract, The Schling of Joseph (1700) He was Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, and of the highest layman type of character, with curious foibles of human nature about him, and a touch of poetic susceptibility to the beauty of nature rarely to be found in that age. A document hardly inferior to The Day of Doom in its revelation of the everyday religious state of mind of the Puritan people is The New England Primer, which from about the year 1690 was for a century and a half current in New England households, and for the greater part of that time dominant in the teaching of the young. Its contents varied in successive editions, but its substance remained unimpaired through all changes It was known among its renders as the 'Little Bible' The natural democ ricy of New England, which was so inbred that it was lodged even in the heart of the autocratic clergy, found its most significant expression in the writings of John Wise, a neighbour of Sewall's, the pastor of Chebacco, an opponent of the Mathers His Vindication of the Government of New England Churches (1717), together with other works, contuned principles and declarations in which the political thought of the Revolution could be heard labouring up the horizon, he was perhaps the chief precursor of the students of government History, to which the founders, Bradford and Winthrop, had given just attention, was cultivated for Massachusetts Bay by William Hubbard, and more conspicuously by Thomas Prince, and later by the last of the royal governors, Thomas Hutchinson, and in Virginia by Robert Beyerly and William Stith Virginia also produced a gentleman of broad culture in William Byrd, a I ellow of the Royal Society, whose writings, illustrative of life and affairs in that colony, have been recently collected, but, like Daniel Denton's Brief Description of New York (1670) and George Alsop's Character of the Province of Maryland (1666), they appeal only to students of colonial life. In New England similar books were produced in A vein of satire, as thin as that of belleslettres, both so insignificant as to leave neither

author nor title worthy of mention, is no nor, indeed, had satire ever been wholly sile the theory cy from the time of Morton o mount. These various intellectual activity regions of observation, chronicle, political and illustration of times and manners, eximinor history of the literature of the up to the time when secular interests of theology and the religious life as the delements of society, a change coincident emergence of the name of Benjamin I rathe typical American of the age

Franklin, the foremost man of his people

first American to obtain international fa born in Boston, but on his early removal delphia lie found an environment better his own temperament, and also a cent characteristic of the growing common lif The power of the clergy in No land had become relaxed, but it was still and the life for which they stood survived t sonal status and privilege. The high morwhich, originally planted there, had been se fostered, became a permanent trut of the munities, but in the middle colonies, and to the south also, the human characteristic would naturally flourish most abundantly sponse to the opportunities of a vigorous a new country had a freer course of devel Commercialism and the worldly spirit, th malism of a burgher class, the vanities riches, nere all rampant about Massachuse and went to the making of the Tories as but the temper of the things of this world lovers of them were much held in check i in those days were the things of the spirit a servants. The neighbourhood of Harvard operated, together with its tradition, as a r on the new worldliness, and as a refuge and ing-place of the older types, the New I communities would be slowly secularised, an always bear traces of their origin as planta God for conscience' sake in the wildernes middle colonies were without this past, t flourished and were prosperous, life in th more frankly an enjoyment of the present and though Quakerism was at the root o delphia, it has never disclosed any incomp with commercialism in any of its forms acquisition of wealth by prudence. world was one well within the limits of the life, his wisdom was thrift, an eye to th chance, a vielding to the will of social circui and human nature, a compromise with the abandonment of those ideal rigours of th which in the earlier New England were es The centre of life f the first necessities had definitely swung back into the world with its prizes and pleasures Common-sei the law and the prophets, and his intelliger so enlightened, so broad, so quick in apprel and catholic in sympathy, so superb in cu

that in him the whole eighteenth-century spirit seemed to come at a birth in a form of marvellous mental freedom and practical material efficiency Being all this by native genius, he found in his environment just the world in which such qualities would shine with most illumination. He was fed from the beginning on books and printed matter. and his main business was producing more of the same sort and disseminating it. The list of his own imprints is a principal index to the reading of his compatriots, like the catalogue of the library he founded, whose exemplary influence has been so great in providing public reading for a whole nation. He fertilised the community with reading matter and the spirit of reading, he was a vast promoter of book-power, if one may use the phrase in the new country The sort of reading that he made prevail, too, was of the prudent, matter-of fact. scientific, encyclopædic kind information for the mind, maxims for the conduct. In the two books by which he is remembered in his own right, the Autobiography (1817) and Poor Ruhard's Almanack (1733), the character of the man and of his counsel for life are plainly set forth. His position and labours, however, are something more and other than his books. His is one of the illustrious names of the world, and his place in American literature is only a small incident of his fame. The coincidence of such a supreme intelligence with that moment when the worldly interests of a young nation first came to the fore in its own conscious ness, and became the goal of its intense effort, makes Franklin's American greatness, and his long life enabled lum to foster the play of those consolidating forces of which at their climax of danger he was to be so great a servant in the eye of the world

The secular spirit of the colonies, of which Franklin was the conspicuous representative, belonged to all of them in a greater or less degree, and was developed out of their material interests, rapidly increasing, it prepared the diverse settlements for the federating impulses preceding the Revolution, and facilitated the imperfect union of the first stage of independence. It left slight traces in literature. Only when the struggle had fairly begun, and principles and policies were necessarily declared and the cause pleaded in the public forum of church and newspaper and pamphlet, did the colonial power of literary expression again become vigorously alive. Sermons on the topics of the Revolution were innumerable everywhere, and the secular press was busily employed by the pens of laymen Lawyers naturally took a leading part in the discussion. The spring of the Revolution has been found in the mainten ance of old English rights, in the absorption of French philosophical generalisations, and in the habit of the transplanted law to resort to broad principles in establishing the new customs of the country Whether or not these were all co-operating causes, in any aspect of the matter legal I

thinkers would have the first place in the literature of the Revolution. A brief and distinguished era of political writing resulted. Its most shining name is Thomas Jefferson The Declaration of Independence is its great State-paper as in Franklin's case, Jefferson's place in literature is an incident only in a much larger career that belonged to him as a man of affairs, whose utili tarian social services were various and important over and above his work as a lifelong statesman Jefferson's writings, apart from the Declaration, have no element of literary greatness stitution gave birth to the one book of power in the same field, The Federalist (1788), the work of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, a treatise in which the essentials of free government are memorably handled. It is customary for the American mind, at least, to add to these prized and celebrated documents Washington's Inaugurals (1789-93) and Farewell Address (1706) The political writings of the period also include speeches and pamphlets of the patriots James Otis, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, John Adams, and Thomas Paine (Vol II p 559) The period was one of great distinction for oratory, rhetoric, and thought, as well as for the remarkable persons who were engaged in the conduct of its affairs

The titles of polite literature that survive by courtesy from the eighteenth century are certainly more substantial than those that illustrate the sterility of the ecclesiastical era in New England. The first place is held by Philip Freneau, a patriot in whose verse revolutionary sentiment and incident are embalmed in his British Prison-ship (1781), and in several brief pieces which, together with poems of a more conventional inspiration, appeared in two volumes (1786-88), forming the most considerable poetic work then done in America. The abundant source of the verse of the period, however, was Yale College, from whose young graduates issued John Trumbull's MFingal (1782), a revolutionary satire in imitation of Hudibras, Timothy Dwight's Conquest of Canaan (1785), an artificial epic, and Joel Barlow's Vision of Columbus (1787), afterwards elaborated into Th. Columbiad These aspirants for the large honours of the poetic art are known as the Hartford wits, though the name more properly belongs to the young men of still inferior literary talent who drew about them These were the beginnings of American verse, in them the presence of the national spirit is plain, whose most striking manifestation, however, was the popular song, 'Hul, Columbia, (1798), the work of Joseph Hoplin-In prose, John Woolman's Journal (1774) stands alone.

The foregoing sketch of the fortune of literature in the American colonies, though brief, is abundant for its meagre material. Literature in a true sense did not exist in the first two centuries of life there. A few sporadic books cannot assume that title, and the interest of these, the Magnalia.

Franklin's Autobiography, Woolman's Journal, is not literary The printed word was used as a social instrument with great power, but not for literary ends, it was in the service of theology, history, government, the practical or pious life, it was primarily speculative, religious, legal, employed for discussion and record There was no literary class, nor any room for one, in the scheme of life, there was no market for their works. Yet the community, especially in the north, was a lettered one it read much, it had school and college and a learned class, it maintained and continued high respect for the intellectual and scholarly life and the power of the mind Its leaders had the classics of learning, which they knew thoroughly, and the urban literature of England, and later of France. for their leisure, its people had, in New England The rise especially, the Bible, their one great book of a literature of high, if not the first, rank in the next century is not surprising, but such a literature was impossible in the preceding conditions of the colonies, north or south. The intellectual history of the colonies, ecclesiastical and governmental, is summed up in a few notable figures

For the whole period of colonial literature. Stedman's Literary of Imerican Literature (11 vols. 1888-97) is invaluable because of the sarety and fullness of the illustrations there continued, and the excellent judgment shown in the selection. Trent's Colonial Prose and Pectry (3 vols. 1901) is a handy small cyclopedra, and in his American Literature (1903) the authors and their works are treated with thoroughness and justice. Tyler's History of American Literature 1007-1706 (2 vols. 1870), and Literary History of the American Resolution (2 vols. 1897) are still the best authorities on the whole subject matter.

G. E. WOODBERRY

Cotton Mather (1663-1728), born at Boston, son of Increase Mather and grandson of the celebrated Puritan minister, John Cotton, was the most distinguished clerical writer of his time, and the head of the conservative party in the Church He was precocious as a child, a graduate of Harvard at the age of fifteen, and co pastor with his father at the North Church, where he remained through life. He had extraordinary capacity for mental labour, was indefatigably industrious, and acquired immense erudition. He was gifted also with extraordinary curiosity, and is found exerting himself in unusual fields. His range is indicated by the contrasted facts that he was a chief persecutor of the witches and also an early advocate of the practice of inoculation for the smallpox private life he was an ascetic, gave himself to fasting and similar exercises of the religious rule, and saw visions He appears to have spent no inconsiderable fraction of his time prostrated upon the floor of his study. His fruitfulness was prodigious even for those days, and nigh four hundred titles are credited to him Of these the Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its Trist Planting, in the Year 1620, unto the Year of our Lord 1698, is the chief It is an immense work of many hundred pages, and contains the history of the settlement, the lives of the governors, the lives of sixty famous divines, the

history of Harvard College, creeds, disciplines. remarkable providences, wars with the devil in many forms of sectarianism, and much other like multifarious matter. The work, with all its necessary defects, is an invaluable illustration of colonial life and thought. Other important works are Late Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft and Possession (1689), The Wonders of the Invisible World (1603), Parentator (1724), and the Manuductio ad Ministerium (1726) The traits of his writing are described by Tyler as 'the expulsion of the beautiful from thought, from sentiment, from language, a lawless and a merci less fury for the odd, the disorderly, the grotesque, the violent, strained analogics, unexpected images, pedantries, indelicacies, freaks of allusion, mon strosities of phrase' The same authority describes him as in character 'a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism, himself imposed upon by his own moral affectations, completely sur rendered to spiritual artifice, stretched, every instant of his life, on the rich of ostentatious excr tion, intellectual and religious, and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake.' He, nevertheless, filled a great place in the world that knew him, he was in correspondence with many persons of distinction abroad, and was a Fellow of He failed of the presidency the Royal Society of Harvard College, and the fact showed that he belonged to the dying past which he embodied in both his own spirit and his works

# The Design of the 'Magnalia'

I write the wonders of the Christian religion, flying from the depravations of Europe to the American strand and, assisted by the Holy Author of that religion, I do, with all conscience of truth required therein by Him, who is the truth itself, report the wonderful displays of His infinite power, wisdom, good ness, and faithfulness, where with His Divine Providence both irradiated an Indian wilderness

I relate the considerable matters that produced and attended the first settlement of colonies which have been renowned for the degree of reformation professed and attained by evangelical churches erected in those ends of the earth and a field being thus prepared, I proceed unto a relation of the considerable matters which have been acted thereupon

I first introduce the actors that have, in a more exemplary manner, served those colonies, and give remarkable occurrences in the exemplary lives of many magistrates, and of more ministers, who so lived as to leave unto posterity examples worthy of everlasting remembrance.

I add herennto the notables of the only Protestant University that ever shone in that hemisphere of the New World, with particular instances of Criolians, in our biography, provoking the whole world with virtuous objects of emulation

I introduce, then, the actions of a more eminent importance that have signalized those colonies whether the establishments, directed by their synods, with a rich variety of synodical and ecclesiastical determinations, or, the disturbances with which they have been from all sorts of temptations and enemies tempestuated, and the methods by which they have still weathered out each horrible tempest

And into the midst of these actions I interpose an entire book, wherein there is, with all possible veracity, a collection made of memorable occurrences and amazing judgments and mercies befalling many particular persons among the people of New England

Let my readers expect all that I have promised them in this bill of fare, and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with vet many other passages, above and beyond their expectations, deserving likewise a room in history in all which there will be nothing but the anthor's too mean way of preparing so great entertainments, to reproach the invitation

(From Magnalia Christi Americana, 1702)

#### His Father's Manner of Life

The Dr still had many opportunities for special service continued unto him, and he approved himself a prudent and faithful steward of his talents. He grew in the exercises of repentance and of patience, and of all piety and communion with God, and in the painful discharge of his ministry, and vatchfully laid hold on all opportunities to bear testimonies for the cause of God, and of his people, as the matter might require. But if I cut the chapter into little sections, it may add something to the relish of it.

His purpose and manner of life is exactly described in a book about holiness which was written by him twenty years before he died. In that book he offers admirable rules for growth towards a perfection of holiness, in the fear of God. Which he introduces with saying, I shall not set before you directions impossible to be followed, or heavy burdens which I would be both myself to touch. No, we saw his rules livelily exemplified. But his daily course may be inquired after. Besides his patient continuance in that stroke of well doing which lay in his course of setting apart whole days for the religion of the closet, and which he continued until the last year of his life was coming on, his daily course was this. And what a grateful spectacle to angels in it.

In the morning repairing to his study (where his custom was to sit up very late, even until midnight and perhaps after it), he deliberately read a chapter, and made a prayer and then plied what of reading and writing he had before him. At nine o'clock he came down, and read a chapter and made a prayer, with his He then returned unto the work of the study Coming down to dinner, he quickly went up again, and began the afternoon with another prayer There he went on with the work of the study till the evening with another prayer he again went unto his Father, after which he did more at the work' of the study. At nine o'clock he came down to his family sacrifices went np again to the work of the study, which anon he concluded with another prayer, And so he betook hiniself unto his repose

In the prayers of the day, what there fell short of the number in the hundred and sixty fourth verse of the hundred and nineteenth psalm was doubtless made, np with numberless ejaculations—Of such ejaculatory prayers, no doubt, is to be understood, what antiquity reports of the apostle Bartholomew, That he prayed one hundred times in a day, and of one Paulus, That he did it three hundred times I can't say, That this one Eusebius had so many ejiculatory prayers as these come to, But he was the happy man, that had his quiver full of them!

He commonly spent sixteen hours of the four and twenty in his laborious hive! Being very much of Thomas a Kempis his mind, Nusquam requiem intension in libro et in claustro. He was there, some thought, even to a fault. More of his pastoral visits were wished for

(From Blemars of Remarkables in the Life and the Death of the ever memorable Dr Increase Mather, 1724)

See Tyler's History of American Literature (1878) and A P Marvin's Life and Times of Cotton Mather (1892). The most sympathetic and able study of him is Barrett Wendell's Cotton Mather the Puritan Priest (1891). The Magnalia can be found in modern reprists.

GEW

Jonathan Edwards (1702-58) was born at East Windsor, Connecticut. His boyhood was remarkable for precocity, shown not only in metaphysical interest but in physical research, and the mind which so announced itself has been deemed capable of greatness in any intellectual career he might have chosen. He was a graduate of Yale College, and then a tutor there, but spent his life as pastor of the church at Northampton from 1727 to 1750, and for eight years thereafter as missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, after which he held for a few weeks the presidency of Princeton, in which office he died of the smallpox moral and spiritual character was on a plane equal to his mental endowments, though he was not an orator, he was an impressive speaker, and succeeded by the intensity of his nature perhaps as much as by the terror of his subject. His power of logical thought, however, surpassed his talent for description, minute and imaginative as the latter was, and the works on which his great reputation as the ablest American theologian rests are distinguished by reasoning only. His three important works are Treatise concerning the Religious Affections (1746), On the Freedom of the Will (1754), Treatise on Original Sin (1758) His most famous sermon is Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God (1741) The first extract illustrates the vivid directness of his sermons, the second his metaphysical style.

# The Wrath of the Almighty

Thus it will be with you that are in an unconverted state, if you continue in it, the infinite might, and majesty, and terriblenes of the Omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you in the ineffable strength of your torments you shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, and when you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the writh and fereceness of the Almighty is, and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty. 'And it shall come to pass, that from one moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord And they shall go forth and lool upon the carcasses of

the men that have transgressed against me, for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh '

It is everlasting wrath It would be dreadful to suffer this fiereeness and wrath of Almighty God one moment, but you must suffer it to all eternity there will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery when you look forward you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts and amize your soul, and you will absolutely despuir of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all, you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengcance, and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains your punishment will indeed be infinite Oh, who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances 15! All that we can possibly say about it gives but a very feeble, faint representation of it, it is mexpressible and inconceivable for 'who knows the power of God's anger?'

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath and infinite misery l But this is the dismal case of every soul in this con gregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity We know not who they are, or in what scats they sit, or what thoughts they now have It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturb ance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter ers over him! But alas! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell! And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to morrow morning

#### From 'The Freedom of the Will.'

The plain and obvious meaning of the words Freedom and Isberts, in common speech, is power, opportunity, or advantage that any one has, to do as he pleases. Or, in other words, his being free from hindrance or impediment in the way of doing, or conducting in any respect, as he wills. (I say not only doing, but conducting, because a voluntary forbearing to do, sitting still, keeping silence, &c., are instances of persons' conduct about which Liberty is exercised, though they are not so properly called doing). And the contrary to Liberty, whatever name we call that by, is a person's being hindered or unable to conduct as he will, or being necessitated to do otherwise.

If this which I have mentioned be the meaning of the

word Liberty, in the ordinary use of language. as I trust that none that has ever learned to talk, and is unprejudiced, will deny then it will follow that in propriety of speech neither Liberty nor its contrary can properly be ascribed to any being or thing but that which has such a faculty, power, or property as is called For that which is possessed of no such thing as will cannot have any power or opportunity of doing according to its will, nor be necessitated to act contrary to its will, nor be restrained from acting agreeably to it. And therefore to talk of Liberty, or the contrary, as belonging to the very will itself is not to speak good sense, if we judge of sense and nonsense by the original and proper signification of words. For the will itself is not an agent that has a will the power of choosing itself line not a power of choosing Plat which has the power of volition or choice is the man or the soul, and not the power of volution itself. And he that has the Liberty of doing necording to his will is the agent or doer who is possessed of the will, and not the will which he is possessed of We say with propriety that a bird let loose has power and I iberty to fly, but not that the bird's power of flying has a power and Liberty of flying 10 be free is the property of an agent who is possessed of powers and freulties, as much as to be cunning, valiant, bountiful, or realons. But these quali ties are the properties of men or persons and not the properties of properties

There are two things that are contrary to this which is called Liberty in common speech. One is constraint, the same is otherwise called force, compulsion, and coaction, which is a person's being necessitated to do a thing contrary to his will. The other is restraint, which is his being hindered, and not having power to do according to his will. But that which has no will cannot be the subject of these things. I need say the less on this head, Mr Locke having set the same thing forth with so great clearness in his Essay on the Human Understanding.

But one thing more I would observe concerning what is vulgarly called Liberty, namely, that power and opportunity for one to do and conduct as he will, or according to his choice, is all that is meant by it, with out taking into the meaning of the word anything of the cause or original of that choice, or at all considering how the person came to have such a volition, whether it was caused by some external motive or internal habitual bias, whether it was determined by some internal antecedent volition, or whether it happened without a cause, whether it was necessarily connected with something foregoing, or not connected person come by his volition or choice how he will, yet, if he is able, and there is nothing in the way to hinder his pursuing and executing his will, the man is fully and perfectly free, according to the primary and common notion of freedom

Edwards works are found in Bohn's edition See for his biography A. V G. Allen's Jounthau Edwards (1889), and the admirable paper by Sir Leslie Stephen in Hours in a Library second series

G E. W

Benjamin Franklin (1706-90) was born at Boston, but his life is rather associated with Philadelphia, to which city he early migrated. He followed the printer's trade, and became a publisher of newspapers and books. He had a political

career from 1736, and his public activities grew more diversified and more important till he had become the most useful citizen of the State, and the most profitable servant of the colonies abroad as their agent at London and, during the Revolu-He was illustrious in science from tion, at Paris the time of his discoveries in electricity reputation his name still enjoys is that of one of the great citizens of the world He was primarily a citizen, not a writer, and the list of his inventions, foundations, and organisations is a long one In the formative period of American society he was the principal suggester of new methods and ends and the chief organiser of new activities (see above at page 732) Most of his writings have consequently to do with practical affairs, but the Autobiography stands apart from the others, and is the work by which he is universally known The style he used is one of the best of that day of excellent prose

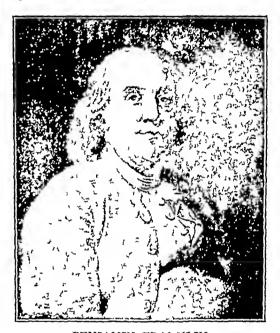
#### His Religious Views

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyteman, and, though I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the seet, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity, that He made the world, and governed it by His providence, that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man, that our souls are immortal, and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded either here or hereafter These I esteemed the essentials of every religion, and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect as I found them more or less mixed with other articles which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion, and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the seet, was never refused

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevailed on to do so, once for five Sundays successively Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sundry's leisure in my course of study, but his discourses were elitefly either polemie arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very drv, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever

things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, what soever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any pruse, think on these things,' and I imagined, in a sermion on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle. I Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2 Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3 Attending duly the public worship. 4 Partaking of the sacrament 5 Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things, but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I desputed of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery painted by
F Baricolo after a Portrait by J. S. Duplessis.

some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use [in 1728], entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion' I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it without attempting further to excuse it, my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

#### The Way to Wealth.

Courteous Render I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respect fully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed, for, though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanaes) annually, now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very spring in their applauses and no other author has taken the least notice of me, so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best

judges of my merit, for they buy my works, and, besides, in my rambles where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated with 'As Poor Richard says' at the end of it. This give me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority, and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and reading those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, 'Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?' Father Abraham stood up and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short, for A word to the wise is enough, as Poor kichard 'vys' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows

'Friends,' said he, 'the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us, God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says

'It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be em ployed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while The used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough Let us, then, be up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy, and, He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him Drive thy business, let not that drive thee, and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says'

(From Poor Richard Improved)

Franklin's Works are edited by John Bigelow in len volumes (1887-89) the Antobiography in three volumes (1863). Excellent Lives of him are J B M Master's (1887) and J T Morse's (1889).

John Woolman (1720-72) was born at Northampton in New Jerse), and after a humble beginning, he began to teach poor children and to preach as an itinerant among the Quakers. For a quarter of a century he travelled extensively in the Atlantic States, and was from the start an abhorrer of slavery. His Journal tells the story of his journeys, and in the narrative discloses a pious soul simply and sincerely. It owes some thing of its vogue to Charles Lamb's love of it, and to Whittier's eulogy. A brief extract shows its quality

#### An Angelic Vision

In a time of sickness with the pleurist, a little npward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to I now who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy colour, between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live, and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonions than any I had heard with my curs before, I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were 'John Woolman is dead.' I soon remem bered that I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed leyond doubting that it was the voice of an holy angel, but as yet it was a mystery to me

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for His name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ, and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a nivs tery, and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was, and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language, 'John Woolman is dead,' meant no more than the death of my own will. Soon after this I couglied and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before.

Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments were often stained with

worldly glory, and that in the present state of things I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels. Soon after my recovery, I, going to our monthly meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other, and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel. The like I afterward went through in several Friends' houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here, and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving kindness of my heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that occasion

GEW

George Washington (1732-99) has been referred to above (page 713) as a conspicuous representative of the political literature of this period. The writings of Jefferson and Washington were incidental to their public life, and though the style of one is censured as rhetorical and that of the other as cold, the inspiration is felt in the first and dignity in the second with a fire and weight that make their sentences imperishable. The language of the *Declaration* is well known. His Farewell Address is a noble example of Washington's power to utter character in words, putting himself into his wisdom, veneration for the man is a part of the impressiveness of what he says

#### From Washington's 'Farewell Address'

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organisation and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable Not unconscious, in the outset, of the in feriority of my qualifications, experience in my own cyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself, and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the con solation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is in tended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honours it has conferred upon me, still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services futhful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were hable to mis lead, amudst appearances sometimes diblous, vicissitudes

of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of enticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected Profoundly penc trated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to uncersing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence, that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual, that the free constitution, which is the nork of your hands, may be sacredly maintained, that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue, that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so care ful u preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applicuse, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the appreliension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every higament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independ ence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very Liberty which you so highly prize But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the con viction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and netively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly esti mate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness, that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may sug gest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your

affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, liabits, and political principles You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together, the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately Here every portion of our country to your interest finds the most commanding motives for carefully guard ing and preserving the Union of the whole

EW

Lindley Mullay (1745-1826), the gramma rinn, was born of Qunker parentage, the eldest of twelve children, at Swatara, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Philadelphia, New York, and Burlington, having at fourteen run away to school from his father's counting house. He studied law nt New York, and was called to the Bar in 1763 At twenty two he married, and in 1770-71 first visited England, where from 1785 he made his home at Holgate, York, for the last sixteen years never leaving the house In 1787 he published his Power of Religion on the Mind, and his English Grammar (1795), long a standard on both sides of the Atlantic, was followed by A Compendium of Faith and Practice, The Duty of a Daily Perusal of the Scriptures, and Memoirs, written in a series of six letters by himself, and concluded by Elizabeth Frank (1826) Spite of his proverbial credit as an authority, his own style was by no means a model of excellence, it was not impeccable even on grammatical grounds, the 'misallied participle' being only too frequent.

Joel Bailow (1754-1812), born at Redding in Connecticut, studied at Dartmouth and Yale Colleges, and served as a military chaplain during the war of independence. In 1788 lie came to France as agent for a land company, in 1792 published in London a poem entitled The Conspiracy of Kings, spent some years on the Continent in political, literary, and mercantile pursuits, in which lie made a fortune, served as American consul at Algiers, and was appointed ambassador to France in 1811 He died near Cracow when on his way to a conference with Napoleon His Columbiad (1807) is a historical review of events from the time of Columbus to the French Revolution Other works are his intemperate Advice to the Privileged Orders (1791-95) and the would be humorous poem, Hasty Pudding See Todd's Life and Letters of Joel Barlow (1886)

Charles Brockden Brown (1771-1810) was born of Quaker stock in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, yet, bred for law, deliberately chose literature as a profession, and ranks as the first American to make this choice. The French

Revolution and Godwin's influence, political and literary, drew him wholly away from Quaker sym pathies, and it was in New York that he wrote Aleuyn (1797) on the rights of women His first novel, Wieland, or Transformation (1798), turned on ventriloquism. In the next three years he produced four more novels—Arthur Mervyn, Ormand, Edgar Huntley, and Clara Howardand secured the proud position lie maintained for twenty years as first of American novelists, until his star paled before Fenimore Cooper's of his early work consisted of tales of terror and horror, morbid and improbable enough, and show ing Godwin's influence all too plainly, but with passages of real intensity and power, and charac teristic touclies all his own He anticipated Cooper in exploiting the forest life of the continent, and patriotic critics have discovered in him suggestions of Poe, of Hawthorne, and even of later Ameri canism His first magazine ran only a year, his second Literary Magazine lived from 1803 till 1805, and the half-yearly American Register was thriving at his death, when he was engaged on a system of geography and a treatise on Rome under the Antonine emperors His last novel, Jane Talbol, had appeared in 1801, and he had written in defence of the Justice of Restrictions on Foreign Commerce His Life by Dunlop (2 vols 1815) was reissued with the seven-volume edition of his novels (1827), there were reprints of his works in 1857 and 1887, and on his life and work, see Prescote's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies

James Kirke Paulding (1779-1860) was born in Dutchess county, New York, and, though strongly drawn to literature, was mainly self-A friend of Washington Irving, he educated wrote part of the wonderfully popular Salma gundi During the war of 1812 he published the Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, an effective satire, and in 1814 a more serious work, The United States and Lugland, which gained him an appointment on the Board of Naval Commissioners A continuation of Sal magundi by his own pen was a failure. But he produced a very successful romance of old New York, The Dutchman's Fireside (1831), and a Kentuckian story, Westward Hol (1832)-not to speak of a good deal of poetry, a Life of Wash ington (1835), and a defence of Slavery in the United States (1836) In 1837 he became Secre tary of the Navy Even at his best he had been overshadowed by Irving and Cooper, and he is now but little read See his Literary Life by his son (1867), and Grant Wilson's Bryant and his Friends (1886)

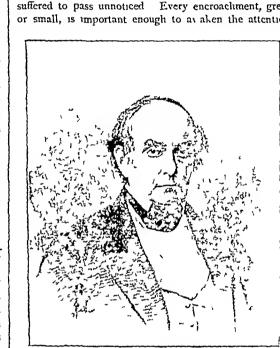
William Ellery Channing (1780 - 1842), preacher and writer, was born at Newport in Rhode Island, graduated at Harvard in 1798, and in 1803 was ordained minister of a Congregational church in Boston, where his sermons were famous

for their 'fervour, solemnity, and beauty' He was somewhat of a mystic, held Christ' to be more than man, but was ultimately the leader of the Unitarians, though to the end he shrank from dogmatic definitions and one-sided apprehension of Christian truth In 1821 he was made D D of Harvard for his works on the Christian evidences, his address on war, and his sermons, and next year he visited Europe, and made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Coleridge Among his Works (6 vols 1841-46) are treatises on national literature, on Milton, on Fénelon, on slavery, and on selfculture It was of him that Coleridge said, 'He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love.' His character was as attractive as his eloquence, and almost as influential as the vigour, pure taste, and infectious earnestness of his literary work. He laboured zealously in all good causes, social and philanthropic, and pled for peace, charity, temperance, and the cause of the slaves (though never an extreme abolitionist), and a higher tone in political life. In virtue of his personal influence as well as through his published works, he ranks almost along with Emerson as one of the intel lectual leaders of New England in the early nine teenth century There are Lives of him by his nephew, W H Channing (3 vols 1848, new ed. 1880), by Frothingham (1887), and by the Rev J White Chadwick (1903)

Daniel Webster (1782-1852) was the son of a farmer at Salisbury in New Hampshire, studied at Dartmouth, Salisbury, and Boston, and after eight years at the Bar, was sent to Congress in 1813. From 1816 he was eminent as an advocate in Boston, and as orator became famous by his oration at the Pilgrim Fathers' bicentenary Massachusetts representative in Congress from 1823, he found few rivals there, in 1827 he was transferred to the Senate. He had favoured free trade, but in 1828 he vigorously defended the new protective tariff He was called into Harrison's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and under Tyler negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain In the Senate in 1845 he helped to avert a war with England over the north west boundary, he opposed the war with Mexico, but though he said that he abhorred shvery, he refused on that score to risk breaking up the Union Careless in money matters, he accepted pecuniary assistance from political friends, but easily repelled a charge of corruption (1866) Under Fillmore he was called to his former post as Secretary of State to settle differences with England, and he was deeply disappointed at not receiving the Whig nomination for the presidency in 1852, the year of his death. At all times he showed too great deference to established institutions, and on the slavery question his conscience but very imperfectly matched his intellect though he thus fell short of the first runk amongst American statesmen, he was unquestionably foremost of American orators His speeches were published in 1851, his Private Correspondence 1857 There are Lives of him by G T Cur (1869), H C Lodge (1884), N Brooks (189 N Hapgood (1899), and S W McCall (1900)

### The British Drum-Beat

The question is, therefore, whether, upon the treprinciples of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequence be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegenerise of power, it is to be resisted in the propriation. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to



DANIEL WEBSTER
After a Portrait by A H Ritchie.

of those who are entrusted with the preservation of constitutional government We are not to wait till gre public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrow or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy Wc shou not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regul great questions affecting the general freedom. Tho fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserte a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn The amount of taxation was triffing but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty, ar that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against ar suffering under its enactments, that they took up arm They went to war against a preamble. They fough seven years against a declaration They poured or their treasures and their blood like water, in a conte against an assertion which those less sagacious and no so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty woul have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parte

of words They saw in the claim of the British Parli

ment a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unju

power, they detected it, dragged it forth from under neath its plrusible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they rused their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England (From a Speech in the Senate in May 1834)

# Washington Inving

was born in the city of New York on 3rd April 1783, the son of a Presbyterian Scotsman from Shapinshay in Orkney, who claimed descent from William de Irwan, armour bearer of Robert Bruce, his mother, from Falmouth in Cornwill, a woman of a sunny, loving temper, was attached to the Episcopal Church. His education was scanty and desultory His brothers were sent to college, but he showed no inclination to study, being 'a dreamer and a saunterer'-owing doubtless to a hereditary tendency to pulmonary disease was named after the father of the country, from whom as a child he received a personal blessing Whilst at four schools he versified a bit and wrote a play, at sixteen he entered a law-office, at nine teen contributed humorous articles to a paper as 'Jonathan Oldstyle.' Threatened with consump tion, he sailed for Europe, landed at Bordeaux in 1804, and went by Marseilles to Italy, escaping with difficulty from Bonaparte's police, who persisted in regarding him as an English spy Rome he was intoxicated by Italian art, and having met Allston the American printer, was tempted to become an artist. He visited Paris and the Netherlands, and at London saw John Kemble In 1806 he returned to New and Mrs Siddons York in improved health, and was admitted to Those were 'Corinthian days,' and he led a rather idle life, much in society, and greatly admired

His first writing was in the Salmagundi, a semimonthly shect in imitation of the Spectator, con ducted jointly by himself, his brother William, and J K. Paulding It ran for twenty numbers, and then stopped without explanation in the fullness of success. There was considerable ment of a superficial sort in those early attempts, but there was no evidence of serious literary purpose, the papers were apparently written with a view only to social distinction His first characteristic v ork, that by which he will be best remembered, was A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker, published in 1809 Everybody knows the little man in knee breeches and cocked hat as one of the permanent figures in the gallery of literary portraits The History has a substratum of truth, but is openly a good natured burlesque upon the old Dutch settlers of Minhattan Island. His humour and the gravity which mask it are alike irresistible, it may be doubted if there is in the language a more delightful or more perfectly sustained piece of drollery. Readers of Scott will remember his warm praise of the book, written while 'his sides were sort with laughing'. In the United States it was universally read, and even now it is to the American people as real in its way as the Pilgrim's Progress.

For eight years after this Irving was in partnership with his two elder brothers in a business that had relations on both sides of the Atlantic, but in the end was unsuccessful, and when later he had won his place among authors and was receiving a good income, he supported two of his brothers and five nieces with unselfish devotion In May 1815 he nent to Lurope for the second time, and did not return for seventeen years, in August 1817 he visited Scott at Abbotsford It was in 1818 that the misfortunes of his firm culminated in bank ruptcy, and thereafter he turned his whole atten tion to literature. He declined liberal offers for magazine work, and would undertake nothing that was to interfere with his plans The Shelch Book, of which the first number appeared in New York in 1819, and the last in 1820, was received in the United States with universal delight, its early success in Great Britain was largely due to the powerful support of Scott All the pieces in this miscellany have a certain charm-if for nothing more, for their felicitous touch and purity of style. But the chief interest centres in 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' and 'Westminster Abbey' The last is one of the most finished descriptive essays of the century, though perhaps a little lacking in simplicity. The two legendary tales are in a way related to the History of New York, and have had a currency and an influence difficult to measure. 'Rip Van Winkle' is a distinct creation of genius, and with its fellow has made the lower reach of the Hudson classic ground, for the first time there had been produced in the United States a literary work on the highest level of contemporary excellence. Bracebridge Hall (1822) fairly maintained but did not raise the author's reputation-' Geoffrey Crayon, Gent,' was already at the summit of favour After a few vears passed on the Continent he published (1824) Tales of a Traveller, a work he thought his best in regard to style, but which some critics think over-refined

In 1826 he went to Spain and began the long and arduous studies which were the foundation of his more important serious works. These were The Life of Columbus (1828), The Conquest of Granada (1829), Vojages of the Companious of Columbus (1831), The Alhambra (1832), Leginds of the Conquest of Spain (1835), Mahonet and his Successors (1850), but the two or three works last named were only sketched or partly written

before his return to the United States in 1832 It was Irving who first revealed to English readers the rich stores of Spanish history and romance. and whatever may have been done to correct or expand his narratives, to him must be given the praise of having produced some of the most fascinating books in existence. He had intended to write the history of the conquest of Mexico, for which he had collected materials, but generously, and to his own loss, relinquished his design to Prescott when he learned that the latter proposed to under The sums obtained by Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history Mr Murray gave £200 for the Sketch Book, but afterwards doubled the sum. for Bracebridge Hall he give 1000 guineas, for Columbus, 3000 guineas, and for the Conquest of Granada, £2000 At the end of this sojourn in Sprin, Irving was for a short time secretary to the United States Legation in London On his return to his native city (1832) he was received with great enthusiasm, but he declined political honours, and continued his literary work. After an excursion in the then Far West, he published (1835) A Tour on the Prairies In the same year he issued Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbes . he was also at work upon the last of the books in the Spanish series. In writing Astoria (1836) he was assisted by his nephew, his future biogripher The Adventures of Captain Bonneville (in the Rocky Mountains) appeared in 1837 biography of Goldsmith was mainly written about this time, though not published until 1849 remodelled for his home an old Dutch house in Tarrytown, New York, near his 'Sleepy Hollow, but his intended retirement to 'Sunnyside' was postponed by his appointment in 1842 as United States minister to Spain. He returned in 1846. and once more set lumself to work. Goldsmith and Mehamet appeared as already mentioned, then, in 1855, Wolfere's Roost, a miscellant His last work was the Life of George Washington (5 vols 1855~ 1859), he died at Sunnyside, 28th November 1859, and in Sleepy Hollow at Tarrytown he lies buried

Irving was never married. In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Hoffman, a beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of the lawyer with whom he pursued his studies, and separated from her by her unumely death, he remained all his life futbful to her memory In all his works there is chival rous deterence and tenderness towards women, he was exceedingly fond of children, and was always beloved by them In his youth he was well made and hand-ome, and then as afterwards, was courted by the best society Tender feeling and ibundant humoir marl his writings he had a quite exceptional power to seize the attention of cultivated readers by his keen observation, his graphic touches of description, and his limpid and musical style. The early books which first page him fine and those which came from his studies in Spain are his best claims to permanent remembrance; his later works would not have given him the high rank he deservedly holds. His was a fortunate and honourable life, and, on the y hole, though inferior in genius to more than one American author, he must be accounted the most successful writer of the New World.

#### The American in England.

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as niighty Rome

But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never vet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages to blunt the intense interest with which I at first belield them Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation, where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than the past, where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young exist ence and prospective improvement—there was something mexpressibly tonehing in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity and sinking to deery I cannot describe the mute but deep felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic run like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself, or a warrior pile, lil e Conwas Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed poyer They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual, charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of ait, amidst the ever springing and reviving fertility of nature

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter, the footsteps of history were even where to be traced, and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so com pletch carpeted with verdure where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge continually coming upon some halle document of poetra in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the conship, the prinirose, or some other simple object that his received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxi ented more by the delicious eroald of remembered reso clations than by the inclody of its notes and I shall never forget the thall of costasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath ms feet, and using its musical flight up into the morning ski

(1 mm I in ites se Hal )

## A Rainy Sunday in an Inn

It was a rain. Sundre in the gloom month of November. I had been de uned in the course of a journey by a shight in hisporition from which I was still fever. It, and was obliged to

seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shape less and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

(From Bracebrulge Hall.)

#### Rip Van Winkle's Return.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his nncoath dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired 'on which side he voted' Rip stared in vacant stupidity Another short but husy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his eur, 'whether he was a Federal or Democrat' Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eye and sharp list penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, de manded in an nustere tone, 'what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a not in the village?' 'Alas' gentlemen,' said Rip, somewhat dis maved, 'I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loval subject of the king, God bless him!'

Here a general shout burst from the hystanders—'A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!' It was with great difficulty that the self important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austenty of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the

'Well, who are they?-name them'

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, 'Where's Nicholas Vedder?'

There was a silence for a while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, 'Nicholas Vedder' why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too'

'Where's Brom Dutcher?'

'Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war, some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose I don't know—he never came back again!

'Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?'

'He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.'

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world

Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such

enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand war—Congress—Stony Point,—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, 'Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?'

'Oh, Rip Van Winkle!' exclaimed two or three 'Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.'

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of him self as he went up the mountain apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether be was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name?

'God knows,' exclaimed he, at his wits' end, 'I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they ve changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!'

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their fore heads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray headed man

She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, hegan to cry 'Hush, Rip,' cried she, 'hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you'. The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

'What is your name, my good woman?' asked he

'Judith Gardenier'

'And your father's name?'

'Ah, poor man' Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl'

Rip had but one more question to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice

'Where's your mother?'

'Oh, she too had died hut a short time since, she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler'

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. 'I am your father!' cried he—'young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?'

All stood amuzed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and pecring under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Snre enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour Why, where have you been these twenty long years?'

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they beard it some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cliecks, and

James Tenimore Cooper (1789-1851) was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of a Federalist member of Congress, of Quaker descent, but in 1790 the family removed to a property near Otsego Lake, on what was afterwards to be known as Cooperstown, New York, then in a wild frontier region of great natural beauty. Cooper was much influenced in his second home by forest surroundings, red men, traders, and Indian traditions, his sense of mystery and his imagination being strongly stimulated He entered Yale College in 1802, a boy of thirteen, and after remaining there three years, he was dismissed for neglect of his studies and defiance of academic discipline. In 1806 lie shipped as a common sailor in the merchant service, and in 1808 entered the navy as a midshipman He rose to the rank of a lieutenaut, but in 1811 resigned his commission, and married a sister of Bishop De Lancey of New York, a high For ten years he devoted himself to farming and family life, and plunged into authorship somewhat suddenly His first novel, Precaution (1819), was a failure, and the thirty two tales which followed it were of extremely unequal Among those which had exceptional merit and signal success may be named The Spi (1821), The Pilot (1823), The Last of the Molucans (1826), The Prairie (1826), The Red Rover (1831), The Brazo (1831), The Pathfinder (1840), The Decestayer (1841), The Two Admirals (1842), Wing and-Wing (1842), and Satansto. (1845) His other writings include a meritorious Naval History of the United States (1839, abridged edition, 1841), and Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers (1846) His novels, upon the whole, and in spite of conspicuous faults, well deserve all the favour they received, the sea-tales and stories of frontier life being out of sight his best. His de scriptive talent was as vet unequalled in America, and some of his characters, such as 'Natty Bumppo,' Long Fom Coffin, 'Harvey Birch,' Uncas,' Chingreligook,' and especially 'Leather-Stocking,' are drawn with extraordinary vigour and vividness From the beginning of his literary career he was greeted as proving that an American had done work which might almost be compared with that of 'the author of Waverley' The peace of mans of the later years of his life was much disturbed by literary and newspaper controversies and actions for libel-usually against Horace Greeley and other Whig editors, for he was often denounced as a for, and aristocrat, and in nearly all of them he was successful. He conducted his own lawsuits, and usually pleaded his cases with admirable tact One good result of these suits was to impose upon the newspaper press of America some degree of restraint from the scandalously swage and virulent freedom of speech which had till then prevaled. On either side of the Maitic Coopers own sevents of language won him no entall amount of personal unpopularity, act no

high regard for the nobler side of the English character, and his appreciation of the grand achievements of British history, found frequent expression in his writings. These writings, other than the best of his novels, contained much to exite opposition, and they brought upon him, not altogether undeservedly, the reputation of being a proud, contentious, and somewhat wrong-headed man, yet there was in his real character much sweetness, great strength and dignity, and unqualified honesty. He was excessively proud, no doubt, but his pride was without vanity, his faults were those of temper and judgment rather than of character.

When Cooper is treated—as he still often is, even in Anicrica-mainly as a writer of boys' books, he has an injustice done him. He wrote too much, many of his men are as contentional as his women usually are, his conversations are stilted, his style is careless, and his prejudices are constantly aired. But he had a very true and very great gift as a story-teller, he was the first to take the virgin forest and the prairie into the domain of fiction, and he wrote the prose epic of the planting of his country. Modern ethnologists do not sneer, as it was once the fishion to do, at his Indians as mere creations of the faircy Some of his characters are perminent additions to literature, and his power is best felt when he is compared with his predecessor, Brockden Brown 'He belongs emphatically to the American nation,' as Washington Irving said, and his painting of nature under new aspects gave him a name that will never die

# By Lake Otsego

On all sides, wherever the eve turned, nothing met it but the mirror life surface of the lake, the placed view of heaven, and the dense setting of voods. So rich and fluery were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbrolen verdure As if regulation were not satisfied with a friumph so complete, the trees overhung the like itself, shooting out towards the light and there were nitles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Kembrandt looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a ord, the hand of nian had never yet defreed or deformed any part of this mative scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, saftened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expan e of water

#### Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his to convers and ability. One good result of these suits was to impose upon the newspiner press of Americal some degree of restraint from the scandalously sixtage and virulent freedom of speech which had tall then prevailed. On either side of the Mantie Cooper's own severals of language won him no small amount of personal unpopularity, we'll no man loved his country better than he, and his

It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The eockswain [10m] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despuir The honest old scaman give a ery of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom I om had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places



JAMLS FENIMORE COOPER.
After the Portrut by Madame de Mirbel

of safety, though, as Tom returned to his sext on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctint eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocl's with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity

Dillon and the cockswam were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despur, a witness of the scene, but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betraved the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land'

'There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cocl swain, 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands'. The old scaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitted in this tempest'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

"Tis the wind driving by the vessel 1"

"Is the poor thing herself," said the affected cock swain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few mututes more, the hand somest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing 1.

'Why, then, did you remain here?' eried Dillon wildly 'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Fom 'These waves are to me what the land is to you, I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave'

'But 1-I,' shricked Dillon-'I am not ready to die '-I cannot die l-I will not die t'

Poor wretch!' muttered his companion, 'you must go like the rest of us when the death watch is called, none can skull from the nuster'

I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic cagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can talle with me?'

'None, everything has been cut away, or earned off by the sea. If we are about to strive for your life, take with we a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God'

'God' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy,
'I I now no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace' said the deep tones of the cockswin, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements, 'blasphemer, peace'

The heavy grouning produced by the water in the timbers of the Iricl, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the heach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person, and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fite, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands 'Sheer to port, and clear the under tow! Sheer to the southward 1'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object, he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look

of despair he encountered, and when, a moment after wards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' minimized the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the Arad yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple hearted cockswain among the ruins. (From The Pulot)

Loansbury s Life of Fenimore Cooper (1832) is the standard one, and contains a full hibliography, there is also a book on him by Clymer (1901).

Billiam Gilmore Simms (1806-70), the first notable man of letters in the Southern States, was born at Charleston in South Carolina, and had been both druggist and law-student when in 1828 he became editor of the City Gazette His first poetic venture, Lyrical and other Poems (1827), was followed by The Vision of Cortes (1829), The Tricolour (1830), and Atalantis (1832), but his poetry is almost uniformly mediocre, though Southern Passages and Pictures (1839) contains some good verse. - His essays, dramas, histories, and biographies are unimportant, he was a vigorous and successful journalist. But it is as novelist, the most capable of Fenimore Cooper's successors and imitators, that he has earned his place in literary history Martin Faber (1833), somewhat on Brockden Brown's lines, attracted notice Rivers (1834) was a tale of life in the Georgia The Yemassee (1835), dealing with Indians in colonial days, is an advance on these, and though it too plainly shows Cooper's influence, is usually accounted Simms's greatest work. Partisan (1835), The Scout, Woodcraft, and Eutaw (1856) are the most notable of a series dealing with adventure and warfare in the South during the revolutionary wars Richard Hurdis, Border Beagles, Helen Halsey, and Charlemont continued the Border series begun by Guy Rivers Pelajo, Count Julian, The Damsel of Darien, Vasconselos, are too ambitious historical novels on times and regions to which Simms could not do justice. Carl Werner, Castle Dismal, and Marie de Beimere are domestic novels, The Wigwam and the Cabin is a collection of short tales The Cassique of Kiawah (1860) would have been one of his triumphs but for the excitements of the Civil War, on which Simms wrote zealously as a fervid Southerner During the war he was ruined and his library was burnt, he never retrieved his losses or regained his eminence in the public viewfor 'at the North' his vehement partisanship had made him unpopular In his life he had founded or conducted some half-dozen literary serials, and to them and other periodicals he contributed largely, he did much hack-work on a vast variety of subjects, and he was highly thought of as lecturer and orator The illustrated edition of his works (1882-86) fills seventeen volumes See Lives by Cable (1888) and Professor Trent (1892)

Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, educated at Hurvard, and admitted to the Bar at Boston in 1811 In 1818 he became associate editor of the North American Review, to which he contributed largely His Dying Raven (1821), The Buccaneer (1827), and some others of his poems were warmly praised by critics, but his best work was in criticism

His son, Richard Henry Dann (1815-82), graduated at Harvard in 1837, but during a break in his college career, occasioned in part by an affection of the eyes, he had shipped as a common



RICHARD HENRY DANA.
From an Etching by S A. Schoff

sailor, and made a vojage round Cape Horn to California and back. This vojage he described in *Two Years before the Mast* (1840), on the whole, perhaps, the best book of its kind, in 1840 he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and was especially distinguished in maritime law Among his works are *The Seaman's Friend* (1841) and *To Cuba and Back* (1859) He also edited Wheaton's *International Law*, and was a prominent Free-soiler and Republican There is a Life of him by Adams (2 vols 1890)

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), associated with Fitz Greene Halleck in The Croaker Papers, was born in New York city, and bred to medicine, but died of consumption in his twenty-sixth year. His most considerable poem, 'The Culprit Fay,' was written to show that American rivers also had just claims to the glories of fancy and romance. 'The American Flag' is even better known. The volume containing The Culprit Fay, and other Poems was first published in 1835, and has been repeatedly reprinted.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), long the patriarch of American poets, was born of good New England stock at Cummington in Wassichusetts, his father being a distinguished medical practitioner, who sat in the State legislature, and his name commemorates the doctor's reverence for the great Edinburgh physician, William Cullen, then recently dead The precocious boy, keenly interested in literature, was trained to admire the poetry of Pope, and early encouraged to unitate him, the most noted fruit of these ittempts being a sature, The Limbargo, or Statches of the Times (1807)—a singular production for a youth of thirteen In 1810 he entered Williams College, but, the family finances being strutened, he after two sessions resumed his studies at home, and formed himself by loving study of his favourite poets (amongst them Blan and Kirke White, Couper and Campbell), while watching with a keen eye the quiet life of nature as he rimbled His quickened in igination among the woods found expression in the sonorous blank verse of Thanatopsis, which, published in the North Ameri can Review for September 1817 (though partly written as early as 1811), was unanimously greeted as having in it more of real poetry than anything hitherto written by an American It has been described as the culmination of the poetry of the churchyard school Meantime Bryant liad studied law, had been admitted to the Bar, and had settled at Great Barrington Invited to con tribute further to the Review, he sent both verse and prose, among the former 'Lines to a Water fowl,' and among the latter a criticism on Ameri can poetry. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvird a patriotic poem on 'The Ages' in Spenserian verse. In the same year he was married to Miss I rances Pairchild, who inspired his poem 'O Fairest of the Rural Maids' In this year, too, he lost his father, to whom he paid a tribute in his 'Hymn to Death' Other noted poems of this time are 'The Rivulet,' 'The West Wind, 'Green River,' 'The Forest Hymn,' and 'June,' which were published in Boston periodicals. In 1825 the poet was induced by his friends to remove to New York to become editor of the New Yorl Review, and when it failed a year later, he was made assistant editor of the Evining Post In 1829 he had become editor-in chief, and by his various gifts of mind and character, by his dignity and high principle, did much to raise the tone of the daily press A collection of his poems was published in 1832, and, on its republication in England through Washington Irving, and with his warm commendation, received favourable notice from Blackwood's Magazine Bryant was now, however, absorbed in journalism. His paper was democratic in politics, but when the slavery question became prominent it inclined to the anti-slavery side, and in 1856 it assisted in forming the Republican party He was often called upon to make public addresses,

and of these a volume was published in 1873. visits to Europe, the West Indics, and many parts of the United States gave occasion for several series of letters to his paper (republished in three volunies) Meantime his poems had tal en posses sion of the hearts of his countrymen, and several editions were issued, some of them finely illus-In his old age, when editorial duties were less absorbing, he again found time and temper for His later verse is strikingly similar in tone and manner to that of his wouth, sometimes, as in 'Robert of Lincoln' and 'The Planting of an Apple tree, he seemed to reach a higher level At seventy-two he commenced than of old translations of the Iliad and Odyssij in English blank verse, which proved as inadequate as those of many greater men before him. Almost his last poem was The Flood of Years, a worthy counterpart to Tharatopsis In May 1878 Bryant de Inered an eloquent address at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini in the Central Parl of New Yorl, and as he was afterwards entering a house he fell on the doorstep, receiving injuries of which he died a fortnight later

Historically the earliest of the true poets of America, Bryant justly ranks amongst the great writers of his country. His poetry, though lack ing in fire and power and the essentially lyncal note, has in it a true vein of tenderness and sym pathy, and much restrained dignity, reflectiveness, and patriotic love of liberty, upon the whole more closely akin in temper to the work of Gray and Cowper than of contemporary English poets, it too often tends to be commonplace. The secret of its popularity was perhaps more its moral than its poetic attractiveness. Bryant deals lindly with the nobler side of the Red Indian, and he is hardly equalled in his descriptions of the larger aspects of American scenery. Most of his poems are short, and his verse forms are not very varied -he is most at home in blank verse 'The Death of the Flowers,' 'The Fringed Gentian,' 'The Crowded Street,' 'Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race,' 'Our Country's Call,' and 'The Battlefield' are He lind others of his most memorable poems little more than a nominal share in Braant and Gry's Popular History of the United States (1876-1880), and his books of travel, addresses and essays are little read

An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burnl place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak
Withdrew our wasted race
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.
For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side,
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide,
The plans that, toward the eastern sky,

Fenced east and west by mountains he

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whiri the bright chariot o'er the way

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below

And then to mark the lord of all,

The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Wall forth, amid his train, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred v hen its soil was ours,
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the varrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest,
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the voung wife that weeping gave
Her first born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough!

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away,
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,

To which the white men's eyes are blind,
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed,
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood,
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run,
The realm our tribes are crushed to get.
May be a barren desert yet!

# From 'Thanatopsis'

Let not to thy eternal resting place Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish Couch more magnificent Thou shalt he down With patriarchs of the infant world-with kings, The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past, All in one mights sepulchre The hills Rock ribbed and ancient as the sun-the vales Stretching in pensive quietness between, The venerable woods, rivers that move In majesty, and the complaining brooks That make the meadows green, and, poured round all Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste-Are but the solemn decorations all Of the great tonib of man The golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host of lierven, Are shining on the sad abodes of death, Through the still lapse of ages All that tread The globe are but a handful to the tribes That slumber in its bosom Take the vings Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness, Or lose thyself in the continuous woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound Save his own dashings-jet the dead are there, And millions in those solitudes, since first The flight of years began, have laid them down In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone. So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw In silence from the living and no friend Take note of thy departure! All that breathe Will share thy destiny The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before will chase His favourite phantom, yet all these shall leave Their mirth and their employments, and shall come And male their bed with thee As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men-The youth in life's green spring, and be who goes In the full strength of years, matron, and maid, And the sweet babe, and the gray headed man-Shall one by one be gathered to thy side, By those who in their turn shall follow them

So live that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan that moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave Like one who wrips the dripery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

#### From 'The Death of the Flowers'

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves he dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread,

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the iav.

And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas' they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fur and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold Novem ber rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones



WILIIAM CULLEN BRYANT From an Engraving in the Bittish Museum

#### From 'The Battlefield.'

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a hurrying erowd, And fiery hearts and armed hands Encountered in the battle cloud

Ah ' never shall the land forget

How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,

Upon the soil they fought to save

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hull,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black mouthed gun and staggering wain,
Men start not at the battle cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought, but thou Who minglest in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now, Thy warfare only ends with life.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, Th' eternal years of God are hers, But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshippers

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

His son in law Parke Godwin, published Bryant's Life and Works in six volumes in 1883-84 the short Life in the 'American Men of Letters Series (1890) is by John Bigelow, and see also Wilson's Bryant and his Friends (1883) and Stedman's Poets of America

George Bancroft (1800-91), born in Worcester, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard with high honours in 1817, and studied for two years at Göttingen in Germany He lived for a time in Berlin, visited Weimar, and went home tinctured with the new spirit of the world he had moved in-for he had seen and read, talked to or corresponded, with Goethe and Humboldt, Hegel and Schleiermacher, Heeren and Niebuhr For a year he was Greek tutor in Harvard, and in 1823 he and a fellow-tutor established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which he was associated until 1830. During these years he published a volume of poems, and made translations from the German of the minor poems of Goethe, Schiller, and others, and of some of the historico political works of Heeren In 1834 appeared the first volume of his History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent, followed by the second and third volumes in 1837 Between 1852 and 1860 came the five and 1840 volumes narrating the history of the colonial period to the Declaration of Independence, and in 1866 and 1874 respectively the two concluding volumes, bringing the history to the treaty of peace with the mother-country in 1782 The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States (2 vols 1882) afterwards formed a constituent part of the revised edition of the complete History of the United States (6 vols 1882-84)

Bancroft in early life was a Democrat. He served as collector of the port of Boston (1838-41), under President Van Buren, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts in He accepted a seat in the Cabinet of Presi dent Polk as Secretary of the Navy in 1845, and the following year was appointed minister to the court of St James, a position he filled with credit until 1849 Oxford made him D C L, and he was J U D of Bonn In the Civil War he was heartily in necord with the national Government, and in 1867 he was appointed by President Johnson minister to Berlin, serving with distinguished ability until recalled in 1874 at his own request. In his later years he In ed at Washington, contributing occa-

sional articles to magazines. His history, it has been said, is not a history of the United States -it ends just where the history of the States as a nation begins, and it was calculated that to complete the history on the same scale would require seventy or eighty volumes Besides his copus magnum, he had written on the progress of the human race, addresses on Jackson and Lincoln, and a book on Van Buren The solidity of his work as historian, his acumen, insight, and common-sense, are more remarkable than his method of presentation-his style is laboured and often heavy, his rhetoric crude and tedious, and his generalisations somewhat too 'philosophical' and too discursive. But he faithfully followed a high ideal of the historian's responsibility, and in his day of popularity-now past-did much to cherish in America an ennobling conception of the national destiny

#### Boston in 1770

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliarient, and all Great Britain, to suldue to his will one stubborn hitle town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bry The odds against it were fearful, but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system, and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of maikind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Fancuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all muni cipal authority In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled, its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot, and abstract political principles freely debated A small pro perty qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy, and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world

Its ecclesistical polity was in like manner republican The great mass were Congregationalists, each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement, self constituted, self supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church land power over another There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place, the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery,' they were Protestants even against Protestantism, and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against Its ministers were still its propliets and its guides, its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhen was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piets and of liberty. In the Beston Gazette, it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self government

Its citizens were inquisitive, seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming controdiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it, yet their avidity was tempered by a well considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and



GEORGE BANCROIT

From the Stetch from Life by C J Becker

his own fortune, and yet individually, and as a body, they were public spirited

(From History of the United States )

There are books on Bancroft and his historical work by Rives (1867) Green (1891) Wallis (1896) and West (1900) Professor Frent in his Americ in Literature (1903) 1 perhaps somewhat 100 severe on his defects as a historical writer

Amos Bronson Alcott (1799-1888) was the son of a farmer at Wolcott in Connecticut, and began life for himself as a pedlar in the southern In 1828 he established a school in Boston on highly reformed methods, which, laudable and psychologically sound as many of them were, pro voked so much opposition that erelong the school had to be dropped, and the transcendental (and somewhat nebulous) philosopher sought to propagate his original views on education, theology, social economics, and vegetarianism by lectures, for which his attractive personality secured attention if not much pecuniary success. A scheme to establish a community on an estate bought by a friend of his near Boston failed utterly, and he spent his later years largely as a peripatetie philosopher He contributed to the Transcen dental Dial, and published Tablets (from his diary), Concord Days, a collection of sonnets and canzonets, and an essay on Emerson

His daughter, Louisa Way Alcott (1832–88), born at Germantown in Pennsylvania, became a teacher somewhat on her father's lines, but wrote for the magazines, and published in 1855 Flower Fables. During the Civil War she served as nurse, and sent to a newspaper what were afterwards made into a book as Hospital Sketches. But it was her Little Women (1868–69), for children, that made her famous, and this, her chef d'auvre, she never equalled either in her Old-fashioned Girl, Little Men, and Jo's Boys (all 'juveniles'), or in her novels, Moods (1863) and Work (1873). Yet in all her writings (nearly thirty publications) there is an attractive strain of optimistic hope and faith in human nature and democratic freedom

See the father's Life and Philosophy, by Sanborn and Harris (1893) and Lowell's Fable for Critics and Louisa's Life, Letters, and Journals, by Cheney (1889).

Lydia Huntley Sigourney (1791-1865), the daughter of Ezekiel Huntley, a soldier of the revolutionary war, was born at Norwich in Connecticut, was well educated there and at Hartford, and, under her maiden name of Lydia Huntley, for five years taught a class of ladies in Hartford 1815 she published a volume of eminently Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse, and in 1819 she married Charles Sigourney, a Hartford merchant descriptive poem in blank verse on the Traits of the Aborigines of America (1822), and her Sletch of Connecticut Forty Years Since (1824), were followed by Pocahontas and other Poems, Lays of the Heart, Tales in Prose and Verse, and Letters to Young Ladies and to Mothers In 1840 she visited Europe, and on her return wrote her Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands A pureminded and lovable woman, an appallingly copious and oppressively sentimental writer of verse, she was a constant contributor of ballads, descriptive poems, epithalamiums, elegies, and occasional verses to inagazines and periodicals But her English prototype is hardly flattered when Mrs Sigourney is called 'the American Hemans' See her autobiographical—and not a little significant— Letters of Life (New York, 1866)

Lydia Maria Child (1802-80), born in Medford, Massachusetts, published her first novel, Hobomok, under her maiden name of Lydia Maria Francis, in 1821, and her second, The Rebels, a story of Boston before the Revolution, in 1822 1828 slie married David Lee Child (1794-1874), a journalist, with whom she edited the Anti Slavery Standard in New York in 1843-44. Her works, nearly thirty in number, include novels, the best of them relating to early New England history, stories for children, a biography or two, and an ambitious but rather inaccurate work on the history of religion (1855) Philothea (1836), sometimes described as her masterpiece, is an ambitious tale of the days of Pencles Her popularity died before her See her Letters (1882) and Higginson's Contemporaries (1899)

Sarah Margaret Fuller (1810-50), for the last three years of her life the Marchesa Ossoli, was the daughter of a Massachusetts lawyer and politician living at Cambridgeport, and by her father and other preceptors was injudiciously on couraged so to labour in all the branches of a liberal education that before she was well in her teens her health was permanently injured by the continued strain. After her father's death in 1835 she supported her seven brothers and sisters (she was the eldest child) both by private teaching and by school work in Boston and Providence Ere this she was familiar with what was best not merely in English but in French, Spanish, and Italian literature, and under the influence of Korner and Novalis, Goethe and Schiller, was one of the pioneers of New England Transcendentalism -that vigorous reaction as well against time honoured Puritan prejudices and humdrum orthodoxy as against eighteenth century philistinism and materialistic utilitarianism Sarah Fuller shared to the full in the vague idealism, pantheism, mysti cism, of the new movement, whose most conspicuous representatives were George Ripley and Theodore Parker, as also in its pedantic, paradoxical, and extravagant elements But though she was a frequent and welcome guest at Brook Farm, she did not cherish its communistic enthusiasms Emerson, Hawthorne, and Channing were her most intimate friends, and it was she who conducted the Transcendental organ The Dial (1840-42) She translated Eckermann's Conversations with Goithe and other notable German books, and she conducted a novel kind of conversation classes for ladies, comprising discussions of social and philosophical problems, in which some have sought the origin of the New England woman's rights movement. She was not prepossessing in face, figure, or manner, was somewhat obviously self conscious, though perfectly lady-like, but was gifted with a quiet exceptional power of conciliating sympathy, and in her talk and writing was rather clever and eccentric than really original or profound In 1844\* she published her first volume, Summer on the Lakes, a record of a season's travel In the same year she went to New York as literary critic of the Tribune, and to that paper contributed a series of miscellaneous articles, republished as Papers on Literature and Art (1846) Having gone to Europe in 1846, at Rome she met the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, a friend of Mazzini's, to whom she was married at the end of 1847. In 1849, during the siege of Rome, she, it Mazzini's request, took charge of a hospital, while her hus band fought on the walls, and after the capture of the city by the French she and her husband took refuge in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and then in Florence, till in May 1850 they could sail with their infant for America From the beginning the The captain of voyage was tragically disastrous the ship died of smallpox, and the Ossolis' child fell ill of the same disease. Finally, when the

miserable voyage was all but over, on the 16th of Jul, the vessel was wrecked on Fire Island near New York, the child's body was washed ashore, but nothing was ever seen of mother or father Her Autobiography, with additional memoirs by Emerson, Clarke, and Channing, appeared in 1852 (nev ed 1884); there are also Lives by her brother A. B Fuller (1855), by Julia Ward Hove (1883), who also edited her love letters in 1903, and by T W Higginson (1884)

# Ralph Waldo Emerson,

the most original and influential writer that America has yet produced, vas born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 25th of Way 1803. flie centennial commemorations which in 1903 were celebrated throughout the United States, and in Great Britain as well, testify to the depth and extent of the influence which has been everted by this free thinking idealist and seer. Contemporary vith Carlyle, who accepted very much as a matter of course the homage which the distant New Englander paid to his genius, Emerson was from the first not less independent and self-centred than the iconoclastic Scotsman whom, expecting to find a master, he visited at Craigerputtock in 1833, and with whom, from that time, he maintained an affectionate, lifelong friendship. This friend ship was never disturbed either by opposition of views or b contrariety of character, for beneath their diversities, great as they were, each undoubtedly recognised in the other a fundamental love of truth, justice, and righteousness

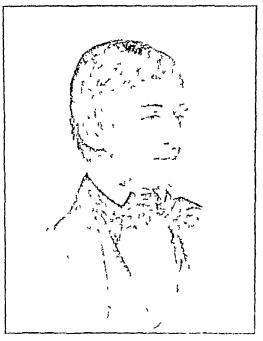
Emerson came of a family distinguished by a long succession of clergymen and college graduites His father, the Rev William Emerson, graduated at Harvard College in 1789, and at the time of Ralph Waldo's birth he was minister of the First Church in Boston He died in 1811, leaving a widow and six children, all under ten years of age, with but scanty means of support. But Mrs. Emerson was courageous and capable, and slie eked out her resources by taking boarders, her sons helping her with the house worl- It was the mother's ambition to have her boys educated, and her fond hope to see at least some of them ministers They were accordingly sent regularly to school, and at home, in the spare time which remained after doing the household chores, they were encouraged to read standard works of poetry, history, and oratory In this educational work and stimulus the mother was greatly aided by her sister in-law, Viss Mary Emerson, for whom Ralph Waldo entertained the greatest affection and vene-'She must always occupy a saint's place,' he wrote long afterwards, 'in my household, and I have no hour of poetry or philosophy since I knew these things, into which she does not enter as a genius' This early life of poverty, tempered with the delights of Plato and Plutarch, Shakespeare and Milton, Addison and Pope, Rollin and Robertson, left an meffaceable impress upon Ralph Waldo Emerson, and some of the descriptive passages of his essay on 'Domestic Life' are a reminiscence and biography of those days, though the form is strictly impersonal and objective.

The box was at a private school before he was three years of age, and at eleven he entered the Latin School. He was soon turning Virgil into readable English verse, he liked Greek and lustory, and he developed a considerable facility for rhyming. In 1817 he entered Harvard College, which, considering both the age of the students and the subjects of the curriculum, was then little more than a boys' school. Emerson did not in any way distinguish himself in college, and in mathematics he utterly failed, but to the more serious members of his class he was known as a studious reader and lover of the best literature.

After graduation lie taught school for a few years, but that profession was exceedingly irksome to lum, and nothing but the compensation it afforded would have kept him at the work. Already, too, he had looked forward to the ministry as the natural field for his life work, though now with less enthusiasin than when in boyish days he dreamt of drawing men to religion by the spell of his ortion Yet speculative difficulties (which, indeed, he always quietly shelved) did not bar his way to the pulpit, as happened with his elder brother, William, who turned to law Emerson began studying for the ministry, attend ing some lectures at the Divinity School at Cambridge, but on account of poor health not enrolling in the regular course. In 1826 lie was 'appro bated to preach' by the Middlesev Association of Ministers, and, after a winter in the South in search of health, he was in March 1829 ordained as colleague of the Rev Henry Ware, minister of the Second Church in Boston On the resignation of Mr Ware shortly afterwards, Emerson became sole pastor of this important church But he was not destined to remain a clergyman summer of 1832 he resigned his pastorate and, as it turned out, terminated his career as a settled minister, though he continued to exercise the function of preaching as late as 1847

The immediate occasion of this action was the maturing in Emerson's mind of a conviction that the Lord's Supper was never intended to be a perpetual rite, and that its sacramental observance was prejudicial to religion by emphasising forms instead of spirit, and by transferring the worship of God to Christ. Otherwise he had no hostility to the institution. He simply lacked sympathy with it, as indeed he did with public prayers But his Unitarian brethren had not yet travelled so far from traditional orthodoxy, and with friendly feelings on both sides they parted In the sermon he preached to them on the Lord's Supper-the only sermon to be found in his published works-Emerson had declared that 'the day of formal religion is past.' This was, indeed, a wider departure from current Unitarianism than a mere difference of opinion on the nature and perpetuity of the Lord's Support. It meant that the source of authority in religion was within, and not without, and that forms were matters of absolute indifference. And to be in official minister of such an inward religion seemed almost a desceration of it. I has Emerson wrote in his journal, under date of 10th January 1832. It is the best part of the man, I some times thinly that revolts most against his being a minister. His good revolts from official goodness.

llis für worldly prospects gone, Linerson was struggling under a lieuvy burden of affliction. His wife—'a bright revelation to me of the best nature of noman'—died of consumption in 1832 at the



RAIPH WAIDO I MIKSON After the Portrait by S. W. Rowse

early age of twenty one. His younger brother Edward, a prodigy of talent and power, whom ! some of their contemporaries thought the most promising of the family, had brolen down, and sought restoration of health in Porto Rico, where he died in 1834 Charles, another counger brother, who had been an immate of Waldo's house and his friend and companion for many years, was already a victim of disease, from which he died in 1836 Now Waldo's own health gave way, and, sick in body and depressed in spirits, he sought rehef in a trip to Europe. He sailed from Boston on Christmas Day 1832, in a little trading brig bound for the Mediterrinean The sea voyage, the close quarters, the rations of pork and beans, the com plete physical and moral change, proved a most effective tonic to his health and spirits

A brief account of Emerson's European trip is prefixed to his English Trails. He visited Sicily, Italy, France, and Great Britain. He saw

Coloridge, Wordsworth, Lindor, and Carlylethe latter, says Emerson, to untable that I love him? He ob crives that all these four are deficient, though in different degrees, in insight into religious truth? Yet to see them had been the prime motive of his trip to Lurope had suffered disillusianment from personal intercourse with these gireit men, of whom his imigiuntion lind drawn idealised portraits, he had nevertheless been comforted and confirmed in his convictions, and he would 'judge more justly, less timidly of visc men forevermore. And to the friendship then formed with Cribble we one the correspondence since fixen to the world by Mr Norton-which began with Linerson's first letter in 1834, and closed with Carl less list letter in 1572

On his return from I mope, Emerson began to appear before the public is a lecturer. "My print is the Lyccum platform,' he once said. And for the test of his days he was I nown as a peripatetic lecturer, with Bo ton as headquarters. He seitled near by in 1834, in the quiet village of Concord the home of his forefithers. The subjects of his ketures tool a vide range-biograph literature, history, art, morals, philosophy, politics, year care some of them But in the choice of subjects Linerson betraved his affinitive. Thus, of the lectures given in 1834, two were afterwards pubone on Michael Angelo, the immored propliet of beauty in nature—hearts which is one with trith and virtue, and the other on Milion, who stood foremost 'of all men in the power to inspire' and who 'better than any other has discharged the office of every great man-namely, to raise the idea of minn! Both presentations embodied Emerson's own loftiest aspirations

But the first clear proof of Linerson's genius was afforded by the publication in 1836 of his little book entitled Nature, which may also be regarded as the apocalypse of New England Fran <ccndentalism = It had, however, almost as hard a fite as Hume's Frentise, for it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies. But nothing quite so mistical and incomprehensible land ever been presented to American readers, and who should it fare better than Carlyles Sartor Resarties in England? It is an attempt to see God, and nature, and min face to face, and not merely through the eves of tradition and history thenies are natures ministry to and discipline of man the world as a divine appearance to a human mind, spirit as the all inclusive reality, of which man thinking is also participant, and intuition as the receptiveness of the human mind to communications from the Divine If the book was carrare to the general, it gave true satisfac tion' to Cirlyle, who in a letter to Emerson described it as 'the foundation and ground plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build?

In a more exoteric form Emerson's leading ideas

found expression in his noble discourse on 'The American Scholar,' delivered at Cambridge on 31st August 1837 The first part deals with the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action, the list with the scholar's duties, which 'may all be comprised in self-trust.' It is another Fichte on American soil, absolutely original and independent, glorifying the vocation of the scholar as 'the world's eve' and 'the world's heart' With thought as profound as Aristotle's and as solid as Darwin's, the orator flashes out his central idea 'The main enterprise of the world for splendour, for event, is the upbuilding of a man'

Another address, delivered in the following year at the Divinity College, Cambridge, set forth Emerson's religious philosophy As Dr Holmes truly says, it 'was a plea for the individual consciousness as against all historical creeds, bibles, churches, for the soul as the supreme judge in spiritual matters' It made a great sensation, occasioning much discussion and controversy, in which, however, Emerson took no part And it was, indeed, thoroughly revolutionary, even in the high places of Unitarianism Thus, after declaring that Jesus Christ 'alone in all history esti mated the greatness of man' and was 'true to what is in you and me, Emerson goes on to say that 'churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes,' and that they dwell 'with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus' The great reform needed is that men shall become acquainted at first hand, each for himself, with Faith, indeed, is an intuition, and cannot be received at second hand. The prophets and divine bards are a provocation and stimulus 'And thus, by his holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only

Emerson was now thirty-five years of age had won recognition as a man of letters and as a profound philosophical thinker, with deep moral and religious interests In lecturing he had found the means of an assured livelihood, in addition to some property left him by his wife. He had bought for thirty-five hundred dollars a house at Concord, which the seller alleged had cost him seventy eight hundred To this house in 1835 he had brought his second wife, Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth And here he passed the rest of his life—a life devoted to meditation, reading, writing, lecturing, conversation with friends and visitors, and occasional public speaking

It was a life singularly uneventful, of which the best record are the titles of his successive works. But it was a beautiful, peaceful, and happy existence. Children were born, to whose truining Emerson gave much attention, and the death of the eldest in 1842 was a heavy sorrow to him. In 1847 Emerson sailed for Europe on his second visit. He spent a week with Carlyle at Chelsea, and then began a series of lectures in England and Scotland, some of which were afterwards published under the title of Repre-

sentative Men The volume on English Traits, published in 1856, is a reminiscence of the same visit. In 1857 The Atlantic Monthly was estab lished under the editorship of James Russell Lowell, and Emerson, like many other old con tributors to The Dial (which from 1840 to 1844 had been the organ of the Transcendental move ment), wrote for the new magazine, his contributions including some of his best-known poems About the same time the 'Saturday Club' was founded in Boston, and to it Emerson went regularly till 1875, meeting for talk at informal dinners such distinguished contemporaries as Longfellow, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Governor Andrew, and others of scarcely less renown In 1866 Harvaid conferred upon her illustrious son the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws In 1874 Enterson was nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and he received five hundred votes against seven hundred for Disraeli, who was elected 'I count that vote,' he wrote to Dr Hutchison Stirling, 'as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me'

Such things, with a visit to California in 1871 and a third visit to the Old World in 1872, are the most noticeable external events in the later life of this meditative and home-loving thinker and But the inward life he lived is reflected in his writings and addresses The variety of the contents of the dozen volumes that make up his collected works is very inadequately indicated by the general titles These are (1) Nature, Addresses, Lectures, (2 3) Lssays, (4) Representative Men, (5) English Traits, (6) Conduct of Life, (7) Letters and Social Aims, (8) Society and Solitude, (9) Poims, (10) Lectures, Biographical Sketchis, (11) Miscellancous, (12) Natural History of Intellect

Emerson's working life, according to Dr Holmes, , did not extend much beyond the year 1867. There was a long but not unhappy twilight, and on the 27th of April 1882 he passed quietly away form of Emerson's writings was determined by his vocation As Shakespeare the actor wrote dramas, Emerson the lecturer wrote discourses and essays There is, indeed, a volume of poems, but though short passages of his poetry seem destined to immortality, and such poems as 'Each and All, 'The Humble Bee,' The Snow-Storm,' Wood-Notes,' 'The World Soul,' and 'The Problem' will long have appreciative readers, Emerson, with all his poetical feeling, insight, imagination and soar ing thought, did not, any more than Carlyle, find in poetry a natural medium of expression. His fame rests on those essays and discourses, covering a wide variety of subject and originating mostly in the lectures out of which he made his living that constitute the other eleven volumes of his collected works Emerson's style is as unique as the man clear, concise, beautiful, not infrequently poetic, abounding in quotation and allusion and often disconnected like a string of pearls. The

language, however apt and striking, is only a medium of expression, and it is the thought that arrests the reader's attention Emerson's greatest gift as a writer is the power of inspiration and stimulus The independence and inviolability of every human soul is for him a cardinal doctrine, from which it follows that even the best teachers can only incite and provoke it to self development, and his writings possess in an extraordinary degree this stimulative potency It would be difficult to find a better intellectual or moral tonic. And as they embrace such a variety of range, every reader is likely to find something to meet his peculiar needs 'Hitch your wagon to a star' was one of his in spired precepts, and his writings tend to lift the soul from earth to heaven

It is best to think of Emerson as an inspired and inspiring seer. He was not an inductive investi gator or a deductive reasoner. His special gift was insight. As early as 1838 he formulated his life's function 'Seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see' He never wove the results into a connected system He never sought to be con sistent, indeed, he denounced consistency as the bane of little minds He believed that God spoke through the mind of every man, and that it was incumbent on each to report what he saw to day, without regard to what he had reported at any other \*ime. The world begins afresh with each general tion and each individual, the present is not the prisoner of the past. And so Emerson looked strught into the deepest things-into the mind of man, nature, and God-and proclaimed what he saw as the everlasting, yet ever new and fresh, gospel of truth. In the best sense, therefore, he is a seer and prophet-inspiring because inspired by the spirit of truth Emerson had no 'system' He was, of course, an idealist, but he made no original contributions to philosophy For him as for others the world of nature is merely a symbol of the Universal Spirit. God is all and all Nor does Emerson shrink at the conclusion that human personality is a passing phase of the Infinite This pantheistic view, however, is not consistently presented, and, of course, it does not altogether square with his doctrine of the greatness of man, or harmonise with his strenuous insistence on the ethics of self-realisation But this is a conflict between the demands of the Speculative and the Practical Reason which, as Kant pointed out, is unavoidable It may be said that Emerson overcame the speculative difficulty by his life this free-thinking American was one of the purest and saintliest of men

### From 'Nature'

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself—whether this end be not the Final Cause of the Universe, and whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that Appearance we call the World, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations,

which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and tride. In my utter impotence to test the authen ticity of the report of my senses, to I now whether the impressions they make on me correspond with ontlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god punts the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the difference whether land and sea interact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end,deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space,-or whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man? nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypoe of the mind, it is alife useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses

### From 'The American Scholar'

The scholar is that man who must take up into him self all the ability of the time, all the contributions the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be "? university of I nov ledges. If there he one lesson me than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all, in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends, in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason, it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the nn searched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all proplices, by all preparation, to the American Scholar We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is alreads Public and suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. private avance male the air we breathe thicl and fit. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself

#### From 'Self-Reliance'

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the The sentiment they instil is subject be what it may of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,-that is genius Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense, for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest ment , we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts, they come back to us with a certain alienated majest) Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spon taneous impression with good humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side

Else to morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another

### From 'The Over-Soul'

Inestable is the iimon of man and God in every net The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet for ever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable It inspires ane and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence the doubling of the heart itself-nay, the infinite enlarge ment of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being In the presence of law to his mind he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood

#### From 'Politics'

Hence the less government we have the better,-the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal Government is, the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual, the ap pearance of the principal to supersede the proxy, the appearance of the wise man, of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation That which all things tend to educe, which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and de liver, is character, that is the end of Nature, to reach unto this coronation of her king. To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State nnnecessary The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort, or navy,-he loves men too well, no bribe, or feast, or palace, to draw friends to him, no vantage-ground, no favourable circumstance He needs no library, for he has not done thinking, no church, for he is a prophet, no statute book, for he has the lawgiver, no money, for he is value, no road, for he is at home where he is, no experience, for the life of the creator shoots through him, and looks from his eves He has no personal friends, for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic, his memory is injerth to them, his presence, frankineense and flowers

### From 'English Traits.'

The Anghean Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the mauly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is 'By taste are ye saved'. It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting Church, it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive, is perfectly

well bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature, or social arts. The Church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics' Institutes, of the Free School, of whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. The Platonists of Oxford are as bitter against this heresy as Thomas Taylor.

#### Plato

Plato apprehended the cardinal facts He could pros trate himself on the earth, and cover his eyes, whilst he adored that which cannot be numbered, or gauged, or known, or named that of which everything can be affirmed and denied that which is entity and nonentity He called it super essential He even stood ready, as in the Parmenides, to demonstrate that it was so-that this being exceeded the limits of intellect. No man ever more fully acknowledged the Ineffable Having paid his homage, as for the human race, to the Illimitable, he then stood erect, and for the human race affirmed, 'And yet things are knowable!'-that is, the Asia in his mind was first heartily honoured—the ocean of love and power, before form, before will, before knowledge, the Same, the Good, the One, and now, refreshed and empowered by this worship, the instinct of Europe, namely, cul ture, returns, and he cries, Yet things are knowable! They are knowable because, being from one, things correspond (From Represer tative Men )

### Napoleon.

I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society, of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course the rich and aristo cratic did not like him England, the centre of capital, and Rome and Austria, centres of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and con servative classes, the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave-who in their despair took hold of anything, and would eling to red hot ironthe vain attempts of statists to amuse and deceive him. of the Emperor of Austria to bribe him, and the instinct of the young, ardent, and active men, everywhere, which pointed him out as the grunt of the middle class, make his history bright and commanding. He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents lie had also their vices I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments, and it is inevit able that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means. (From Representative Men )

### From 'Abraham Lincoln.'

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of manlind, and of the public conscience. This middle class country had got a middle class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathics, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the

problem of the day, and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of connsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, labouring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that It cannot be said there is any evaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets, the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair weather sailor, the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he will ed before them, slow with their slowne's quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent, an entirely public man father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue

# The Rhodora on being asked, Whence is the flower?

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes, I found the fresh khodora in the woods, Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook, To please the desert and the shiggish brook The purple petals, fallen in the pool, Made the black water with their beauty gay, Here might the red bird come his plumes to cool, And court the flower that cheapens his array Rhodora' if the sages ask thee why This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, Tell them, dear, that if eves were made for seeing, Then Beauty is its own excuse for being Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose ' I never thought to ask, I never I new But, in my simple ignorance, suppose The self same Power that brought me there brought you

[The Rhodor: Canadensis or Rhododendren Rhedora, a low deciduous shrub growing in damp woody places from Pennsylvania northward, produces its delicate rosy flowers before the leaves. The standard edition of Finerson's works, the 'Riverside I'dition (it vols, Boston 1833-84), has also been reprinted in England The authoritative Life is that b, J E. Cabot (1887) and there are others by G W Cooke (1881) Alexander Ireland (1882), O W Holmes (American Men of Letters, 1885) and Dr Garnett (1888) See also his son's Finerson in Concord (1888), the Cathyle Finerson correspondence edited by Professor Norton (1883), Matthew Arnold's Discourses in America (1883) Mr John Morley's Critical Miscellances (vol 1. 1893), and Mr W D Howells in his Literary I reends and Acquaintances (1900)

I G SCHURMAN

George Ripley (1802-80), born at Greenfield in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard, and until 1841 was pastor in Boston — In 1836, with Emerson and Alcott, he was one of the founders of the Transcendental Club, which Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller joined in the following year—He was perhaps more closely identified than any of

the rest with the Franscendental innovement, and it was he who, leaving the pulpit, started the Brook I arm experiment. This came to an end in 1847, and Ripley from 1849 engaged in literary work at New York, to Horace Greeley's New Fork Iribine he contributed a long series of incisive and scholarly reviews which made their marl on contemporary American thought, and helped to raise the literary standard for such work through out the country. He was joint editor of Appletons New American Cyclopædia, his own writings are practically forgotten. There is a Life of him by Frothingham (1882).

Theothere Parker (1810-60) was born at Lexington in Massachusetts, graduated at Har vard in 1836, and settled as Unitarian minister at West Rosbury, now in Boston. As a boy and is a student he liad been an industrious and omnivorous reader biblical criticism and German theological speculation specially attracted him, he translated De Wettes 'introduction' to the Old Iestrment, and was not unaffected by Strauss's Leben Jesu He gradually came to disbelieve in the infallibility of the Bible, the truth of miracles, the exclusive claim of Christianity, the perfection of the revelation in Christ The permanent element in Christianity was absolute morality, pure religion, the love of God and the love of man, and the fundamental articles in his creed were God the moral law, and immortality rationalistic views which separated him from conservative Unitarians were expounded in A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion (1841), followed by Ten Sumons of Religion (1852), and Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology (1853) As the orthodox Unitarians east him off, he was warmly taken up by the educated luty, the most ardent and modern spirits of the time, and was easily able to stand outside of sects. From 1844 he preached to a congregation of three thousand, besides incessantly writing on social and theo logical questions. He lectured also throughout the States, and took a large and influential share in the anti-slavery cause. His contributions were perhaps the weightiest published in the Tran scendental Dial, he was an industrious writer of reviews and critical articles His strenuous labours broke his health prematurely, and he died in Florence. Parker was rather a powerful orator than an accomplished writer, and moved by the wealth of his knowledge, the strength of his con viction, and the warmth of his feeling, rather than by the logic of his system, the consistency or clearness of his views. He had no grace of expression, and was not seldom defective in good taste, but was always vigorous, and often picturesque collected English edition of his works was edited by Miss F P Cobbe (14 vols 1863-71) There are Lives by Weiss (1864), Frothingham (1874), Dean (1877), Cooke (1889), and White Chadwick (1900), see also Dr Martineau's Essays (1890)

## William Hickling Prescott.

born in Silem, Massachusetts, 4th May 1795, wis sixth in account from John Prescott, who came to Massachusetts from Laurashire about 1640. Succuseive contrations of Presports and of Hicklings, the historian's maternal ances ors, bore effective share in public affines during the development of the colons into the Commonwealth of Massachusetts At William's birth his fither was practising liw in Sileni, thence he removed to Poston in 1805, and at fifteen Prescott entered the Sophomore or second year class at Harvard University Possess me exceptional good looks and much personal thirm, with a fund of high spirits which stood him in Lood stend throughout his life, the lad was very popular, but should no special proficiency in his studies, and was even decidedly backward in mathematics. In the second year of his college, experience occurred the prinful accident which affected his whole life. As he was leaving the dming hall, where a group of undergraduates were amusing themselves with rather rough play, he turned suddenly at some sound, and was struck full in the open eve by a piece of haid bread, thrown at random by a careless hand mediate effect upon him was like concussion of the birin. He recovered quickly from the general shock, but the immed eve had lost its sight for ever. But after a few weeks he resumed his studies, and did better work with one eye than he had ever done with two

After leaving college he entered his fathers ofthe, and was beginning legal studies when acute rheumatism in his unimpared eve cut short his legal enter (1814), and by medical advice he went to the Azores, where his material grand father Hickling was consul for the United States. When next year he came to London the medical experts agreed that one eye was completely parallesed. In the advantable went south in company with a friend, and the travellers paid their respects to Infavette, as has then the bounder duty of every American who passed through I naive. Puritivel and change were in truth beyond his physical powers, and Prevent was a lad to return home in and unimed 1817.

In the following reach he term of to he enclosed to mixthu, read about to him and to write the him of the entire on a morte, with a writing frame for the bland alem the sec of a trajective to the help of restrained shee firms over a piece of alter order on the upper. If a rain, character a piece of alter order on the upper he rain, is a constant of the upper he rain, is a constant of the him of the second of the piece of the above of the him of the him of the him of the him of the constant of the area of the area of the area of the training of the firm of the second of the

ruthor hip i as the one elect open to him. He set him elf to the Asternacion and of I'm in his les and I dibren wo ling at lea whe and Italian when the return of his friend George Inchnor from Span to be Professor of Spina li Literature at Hairaid University in crested Proceeds in the Imperliterature, and history of the Peninsula, and ha interest remained paramous since chost the reof his his. One author read to him at the net oil was destined to leave a lasting impression for tound Mable Sir PI tude d. I History Mal of admirable reflections and limits? Thou, he for some time he thought of writing on It than literature he ulumited resolved to take up the history of he reign of Ferdin and and Isabella and his first step was to ask his friend Mexinder Prefett, United States minister to Spain, to province the books Is required and to set on foot neces are tesembles Luckily for him his orders for books, socre is work, and transcripts were innestricted by any necessity for econon's

On 25th June 18,6 the 10thor, then in his fortieth year, finished the concluding note of Irritated and Isal the tesult of ten cars' close no l I ears proved groundless, the book was a williant and immediate success. Only five hundred copies were pricted at first, and they were all some in the weeks. The revews very numerous and thun t uniformly tayour ible. One notice in the Lairter h Rece by Don Pround de Gromans, a learned Span ard, and another somewhat arraised article m die Quarteres by Kienard Lord gave Present much satisfiction, is end a serie of acades in the Billiotley to be for ille of Gene In Count Adolphe de Cucourt - One American reves alone the Marriel wett Quitals, 1849 shoot at a of disapproval the riticle recommends to write i by Theodore Parker as eried that Pres mas well and ed philosophy to a degree enectem. But if "that he seemed to kno nething of the place of his of history ma hitle ever of policial error i Having more of the star of charles man of hon and a, it is impossible that he should will a in the ittre-is of minhad or melon in he elect does be using by the immediate the of the univers! It metric Personant in the opho Instorra. He was e certally a certain tori tell r-a n til hose rent is - 11 re the rate of the control of the state of the state of tur Heprito, effect for the profit is ex ifter he has selected each it was a state of what the boson expression for the need the property reft to the responsibility Consider the first of the constants I will tred late to a creeke to L , in of the house to the property of eti wate priet ~ 6 + 211 1 11 11 11 from at Ic said the 16.75 er se thete rib liber Serly nose to real train

embarked on the new book on 'The Conquest of Mexico and the anterior civilisation of the Mexicans, a beautiful prose epic, for which rich, virgin materials teem in Simancas and Madrid, and probably Mexico' The Spanish historian Navarrete placed at his disposal all his MS material gathered for his Colection de Viages y Descriptionientos, but there came at a later date a moment when this choice was almost abandoned, Prescott having heard that Washington Irving had turned his attention to Mexico as a natural sequence to his Columbus Happily, the great courtesy of the elder author encouraged the younger to proceed Irving had already made a rough draft of his



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

After a Photograph

story of the Mencan conquest when he learned accidentally of Prescott's plan, whereupon he immediately relinquished his own project, though, as he confessed later, at a great personal sacrifice. Letters from Sismondi, Thierry, and Patrick Fraser Tytler encouraged Prescott in his new enterprise, and in addition to splendid supplies sent to him from Spain, Don Pascual de Gayangos examined the British Museum and the State Paper Office on his behalf, and had transcripts made of all matter bearing on his subject which could not be purchased

In August 1843 the History of the Conquest of Mexico was completed, and was published in December 1843, six years after 'Ferdinand and Isabella made their bow to the public.' The second work was greeted with a chorus of applause, five thousand copies were sold in about four months. In England the first edition was speedily exhausted, and on the Continent also the book was exceedingly well received. The

brilliant story of Hernando Cortes' expedition appealed to the public, and opened up a new field of research to scholars Prescott gathered his materials from the accounts of Cortes and of his contemporaries, of Spanish historians and of Mexicans like Fernando de Alva Ixtlilvochitl, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and out of them wove a new web From these all but unknown and inaccessible writings a spirited narrative sprang into life, which reads like a historical romance with Hernando Cortes In one sense it is a historical romance and nothing more Descriptions of scenery called up vivid pictures in the writer's mind, which, sketched upon his pages, are often far from The Aztec civilisation as described by accurate Cortes 'caught the imagination and overcame the critical judgment of Prescott, our most charming writer,' wrote Morgan, the first scientific American ethnologist

The preparation for the story of the first Spanish inroad into the American continent covered much of the ground of the second, The Conquest of Peru The author's zest in his new work was checked and saddened by the sudden death of his father (8th December 1844), always a close sympathiser in all his work, but Prescott soon roused himself to activity, cheered by an appreciative letter from Alexander von Humboldt about the Conquest of A few months later he was honoured in Paris and in Berlin by election as corresponding member of the French Institute and of the Royal Society of Berlin This foreign encouragement was a great refreshment to his spirits, for, in addition to mental depression, he suffered greatly from an access of inflammation in his eye March 1847 saw the Conquest of Peru finished, two years and nine months after the author put pen to Success was great and immediate on both sides of the Atlantic. Reviews were laudatory, and private letters from scholars and friends-Thierry, Gavangos, and others—full of warm appreciation. The adventures of the Pizarros are related with somewhat less dash than those of Cortes sources are perhaps less ample Francesco Pizarro, unable to write his own story, could not vaunt his exploits as did Cortes As in the Conquest of Meaico, here also ethnological and historic research has taught us to read a different interpretation into many of the facts seen by Spanish eyes with sixteenth century spectacles.

Even while busied with Peru, Prescott began to prepare for his *Plulip II*, and Motley was almost discouraged from his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* by learning that Prescott had gone back from the Spanish colonies to the mother-country. In his turn Prescott encouraged the younger man to go on with his book. But in 1850 Prescott's health moved him to make his second voyage to England, more than thirty years after the first. Most cordial was the welcome extended to him, every door was opened to him, and he greatly enjoyed his social

experiences. His letters to his vise fixe title et in, pie ares at In, he's somety in 1850, from the Quien, he whom he was practously received, to minor authors unlighted to claim him and colleague from across the eca.

In October 1°55 he returned home and began again to 'Philippine,' as he called it. Two volumes were published in November 1855, and not only were large sales made immediately, but interest is revised in Prescot's earlier books. Work on the third volume it is interrupted by Prescot's addition to Robertson's Claries I, published in 1856.

"M poor vife! I am so sorry this line come upon you so soon,' was his first conscious sentence on recovering from a sudden stroke of apopless m lebing 1858, but nearly a year more of comparitive I calth enabled him to publish the third volume of Pullip (April 1858), leaving his story at 1580. The sucreeding months were given to revision of Wextee. It is in the mide of this labour that a second attack dealt him his death blow, from which he died in a few hours, 28th Jinuary 1859. A man without enemies, he had commanded the attention and interest of his contemporaries at large, and been the life and soul of every circle, great and small, of which he formed a part. It is writers have I sed a life so uniformly hippy and serenc as that of Prescott, save for the one overwhelming missoriune of halt blindness. He lept wholly apart from the so-ral ! and political questions agitating America and Lurope

His last work was received with warm commen dition, and cannot even now be ignored, but it has a somewhat and quality, and is distinctly lack. ing in chirm. In its arrangement the majoral is disproportioned, thus more space is given to the Moors and less to the Netherlands than seems justified. Gui at strongly commended the presentation (Landarga Real, 1807), but thought the without a as too impartial and lacking in pay ion Pre-cott belongs distinctly to the school of literary hi tory, a sel coil for which the new Regio. Prole or at Cambridge Inaugural Address Inauras 10031 third there is no place. He is not a plufa ergy is it historia, not swentile in the materi king that he kietly surpressed the older himself like help a son in research and be a marker of critial in citics in rails can be easily referred nervoe, man nen conficte de ellened that Per mer and active of soil combines could rice non firm a fam no di el rendere en bos sodo el fin Atanto for etion sono le l'estre no dincrement to other of e

#### AP I'M

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midforlises or retained than to H. lu the story. He was not extremely to a me as the for a white or a interestational to the name was fee min of the reason and have in tel thing, who die half ore, at his over on Crurch He had been end alar to come at Drien and en and another had been that placed and a continue of the drien to of Letter. He signed with ancient of the entry in the hops host, I to it per heliter terrer er t er, o and, while other increase on their result landly the control of the ferrula for for was preserved from the smedical field engine of the interior, where he fell into the hands of a percentage a cigu, who, though he prival his tife were i him as fix his ligarest amount. The jest mone of the caption, the ever, and in smouther hundles tonefied the to exist ings of the chieftain, no condition price of I found to tale a wife among his people, by the end as tendily refused, in obodie ice to I shown The oding able constantly excited the driver of the each up, who put his virue to a se ere ter his is not templay reand much of the ome out as those the relief deal is said to less a reed 5. And my larre le these tury trials, ho ever, like ms glottle pela - . his care out susperc ed. Continence is ten in and a ficult a sutue with both many resto challe, a to er venera for, and the practice of it has made the registation of nicre than or sunt in the Old r well as if a Net World April rules for entraced with the exe of his mosters heavehold and his numerous wife. The we a ran of discretion, a cl same, mailes councils yer, found to salure if the man establish on all superties matters. In short, Arribe has no a pred man and rett In his

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Or protection to entire and distribution of the fine and the first of the first of

The state of the s

sheets swept down the broad bay of Campeachy, fringed with the rich dye woods which have since furnished so important an article of commerce to Europe. He passed Potonchan, where Cordova had experienced a rough reception from the natives, and soon after reached the mouth of the Rio de Tabasco, or Grijalva, in which that navigator had carried on so hierative a traffic. Though mindful of the great object of his voyage—the visit to the Aztec territories—he was desirous of acquainting himself with the resources of this country, and determined to ascend the river and visit the great town on its borders

The water was so shallow, from the accumulation of sand at the mouth of the stream, that the general was obliged to leave the ships nt nuclior, and to embark in the boats with a part only of his forces The banks were thickly studded with mangrove trees, that, with their roots shooting up and interlacing one another, formed a kind of impervious scienn or network, behind which the dark forms of the natives were seen glancing to and fro with the most menacing looks and gestures Cortes, much surprised at these unfriendly demonstra tions, so unlike what he had reason to expect, moved cautiously up the stream. When he had reached an open place, where a large number of Indians were assembled, he asked, through his interpreter, leave to land, explain ing at the same time his amicable intentions. But the Indians, brandishing their weapons, answered only with gestures of angry defiance Though much chagrined, Cortes thought it best not to urge the matter further that evening, but with Irew to a neighbouring island, where he disembarked his troops, resolved to effect a landing on the following morning

When day broke, the Spaniards saw the opposite banks lined with a much more numerous array than on the preceding evening, while the canoes along the shore were filled with bands of armed warriors. Cortes now made his preparations for the attack. He first landed a detach ment of a hundred men under Alonso de Avila, at a point somewhat lower down the stream, sheltered by a thick grove of palms, from which a road, as he knew, led to the town of Tabasco, giving orders to his officer to march at once on the place, while he humself advanced to assault it in front.

(From The Conquest of Mexico)

#### Atahuallpa

Whether Atahnalpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Frinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth Your emperor may be a great prince, I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters, and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to tall of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change

Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas ' sinling in glory behind the mountains—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority lichad said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages n moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, 'Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are fill ing with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you' Pizarro saw that the hour had come He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war erv of 'St Jago and at them '' It was answered by the battle cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rush ing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concerled, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw them selves into the inidst of the Indian crowd taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin Nobles and commoners-all were trampled down under the herce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing, while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance-as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly, and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the place! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions (From The Conquest of Peru)

In addition to the works mentioned, Prescott wrote a Life of Charles Broel den Brown (1834) and a series of reviews in the North American Review on literary subjects. A collection of his Biographical and Critical Essays was published in 1845. The standard edition of his works is that edited by J. Foster Kirk, long his secretary (15 vols. 1884, new ed. 1889, republished in London 1890) and the standard Life of him was written by his friend George Ticknor (1864).

RUTH PUTNAM

# Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,

best loved of his country's poets and best known of them abroad, was born in Portland, Maine, 27th February 1807 The English Longfellows were Yorkshire folk. William, the poet's first colonial ancestor, had the contemporary reputation of being 'a little wild' and 'not so much a Puritan as some' He married a sister of Samuel Sewall, witch judge and famous diarist

On his mother's side the poet was descended from John Alden, the hero of his Courtof Miles ship Standish, as was also the poct Bryant. His fither was a cultivated gentleman, a Harvard classmate of Dr Channing and Judge Story, bu to the mother he was indebted for his poetic temperament The atmosphere of the home was that of the best English books, the local influences are de scribed to perfection in the poem 'My Lost Youth' He began early to urite poetry, and his first published poem, written in his fourteenth year, was 'The Battle of Lovell's Pond,' the subject

an Indian fight of local celebrity. In 1821 he entered Bowdom College, where he had Hawthorne for a classmate, barely making his acquaintance, perhaps because Hawthorne had been in the college a year when Longfellow entered his class During his college years he wrote many verses if not much poetry, publishing twenty-three pieces in two years, some of them side by side with Bryant's in the United States Literary Gazette, as if frankly confessing their imitation, sometimes successful, Only five of these pieces were of the elder poet tolerated in the collected editions of Longfellow's Immediately upon his graduation the college sent him to Europe for three years to fit himself for its new chair of modern languages The fruits of this travel, beyond its special end, were a senes of translations and the book Outre-Mer, as imitative of Irving as the early poems had

been of Bryant, but with an individual note. It is a remarkable fact that from 1826 until 1837 he did not publish an original poem, and another, that he could so subordinate his natural gift to the work of translation. His proper hand, when he again found it, was obviously subdued to what he had been working in so long. The wonder is it did not take a deeper due. His talent for translation has not been surpassed for its uniform excellence. His first translations were from the Spanish,

later he passed to German and other northern originals To the habit so definitely formed he frequently re curred, its culmi nation in his later life being his complete translation of Dante's Diama Commedia, a won der of fidelity, but strangely lacking in the verve of the original, and even in that of his own early experiments with the same material

Much had happened to Long fellowin the period during which his originality as a had been poet in complete abeyance For five years he had been a professor of the modern languages in Bowdom Col ln 1835, lege having been ap

pointed to a similar chair at Harvard, he went to Europe for a two years' course of study In 1831 he had married Mary Storer Porter, a lovely and intelligent girl. She died in the first year of his second sojourn in Europe, November 1835, and his spirit was profoundly shaken by the event It made him a new creature. It reopened the fountain of poetry in his mind. What he had learned in sorrow, he now essayed to teach in song, but not until he had embodied in Hyperion the experiences of his second European journey, as he had embodied those of the first in Outre-The manner of the new romance reflected that of Richter as plainly as the former had reflected that of Iring Its allusions thinly veiled the sorrow of his personal loss, while on its verge arose the shape of a consoler, Frances Eliza beth Appleton, who in 1843 became his second



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From a Photograph

Hyperion at once achieved a popular wife Lovers were no longer in doubt what success book to give to the beloved, and every mel incholy Jaques sucked it to his heart's content Promising a succession of romances, it proved to be the last except Kavanagh (1849), which not Emerson's praise, nor even that of Hawthorne, haling it as 'n true work of genius, if ever there was one,' has saved from deep oblision The really significent book of 1839 was not Hyperion but Voices of the Night, a collection of original poems written in quick succession in the year of publication and the The first written was 'Flowers,' the preceding second was 'A Psalm of Life,' and there were a few more expressions of personal feeling with a didactic purpose that went far to commend them to the New England mind So intimate seemed the disclosure of 'The Pailm of Life' to its author that for some time he dared not even show it to a friend. A part of the little books success was doubtless owing to the success of Hyperun, but more to its appeal by its simplicity, its tenderness, and its pathos to the common heart. The Ballads and Other Poems of 1842 marked a distinct ad vance, especially in such poems is 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' and 'The SI eleton in Armour'-only the first of which preserved the didactic quality of the carlier 'Voices' But he painted little here, or ever, with his eye upon the object. His birds and flowers are mainly such as sang and grew in bools. It was inevit able that he should take over from his long practice of translation a great deal of foreign matter, but his Sparish Student of 1843 was a distinct rever sion to the mood from which he had just tried to free himself. Aiming to be a play, it was rither a dialogue, the interlocutors but feebly individualised, while nevertheless there were along its course many lines and prissages of delicate beauty

Longfellow's relish for his academic work was slight, but he discharged it faithfully, genial with the students in the class room and gravitating slowly but steadily to a right appreciation of lins function as that of a sympathetic interpreter of foreign literature to American youth Passages from Hyperion in the making must have been a delight ful variation from the habitual college 'recitation' The year 1842 found him again in Europe, where Dickens's conversation and his American Notes quickened in him a sense of the iniquity of negro slavery in America, and on the return voyage he wrote eight Poems on Slavery Of less virile stuff than Whittier's and Lowell's, they committed him to the anti-slavery side. Too much has been made of their omission from a Philadelphia collection of his poems (1845), seeing that the collection did not aim at completeness. Almost simultaneously a New York publisher brought out a complete edition which contained the anti-slavery poems, and thereupon the pro slavery faction raged and the abolitionists rejoiced. Meantime Longfellow was established in a fine old colonial house in

Cambridge, now, with its double fame, a rival of Mount Vernon, Washington having made it his headquarters when he took command of the American forces in 1775 Before the purchase of the house for Longfellow by his vife's father, Longfellow lodged there with Mrs Craigic, a decayed gentlewoman of eccentric character and pathetic histor, to which Longfellow vas singu larly indifferent. Hawthorne yould have enjoyed his provocation. On the other hand, Hawthorne was indifferent to the story fundamental to Evangeline, and made it over to Longfellov, who was attracted by the same simplicity by which Havethorne was repelled Lyangeline (1850) is the best lo ed of Longfellow's major poems. The hexameter measure in which it is written had only gradually approved itself to the poet's taste In his introduction to Tegner's Children of the Lord's Supper he had described its mo ement as 'that of a prisoner dancing in his clinins? That it is not the classic herameter goes without saying, but that it is not a spontaneous. Linglish measure is disproved by the unconscious Typse of the Bible into it in many places, as, 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.' It is strange to have Professor Woodberry regretting its 'spondaic flatness' while Poe Limented its lack of spondees, its tendency to dactylic werkness Surch the story of L-angeline is infinitely pathetic, and it is told in a swift, streaming style. would have hid more local colour if Longfellow had been as well travelled in America as in Lurope, he had been neither to Nova Scotia nor to the scene of the story in the Mississippi v illev A contemporary panorama was his best resource after the literature of the Acadian episode, then more favourable to the French settlers than later in the liands of Parlinian and others there is no lack of the feeling of reality in any part. A poem of heart broken affection, it has appealed to multitudes of happy lovers chasten ing their jos with sympathy and quickening their gratefulness For young people and those remem bering their vouth, it has he promise of perennial

The futile Karanagh came next, and then (1850) The Seaside and the Fireside, a cluster of minor poems in which Longfellow's art in this kind took on its most engaging form, especially in the narrative pieces. The stroke was swift and sure and various, the measure in each case being apparently chosen by the subject and not for it The diductic note, which frequently recurred, was sharpest in 'The Builders' In 'The Building of the Ship,' where Longfellow was in full possession of his talent, this note was so mevitable and so pine as fully to justify itself. To hear this poem publicly read by I anny Kemble was an experience that could never be forgotten 'Resignation' in this series stands at the head of those 'poems of sorrow and comfort' for which many looked to Longfellow as for no other virtue of his crift. In 'The Fire of

Drift-Wood' we have that vem of pleasure sentiment, infused with tenderness, than which no aspect of his work was more characteristic Chrysaer is said to have been the short poem with which he was himself best pleased, sustaining his opinion with that of another poet, Bayard I islor It warres the habitual prace and flow of his versi ficution with that more subtle rhythin to which be consciously aspired but to which he infrequently attained. Always melodious, he does not often yield that harmony which is the resolution of parts distinctly individual into a formal unity. In The Golden Legend, obedient to a principle of oscillation between home and foreign subjects to which he furnished several illustrations, he saying back to a dramatic poem embodying his conception of Christianity under the stress of Middle Age conditions. His dramatic talents were not five or two, but one, jet he had no disposition to bury that one in the earth. For dialogue we hale a capping of poetic phrases and sallies mildly humorous He pounced on his own in the Middle Ages, the picturesque, the romantic, the grotesque its actual conditions did not exist for him at all 'I wen his devil and his erring monts are gentle and gracious souls! Yet his own engagement with this subject was immense. He conceived The Golder Legend as part of a trilogy to be called Christus a Wystery The other parts were The Divine Trageay and The New England Tragedies This conception was not an afterthought, as might naturally be inferred from the disconnection of the three dramatic poems. It was present to him in 1849 'as the subliner song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through [his] The Golden Legend was published without any intimation of its partial character New England Trazedies appeared in 1868, The Devine Tragedy in 1871. The former was first s ritten in prose, and something of that form ching to its singing robes. With prisinges of undeniable beauty touching the New England Qualers, the average course was almost uniquely flat and tame The Divine Tragedy was a cry noble paraphrase of the Nev Testament narratives, as such attric the even while suffering from the contrast with the Gospels that was not to be escaped

In 1054 he resigned his Harvard professorship, and the first fruit of his leisure was Herriall i, a luch was published in 1855. His first poem had i celebrated an Indian battle, and he had always lice interested in the dring race, some poor renumers of which had surered in Maine until his But the Indians of his poem | ere no those } of Pukman's histories nor even those of Schoolcraft's careful steelies in which he souled his might Then crucks a disquiller a cre for him objects of a joious preterioon, to best to either thes ber will teremone was but concerned task method here was is selective as where it is a conwithout difficulty le for de the pictures, legendary legre as der the le der in every gir a terrire,

beaut , I Immour that he sought. He had a good model, the Finnish Kaler ala, the measure of " hah, trochaic tetranieter, he followed, as well as the manner The form, abounding in inclodious repetitions and reverberations, lent itself to rapid compublition, and the five thousand lines, began 'ite in June, were published early in November poem pleased everybody except the draisdust professorite. To Emerson it seemed 'sweet and a hole some as maize,' and the rising generation read it with such zest as if 'Scott, the delight of plononboys, had come again. If it lacks something of vericity as an account of sa age life, it overflows with the beauty of Longfellov's own nature, the goodness of his heart, those elements in his pretra which have commended it to the general reader, and will hereafter, more than any of its formal beauties or its store of succe and fair associations with a world remote from our habitual toil and fict where, as he has written,

> The tumult of the time auseon of ite To marticulate murmurs die awa, While the eternal ages watch and wait

The Courtsnip of Mil's Stardish ranks with Evangeline and Hiawatha as one of the three crowning heights of Longfellows range of more ambitious things. It is in the measure of E- inge line, but the hexameters are better than those of the earlier poem. That it told a bright and happy story in contrist with the tragic sorror of Erange line was not an advantage with the main body of Longfellow's public but it is vitle some readers. This quality must ed his complete escape from the languors of German romanticism which siellied over the complexion of his early verse and higgered on in its maturer forms. That John Alden and Priscilly the lovers of his store, a ere his Planto the ancestors of the Maylewers company was a cir cumstance particularly pleasant for the post and lus friends

Such landmarks as his major poems must not be suffered to obscure the general significance of a multitude of minor poems of which no particular mention can be made. Many of these are included in his complete voils under the meneral tiles Tales of a II a side Irr and Bress of Lemis ... either series there are poems that talle rank in ong his best, such surring balands as 'Paul Pene as R de, such breezy ones as 'Lady Wenty orth,' while on the other hand, the habit of product on so a sint times to hive supplanted genuine inspiration 1861 he suffered in the death of his vife a cerebi ealim to Her light summer dress of fice and sae vas fatalic humed. The tracks is transmitted into on, the for a sount, "The Cross of Spo to hit is for a non, her to after his death and price I to the Isto er he to habrother Smuel In the transfer or of Dines tillou he for I the about agon parame in the near the section and country and for all the form to make the section of the section of

and his old age had a benignity which William Dean Howells has described to perfection in his article, 'The White Mr Longfellow,' in his Literary Intends and Acquaintance No one in America had more of love or honour or a larger troop of friends. There was much slackening at the last of his creative energy, but not without occasional bursts of his proper melody. He died Maich 24, 1882. His last poem was finished on the 15th of the same month, and its concluding lines made a good end to a life that was compact of gentleness and peace.

Out of the shadows of night The world rolls into light, It is daybreak everywhere

Many will miss in Longfellow the intellectual force which is for them an essential factor in the character of a true poet, many others will conceive it a misfortune that he was so little affected by the religious agitations of his time, but a much greater number will imagine that they cannot be too grate ful for so much gentleness and reverence, so much sympathy and kindliness, and for a life which was related to its poetical expression as 'perfect music unto noble words'

### Resignation.

(Writen in 1848 after the death of a little daughter I There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there! There is no fireside, howeve'er defended, But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead,
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours, Amid these earthly damps, What seem to us but sad, finereal tapers, May be heaven's distant lamps

There is no Death! What seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburh of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ Himself doth rule

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air, Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fur Thus do we walk with her, and I cop unbrol on
The bond which nature gives,
Thinling that our remembrance, though unspol on,
May reach her where she lives

Not as a child shall we again behold her,
I or when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden, in her I ather's mansion, Clothed with celestral grace And leantiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face

And though at times impetuous with emotion And augusti long suppressed,

The swelling heart heaves meaning like the ocean,

That cannot be at rest.—

We will be patient, and assurge the feeling We may not wholly stay

By silence sanctifying not concealing,

The grief that must have way

### Chryenor

Just above you sandy bar,
As the day gros s fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dosly glimmer

Into the ocean faint and far
I alls the trail of its golden splendour,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender

Chrisaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus emplous,
Leaving the arms of Callirhoe,
I or ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I give on nightly I

### Holidays

The holiest of all holidays are those

Kept by ourselves in silence and apart

The secret auniversaries of the heart,

When the full river of feeling overflows,—

The happy days unclouded to their close, \*

The sudden joys that out of darl ness start

As flames from ashes, swift desires that dart

I tke swallows singing down each wind that blows!

White as the gleam of a receding sail,

White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,

White as the whitest like on the stream,

These tender memories are,—a Fairy Tale

#### Divina Commedia.

Of some enchanted land we know not where,

But lovely as a landscape in a dream

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door,
A labourer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er,
Far off the noises of the world's retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar

So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait

This eroud of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests, while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom life trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled caves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
All! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what terus, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outers of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps I eep pace with thine. The earlies filled with some unknown perfame.
The congregation of the dead make room.
For thee to pass, the votice tapers shine.
Like rools that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine. The hoveing echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I here arise.
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below.
And then a voice celestial, that begins.
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins.
As scarlet be,' and ends with 'as the snow'.

With snow white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
I illed thy young heart with passion and the woc
I rom which thy song and all its splendoms came,
And while with stern rebul e she speaks thy name,
The recaliout thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gusling from thy hips in sobs of shame
Thou makest full confession—and a gleam
As if the dawn on some dark forest east,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase
Lethe and Funoe—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze. With forms of saints and holy men who died, Here martryred and hereafter glorified. And the great Kose upon its leaves displays. Chart s Triumph and the angelic roun lelase. With splendour upon splendour multiplied. And Heatrice again at Dante's side. No more rebubes, but suites her wards of praise. And then the organ sounds, and inseen choir sing the old Latin humas of peace and to e. And benedictions of the Holy Ghost. And the inclodious bells among the spires. Our all the house tops and through heaven above. Pre claim the elevation of the Host.

O star of morning and of liberty!

O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!

The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Itals!

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a nighty wind, and men devout,

Strangers of Rome and the new proselvte,
In their own language hear thy a ondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt

The Cross of Snow [Found in Longfellow's portfolio after his death ] In the long, sleepless watches of the night, A gentle face-the face of one long deal-I ooks at me from the wall, where round its head The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light Here in this room she died and soul more white Never through inertyrdom of fire was led to its repose, nor can in books be read The legend of a life more benedlght There is a mountain in the distant We t That, sun defring, in its deep ravines Displays a cross of snow upon its side Such is the cross I wear upon my bierst These eighteen years, through all the changing seemes And seasons, changeless since the da she died

### The Old Bridge at Florence

Taddeo Gaddi built me I am old,
I we centuries old I plant my foo of stone
Upon the Arno as St Michaels own
Was planted on the diagon I old by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales - Twice hath it o erthiol in
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not but is by me controlled
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence, longer still ago
The final wars of Glibelline and Gued
Florence adorns me with her rewellers
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself

### From Evangeline'

Suddenly as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood with her colourless his apart, while a shudder Kan through her frame and forgotten, the flowerets

dropped from her fingers,

And from ler exes and thee sethe light and closm of the morning

Then there escaped from her hips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dring heard it and storted up from their pillous.

On the pallet before her was stretche I the form of an all man.

Long, and thin an every were the locks that shared his temple

But as le lay in the morning I ght his face for im met-

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man hood.

So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are dying

Hot and red on his hips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,

Darkness of slamber and death, for ever sinking and sinking

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in necents tender and saint like,

'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood,

Green Academ mendows, with sylven rivers among them, Village, and mountain, and woodlands, and, walking under their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Exangeline rose in his

Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his eyelids.

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

Died on his hips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken

Vamly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying hip, and laid his head on her bosom Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darl ness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant arguish of patience.

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee!'

#### From the Prologue to 'Hiawatha'

I e who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the run shower and the snow storm,
And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap lile eagles in their cyrics,—
Listen to these wild truditions,
To this Song of Hinwatha!

Ye who love a nation's legands,
Love the ballads of a people,
That life voices from afar oft
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speal in tones so plain an I child like,
Scareely can the car distinguish
Whether they are sung or spol en,—
Listen to this In han Legend,
To this Song of Hawatha!

Who have hearts are fresh and simple, Who have furth in God and Nature, Who believe, that in all ages I very human heart a human, That in even savage boso us. There are longing, vearnings, strivings, I or the good they comprehend not, That the feeble hands and helpless, Groping blindly in the darl ness, Touch God's right hand in that darkness. And are lifted up and strengthened,—Listen to this simple story, To thus Song of Hawatha!

Ic, who sometimes, in your rambles. Through the green lines of the courtry, Where the tangled barberry bit her Hang their tufts of crimson betters. Over stone walls gray with mosses, Pause by some neglected graveyard, I or a white to musy, and ponder. On a half efficient inscription, Written with little skill of song craft, Homely phrases, but each letter. Full of hope and yet of heart break, I'ml of all the tender pathos. Of the Here and the Hereafter — Stry and read this rade inscription. Read this Song of Hawatha.

Longfellow a works are published in various editions. The less is the Rivers de in eleven volumes (1825-60), including proceased poetry and the Life by Samuel Longfellow. There is an admir able one volume edition, the 'Cambridge and there have been numerous reprints in Britain. There is a Life by Robertson in Great Writers Series (1889) a much better one by T. W. Higginson in 'American Men of Letters (1992). The best critical article is in F. C. Stedmans. Peets of America, the best personal article in W. D. Howells I stering Frie ids and Acquiritance.

### JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

Sylvester Judd (1813-53), born at Westhamp ton in Massachusetts, was from 1840 Unitarian pastor at Augusta in Maine. He wrote against slavery, intemperance, and war, published a reli gious poem, Pnilo, and is remembered specially as the author of the transcendental romance Margaret (1845), justly claiming to be 'a tale of the real and ideal' Among the most real ele ments are charming descriptions of New England scenery and sketches of humble life there, warmly prused by Lowell, and attention is still from time to time drawn to it by American critics, though it is a strangely unequal work Ruhard Edmy was another romance, somewhat less transcendental A Rus-Urban Tale (1850) was a sort of counter part of Marganet He published also discourses There is a book on his and theological works Life and Character by Hall (1882)

# John Greenkaf Whittier,

the New England Qual er poet, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, 17th December 1807, in a house built by his first colonial ancestor in the seventeenth century. One strain of his blood allied him with Daniel Webster, and both are said to have had 'the Bachiler eyes,' but Webster's were blacker and less piercing than Whittier's What the homestead and home life were can best be read in Snow-Bound, while 'The Barefoot Boy' is Whittier's full length portrut of himself in his happy childhood before the firm work pressed too hard upon his strength and planted in his constitution the seeds of that weakness which made the habit of his life valetudinarian education was that of the district school of the period, except for a brief course at a local academy There were books in the small family library that give direction to his triste, inclining it to legendary reminiscences and tales. There was an uncle in the family who contributed liberally to his stock of these. It was an eventful day which was marked by his first reading of Burns's poems, lent him by Later there came a 'wanone of his teachers dering Willie' from Scotland who could recite Burns's dialect poems in an entruicing manner Whittier was much impressed, ind was soon writing verses, some of them in the Burns dialect, which he managed very well, while to much in the spirit of Burns—his interest in simple jovs and careshe owed a listing debt. It is sound criticism that describes his Snow Bound as the New England Cotters Saturday Aight But his first published poem, 'The Exile,' was more in the manner of Moore than of Burns The paper con trining this was thrown over the wall into a field where Whitter was at work one day in June 1826, and his first triumph was enhanced by a laudatory editorial note The editor was William Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slavers reformer, then twenty years of age. His admiration for Whittier's early poems, of which he accepted many for his paper, is hard to understand. They were for the most part feeble reflections of debased literary models, but they made up in abundance what they lacked in quality, nearly one hundred appearing in the vents 1827-28 In 1832 Whittier was quite justified in his resolve to give up poetry as something for which he had no gift, and settle to a firmer's But in that year he made a fresh start with an apostrophe to Garrison. Nothing before this i as north preserving or has been preserved, except in the appendix to his complete works to show from what weak beginnings he set out. The apostrophe to Garrison marked his definite adhesion to the anti-slavery cause, which for the ne t to enti-vers was the principal subject and inspiration of his verse. For these twenty years he describes him self as 'shut out from the facour of booksellers and i magazine editors' 'But I i is enabled' he sais, 'be rigid economy to live in spite of them, and to

see the end of the infernal institution which proscribed me. This diversion of 'a dreamer bor's 'from the Muses' haunts' to 'the crant of an opinion mill,'

> Maling his rustic reed of song A weapon in the war with wrong,

has furnished matter for regret to some of Whittier's entics. But there is every reason to believe that this diversion effected at once his moral and poli tical salvation It saved him from the career of an intriguing politician, to which his proclivity was so marked that, parallel with his anti-slavery course he for many vears ran another in partisan politics which might have been straighter than it vas. This made it easier for him to ally himself with those abolitionists who, parting company with Garrison as too exclusively moral in his agitation, instituted the Liberty party, which sought to reach the abolition of slavery by political means. But while on with this new party he was not quite off with the old, and in 1844 was barely shut out from a congressional election, with Whig help, by the serious condition of his health. It is an interesting reflection that but for this accidental circumstance we might never have had that body of personal and religious poetry on which Whittiers permanent reputation as a poet rests

It was principally as a journalist that he was effective on political and anti-slavery lines spent the winter of 1828-29 in Boston editing the American Manufacturer, the next very he was editor of the Haverhill Gazette, and the same year he went to Hartford, Connecticut, to edit the New England Review In 1831 he published his first book, Legends of New England, for single copies of which he offered eventually as much as five dollars that he might burn them up. In 1833 he attended in Philadelphia the first meeting of the American Inti Slavery Society, the most notable anti-slavery meeting ever held in America, with Garrison for its inspiring soul. Whittier was one of the score tames of the convention, and a member of the committee which drafted the famous Declaration of Principles He read to Garrison's face that tribute of admiration which he had written in 1832. His standing in the convention was fixed by his Justice and Expedier 3, a noble echo of Garrison's Houghts of African Celementary which, denouncing negro colonisation as frieidly to slaver, demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. Returning to Haverhill in 1832, he again took charge of the Gaz if 1836 the farm was sold and the family removed some eight miles to Amesbury, where, but for summer outings and two vears in Philadelphia (1839-40) he henceforth made his home Philadelphia he edited the Pirns t was Freeman, an abolition st paper his most important cui or at charge. The office of the paper was in Pennsylvania Hall, which, just but, was hared he a pro slavera mob. Whiteer, disguising himself,

sived some of his effects, and published his piper the next day with a defiant note. He had had previous experience with mobs in New England, where he went about holding abolition meetings in company with George Thompson, an English agitator who was peculiarly obnoxious to the proslivery mind. Some specimens of his journalism are preserved in the three volunies of prose writings included in his complete works. These are probably inferior to his editorials that dealt with the shifting aspects of the anti-slavery struggle, for his prose was always best when he wrote from inward heat, and worst when he was consciously endeavouring to write attractively



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTH K
After a Photograph

From his apostrophe to Garrison in 1832 to his Laus Deo / which hailed the constitutional end of slavery in 1865, he had a poem for every striking incident of the anti-slavery conflict-one here applauding some heroic word or deed, one there denouncing some new recreancy or perfidy most famous, at the time, was his 'Ichabod1' which denounced the defection of Webster from the anti-slavery side in 1850, in his 'Seventh of March Speech' The politician gaining on the reformer in Whittier's double consciousness, he passed by easy stages from the Liberty to the Free Soil, and thence to the Republican party, each new stage less consistently abolitionist than the last A man of peace in virtue of his Quakerism, he beat his songs into swords and muskets in the time of the great Civil War

His literary life hardly began in any proper sense until 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched, and he was at once taken on board, having a poem,

'The Gift of Tritemius,' in the first number, and one oftener than not in the succeeding numbers for a score of vears Before this door was opened. the National Lra had since 1847 furnished him with a semi-literary vehicle for ballads and poems of a religious character, apart from the main antislavery stress As early as 1843 there were enough of these to constitute a little book, Lays of my Home, and other Poems, which brought in a few dollars, as did not the anti-slavery collections of 1837 and 1849. Other poems indicative of his widening scope were gathered up in Songs of Labour (1850) and in The Panorama, and other Poems (1856), notably in this last the popular favourites 'Maud Muller' and 'The Barefoot Boy' But the Atlantic offered more encouragement to his less strenuous disposition than it had before enjoyed, and besides, as the great war drew to its close, the energy generated by the long inti slavery structele sought and found new avenues of expres The most of Whittiers best remembered things were written in the decade 1857-67, ballads so different as 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' and 'Anix Wentworth,' and poems of the macr life in which the personal note was clear and sweet. Such were 'My Psalm,' 'My Birthday,' 'My Triumph' 'My Soul and I," The Master, and 'The Eternal Good ness,' in which this direction of his tilent reached its firthest goal All these were poems of the Quakers 'inner light,' and made for the softening of the traditional New England creed and for inter sectarian amenity Si ore-Bound appeared in 1866, and tool the New England heart by With much that was intimately specialised after the forms of Whittier's personal experience, there was much that was representative of the New Lingland farmers life, so vividly presented that the dullest could not but respond to the reality of its characters and scenes Besides, the tenderness that brooded over a little world that was hopelessly passing away was a beguiling note. The Tent on the Beach (1867), following, fir off, the lead of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, grouped in geniously some of his most effective ballads with poems of a more subjective character. He never married, but a considerable number of his poems hint the romance of his affections in a fashion that has piqued and baffled much tender curiosity 'Memories' and 'My Playmate' are among the best of these With much sensibility to the lovely ness of women, he had such appreciation of their spiritual gifts and graces as assured them a preponderance in the order of those friendships which were his life's best satisfactions and delights. Many the tributes paid to these in his too facile verse l Whittier suddenly woke up to find himself famous, and now his anti-slavery record could not too boldly leap to light What had long retarded now increased his fame, and The Tent on the Beach sold at a rate which Whittier could only with difficulty reconcile to his sense of the right relition of the poet's work to his reward Similar

volumes followed The Tent on the Beach, but inferior in distinct degrees, and leaving Snow Bound solitary in its homely charm. For all the delicacy of his health, he lived, an object of increasing reverence and affection, till 7th September 1892, when he was nearly eights file years old

Of contemporary American poets he owed least to culture and formal education. Hence the defects of his poetry-its lack of compression, its contracted metrical range, its faulty rhymes and ungrammatical He was more poet than artist, spontaneous to the verge of improvisation, with no self restraint, spinning too long a thread. Of verbal felicity he lind little, save in his effective use of sonorous proper names. His poetry was eloquence, as if he had caught the accent of the anti-slavery heralds and champions. He was pre eminently the singer of the anti-slavery crusade, proudly saluting its living heroes and its honoured dead, the most representative of New England's poets, affectionately reminiscent of her lore of superstition and romance, and, most significantly, the poet of religious sympathy and hope and trust. Though he vrote few hymns, many have been detached from his poems and sung in churches of all \*Protestant denominations, to the great enhance ment of his fame. With a less general following than Longfellow, he has had a much more cordial welcome among 'the plain people' and those who subordinate all other interests to those of the religious life.

# From 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'

We hear thy threats, Virginia thy storms words and high.

Swell Inrally on the Southern wands which melt along our sky,

Yet, not one brown, hard hand forgoes its honest labour here,---

No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his ave in fear

Wild are the waves which lish the reefs along St George's bink,—

Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog her white and dank,

Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man

The fishing smacks of Marblehead, the sea boats of Cape Ann.

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavers's hateful hell,-

Our voices, at your bidding take up the bloodhound's yell,-

We gather, at your sammons, above our fathers graves From Freedom's holy altar horns to tear your wretched slaves!

The voice of Massichusetts! Of her free sons and daughter,—

Deep calling an o deep aloud,—the sound of many waters?

Again the birden of that voice what tyran' pawer shall stand?

No felters in the Bas Scale! Lost west in Ler land!

Lool to it well, Virginians. In calminess we have borne,

In answer to our faith and tru t, your insult and your scorn

You've spurned our kindest counsels,-you've huntel for our lives,--

And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within

The fire damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin

We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can.

With the strong upward tendencies and godhle soul of man'

But for us and for our children, the vow which ve have given

For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven, Ao slave hunt in our lorders,—no firate on our strand!

No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!

### Ichabod i

So fallen' so lost' the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revale him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all,

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath, Befit his fall !

O dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
I all back in night.

Scorn! would the angels lugh, to mark A bright soul driven Fiend gorded, down the endless dark,

From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him Insult him now,

Nor brand with deeper shame his dim, Dishonoured brow

But let its humbled sons, instead, I rom sen to lake,

A long lament as for the dead, In sadness male

Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,—

A fallen angel v prade of thought, Still strong in chairs

All else is gore from il ose great eves The soul has fled

When faith is lost a hen honour dies, The man is dead

Then pay the reve ence of old nave To his dead frice Walk backward, ni h avertal give Ar I hide the shame?

### In School-Days

Still sits the school house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning, Around it still the sumachs grow, And blackberry vines are running

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rips official,
The wirping floor, the battered seats,
The jack knife's curved initial,

The charcoal frescoes on its wall,
Its door's worn sill, betrnying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sim
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' rey fretting

It touched the tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grieving, Of one who still her steps delayed When all the school were leaving

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled

Pushing with restless feet the snow Lo right and left, he hingered,— As restlessly her tiny hands The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her hit her eyes, he felt The soft hand's light caressing, And heard the tremble of her voice, As if a fault confessing

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word
I hate to go above yon,
Because,'—the brown eyes lower fell,—
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray haired man That sweet child face is showing, Dear girl! the grasses on her grave Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school, How few who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss, Like her,—because they love him.

### From 'My Birthday'

Better than self indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The turnilt of the truth

Rest for the weary hands is good, And love for hearts that pine, But let the manly habitude Of upright souls be mine Let winds that blow from heaven refresh, Dear Lord, the languid air, And let the weakness of the flesh Thy strength of spirit share

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn '

# From 'My Psalm'

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved

IInve marked my erring track,—

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,

His chastening turned me back,—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good,—

That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight,—

That care and trial seem at last, Through Memory's sunset air, Like mountain ranges overpast, In purple distance fair,—

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angels of its strife Slow rounding into calm

And so the shadows fall npart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day

### From 'Snow-Bound.'

Shut in from all the world without, We sat the clean winged hearth about, Content to let the north-wind roar In baffled rage at pane and door, While the red logs before us bent The frost line back with tropic heat, And ever, when a louder blast Shook beam and rafter as it passed, The merrier up its rouring draught The great throat of the chimney laughed The house dog on its paws outspread Laid to the fire his drowsy head, The cat's dark silhouette on the wall A couchant tiger's seemed to fall, And, for the winter fireside meet, Between the andirons straddling feet,

The mug of cider simmered slow, The apples spattered in a row, And, close at hand, the basket stood With nuts from brown October's wood

What matter how the night behaved? What matter how the north wind raved? Blow high, blow low, not all its snow Could quench our hearth fire s ruddy glow O Time and Change !- with hair as grav As was my sire's that winter day, How strange it seems, with so much gone Of life and love, to still live on I 1h, brother! only I and thou Are left of all that circle nov ,-The dear home faces whereupon That fitful firelight paled and shone Henceforward, listen as we will, The voices of that hearth are still, I ool where we may, the wide earth o'er, Those lighted faces smile no more We tread the paths their feet have worn, We sit beneath their orchard trees, We hear, like them, the hum of bees And rustle of the bladed corn, We turn the pages that they read, Their written words we linger o'er, But in the sun they cast no shade, No voice is heard, no sign is made, No step is on the conscious floor I Let I ove will dream, and Path will trust (Since He who I nows our need is just), That somehow, somewhere, meet we must Mas for him who never sees The stars shale through his cypress trees! Who, hopeless, Trys his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day Across the mournful marbles play I Who both not learned, in hours of futh, The truth to flesh and sense unknown, That Life is ever Lord of Death, And Love can never lose its oan '

The complete works of Whittier are published in seven volumes in the 'Riverside Edition' (1883) and the poems complete in a one-rolume edition the 'Cambridge (1891). The Life and Letters by S. T. Lickard (1894) is the official biography an excellent piece of work. Other biographies are Higginson's in American Men of Letters (1892) and Burton's very brief in Beacon Biographics (1900). The best critical study is E. C. Stedman's, in the Poets of American

# JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-81), born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, practised medicine for two or three years, but became assistant editor and part proprietor of a paper at Springfield. In 1870 he helped to found Ser buer's Mouthly (afterwards The Century Magizine) which he edited, and in it appeared his novels, Arthur Bonnuastle, The Story of Serenoiks, and Archolas Minturn. Other works were I metal I deon't s Letters (1838), Letters to the Joreas (1863), a history of Western Massichusetts, a Life of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant Massichusetts, a fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant fife of Lincoln and his popular poems, Ritter Significant fife of Lincoln and his popular f

# Nathaniel Hawthorne,

the most distinguished writer of American fiction, was born in Salem, a coast town of Massachusetts, some dozen miles from Boston, on 4th July 1804 His ancestors were American from the time of the Nathaniel, a ser crptrin, fither first settlements of the novelist, died in 1808 For forty year, of widowhood his mother scaluded herself and seldom left her room. Two sisters were only a little less Here was an influence that nursed a similar liabit in the boy An accident at play sent him for companionship to books, which ranged from Shakespeare through Bunyan to the Newgate Calendar. In tastes and temperament the boy was father of the man His first teacher vas Worcester, the distinguished levicographer In 1813 the family removed to Raymond in Maine, which was then a province of Massachusetts Hunting and skating on the beautiful Sebigo Lake, and fishing in its clear waters, with much desultory reading, went far to constitute his Raymond life In 1819 he was back in Salem, reading If are they, preparing for college, and issuing the Spectator, which ran through four numbers, its circulation limited to a single copy. In 1820 lie already con templated the profession of authorship. In 1821 he entered Bowdom College in Brunswick, Maine, then recently founded, and better equipped with courage than with a faculty or funds

On his way to Brunswick, through New Hamp shire, he made the acquaintince of a Boudoin sophomore, Franklin Pierce, one of his best friends thercafter With Longfellow the poet, a class mate, he had slight acquaintince, but was re membered by him as 'a handsome, brshful youth, with a low, musical voice? Longfellow was one of the more studious set, Hauthorne one of the less studious. He was indifferent to sports, but mildly convivial, and his gambling was made if subject of correspondence with his mother by the president of the college. The stales vere fifty cents worth of nine. At the conclusion of his college course we have the reflection of his netual feelings in Farshare, his first novel, where he says that in the inmost heart of his hero there was a dream of undying fame. In spite of his dissursion, his mother and sisters had returned to Salem, and he joined them there in 1825, and entered at once upon a period of seclusion that dragged its slow length along for a full dozen we re- He had no intimize even with his mother and sister-Often his meals were left outside the door of his Most of his walking a cept that or his longer excursions was done after da l was a good local library, in which he burrowed deep, and, had be not disdained hem, there were michigence and culture in the fire old town that might have served him well. The colour of his brooding solitude ared in the roof the texture of the funcies that he wove asside with, will little I hope of mal mg them attractive to his fellow men

His resolve to live by his pen must have seemed madness to his immediate family and other relatives, but something masterful in his nature prevailed over such opposition as was made. It is a natural incident of the dim, half featured life he led that much doubt attaches to the earliest productions of his pen Seven Tales of my Native Land, written while he was still at college or later, were burned in despair of finding a publisher they set the chimney on fire is probably a fanci

ful suggestion of what they might have done the popular mind lanshawe was published anonymously in 1828, and was received coldly that Hawthorne's own regard for it was chilled, and he endeavoured to call in and destroy the purchased conics If the Seven Tales were actually burned, there soon rose from their ashes birds of like feather, eertain Provincial Tales, several of which were published in The Token, one of the many annuals of which there was a prolific growth in the fore part of the nineteenth century But Goodrich, the publisher of The Token. better known as

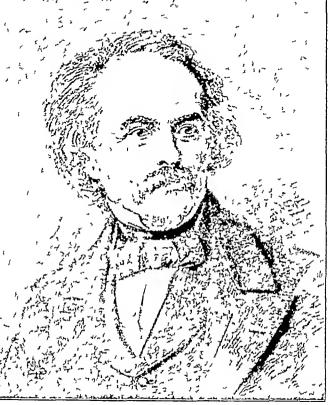
'Pcter Parley,' was for ten years so friendly to Hawthorne that he deserved better thanks than Hawthorne gave him when at length they parted company Yet Hawthorne might well feel himself ill used when he received \$100 for Peter Parley's Universal History, and nothing additional when 100,000 copies had been sold In 1834 he found another vehicle for his stories, the New England Magazine, and further on the Knicker bocker Magazine, the Democratic Review, and other once flourishing periodicals. If 'he was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America,' as he wrote in 1851, it was partly his own fault Written under several pseudonams, his sketches made a slighter impression than if

they had all gone to the credit of an acknow-

led, ed author The habit of anonymity was so strong with him that he often lapsed into it after I a friendly hand had gently snatched away hismask. The depth of his discouragement at this time was so great that Bridge, his best loved college mate, made a bold push to publish at his own risk a volume of his pieces, and the first volume of Truice Told Tales appeared in 1837 The response was not eager, but some of the reviews were favourable, Longfellow's the one most prized The twenty sketches, selected from a much larger number, represented sufficiently the breadth

of Hawthorne's narrow range. More than three times as many were added in sub sequent volumes. a second series of Invice Told Tales in 1842, Mosses from an Old Manse in 1846, and The Snow Image and other Tales in 1851 By this time The Scarlet Letter was published, and the minor tales ac aured from this a sympathetics ogue The short stories

reached their term when the first one longer าก peared The whole series is written in a pellueid style which, if not per fect from the start, was, in its most characteristic qualities, the free gift of Heaven delicate Α sometimes trivial



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE After a Drawing by H Taker

humour played over the surface of these stories or was inherent in their grain Cheerful they seldom were But the idea that their pervasive sadness was subjective is easily discredited The most gloomy flowers of his invention are those which blossomed on the stem of a most happy period, that of his first married years. The problems of sin and evil on which so many of the stories turn were not the fruits of Hawthorne's moral experience, but of his intellectual curiosity They were the plaything survivals of the Puritan engagement with the dark side of life. The per sonal aspect was less disclosed in such painful allegories as 'The Birth-Mark' and 'The Bosom Serpent' than in such pleasant pieces as 'The Old Apple-Dealer' and 'Little Annie's Ramble.' The whole series falls into three kinds those fancifully illuminating some biographical or historical inci

dent, minute descriptions of things seen and heard, and those of an allegorical character Many tend to this, and in the best examples, such as 'The Snow Image' and 'The Great Carbuncle,' the story and the moral are perfectly assimilated, in others, such as 'The Bosom Scrpent,' the assimilation is less perfect or obviously mechanical the fanciful histories 'The Gray Champion' is a notable example Hawthorne is nowhere more satisfactory than when he attempts least, as in 'Sights from a Steeple' and 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore' But he is no realist Though he was a keen observer, everything observed was subject to the transfiguration of his fancy is very instructive to compare a certain walk in the American Note-Books with 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore' The Note-Books, American, English, Italian, are eloquent of Hawthorne's objectivity They were published after his death, in 1868, 1870, 1871, in the above order

While Hawthorne was musing on these simpler or remoter things, the circumstances of his life had varied much from the monotony of the period preceding his first collective publication. In 1837 he had fallen in love with Sophia Peabody, and they were married in 1842 She was one of three sisters remarkable for their culture and intelligence She was nothing if not enthusiastic and ecstatic A hole in her husband's dressing-gown was 'an appalling vacuum,' and her whole life was pitched to the superlative key, but she and Hawthorne loved each other with a great and never diminishing affection, and enjoyed the best things of literature and art together. She worshipped him, and he laid upon himself the lowliest duties to make her life less arduous She was a chronic anvalid when Hauthorne met her in her Salem home, but she did not even have to wait, like Mrs Browning, for marriage to effect her cure The prospect of it was enough. In 1839 Hawthorne's political friends found a place for him in the Boston Custom House It was a sharp transition from the imponderables he had been weighing to iron and coal, and salt which was not of the Attic kind His invention wholly failed, and even at Brook Farm, whither be betook himself when turned out of office by the triumphant Whigs, his literary production was singularly 'barren of new pride,' some children's Biographical Stories and The Grandfather's Chair being the chief gains Brook Firm was the most idealistic of the American attempts to establish an economic and ethical community It attracted Hawthorne because his disposition was social despite his isolating temperament. He justly described his short stories as 'attempts to open an intercourse with the world' His Brook Farm experiment was another and not more successful Pitching manure or milking a recalcitrating cow was little to his mind. The social conditions pleased him no better, and he left the community in disjust, having in his year's residence sunk about \$1000 of his hard-earned money. His marriage followed soon, and he took his wife to Concord, where they made their home in the 'Old Manse' under whose roof Emerson had written Aature, and close by the bridge of revolutionary fame. The life here would have been idyllic but for the difficulty of making both ends meet panions he had Emerson, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, whom he enjoyed as men while indifferent to their intellectual character It was easier for Hawthorne to meet people on the plane of his lower tastes than on that of his literary vocation And so it happened that when he was made surveyor of the Salem Custom-House in 1846 he was more at home with his subordinates and the old salts who hung about the place than he had been with the Concord set His introduction to The Scarlet Letter described the men and manners of the Custom House in a fashion little relished by the persons indicated and their friends. When he wrote this he had again been turned out of office. nominally for 'offensive partisanship' a fault of which he was incapable. He was much embittered by the transaction, fancying that, not having been appointed for political reasons, he should not be dropped for such reasons But his loss proved to be all men's gain. For three years his mind had been as fruitless as during his Boston weighing and gauging He now wrote The Scarlet Letter That genial publisher, James T Fields, deserves much credit for its ultimate form He sought Hawthorne out in his moping solitude and charged him with having a story or stories concealed in a set of drawers which stood in his chamber Hawthorne at first denied the charge, but as Fields was leaving, hurried after him with a manuscript, which was The Scarlet Letter in its original form It was con ceived as a short story, but as the longest one that Later Fields persunded him to he had written rewrite it on a larger scale. Published in 1850, it achieved at once a notable success, and soon after Hawthorne, with every expression of contempt, shook off the dust of Salem from his feet for ever

The Scarlet Letter is one of the most powerful It is unconand affecting stories ever written scionably dark and sad. The only bright spot in it is the scarlet letter upon Hester's breast Little Pearl, the offspring of Hester's and Arthur Dimmesdale's sinful passion, sheds but a strange, uncomfortable light upon the scene. The Puritan community is but faintly realised. The few leading characters appear against a background of un natural dark Nothing is told us of the rise and progress of the guilty passion. The tragedy, which runs its course less in an outward scene than in the breasts of the three principal dramatis persona, is the tendency of a secret sin to magnify itself by feeding on the better self, and 'the purifying influence of public confession,' so much insisted on by George Lliot, is the remedial note. If, as some complain, there is no di me forgiveness in the story, there is human pity for the sinful pair. The heart of the reader is more enlisted on their side

than on that of the Puritan community, and their souls are white compared with that of Roger Chillingworth, the husband of the guilty woman, whose whole being is resolved into a principle of immitigable hatred and revenge

Public approval renewed Hawthorne's spirit, and the years 1850-53 were the most productive of his whole career For a part of this time he lived in Lenox, Massachusetts, amidst the beauty of the Berkshire hills and streams, of which, strangely But there he wrote The enough, he soon tired House of the Seven Gables and, for his children's 10). The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales, in which the old Greek myths took on the colour of his fancy for the perennial delight of boys and girls If The Scarlet Letter continued the tradition of the short stories by being a longer one of their kind, The House of the Seven Gables continued it in being more an aggregation of parts than an organic whole. Hawthorne loved the book because it was his 'Little Annie's Rambles' Of all his full and such things writ large grown romances it is the pleasantest, made so by Phœbe Pyncheon's comfortable sweetness final cause, determining the movement of the story, is the decay of a family under the stress of an inherited curse, inherent in the Pyncheon house. Here the house serves that symbolic purpose for which Hawthorne must always have one concrete The characters are seen more object or another 'in the round' than those of The Scarlet Letter But Judge Pyncheon is less a character than a malicious portrait of the Salem magnate by whom, in the matter of the Custom-House, Hawthorne considered himself wronged

If Hawthorne's stay at Brook Farm was immediately fruitless, it left seeds in his mind from which sprang The Bhthedale Romance, a novel generally relegated to the foot of the series, but one that has staunch friends. It took up into itself much of the scenery and some of the people of the farm, but neither with any aim at veri-That Zenobia was a faithful portrait sımılıtude of Margaret Fuller, a woman of brilliant and wayward genius, was denied by Hawthorne as flatly as by her friends There was certainly no portrait of Ripley, the noble founder of the community, in the repulsive character of Hollingsworth, who points the moral of the egotistic reformer who has no human heart by which he lives effect of this satire was to mark Hawthorne's divergence in reform matters from the other New England men of letters, and it prepares us to find him simultaneously writing a 'campaign life' of Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the presi dency of the United States in the pro slavery interest A more sincere 'campaign life' was never written It was not written with an eye to the lucrative office which Hawthorne could not but know his friend's election would assure him, but as 1 token of gratitude for Pierce's unfailing kindness One of the least of presidents, he was one of the best of friends. He was elected, and he made Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, one of the best positions in his gift. This was in 1853, and he left Concord, where he had been living in a house called 'The Wayside' for a year, and his native country, and took ship for England, hoping he might never return, so out of tune was he with his anti-slavery friends. In Liverpool he hated his business as before in the Boston and Salem seats of custom, but discharged it faithfully, doing his best to right the wrongs of sailors in distress In England, as in America, his distaste for literary society was pronounced, and he met none of its leaders His English Note-Books exhibit him as keenly observant of English scenery and life. The best parts of these he condensed in Our Old Home, a book which gave much offence in England, though it had not more than Hawthorne's usual predilection for the seamy side, and more in America, because he dedicated it in a simple manly fashion to ex-President Pierce In 1857 he resigned his office and exchanged his 'black and miserable hole' in Liverpool for a residence in Italy of two years' duration There, at first, he felt more at home than he had ever been, and lived a social life with the Brownings and others But his daughter fell dangerously sick with Roman fever, and Rome was cursed for him by this expenence. 'I bitterly detest it,' he wrote, 'and shall rejoice to bid farewell to it for ever' Besides, he felt that he must breathe the fogs of England or the east winds of Massachusetts to be again in working trim Nevertheless he began The Marble Faun, and finished it in England, where it was published in 1860, entitled Transformation title gives the idea of the story, whereas the American title indicates the symbol to which Hawthorne fastened his ingenious fancy as to Hester Prynne's scarlet letter and Zenobia's flower It is a story of the development of spiritual character through experience, Donatello, the faun, being made a man by his destruction of Miriam's besetting fiend The passage describing the murder and what followed is not excelled in the whole range of Hawthorne's work. But there is a slackened grip on the characters from this psychological moment to the end Miriam, the principal character, is realised only less powerfully than Zenobia and Hester Prynne. Here as everywhere we are permitted to see the characters only from the point of view of Hawthorne's intense preoccupation Many whom the story alarms and repels enjoy it for its discursive treatment of Roman pictures, ruins, &c., a more curious than final aspect of the book. There was no such assimilation here as in the Salem work, but a difference from that as in George Eliot's Romola from her Adam Bede

The interval between his return to America in 1860 and his sudden death, 19th May 1864, was an unhappy time. There was the sense of failing health and failing intellectual power. Four

fragmentary studies - The Ancestral Footstop, Septimius Felton, Dr Grimshawe's Secret, and The Dolliver Romance-are all painful gropings on the elusive track of a single idea that could not be firmly caught and held He had no power to 'see tt steadily and see it whole' Another burden was that of the Civil War and his mability to take either side with heartiness. He went to the front and looked upon the scenes transacted there, wrote of them with a singular detachment, and saw President Lincoln with as little penetration as the dullest in those times. He had lived so long with shadows that he had no vital apprehension of the nation's agony in the birth-throes of a new and better time. There is a striking incongruity between the moonlit or twilight scene and atmosphere of his books and the bright glare of our contemporary life, here so much noise and shouting, there low and whispered tones But even those who are well pleased with the immediate time should certainly be glad sometimes to draw apart with Hawthorne into a scene so different from that of their liabitual life as his mysterious world.

### From 'The Great Stone Face'

[This allegory was suggested by the Old Man of Profile Mountain, in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, a remarkable resemblance in the high cliff to a human face.]

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to man hood or womanthood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine. As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The cliild's name vas Ernest

'Mother,' said he, while the Titanie visage smiled on him, 'I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly.'

'If an old prophecy should come to pass,' answered his mother, 'we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that'

'What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?' eagerly inquired Ernest 'Pray, tell me all about it'

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest, a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come, a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose counten ance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to

the Great Stone Face. Not a few old fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared

'O mother, dear mother '' cried Ernest, elapping his hands above his head, 'I do hope that I shall live to see him ''

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy, so she only said to him, 'Perliaps you may'

[The story describes Mr Gathergold and a great general and statesman for whom a resemblance to the Great Stone Face was claimed and finally a poet in whom Ernest himself imagined a likeness. But the poet protested that he did not live the poems that he wrote ]

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonised with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered, they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but dis timethy to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with heary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace

the world At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, 'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!'

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than limself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face

### The Minister's Vigil.

Walking in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of som nambulism. Mr Dimmesdale reached the spot where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hour of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather stained with the storm or sunshine of seven long years, and footworn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since ascended it, remained standing beneath the baleony of the meeting house. The minister went up the steps

It was an obscure night of early May An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and elog his throat with catarrh and cough, thereby defrauding the expectant audience of to morrow's prayer and sermon No eye could see him, save that ever wakeful one which had seen him in his closet wielding the bloody scourge Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the impulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous grip, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a diselosure. Poor, miserable man! what right had infir mity like his to burden itself with erime? Crime is for the iron nerved, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to evert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once I This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which inter twined, in the same inextricable knot, the agony of Heaven defying guilt and vain repentance

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shricked aloud, an outery that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the back ground, as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro

'It is done!' muttered the minister, covering his free with his hands 'The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!'

But it was not so. The shrick had perhaps sounded with a far greater power to his own startled ears than it actually possessed. The town did not awake, or, if it did, the drows; slumberers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream, or for the noise of witches, whose voices, at that period, were often heard to pass over the settlements or lonely cottages, as they rode with Satan through the air. The elergyman, there fore, hearing no symptoms of disturbance, uncovered his eyes and looked about him

Shortly afterwards the like grisly sense of the humor ous again stole in among the solemn plantoms of his thought He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unic customed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold Morning would break, and find him there The neigh bourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a viguely defined figure aloft on the place of shine, and, half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go, knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror stricken visages around the scaffold Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

'Pearl! Little Pearl!' cried he, after a moment's pause, then, suppressing his voice—'Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?'

'Yes, it is Hester Prynne!' she replied, in a tone of surprise, and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side walk, along which she had been passing 'It is I, and my little Pearl'

'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister 'What sent you hither?'

'I have been watching at a death bed,' answered Hester Prynne—'at Governor Winthrop's death bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling'

'Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr Dimmesdale 'Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you Come up lither once again, and we will stand all three together'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the plat

The minister form, holding little Pearl by the hand felt for the child's other hand, and took it The moment that he did so there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half torpid system. The three formed an electric chain

(From The Scarlet Letter)

Hawthorne's complete works are published in Boston and New York in several editions 'Little Classic, 25 vols., 'Riverside 15 vols., 'Standard Library, 15 vols. The second and third of these editions contain the biography Nathantel Hawthorne and Its Wife, by his son Julian. Other biographies are Henry James's in Engli h Men of Letters (1880), George Parsons Lathrop's Study of Havethorne (1876), a Life by M. D. Conway in Great Writers series (1890) Memories of Havethorne, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (1897) Hawthorne and his Circle by Julian Hawthorne (1904) and for critical analysis, Nathaniel Harothorie, by George E. Woodlerry in 'American Vien of Letters (1902)

# JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

Abraham Lincoln (1809-65), President of the United States at the crisis of his country's fortunes, rose nobly to the occasion. His other services to the Republic need no comment in this place, but though he was as far as possible removed from what usually constitutes the man of letters, he has carned to all time a place in the literature of his country by his letters, his State papers, his speeches, and especially by his two inaugural addresses and the address, quoted below at the dedication of the Getty sburg National Ceme tery in November 1863.

### The Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have conse crated it for above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedi cated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devo tion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that govern ment of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth

William Wetmore Story (1819-95), son of an eminent judge, publicist, and law professor, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and trained for the Bar, but went to Italy (1848) and became a

sculptor, and his writings rank him amongst American litterateurs-besides poenis, Roba di Roma (1862), The Tragedy of Nero (1875), The Castle of St Angelo (1877), He and She (1883), Frammetta (1885), Conversations in a Studio, Excursions (1891), and A Poet's Portfolio (1894) Life by Henry James is a masterpiece (1903)

Charles Godfrey Leland (1824-1903), des tined to be known to fame as 'Hans Breitmann,' was born of Quaker parentage in Philadelphia, graduated at Princeton, and continued his studies at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris He was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1851, but turned to journalism, and residing chiefly in England and Italy from 1869 on, made a special study of the Gypsies, the fruits of which appeared between 1873 and 1891 in four important and much discussed works. It was in 1871 that the famous Hans Brutmann Ballads, in the grotesque mixture of German and American-English known as Pennsylvania Dutch, first appeared, they were extraordinarily popular in America and Britain, and were constantly quoted, so that scraps of them are permanent parts of conversational English even now A continuation in 1895, however, fell Other works of Leland's, some of them results of serious research not unmingled with too confident speculation, are The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams (1855), Meister Karl's Sketch-Book (1855), Legends of Birds (1864), Egyptian Sketch-Book (1873), Fu-Sang, or the Chinese Discovery of America (1875), Algonquin Legends (1884), Etruscan-Roman Remains in Tradition (1892), a translation in prose and verse of Heine's works, a series of art manuals, Legends of Florence (1895), and Ilaxius, or Leaves from the Life of an Immortal, a humorous melange of Italian folk lore, ancient history, and prophecy, besides his own Memoirs (2 vols 1893)

George William Curtis (1824-92), born in Providence, Rhode Island, had a short experience of Brook Farm, and after four years in Europe (1846-50), joined the staff of the New York Tribune. and was one of the editors of Putnam's Monthly from 1852 to 1869 He commenced the 'Editor's Easy-Chair' papers in Harper's Monthly in 1853, and became principal leader-writer for Harper's Weekly on its establishment in 1857 His fimous story of New York life, Trumps (1862), and most of his books appeared first in these journals Prue and I (1856) was of sweet domesticity. His Nile Notes of a Howady: (1851) and The Howady: 111 Syrra (1852) were bright—and light—impressions of his travels, Lotus Lating (1852) was a series of letters from fashionable watering-places More famous in their day were The Potiphar Papers (1853), satires on the pretentious life of New York. He was a strong anti-slavery orator and publicist, and a zealous writer in the cruse of Civil Service reform See Lives of him by Winter (1893), Chadnick (1893), and Cary (1894)

# Edgar Allan Poc,

poet, romancer, and critic, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 19th January 1809 His grandfather was General David Poe, a distinguished Maryland soldier of the Revolutionary War His father and mother were actors of a travelling company which, spending three years in Boston, made possible the accident of his birth in a city which the grown man could not, as his dying The mother's talent and mother bade him, love character were superior to the father's, poverty and ill health they shared more evenly mother died in 1811, the father soon after, pro bably Here for the boy was, apparently, singular good fortune He was informally adopted by a Mr Allan of Richmond, Virginia, a tobacco merchant who had no children of his own From 1815 to 1820 the Allans lived in England, and the boy, though injured by their indulgence, hid good schooling at the Manor House School at Stoke Newington, and in Richmond from 1820 to 1826, when he entered the University of Virginia. The death in 1824 of a lady who had been particularly kind to him, and to whom he was devotedly attached, was the occasion of his first inclancholy brooding upon death, the fived idea of his life the university his habits were at once studious and convivial, he excelled in Latin, also in gainbling -so much so that his guardian, refusing to pay his 'debts of honour,' took him home and set him at work in his counting room. Thereupon he ran away to Boston, where, in 1827, he published Tamerlane and other Poems, a tiny book of forty pages in an edition of forty copies, as if prescient of the narrow chances of future bibliophiles He con cealed his name from his twoscore public and also from his publisher, as he had done a little earlier when enlisting in the United States arms, where for two years he did himself no discredit Allan dving in 1829, his quarrel with Mr Allan was superficially made up, and he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, on his way visiting Baltimore, and while there publishing Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems It contained five poems which, in addition to three in the Boston bibelot, grew at length into something lovely under his pruning hand At West Point, where he entered 1st July 1830, he did well in mathematics and other studies, but was so recklessly neglectful of his military duties that he was expelled from the Academy in March 1831, 'the contriver of his own dishonour' While he had been roistering the poetic fire had burned, and a parting subscription of the students enabled him to print, if not publish, a new volume of poems. It was not what the students expected-sparks from their burnt-out revelries—but his earlier poems in their first revision, with some new ones, among these the perfect 'Israfel' This volume, like its two thinbodied herilds, was long since worth ten times its weight in gold to the collectors of rare books

The next two years are vaguer for the biographer than Poe's poetical geography Poe lumself filled them with an imaginary journey to Russia bably they were spent in Baltimore with his aunt Mrs Clemm, the good angel of his life In 1833 he entered gaily on that literary career which was to liave so many sharp vicissitudes, so much more of disappointment thris of encouragement and assured success. Answering an advertisement for a \$100 prize story and poem, he won the former with his MS found in a Bottle, and would have won the latter with his Coliscum could both prizes have been given to one person. The lucly story lins now a place among the best of his stories of matter of fact impossible adventure, his lovest rank except the would be liumorous.

Meantime by forging Mr Allan's name he had hardened against limself that gentleman's heart, had later forced his way in a drunlen passion into Mrs Allan's cliamber (Mr Allan had tal en a second wife), and still later upon Mr Allan's dving hours, and was not so much as mentioned in his benefactor's vill Turning to thoughts of love for consolution, in September 1834 he tool out a license of marriage with his cousin Virginia Clemni, a lovely child who had just turned thirteen some years his pet, she had come to worship him and he nov responded to her worship with an affection that was without any shidow of turning until her melancholy end. It is doubtful whether there was a formal marriage in 1834, seeing that n new license was tal en out in 1836 in Richmond, followed by a marriage ceremony Poc had returned to Richmond in 1835, and there for a time his prospects as editor of the Southerr Laterary Messenger were bright Two volumes of his collected works are filled with his two years' work on the Messenger, including some of his most memorable things. His industry must have been remarkable, and now, as always, he had an evacting conscience for his work, in singular contrast with the weakness of his tempted will His employer was soon warning him of the danger of drinking before breakfast, so that the loss of his position in 1837 was not wholly mysterious After a brief stay in New York, during which he published the Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, another of his matter of fact impossibilities, he went to Philadelphia, a better literary market, and remained there six years, in the struggle for a living doing such doubtful hack-work as the Conchologist's First Book, while still the stream of his creative and critical talent flowed into every channel it could find. Making a good fight with his proclivity to drink, for some four years lie lived a more temperate life than ever before or after in his adult years. Of various engagements that with Graham's Magazine was the most stable, and did for it what his connection with the Richmond Messenger had done for that-bringing it thousands of subscribers and wide popularity. It was mainly as a critic that he made his mark, less but increasingly as a writer of tales, hardly at all as His early poems, however, were apt to reappear in the tales and to furnish their points of departure, as 'The Haunted Palace' in his most perfect tale, The Fall of the House of Usher, and 'Ligeia' in the powerful but ghastly tale of the same name. Here was legitimate economy, but no one ever utilised his 'funeral baked meats' more openly He warmed them over with sublime assurance that, however served, they made a The repetend, his favourite poetitempting dish cal device, was central to the manner of his literary and personal life, which had much that was highly significant and much 'damnable iteration' In 1840 Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, in two volumes, bound up a full sheaf of his tales, including many of the best but not any of the ratiocinative kind which The Golden Bug was soon to usher in Meantime, proud and ambitious, he fretted in subordination to his inferiors and aspired to have a magazine of his own, the Penn or Stylus, neither of which ever came to birth Could he have kept his besetting sin at bay, his success as a journalist, already enviable, would have become one of the proudest of his time, but this he could not do, especially after the beginning, with a broken blood vessel, of his childwise's fatal illness in 1842 This filled him with a passionate despair Though he was never an habitual drunkard, his periods of indulgence now became more frequent, each marked by wild excitement, followed by horrible lassitude and depression The conflicting accounts of his character and beliaviour mark the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober The latter was gracious, gentle, and refined, the former bitter, sour, contentious, the victim of degenerate will To drink he added opium, which, if it sometimes touched his page to more ethereal fancs, exacted fearful penalties Rumours of 'other vices' are Even his most sensuous without foundation imagination was never sensual

In 1844 he removed to New York, where his principal editorial connection was with the Broadway Journal, of which for a short and brilliant period lie was the nominal owner In 1845 he entered with The Raven on a second period of poetical production, after a fallow period of fifteen years' duration, except for the refashioning of his The Raven did more for his early crudities reputation than all his reviews and tales Bells (1847) chimed in, and other poems followed, of less popular character, but of more invardness and more exquisite beauti. From 1846 his health ins utterly broken, and his poverty was made a subject of public notice and relief. Those who wonder at his chronic impecuniosity and inveterate borrowing should remember the miserable pay he got for his best work. The good aunt kept his home as next as it was bare, the neatness a neccssity of his personal refinement, as was the delicate hand in which he always wrote, as if never putting pen to paper when fallen from his best estate always had a genius for attracting friends, too frequently disappointing them and wearing out their kindly disposition. In January 1847 the crowning misery befell, the death of poor little Virginia had then two years to hye. These he so conducted that the most charitable, and probably the truest, explanation is that drink, opium, and sorrow had shaken sovereign reason from her seat long-drawn futility of his pseudo-scientific Eurela does not require this construction, what does is his vain insistence on a first edition of fifty thou sand copies and his claim for its worthless and vet powerful lucubrations of a revolutionary importance equal to Newton's theory of gravitation From his sorrow for his lost Virginia lie passed quickly to a series of sentimental consolutions, looking liere and there to marriage, and a union of sordid convenience had been negotiated in Richmond when a fatal lapse in Baltimore betraved him into the hands of certain vile politicians who, drugging him for their base uses, induced a brain fever of which he died, 7th October 1849 In the city of his first literary triumph he was followed to his grave by five persons, one of whom was the officiating clergyman

His mournful death effected his entrance on a posthumous career which has been marked by stranger vicissitudes than those of his life. The details of that life have been contested in many particulars, its general character no less. A host of petty critics, with others of great competency, have endeavoured to assign his rank, with results ranging through wide degrees of difference principal line of cleavage is between those who value most his poems and those who value most his tales, but some have set the highest value on his critical writings. These made his widest reputation in their day, but they have little value nov except for the literary historian. If they were not the best of their kind in America when written, they were near to that, while marred by envy, favouritism, and a distorting personal equation He made himself the measure of things - W lint he could not do must not be done Hence (face Homer) a long poem could not be written, nor (pace Scott) a long story Didacticism and plagrarism were the Paynim against whom he tilted with the grimmest joy of battle. former he was wholly innocent, of the latter often guiltier than those whom he assailed, while in his bravery of recondite learning he was frequently the ingenious charlatan

Passing from his criticism to his tales, we pass from transient reputation to enduring fame. Their style commends them all, while, bettering with time, it is, at its best, far below the level of Hawthornes more flexible medium. They exhibit the tendency to narrowness of range and iteration, which mail all the products of his mind, far less than the poems. A sentiment of horror is their prevailing trut, engagement with death and ruin

running parallel thereto, the idea worked out with a concentration that subordinates every detail to the desired effect. In each kind there are various degrees, and the kinds have an ascension of their own. The lowest is the humorous, in which Poe comes near to making us laugh at him rather than with him. Let Duc de Omelette witness as a forlorn example. Of biting irony he had enough Higher up we have the psychology of intensive fear and horror in such things as Berenice, Ligita, and the House of Usher. He is at his best when he comes nearest, as in the last of these, to working in Hawthorne's spirit. In his great conscience stories, with William Wilson at their



EDGAR ALLAN POE.
After a Photograph by Whitehurst

head, his experience of the pains of conscience does not serve him so well as Hawthorne's impersonal imagination He was more external than Hawthorne, more mechanical, but such a master of the curiously horrible as Hawthorne never was On the other hand, he descended into details of physical horror from which Hawthorne's finer spirit spontaneously recoiled, and while Hawthorne's taste was inferior to his fancy and imagination, Poe's was so to a more pronounced degree a florid sensuousness of decoration, as in Landor's Cottage and The Domain of Arnheim, compared with which Hawthorne's scenes were gray and cold, there were lapses into prettiness of word and phrase which for Hawthorne were impossible, as if the fumes of that censer which Poe swung for a swarm of feeble poetasters had dulled his sense of their defects

But, after all, it is as a poet that Poe enjoys

the highest fame, and that which has the promise of most permanence. The meagreness of his product and the narrowness of his range may challenge this opinion, but it is that to which the tendency of criticism is clear and strong Hardly more than a dozen of his poems have survived the winnowing of time, and these, with two or three exceptions, are variations of a single theme, the death of a beautiful and beloved woman Poe formally announced this subject as the highest subject of the poet's art, seeking, perhaps unconsciously, a justification of his contracted range. That he was more artist than poet is suggested by the carefulness with which, for lack of novel germs, he matured his Reverent of his gift, he did not force early fruit his mood, however sorely he needed the money that his poorest verses would have brought. His work, then, was at once the product of a sacred spontaneity and an evigent elaboration The poet gave the impulse and the artist gave the form Israfel stands quite alone among his early poems as from the first so perfect as to require little The others in their first crudity gave meagre promise of their ultimate perfection. Even their musical quality, commonly thought inevitable, was carefully wrought out, and it now appears that Poe's ear was defective, and that his lines were made musical only by many revisions. That he was bent on making them so at all hazards is plain He sacrificed sense to sound, secured by meaning-There is little thought in his less alliterations poems, but there is what he intended, a sentiment, an emotion, to which everything is subordinate-1 sentiment of mystery, an emotion of infinite loss and horror and regret. The resurgence of his lyrical gift in 1845, after long silence, was one of the strangest incidents of his unhappy life. Five notable poems were its fruit The Raven, The Bells, Ulalume, For Annie, Annabel Lee They represent fuller if less exquisite moments than the early group We are not to believe that The Raven was written in the wilful and mechanical fashion described in The Philosophy of Composition any more than in his actual 'descent into the maelstrom' Inferior to Israfel and others, it stands alone in the quaint persistence of its pressure on the note of irremediable woe. The Bells has, perhaps naturally, a metallic ring which contrasts strangely with Ulalume, in which we seem to have the very step and moun of longdrawn musery To Annie gives us the recurrent theme of life in death in its most poignant manner, while Annabel Lee, published almost simultane ously with his death, sounds his most human note, as if 'the fever called living' were 'over at last,' and he were entering on a saner and a sweeter But it is one more regret for the lost delight of peerless womanhood. It was Poe's belief that beauty was a soothing influence. But the beauty of his monodies disturbs and lacerates our minds Their haunting melodies are not to be escaped, but they sound no note of health or joy We

admire the brilliant power, the skilful art, but we are never comforted and cheered. Fruits of a sombre genius and a sad experience, his works make their appeal especially to those who can hardly find symbols too melancholy for their mental gloom, and to those who are so overstocked with happiness that they like to play with misery and to consort with gliosts and ghouls.

To appreciate Poe's power and range as a romancer, one should read four of his best stories in four kinds intensive horror, Fall of the House of Usher, outraged and retributive conscience, William Wilson, ingenious ratiocination, Murders in the Rue Morgue or Mystery of Marie Roget, pseudo scientific adventure, The Descent into the Maelstrom These cannot be effectively abridged, but nothing better renders the habitual spirit of his prose work than the 'Overture' called 'Silence,' quoted below The Raven is Poe's bestknown poem, his masterpiece of intensive iteration, but its present use would be exclusive of all other specimens, and consequently it has seemed best to renounce it in order that a more general view may be obtained.

### From 'Silence a Fable'

'Listen to me,' said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head 'The region of which I speak is a dreaty region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaïre And there is no quiet there, nor stience

'It was night, and the rain fell, and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head-and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was erim son in colour. And mine eyes fell upon a linge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was grav, and ghastly, and tall,-and the rock was gray Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone, and I walked through the morass of water lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the charae ters upon the stone But I could not decipher them And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters, -and the char acters were DESOLATION And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock, and I hid myself among the water lilies that I might discover the actions of the man And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome And the outlines of his figure were indistinct-but his features were the features of a deity, for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was loft; with thought, and his eye wild with care, and, in the few furrows upon his cheek, I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude. And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out apon the desolation He looked down into the low unquiet shruhbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude,—but the night wanted, and he sat upon the rock

'Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of silence, the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water lilies. And they became accursed, and were And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven-and the thunder died away-and the lightning did not flash-and the clouds hung motionless-and the waters sank to their level and remained-and the trees ceased to rock-and the water lilies sighed no moreand the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast illimit able desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed, -and the characters were SILENCE And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror And, hurnedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened But there was no voice throughout the vist illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more.'

#### To Helen

(Written in Poes boshood to the beautiful friend whose death profoundly affected Poes imagination)

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way worn wanderer bore
to his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hur, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche How statue like I see thee stand, The agate lamp within thy hand, Ah, Psyche, from the regions which Are holy land!

### Israfel.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
'Whose heart strings are a lute,'
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice all mute

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the ripid Pleiades, even,
Which were seven),
Pauses in Heaven

And they say (the starry choir And the other listening things) That Israfeli's fire Is owing to that lyre By which he sits and sings— The trembling living wire Of those unusual strings

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beanty
Which we worship in a star

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfch, who despisest
An unimpressioned song,
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine, but this
Is a world of sweets and sours,
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky

### The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinlon
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a liite's well tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.

(Ah, let us mourn !—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story
Of the old time entombed

And travellers now, within that valley,
Through the red litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
Fo a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A indeous throng rush out for ever
And laught—but smile no more

#### Annabel Lee

It was many and many a vear ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
In this I ingdom by the sea
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,

With a love that the winged semplis of heaven Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee
So that her high born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of the cloud one night, Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee

But our love it was stronger by far than the love Of those who were older than we— Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above, Nor the demons down under the sea, Can ever dissever my soul from the soul

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,

And so, all the night tide, I he down by the side Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride, In the sepulchine there by the sea,

In her tomb by the sounding sea

To One in Paradise.

Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last '
Ah, starry Hope' that didst arise
But to be overcast '
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On ' on ' '—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf') my spirit hovering lies

Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas 'with me
The light of Life is o'er!
'No more—no more—no more—'
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder blasted tree,

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Or the stricken eagle soar!

There are three excellent editions of Poe's works, one (10 vols.) edited by G E Woodberry and E. C. Stedman, another (10 vols.) by C. F. Richardson, a third, by J. A. Harrison, in seventeen volumes, to which are added a Life and Letters in two volumes. The Woodberry Stedman edition has a good biographical introduction and special introductions to the poetry criticism, and tales Professa Richardson makes large claims for Poe as a 'world-anthor A thoroughly good Life is that of G E. Woodberry in 'American Men of Letters and E. C. Stedman's study in his Poets of America is most admirable. An English Life by J. H. Ingram is n generous apology and glowing eulogy, disfigured by much maccuracy in its biographical details. See also 'The Poe Chivers Papers, edited by Professor Woodberry in the Century Vagazine for 1903.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

## Oliver Wendell Holmes,

humourist, essayist, novelist, and poet, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 29th August 1809, a year of splendid births. The lines of his descent from Dutch Wendells and Massachusetts governors, Dudley and Bradstreet, and the good Quincy stock ('Dorothy Q' his proudest boast), were a matter of real pride to him, embroidered with some humorous affectation His father was the minister of the First Parish Church in Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College, and his fine old house was well furnished with historical associations Here General Ward had made his headquarters before Washington took charge of the Revolutionary army in 1775 the defence of Bunker Hill was planned, and here Joseph Warren, pre eminently the hero of that defence, spent the night before the battle. The boy's favourite reading was Pope's Homer, and for Pope's pentameters he had ever a good word Not even Pilgrim's Progress could make Calvinism attractive to his mind the theology went far to spoil the story He might, he thought, have been

a clergyman but for one who looked and talked like an undertaker Entering Harvard in 1825, he graduated in 'the famous class of '29,' doing much to justify its fame as time went on, both by his reputation and by the brilliant succession of his poems for the class's annual gatherings year of his graduation was marked by one of the best known of all his poems, Old Ironsides, as the frigate Constitution, which had made a splendid record in the war of 1812, was popularly called It was proposed to break her up, and Holmes's stirring lyric averted her impending doom year he studied law, then turned to medicine, and some further narrowing of the tes angusta donu made it possible for him to go to Paris and study for two years with Louis and other great teachers Here was a great advantage. Seeing much of Europe, and especially of Paris, he wore down his Puritan angles and his natural vivacity acquired a keener edge. Returning to Cambridge in 1835 with a good stock of knowledge, some experience, and two skeletons, one for himself, 'the more showy one' for a friend, he presently began the practice of medicine in Boston. This was never burdensome, his reputation as humourist and poet standing in the way, and the story goes that, being advised to divide his practice, he replied that he couldn't very well, as he had only one patient. The more welcome, therefore, was a chair of Anatomy in Dartmouth College, the 'little college' of Daniel Webster's love, which Holmes held for two years He had already published his first volume of poetry (1836), which included the long string of pentameters he had just read to the &BK Society of Harvard College, and 'The Last Leaf,' fluttering with tender gaiety in the jocund company of such 'heights of the ridiculous' as 'The Spectre Pig' and 'The September Gale, absurdates in which generations of schoolboys have had peculiar joy He soon distinguished himself by a series of medical prize essays, one of which, on the contagiousness of puerperal fever, excited violent opposition, and in 1847 he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School described his chair as a settee, so various were the duties of his professorship until 1871, when anatomy, always his chief delight, was assigned to him exclusively The poet and the humourist were bound to glide into his lecturing, and to be welcomed by the students with unfeigned delight His manner as a lecturer was subject to sudden changes from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe' In the dissecting-room his reverence for the poor body on the table was that of the man who wrote 'The Human Temple,' and who always stood ane struck upon the threshold of that temple's mystery The anti-slavery struggle, which engaged so

The anti-slavery struggle, which engaged so deeply the sympathies of Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson (Longfellow in a degree less positive), left Holmes only less indifferent than Hawthorne, though his aristocratic temper made him politically a Whig. Over against Whittier's 'Ichabod,'

denouncing Webster's defection from the righteous cause, Holmes set a glowing tribute to the great statesman's worth His rank as a Lyceum lecturer. for all his promise of more popular qualities, was not with Emerson, and was far below that of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher But the establishment of the Atlantic Monthly in 1857, which was so encouraging to all the New England poets and writers, was for Holmes the beginning of a new career, outshin-But for that, his ing far the course already run purely literary reputation might now be that of a poet of one poem, 'The Last Leaf' Lowell divined his uncultivated powers, and made it a condition of his own editorship of the Atlantic that Holmes should be taken on as a principal contributor He was, and with The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table for his spring-board, vaulted at once into a reputation Which for some years was the most brilliant among those of the Boston galaxy In 1831 he had attempted something similar, and had published two numbers, and harking back to these across twenty six years, he now began, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted' --- The Autocrat was followed by The Professor at the Breakfast Table, and this by The Poet They were all good, but a descending series, Holmes himself comparing the Professor and Poet to the squeezing of the grapes after the first spontaneous running of their juice. Holmes in this series has been compared to so many writers that we are permitted to believe that it was as much his own as the work of a wellread man can ever be his own The essays were as frank in their self-disclosure as Montaigne's Essays or the Confessions of Rousseau, but, Holmes being what he was, without the slightest taint of their The series was as compact of New England sympathies and traditions as the poetry of Whittier and Lowell, while at the same time it had a more intensive local note than Lowell or Whittier ever struck. It was Dr Holmes who gave Boston its most popular name-'the Hub,' and the city had to his table-talk the centrality suggested by that designation He loved Boston as much as Charles Lamb loved London, its good blood and breeding best of all The great war of 1861-65 widened his sympathies, but as some old city is widened without the destruction of its original walls He had not been a good reformer. but the occasionalism of his verse had been good training for the songs required by the stern exigencies of rebellion and national defence. were 'A Voice of the Loyal North' and 'Voyage of the Good Ship Union' A boy at the front deepened the current of his verse, and when the boy was wounded he hastened to the front to look him up, and then wrote 'My Hunt for the Captain' with all a father's natural pride. But Holmes became more national without becoming less Bostonian, and the future antiquarian will find more of the essence of Boston in the Autocrat and its companion volumes than anywhere else The social Holmes was like a flitting bird, and as the 'Autocrat' he hovered restlessly from theme to theme, his knowledge of medicine, of books, of men, affording him a thou sand happy turns and illustrations Everywhere, or often, there was that infusion of the tear into the smile which makes humour possible and justifies its name, and through all the gaiety there ran a thread of serious purpose. He must be some thing of a Puritan even in his tilt against the Puritans There was so much of this in the Autogat and its sequels that not a little umbrige was taken, and it began to look as if Holmes would not prove such a good asset to the Atlantic as Lowell had surmised. He liked to run the parallel of his life with Dr Johnson's, who was born a century before him, and like Dr Johnson he was 'a good hater,' hating with a perfect hatred the Calvinistic theology, and more, if possible, the temper which he found associated with it in New England life. Like Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Lowell, he was connected with 'the unsectarian sect called Unitarians,' but they all sat less tightly to it than he, were all less dogmatic than he in their opposition to the dogmas of the traditional theology

The Autocrat, Professor, and Poet did not give sufficient scope for the anti Calvinistic passion of the little doctor's heart. Some of it he expressed directly in an article on Ionathan Edwards, stern in its reprehension of that mighty theologian's words and works, one of three biographical ventures, the second a Life of his friend John Lothrop Motley the historian, the third, Ralph Waldo Emerson in the 'American Men of Letters,' wherein the habit of his mind, so foreign to Emerson's, gave piquancy to his delineation called Emerson 'an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship' In 1861 he published a novel, Elste Venner, which his principal biographer has called, 'with the exception of the story of Eve, par excellence the snake-story of literature' His purpose was, under the cover of a suggestion of prenatal poisoning, 'to stir the mighty question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination. He wrote to Mrs Stowe that it was 'conceived in the fear of God and the love of man' But it was not con ceived in the spirit of pure literature or pure science, and had, with some attractive aspects, others that were repellent, and these the more dominant It was in his second novel, The Guardian Angel (1867), that his antipathetic relation to Calvinism took on its boldest shape. His father's Calvinism had been liberal for its day, but in 1829 he was yoked with a colleague whose theology was made of sterner stuff A good son doesn't like to have his father hustled by a Mr Slope without sense or sensibility, and in the Guardian Angel he pilloried his father's persecutor for the contempt of a new generation But the virtue of the book was more in those discursive elements which allied it with the Autocrat than in its theological assault

Those elements were marked by an immense vivacity, a sparkle like the multitudinous laughter of the sea. A third novel, A Mortal Antipathy, appeared in 1885, but it added nothing to the author's better things

Meantime his lyric muse had not disdained his cordial invitation. For many readers the value of the Autocrat and the Professor, in a less degree the Poet, consisted less in the rambling humour of the prose lucubrations than in the poems which vere embedded in their fertile soil Here and there a malignant compared them to precious stones shaming the spangles of a courtly fool The poems so introduced took a wide range, 'The Chambered Nautilus' their top and crown for high nobility, 'The One-Hoss Shay' for rollicking humour, the 'Old Horse that won the Bet' not Of 'The Chambered Nautilus' he said, 'When I wrote that, I did better than I could' It is commonly accounted his best achievement, hut its didactic ending would have spoiled it for Edgar Allan Poe, and Holmes's official biographer is disposed to give to 'The Last Leaf,' which Abraham Lincoln loved, the highest place. Not many others approximate to the height of these, but one's heart must be dull indeed not to leap up to such poems as 'Avis,' 'Iris,' 'Under the Violets,' 'Homesick in Heaven,' 'The Crooked Footpath,' 'The Voiceless,' 'The Silent Melody' Moreover, in the table-talk and elsewhere there are good ringing ballads such as 'Grandmother's Story' and

Come hither God be glorified, And sit upon my knee.

And what a picture is that of Captain Miles Standish of the Plymouth colony stirring a noble posset with his sword!—

He poured the fiery hollands in,—the man that never feared,— [yellow beard, He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and praved— [afraid All drank as 'twere their mother's milk and not a man

There was a fine antique flavour about much of Holmes's verse He loved the Queen Anne men, their metres, their manners, the epigrammatic brilliancy of Pope, Sterne's slow meandering. It would have been pardonable in him if he had fancied himself bringing back not only 'the stretched metre of an antique song,' but much beside, like the good woman who wore her venerable bonnet till its style came in again, and fancied all were copying her mode Holmes's was her luck without her vanity He was a survival, not a pioneer He welcomed the return of 'the kneebuckle men,' but did not dream that he had brought them back. But is it certain that Locker and Dobson and others owed nothing to his inspiration? It is likelier that they owed him much is certain that he knew their art before they came, that interpenetration of gaiety with tenderness which is the open secret of all good vers de société

general he was distinctly the artist among the New England poets, at the farthest remove in this respect from Whittier, filing his lines more consciously than Longfellow, and, as compared with Lowell, perhaps more the artist because having so much less of that poetical evuberance which is impatient of the delays of perfect form

In one field Dr Holmes was chief without a second among American poets-the poetry of festival and compliment. Who could so graciously welcome a coming, speed a parting guest? Who hide so tenderly with hurel the whitening temples of his friends? For poetry of this kind he had a wonderful facility, and what was so largely impromptu might well lack something of abiding It was enough that it touched some memorable occasion with a momentary gleam of tenderness and beauty It was at the annual meetings of his college class that he exercised this gift with the most daring playfulness. He was ready with a poem every year from 1851 to 1889, when 'After the Curfew' was the last. Sometimes he sang his It might begin with laughter, a sob was audible before it made an end 'The Boys' is one of the best of these for fun and tenderness, 'The Old Man Dreams' perhaps the best of all He died 7th October 1894, the last leaf on the tree of Boston's goodly brotherhood of lettered men 1890 there was a meeting of the class, three present, but 'no poem-very quiet-something very like tears' There were two or three more meetings, but no more poems. Three or four of his class survived him. He should have survived them all, and have read his last class poem to his own silent heart. It was a good work that he wrought for New England and America, and for a wider range With his joyous laughter he shook to its foundation the traditional distrust of the New England conscience in the undisguised enjoyment of life's various good. He heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound

#### The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feigh,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturons bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings
And coral reefs hie bare,

Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed,—

Its insed ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil,
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door, [more Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sen,
Cast from her lap, forlorn '
From thy dead hips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn l
While on mine ear it rings, [sings —
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll 1
Leave thy low valled past 1
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea 1

# The Deacon's Masterplece or, The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay'

Have you heard of the wonderful one hoss shay, That was built in such a logical way It ran a liundred years to a day, And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay, I'll tell you what happened without delay, Scaring the parson into fits, Frightening people out of their wits,—Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty five Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one hoss shay

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what, There is always somewhere a weakest spot,-In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, -lurking still, Find it somewhere you must and will,-Above or below, or within or without,-And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, That a chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do, With an 'I dew num,' or an 'I tell jeou,') He would build one shay to beat the tnown 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun', It should be so built that it couldn' break dagwn - 'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t's mighty plain Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain, 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—That was for spokes and floor and sills, He sent for lancewood to make the thills, The crossbars were ash, from the strughtest trees, The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese, But lasts like iron for things like these,

The hubs of logs from the 'Settier's ellum,'—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips,
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue,
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide,
Boot, top, dasher, from tongli-old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died
That was the way he 'put her through'
'There l' said the Deacon, 'naow she'll dew!'

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew liorses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED,—It came and found The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound Lighteen hundred increased by ten, 'Hahnsum kerridge' they called it then Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—Running as usual, much the same Thirty and forty at last arrive, And then came fifty, and FIFTY FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I I now, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large,
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day—There are traces of age in the one hoss shay, A general flavour of mild decay, But nothing local, as one may say There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part That there wasn't a chance for one to start. For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the sills, And the punels just as strong as the floor, And the whipple tree neither less nor more, And the back crossbar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub encore And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt In another hour it will be worn out!

Tirst of November, 'Fifty five!
This morning the parson takes a drive
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat tailed, ewe necked bay
'Huddup'' said the parson—Off went they
The parson was working his Sanday's text,—
He had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill.
—Tirst a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock, At half past nine by the meet'n' house clock,—
Just the hour of the Eartbquake slock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all it once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst
End of the wonderful one hoss shay
Logic is logic. That's all I say

#### The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane

They say that in his prime, Ere the pruning knife of Time Cut him down,

Not a better man was found

By the Crier on his round

Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone'

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb

My grandmamma has said—Poor old lady, she is dead
Long 190—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like 1 rose
In the snow

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh

I know it is a sin

For me to sit and grin

At him here,

But the old three cornered hat,

And the breeches, and all that,

Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling

## The Long Path

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favourable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good morning to me from the schoolhouse steps. I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle lint from my friends the publishers that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

Books we talked about, and education duty to know something of these, and of course she did Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers, the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,-but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers -Books are the negative pietures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,-to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a lude fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit,-to have winnowed every wave of it as a null wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards,-to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness, which keeps certain pareels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,-and then, just at the point when the white hot passions have cooled down to cherry red, plunge our experience into the ice cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province

The schoolmistress had tried life, too Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astro nomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who bave weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the pulm of their slender hands This was one of them Tortune had left her, sorrow had baptised her, the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and hip and every shifting lineament were made for love,-unconscious of their sweet office as vet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces

which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion

-I never spoke one word of love to the school mistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breal fast table, but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me The schoolmis tress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet. It was on the Common that we were walking or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, —Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly, —said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure—Thinl,—I said,—before you answer, if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her One of the long grante blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree—Pray, sit down,—I said—No, no,—she answered, softly,—I will walk the long path with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—'Good morning, my dears!'

(From The Autocrat)

The 'Riverside is an excellent edition of Dr Holmes's writings in fifteen volumes (Boston, 1892), including the official biography by J T Morse, jun. It does not include his Life of Emerson (1885), which is one of the 'American Men of Letters, nor his Life of Moiley (1875) The 'Standard Library edition includes these There are complete single volume editions of his poems, the Cambridge and 'Household, and there have been numerous English reprints. Morse's Biography and Letters is full of matter and admirable in tone. The best criticism is that of E C. Stedman in his Poets of America

# JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Susan Warner (1819-85), born at New York, published under the pen-name of 'Ehzabeth Wetherell' The IVide, Wide World (1851), in its own day next to Uncle Tom's Cabin the most successful American story, not in virtue of literary style, originality, romantic interest, or profound insight into character. But its sympa thetic presentation of an exemplary heroine and her rather commonplace fortunes, its sentimental piety and didactic emotionalism, charmed for a time a large and admiring public. There followed Quechy (1852), The Hills of the Shatemic (1856), The Old Helmet (1863), Melbourne House (1864), Dairy (1868), and A Story of Small Beginnings (1872). Her other works were mostly religious

# Henry David Thoreau,

naturalist, writer in several linds, and poet, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, 12th July 1817 No other town in the United States is so rich as Concord in literary associations, and to these Thoreau has contributed more than Hawthorne, and only in less degree than Emerson up more of the town than either of these into his mind and work. Its broad meadows, its 'sluggish artery,' the Musketaquid, its swift Assabet, its woods and pastures with their plants and creatures-these were the books and teachers that assured him a more liberal education than the Concord schools and Harvard College. On his father's side he was descended from Jerseymen of French extraction, but those who found French traits in him were obliged to reckon with the fact that his Saxon mother, Cynthia Dunbar, obviously supplied these She was vivacious, sprightly, talkative, the father stolid and taciturn, if not quite morose-a maker of good lead-pencils Henry at one time learned his father's art, but soon resolved that there were better things than pencils with which to make his mark In 1833 he entered Harvard College, and took the four years' course, a severe strain on his parents' means, and disappointing to their hopes, his graduation being without distinction, because he anticipated the elective system long in advance of its formal adoption. In the event he was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, his classical reading far beyond any college requirements, while for knowledge of the older English poets he was not easily matched As naturalist he found his books mainly in the running brooks and along their banks, but knew well the printed kind He was, moreover, a diligent Orientalist, an English friend, Lord Cholmondeley, making him the rich possessor of a splendid set of Hindu books, original and translated The North-American Indians had for him a profounder fascination The literature of their manners and history he read exhaustively, digging deep in the Jesual Rela tions, when the translator had not made access to them the easy thing it is now

No profession or form of business life attracting him, for ten years after leaving college he made himself an idler, to men's view, that he might better nurse his secret growth 'Never idle or indulgent,' says Emerson, 'he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labour agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world' Meantime he was carrying on a business that had no lack of continuity or serious purpose—the business of his literary life. It is likely that he was inspired by Emerson's example to make the production of good literature his secondary purpose, the first,

like Emerson's, the living of a simple, natural life after a fashion of his own. In 1837 he began that series of diaries which covered six hundred pages in three years, and in the course of ten years (1850-60) filled thirty manuscript volumes Here were no mere jottings of his observations, but the deliberate attempt to say what he had seen as exactly and as felicitously as possible. clination to verse was also strong, but (the pity of it!) discouraged by Emerson, so that, when thirty, he destroyed much, and afterward wrote little 1839 he made that excursion which is reported in his Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, to write which was the main purpose of his retirement to a hut upon the shores of Walden Pond brother John was the companion of his voyage, but he is not mentioned in the book. The silent organ chants his requiem John died a tragic death (from lock-jaw) in 1842, and Henry, passionately attached to him, was deeply affected by his loss and by the horror of his death Loving a girl whom he found John also loved, he had silently sacrificed his own upon the altar of his brother's hope He wrote nothing more exquisitely beautiful than his poem of fraternal loss. In 1841 he hecame an inmate of Emerson's household, remaining for two years Thoreau's originality was much threatened by this intimacy, and that it triumphed over it is proof how deep it was ingrained But for a time he took on so much of Emerson that some noted an Emersonian note in his voice, while the less genial declared that he was 'growing an Emerson nose' He had traits which Emerson disliked, while his own more sensitive nature was wounded by Emerson's occasional retirement into his deeper self. During his stay with Emerson he was writing for the Dial and helping Emerson to edit that organ of the Transcendentalists, which counted many sun-bright and some moonshine hours Other Concord friends were Alcott, Hawthorne, and Ellery Channing, a poet of real but uncertain power, and person ally the most difficult of the Concord set-his Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist is a standing proof of his unique appreciation Hardly less was that of F B Sanborn, another of Thoreau's numerous biographers Much less was that of Margaret Fuller, one of the brilliant Concord women, but Elizabeth Hoar, who went near to realise Emer son's ideal of womanhood, said that Concord was Thoreau's monument, covered all over with inscriptions of his genius and his work.

In 1843 Thoreau did some teaching in New York, and in the second year after his return to Concord he engaged (1845) in that enterprise which has excited more vulgar curiosity than any other action of his life—his retirement (for two years and two months) to the solitude of Walden Pond. Its character has been misconceived, but its importance has not been exaggerated. It enabled him to write the Week in peace and quietness, and to gather material for his more

popular, but hardly more precious, *Walden* It was a successful experiment in plain living, and a munly protest against the general opinion that a man's life *does* consist in the abundance of *things* that he possesses. The motive was not anti-social, much less misanthropic. At Walden, Thoreau kept in close connection with his Concord friends, much visiting and visited. There was no attempt to demonstrate the independence of the individual. He began by borrowing an axe, and he took with him much of 'the seasoned life of men' which is compacted in good books.

After leaving Walden, his next business was to publish the book which he had written there. One thousand copies of the Week were published, and in 1853 seven hundred of these were returned to him as unsalable, an experience on which his humour battened and which he seriously accounted valuable. Long since every copy of that edition was a collector's prize. In 1846 he had been to the Maine woods, and in 1853 and 1857 he went to them again, and his accounts of these excursions, partly published in his lifetime, made a posthumous volume, The Maine Woods, in 1864 In 1849 he made an excursion to Cape Cod, that sandy peninsu'a which, like a curled finger, beckoned the Pilgrim Fathers to their first landingplace on the New England coast This excursion also flowered into a series of articles, brought to completion in the posthumous Cape Cod of 1865 A Yankee in Canada had a similar history Walden appeared in 1854, and met with more favour than the Heek, a small edition selling before Thoreau's death An occasional lecture added something to his income, if little to his Emerson wrote of his lecturing reputation manner that his appearance of contempt for his audience only varied to express a more absolute scorn. In 1841 he refused to pay taxes in support of a Government implicated in war and slavery, and was put in fail for a few hours came to see him, and asked, 'Henry, why are you here?' 'Why are you not here?' said the The theory of this practice was exprisoner panded in 1849 in 'Resistance to Civil Government.' His whole heart and soul were in the anti-slavery reform When Emerson gave his first anti-slavery address in Concord, Thoreau rang the church-bell to summon the villagers as to a new Concord fight His Walden hut is rumoured to have been 'a station on the underground railroad'-a hiding-place for fugitive slaves In 1854 he made a vigorous and rigorous address to an abolitionist convention Meeting John Brown the revolutionist, he was fascinated by his character and spirit, and a fortnight after Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, when the old hero had a month to live, Thoreau summoned his fellow-townsmen to hear his 'Plea for John Brown,' two days later giving the same address in Boston, and not even Emerson's good word for Brown was so entirely frank and bold

Atlantic Monthly, which made so many new openings for New England writers, was promising some enlargement for Thoreau with the rest, when some rash exposure brought on a sickness which was to have no favourable turn. Besides, he was, as he said, 'sick for his country,' protesting that he should not be better while the war went on It had yet three years to lengthen out its misery when he died, 6th May 1862

Thoreau was never better named than by his friend and biographer Channing, who called him the Poet Naturalist. Even his methods of observation were poctic rather than scientific thought a bird in the bush worth two in the He liked to study living things as undisturbed as possible by knife or glass. It is probably true that he made few fresh discoveries But he saw things with his own eyes, discovered for himself what others read and heard, and 'he was yet in some sort,' says Grant Allen, 'a vague and mystical anticipatory precursor of the modern school of functional biologists' 'His power of observation,' savs Emerson, 'seemed to indicate additional senses He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard.' It was when he came to tell what he had seen and heard that the poet side of the naturalist was most plainly visible Few are his descriptions that do not flower into some metaphor or simile, confounding to the merely scientific. Paley was not more teleological 'What is man,' he says, 'is all in all, nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him? He thought the most important part of a description of any creature 'to tell what it is to man' He held a mirror up to human nature in animal and vegetable formsin the strutting turkey and the malodorous skunk fancying familiar aspects of humanity

This humanity of his nature-worship ill agrees with the opinion that he was misanthropic and lacked interest in men 'What is nature,' he said, 'if there be not an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights in which she shows most beautiful' He conceived himself as passionately devoted to the welfare of his fellow men. He could not imagine any possible service that he would not cheerfully render them, only stipulating that it should appeal to him as real His instincts were literary through and through Good books for him were nature's fairest flowers and birds of sweetest song write one or more was the thing nearest to his heart, so to say what he had seen, so to help other men to live To talk of his indifference to style is gross absurdity He would build sentences, he said, as durable as a Roman aqueduct. And Lowell, one of his harshest critics, testifies that there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crys tallised' It is true that, with the beauty, there was much disfigurement. Hyperbole and paradox were the rhetorical forms into which his humour ran too easily 'I trust that you realise,' he said, 'what an exaggerator I am-pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so' But sometimes he got a fall His fondness for resemblances led him too far afield, as where in low-roofed houses he saw lowbrowed monkeys, and his conceits were often madly fanciful, as where the June morning was for him 'the bursting bead on the surface of the uncorked day' On the other hand, there is often a marvellous felicity of phrase, and there are ex tended passages of unfaltering charm roughness in his verses, he was often master of an exquisite music. It was for other qualities that Emerson declared his 'Smoke' to be better than any poem of Simonides His influence has been great and wide He has raised up a host of literary naturalists, and a much greater one of people for whom all natural things are different and better since he passed this way, while still his best service is that which has made for the simplification of life. If here his followers have been too few, there is promise of a multitude in the conditions of a society whose intolerable noise and hurry must bring some sane reaction before long

## Building the Chimney

When I came to build my chimney I studied masonry My briels, being second-hand ones, required to be cleaned with a trowel, so that I learned more than usual of the qualities of brieks and trowels. The mortar on them was fifty years old, and was said to be still growing harder, but this is one of those sayings which men love to repeat whether they are true or not. Such sayings themselves grow harder and adhere more firmly with nge, and it would take many blows with a trowel to clean an old wisenere of them Many of the villages of Mesopotamia are built of second hand bricks of a very good quality, obtained from the ruins of Babylon, and the ecment on them is older and probably harder still However that may be, I was struck by the peculiar toughness of the steel which bore so many violent blows without being worn out. As my bricks had been in a chimney before, though I did not read the name of Nebuchadnezzar on them, I picked out as many fireplace bricks as I could find, to save work and waste, and I filled the spaces between the bricks about the fire place with stones from the pond shore, and also made my mortar with the white sand from the same place lingered most about the fireplace, as the most vital part of the house. Indeed, I worked so deliberately that though I commenced at the ground in the morning, a course of bricks raised a few inches above the floor served for my pillow at night, yet I did not get a stiff neel for it that I remember, my stiff neck is of older date. I took a poet to board for a fortnight about those times, which caused me to be put to it for room brought his own knife, though I had two, and we used to scour them by thrusting them into the earth shared with me the labours of cooking I was pleased to see my work rising so square and solid by degrees, and reflected that, if it proceeded slowly, it was cal The chimney is to culated to endure a long time some extent an independent structure, standing on the

ground and rising through the house to the heavens, even after the house is burned it still stands some times, and its importance and independence are apparent. This was towards the end of summer. It was non November

(From Il alzen)

#### What he Lived for

We must learn to remaken and keep ourselves awal e, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to ele ate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful, but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If ve refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might

I went to the woods because I wished to live de liberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not hived did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear, not did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and such out all the marrow of life, to live so stardily and Spartan like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world, or if it were sublime, to I now it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastile concluded that it is the chief end of in in here to 'glorifi God and enjoy IIIm forever '

Still we live meanly, life ants, though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men, lile pygmies we fight with crimes, it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our last virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten tinger, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand, instead of a million rount half a dozen and I eep your accounts on your thminb nul. In the anidst of this chopping sen of enabled life, such are the clouds and storms and quick sands and thousand and one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bo tom and not nale his port at all, by dead reckoning and he mut be r frost calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, aim plify Instead of three meds a day, if it he necessary eat but one instead of a hundred delies, five and reduce other things in proportion

Why should we live in his such harry and where of

life? We are determined to be starved before are and Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to day to save time to motrow As for work, we haven't any of any consu quence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsal e all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we vill confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it I nown, did not set it on fire, -or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely, yes, even if it were the panish church itself. Hardly a man talles a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, 'What's the news?' as if the rest of mail inil had stood his sentincle. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose, and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed Ifter a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfist. 'Pray tell me anything new that has imprened to a man anywhere on this globe,'-and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, to at a man has had his eves gouged out this morning on the Wachito River, never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye limself (From Il alien)

#### Rumours from an Æolian Harp

There is a vale which none linth seen, Where foot of man has never been, Such as here lives with toil and strife, An antious and a sinful life

There every virtue has its birth, Lre it descends upon the earth, And thither every deed returns, Which in the generous bosom burns

There love is warm, and voith is vounz, And poetry is vet unlung For Virtue still adventures there, And freely breathes her native air

And ever, if you hearken well I on still may hear its vesper bell And tread of high souled men go by Their thoughts conversing with the a

#### Haze

Woof of the sun ethereal gau e Woren of Nature's riche is uffe, Visible heat, air water, and die sea, La teorques of the eve Toil of the day displayed, sundu. Acrel art npa i the shorer of earth I thereal estuary, fr 'h of h, l t, Breake + of mr tillor a of leat. Tire commer spens on min-1 was Bird of the sir, tem pare thinged, Owlet of man, sof principal.

I can be all or sufficient for soft a some Latable in orders of or the fills.

## My Prayer

Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner pelf Than that I may not disappoint myself, That in my action I may sorr as high As I can now discern with this clear eye

And next in value, which The kindness lends, That I may greatly disappoint my friends, Howe'er they think or hope that it may be, They may not dream how Thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my hife practise more than my tongue saith,
That my low conduct may not show, nor my relenting
lines,

That I Thy purpose did not know, or overrated Thy designs

#### Nature

O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire,—
To be a meteor in the sky,
Or comet that may range on high,
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low,
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some witndrawn, unpublic mead Let me sigh upon a reed, Or in the woods, with leafy din, Whisper the still evening in Some still work give me to do,— Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child And pupil, in the forest wild, Than be the king of men elsewhere, And most sovereign slave of care To have one moment of thy dawn, Than share the city's year forlorn

#### The Fisher's Boy

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go,
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
Each smoother publie, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides

I have but few companions on the shore
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea,
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves east up no pearls to view,
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew

There is a complete 'Riverside Edition of Thoreau's writings in eleven volumes (1893). His letters edited by Emerson were better edited with additions by F. B. Sanborn (1894) giving a less stoical impression. For the Poems see Sanborn's collection. A great body of literature biographical and critical has grown up about Thoreau's name and is augmenting steadily. Channing's Thoreau the Poet Naturalist (1873) is the best quarry. Sanborn's Henry D. Thoreau, in 'American Men of Letters (1883) gives the Concord setting and his Personality of Thoreau is an admirable study and

recollection There are good English Lives by H. A. Page (1877) and H. S. Salt (1890 and 1896). There are many side lights in Lives of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, and in E. W. Emerson's Emerson in Concord which best shows Thoreau as the children's friend. The critical essays are innumerable. Lowell's, in My Study Windows, the best known and least just, John Burroughs, In Literary Values and elsewhere solunds a truer note.

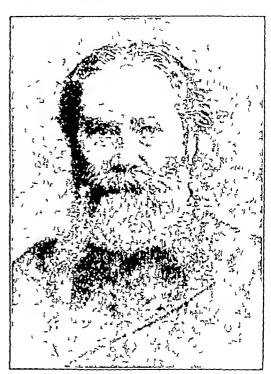
JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

# James Russell Lowell,

poet, essayist, publicist, humourist, scholar, and diplomatist, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 22nd February 1819, fated, as it were, by his birthday (Washington's) to that lofty patriotism which was the most distinguishing feature of his Elmwood, his birthplace, was one of several spacious houses built before the Revolutionary War, and together constituting 'Tory Room' The builder and occupant in the troublous times before the Revolution was Thomas Oliver, lieu tenant governor of the colony and President of the Council, who was forced to resign his office by a visitation of four thousand citizens joined the loyalists that swarmed to Halifax, and his house being seized and sold, it was bought and occupied by Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, for two years Governor of Massachusetts, and at the time of his death (1814) Vice President of the United States Thus the house had a variety of political associations to please the fancy of the growing boy and the grown man, and something better in the noble woods surrounding it, with their leafy 'choirs in which the sweet birds sang,' never when Lowell was at home to mattentive ears Harvard College was a little way off across the open fields, and, just as Lowell was entering on his studies there, Longfellow came to live in the Cragie house, a few rods from Elmwood, his early laurels no doubt dis turbing Lowell's sleep His father, Rev Charles Lowell, was a Unitarian clergyman, minister of the West Church in Boston, a man so sweet and gracious, and of so much simplicity, that his likeness to the Vicar of Wakefield did not escape the filial eye, so quick to mark resemblances and differences of any kind Dr Lowell's theological education was carried on in Edinburgh under Sir David Brewster and Dugald Stewart, but the son had forebears on his mother's side that gave him a much closer Scotch alliance The blood of Orkney Trails and Highland (or north country) Spences flowed in his veins, and it pleased him to imagine that Sir Patrick Spens and Minna Troil contributed some of its ruddier drops It is certain that his mother had an hereditary passion for the Scotch ballad poetry, and her recitation of 'Annie of Lochroyan' and other pieces was one of the influences that mixed his clay with heavenly fire. A local school fitted him for Harvard College, which he entered in 1834. He profited less by the regular course of study than by his miscellaneous reading, which tended, at first fitfully and then steadily, to the

best English literature A tendency to waywardness was aggravated by his parents' departure for a long European journey The father's pecuniary bribes, nicely proportioned to degrees of possible distinction, seemed base compared with the allurements of frolicsome escapades which subjected him to private and public admonition. The worst offence was on the event of his election by his class to be its poet, when for his excessive gaiety he was banished from Cambridge to Concord for some weeks on the eve of his graduation Concord he made Emerson's acquaintance, and was invited to walk with him, but he was not prevented by so much graciousness from lashing out at him in his Class-Day Poem, debarred from reading which, he printed it with additions Emerson suffered in good company, that of Carlyle and Garrison and the advocates of total abstinence and Women's Rights As touching Emerson and the abolitionists, and in general, the satire was an inverted prophecy of the enthusiasms of the full-grown man

The last year of Lowell's college life and that succeeding had much deeper troubles than those following on neglected recitations and undue hilarity They coincided with a period of eager and joyous and then hopeless passion, its object a girl possessing every intellectual and personal attraction When he was separated from her by some untoward chance, there was no measure to the bitterness of Lowell's grief and rige. We have his miserable confession that lie put a loaded pistol to his head, but was too cowardly The fate that seemed so cruel was the friendliest possible, for without his love for and marriage with Maria White, the comfortress who helped him to forget the past and set a happy future in his eyes, it is conceivable that he would have achieved no honourable fame was the good genius of his life, leading him to quick repentance of his reactionary tendencies, enlisting him among the Transcendentalists and in the anti-slavery cause, making Lowell the reformer possible Lowell met her in 1839, and they were married on Christmas Eve, 1844. In the meantime he had chosen a profession, law, and abandoned it after taking his degree and entering a lawyer's office in Boston The turmoil of his affections added to the perturbation of his mind In 1841 he published A Year's Life, a small collection of poems, its motto, Ich habe gelebt und geliebet, a frank confession of its autobiographical character. Here, equally plain, was the inspiration of his new-found happiness and of Keats and Tennyson sixty-eight poems and sonnets, his 'after-appro bation' admitted nine to his collected works, where a less evigent taste would have spared more of the innocents If not so wide and deep as it might have been, it was enough to commit him to literature as the profession of his final choice, and the next step was the projection and publication of the Proneer, of which three numbers were published It was the best American magazine of the period, a prophecy fulfilled in the Atlantic Monthly But Lowell's eyes gave out, so did the credit of the publishers, leaving them deep in debt for printing and contributions Besides, at this time Lowell's mind was too intent on poetry for lum to think or care for anything beside. All his life long the making of poems was his supreme delight Scratch the publicist or diplomatist and you came at once upon the poet. In 1843 he published a second volume, which marked a sure advance in his powers of poetical conception and expression It had, too, intimations of the coming



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

humourist, and it gave bonds of that allegiance to the anti-slavery cause which had its most distinct expression in the years from 1845 to 1849 Even those poems whose subject and treatment were remotest from the reformer's zeal could not escape it altogether Lowell's official biographer, H E Scudder, presses on us his opinion that Lowell's engagement with the anti-slavery reform was a misfortune to him as poet, distracting him from the main haunt of his peculiar power That he was poet in the first, reformer only in the second degree, there is no doubt. But for his high souled wife he might not have been the reformer in any manner or degree. Failing of her pure chrism he might have carried far the type of poetry of which his 'Legend of Brittany' (as sweet as Keats's Endymion, but far less exquisitely sweet) was typical, but in missing the anti-slavery

poems we should have missed much of his best work, not only the splendid tributes to Wendell Phillips and Garrison, the 'Vision of Miles Standish,' and the ringing stanzas of 'The Prosent Crisis, but the Bielow Papers, the first series and the second, for if Lowell had not played the part he did as opposing the annexation of fexas and the Mexican War (a sequence of pro-slavery turnitude), he never could have risen to the height of his great argument in 1861-64, either in verse or prose. His contributions to the Anti Slaver. Standard were neither first rate literary nor antislavery worl, but they helped to train the 'prentice hand which later worked so efficiently in his politi cal articles in the Atlantic and North Imerican Review, and in such crowning glories of his prose as his 'Democracy' of 1881 and his 'Independent in Politics' of 1888. But it is not at all as if Lowell's literary energy was exhausted by his work on anti-slavery lines. Studying the bibliography of his writings for the years 1845-50, ye discover that these years were remarkably prolific of poetry of the less strenuous kind The vaters troubled by the reform spirit did more than strengthen han for his anti-slavery work They touched hi poetic genius in its most ethereal part to finer The shelling of the anti-slavery in pulse (1850-60) coincided with the minimum of a his poetical production

To one reading Lovell's Biogr plu, or Letters, a or his Writings in the order of their production, the period 1845-49 is the most engaging which his life presents. Then he was poor, then he was happy, then he was tingling with the consciousness of various power. Sorrow came to him (the death of his first child, 1847), but it could not depress him long. The Broad-vos Journal might offer him a dollar a page for his best thoughts, and refuse them as smalling too much of reform. Edgar A Poe and Margaret Fuller might touch sore spots, but none of these things could move him (if at all, for long) from the jocund temper of his habitual life. Never again is he so in teresting, so locable. His letters of this period lend themselves to the contention that letter writing was his rarest gift, but only those can be convinced of this who did not know the boundless affluence and effervescence of his talk. These years, all vivid and abundant, had their degrees, and 1848 was Lowell's annus mir t-The bibliography furnishes abundant proof From the multitude of the year's publications there stand out Poems, a third collection bettering the second but not shaming it, A Fable for Critics, The Biglow Papers, and The Vis on of Sir Launfal The Fable, on one side witty and excellent criticism of Lowell's literary contempo raries, the caricultures better than poor likenesses. on the other side fell away into execrable puns and fantastic tricks in rhyming that would make the most perverse of Browning's weep, finding them sches outdone. In the Vision he was the re-

former, wearing a directise as thin as Vi len's samite robe, 's high more express than hid her' Its best parts were the introductions to the first and second sections of the poem, one a sinter piece, the other a rhaprod, of June Of Lovell's many variants of this theme, the be tas the prely sive part of Under the W. Horys Great was liss in in the world out of doors, and excellent his gift for noting and for naming every sugger ive aspect of the earth and sky. His beloved Keats was not more sensitive to the touch of natural beauty Burley Papers, now collected, had for two years been adding wit to sit satire to satire, score to scorn. Nowhere else dia I o vell siril e a note at once so por ciful and unique They printed the Mexican War just as it vas, a sordid crime Poetrs was the best vehicle of his politics. The Tankee dialect of the Paters as not an in cation nor an inquisition, but a reminiscence of that 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' of which he wrote Fears have been expresed that the apso well ness of the Pafers to their time sould be faul to their persistence. But the most recent listory has found them quotable to a remarkable degree and, so lon, a listory repeats the foll and the meanness of manland, here are boul ins to impale the one and swords to stule the other down ('The Courtin',' first published with the Ergi p' Patiers as 'an extract from a supported ballad by Mr Biglot,' was originall written to till a blank page, but was ulumately rounded off so as to make a connected and charming did or pastoral in twenty four verses)

Coincident with the mid century there vas a great divide in Lovell's life where it had been eager, joyous, and productive, it became wears sorrowful, spontineity and enthusiasm vanished and invention failed. He had good reason to be The 'resper v hose name is death' had been very busy in his field. Within a few years he had lost three children and his mother and in 1853 the gentle wife, impassioned and intrassioning, died A little property had come to them, and they had gone abroad, but their son Walter died in Rome, and after that the wife's decline went on with swifter pace. Bordering on her death there was for Lowell a region of thick darkness, a boding horror of intellectual ruin, in part excited by the spectacle of his father's miserable decay nately a plodding task made his life more endurable. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Smith Professor of Belles Lettres in Hamard College. A course of Low Il Lectures on English Poetry marked him infallibly as the right man for this succession. It also marked the gain that he had made upon his early Conversations with sone of the Old Poets (1845) Lowell's confession of indolence meant that he had his 'drowsy days,' alter nating with seasons of furious activity all the loss of the first Lowell, there was with the second a grin of steady effort. With less forceto use his own distinction—there was more power

To say that Lowell the scholar was born of those mid century pains would be no gross mistake The strength of his professorial work went preeminently into studies of Dante and Shakespeare. Much of it enjoyed a second birth in the Atlantic Monthly and the North American Review, and is preserved in Among my Books, first series 1870, and second series 1876 The year 1857 was marked for Lowell by two notable events-his second marringe and his engagement as editor of the newly established Atlantic From the completeness of his second marriage there was one serious deduction his wife did not like his humour and detested his Biglow Papers A new series of these was a dangerous venture, the first had set the mark so high, but the poet proved himself equal to it. With less spontaneity than the first series, they have more intellectual substance. Lowell's temperament was not more sensitive to private sorrow than to public spirit, and the Civil War drew from him not only the lightning of the new Biglow Papers, shattering every fallacy and blasting every baseness of the time, but also a series of great political essays, the earlier in the Atlantic, the later in the North American Review, of which he became joint editor with Professor C E Norton in 1863. The war inspired poems besides those of the Papers, and, at its close, the Harvard Commemoration Ode (1865), the most significant product of his poetic faculty from a national point of view. The joy of its swift shaping (523 lines in six hours) made him feel young again. A great ode, it is not one of the most perfect in its form, having the defects of its improvisation. The splendid characterisation of Lincoln was not originally a part of it. Its reputation selected Lowell as the vriter of three other odes, celebrating great national anniversaries in 1875, 1876, but, while Under the Great Elm contained a tribute to Washington which was only less splendid than the earlier tribute to Lincoln, in general these were far below the height of the Ode of 1865 The years following the war were as prodigal of poems as a battlefield of flowers, and these, with earlier ones, were gathered up in Under the Willows (1869) In 1870 appeared The Cathedral, Lowell's brilliant poetic comment on the interrelations of science and religion, marred here and there by spurts of irrepressible jocosity final volume, Hearts ease and Rue (1888), was variously rich, not least in poems that were stern reflections on the political turpitude into which the country fell away too soon from the impassioned ardours of its most fearful hour. Giving great offence to the political Bourbons, these poems endeared him to reformers and independents in politics, and because of them, or in spite of them, he was made minister to Spain by President Hayes (1877), and to England in 1880, remaining in this position till 1885. The diplomatic situation was not evigent, but his social opportunities were great, and his success with them did much to commend

his country to the British mind For one who had so long skirted the coasts of Bohemia, his skill in steering along those of Philistin was certainly immense His Birmingham address, 'Democracy,' was distinctly a bearding of the British lion in his den, but its noble frankness won him the respect which he would have forfeited by a less manly The address was as impromptu as the Harvard ode, but by this time Lowell's prose was pruned of all its earlier excess, if with some loss for things in lighter vein, with distinct gain for such addresses as the 'Democracy,' and the later (1888) 'Independent in Politics' In the former he had glorified American principles abroad, in the latter the defects of American practice at home invited the genial satire of his ripest power increasing sense that 'there is something magnificent in having a country to love' was on the reverse side a growing scorn of those who did political iniquity His own conception of patriotism was never better indicated than in his 'Epistle to his high minded friend George William Curtis, where he wrote

I loved my country so as only they Who love a mother fit to die for may, I loved her old renown, her stuniess fame,— What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

Lowell wished that he might die at Elm vood, and he had his wish, after much suffering, on the 12th of August 1891 He was a brilliant wit and a delightful humourist, a discursive essayist of unfailing charm, the best American critic of his time, a scholar of wide learning, deep also where his interest was most engaged, a powerful writer on great public questions, a patriot 'passionately pure,' but first, last, and always he was a poet, never so happy as when he was looking at the world from the poet's mount of vision and seeking for fit words and musical to tell what he had seen. But his emotion was not sufficiently 'recollected in tranquillity' Had he been more an artist he would have been a better poet, for he would then have challenged the invasions of his literary memory, his humour, his animal spirits, within limits where they had no right of way. If his humour was his rarest, it was his most dangerous, gift, so often did it tempt him to laugh out in some holy place. Accused of literary inspiration, for first-hand acquaintance with Nature he had no superior, nor did Thoreau rejoice in her companionship with more unaffected joy What is most subjective in his verse, its keenest notes of joy and sorrow, draws us by a yet stronger cord Less charming than Longfellow, less homely than Whittier, less artistic than Holmes, less grave than Bryant, less vivid than Emerson, less unique than Poe, his qualities, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, in their assemblage and co-ordination assign him to a place among American men of letters which is only a little lower than that which is Emerson's, and his alone

## From 'A Fable for Critics'

'There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme, He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders, But he can't with that builde he has on his shoulders, The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching Till he learns the distinction 'twist singing and preaching, His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well, But he'd rather hy half make a drum of the shell, And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem, At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem'

#### Massachusetts

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle nest,
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world'

Haint they sold your colored scamen?

Haint they made your env'ys wiz?

Wut'll make ye act like freemen?

Wut'll git your dander riz?

Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'

Is our dooty in this fix,

They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'

In the days o' seventy six

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own,
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South—

'I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man,
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!

Ef I'd my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
Guess it wouldn't break my heart,
Man had ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined,
An I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind
(From Eiglow Pafers 1st Senes, No 1.)

## The Pious Editor's Oreed.

I du believe in Freedom's cause, Ez fur away ez Payris is, I love to see her stick her claws In them infarnal Phayrisees, It's wal enough agin a king To dror resolves an' triggers— But libbaty's a kind o' thing Thet don't agree with niggers. I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n iinto Cæsar,
Ter it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread an' cheese air,
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things o' thet description

I du believe that holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral tu a Presidint,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal broke precedunt,
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I do believe worter trash
'Il keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicians can thrish
Right inter brotherly kindness,
That bombshells, grape, in' powder 'n' ball
Air good will's strongest mignets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be dray in with bignets

In short, I firmly du beheve
In Humhug generally,
Fer it's n thing that I perceive
To heve a solid vally,
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet beth led me
An' this'll I eep the people green
To feed ez they heve fed me.

(From Bigle v Papera, ist Senes, No vil)

#### Jonathan to John.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull
Ole Uncle S see he, 'I guess
We know it now,' see he,
'The hon's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J B,
Thet's fit for you an me!'

We own the ocean, tu, John
You mus'n't take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's just your own back yard
Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,
Ef thet's his claim,' sez he,
'The fencin' stuff'll cost enough
To bust up friend J B,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

We know we've gut a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true,
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you
Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess
His love of right,' sez he,
'Hangs by a rotten fibre o' colton
There's natur' in J B,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

The Sonth says, 'Poor folks down'' John, An' 'All men up!' say we—
White, yaller, black, 'n' brown, John
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,
John preaches wal,' sez he,
'But, sermon thru, an' come to du,
Why, there's the old J B
A crowdin' you an' me''

Shall it be love, or hate, John?

It's you thet's to decide,

Ain't jour bonds held by Fate, John,

Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,

Wise men forgive,' sez he,

'But not forget, an' some time yet

Thet truth may strike J B,

Lz wal ez you an' me!'

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' nnderstand, John,
The with o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,
God's price is high,' sez he,
'But nothin' else than with He sells
Wears long, an' thet J B
May learn like you an' me!'
(From Biglow Papers and Series, No 11-)

## From The Vision of Sir Launfal'

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life minimur, or ee it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers,
The flush of life may well be seen
Theritage beel over bulls and valley

Thriling back over hills and valleys,
The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chilice, And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace,
The little hird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives,
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay,
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it,
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps np and the blossoms swell,
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We may shut our eves, but we cannot help knowing That skies are clear and grass is growing, The breeze comes whispering in our ear, That dandelions are blossoming near.

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing, That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack,

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,— And hark ' how clear bold chanticleer, Warmed with the new wine of the year, Tells all in his lusty crowing 1

#### Under the Willows

Frank hearted hostess of the field and wood, Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree, June is the pearl of our New England year Still a surprisal, though expected long, Her coming startles Long she hes in wait, Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coaly back, Then, from some southern ambush in the sky, With one great gush of blossom storms the world A week ago the sparrow was divine, The bluebird, sliifting his light load of song From post to post along the cheerless fence, Was as a rhymer ere the poet come, But now, O rapture ' sunshine winged and voiced, Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud, Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one, The bobolink has come, and, like the soul Of the sweet season vocal in a bird, Gurgles in eestasy we know not what Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June

#### Abraham Lincoln.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn out plan,
Repeating us by rote
From him her Old World moulds aside she threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,

Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed, Who loved his charge, but never loved to lea-

Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead, One whose meek flock the people joyed to be, Not lured by any client of birth,

But by his clear-grained human worth, And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust,

They could not choose but trust In that sure footed mind's unfaltering skill,

And supple tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea mark now, now lost in vapours blind,
Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also night to heaven and loved of loftiest stars

Nothing of Europe here,

Whitman with 'a clear and unmistaken conviction to disobey all and go his own way.' This edition had some sale. In 1862 Whitman went to Washington, and for two years did patient and efficient service as a volunteer nuise in the soldiers' hospitals. Of these years there is ample and affecting record in his Drum Taps and in The Wound Dresser (a series of letters to his mother) and the prose Specimen Days. Appointed to a clerkship in the national Department of the Interior, he was dismissed by the Secretary as 'the author of an indecent book.' I rom this incident came W. D. O'Connor's splendid vindication, 'The Good Gray Poet,' and Whitman got another



WAITLR WIIIIMAN
From a Photograph by Notman

government appointment, which he held till he was stricken with paralysis in 1873. Apparently the emotional strain of the hospital service had sapped the foundations of his health The remainder of his life was spent in Camden, New Jersey, an unlovely extension of Philadelphia, where he had noble visitors and faithful friends, with some whose flatteries would have sickened him had his appetite for such ment been less robust New editions of his poems appeared from time to time, seed for the collector's harvest further on, a significant one in 1876, so broad the stamp on it of his individuality, and one in 1882, nearly complete, which his Boston publishers abandoned when threatened with prosecution by the Massachusetts Attorney-They begged Whitman to make some concessions to the official censor, but he stubbornly refused Luther at Worms was not more intrac table Here he stood he could no otherwise

I or some years of his homefaring his engagement with the thought of death was steady and profound, and embodied itself in much beautiful expression. He died as he had sung, with quiet confidence, 26th March 1802

Carlyle found his earliest clear response in America, contrariwise Whitman, another thairs man, lus in Lingland But it is too often forgotten or concealed that it was an expurgated edition that made for Whitman his first English friends it is perhaps true that, like Poc, he has his most enthusiastic following abroad Again, like Poc, his theories of versification seem afterthoughts. We may as easily doubt that his irregular dithyramlis were deliberately adopted as the form best suited to his thought as that 'The Raven' was as mechani cally set up and stuffed as Poe averred. Whitman wrote as he did because he could write in this way and could not write in the more formal rhythms The method was not a defect. It was the inevit able expression of his character, which he described as 'disorderly, fleshly, and sensual' It fitted him much better than his clothes- never a strong nomi with him. It was not by any means, mere form lessness. With less inclody than some other forms, buch poems as 'The it lind inore of harmony Mystic Irumpeter,' 'Out of the Cradle,' 'Passage to India,' have the genesis and evodus of great musical compositions. It was not mere fancy on Whitman's part that he and Wagner made one There are too, if not 'countless' particular felicities, as J. A. Symonds wrote, more than few Many of the titles are short poems, many initial lines as musical as the conventional Apollos lute Many phrases are as picture making is Carlyle. as vivid as Emicreon's a hile others are particularly bad, as where the grass is called the uncut hair of graves' and God's perfumed handkerchief which he has dropped with his name in the corner of these phrasus have been admired, but the first would be as had as possible were it not for the There are other defects which qualify but second do not neutralise the better parts The diction is often prostic, but a worse fault is its inventions of mongrel French and Spanish words, the monstrous phrenological terminology, the paste-jewels of Whitman's own manufacture, and the lapses into mere prettiness. With many noble cadences, he has cacophonies that he night easily have smoothed His catalogues of things innumerable, pitch forked together without order or congruity, have grieved his more judicious friends and inspired amusing parodies, but without them the total impression would be less powerful than it is now He carries us away as with a flood, and they are the scouring of its banks, swirled on its tossing A splendid anthology could be culled from Whitman's poems, but it would give us no iden of his prairial 'leagues of sun illumined corn,' bowed by a rushing wind The multitude of his particulars is necessary to his main effect prevails in virtue of the volume and momentum of

his stream. At his best he gives us a sense of elevation and expansion which is to the spirit what the height and air of mountains is to the bodily sense.

The audicity of Whitman's treatment of sex relations has given pause not only to his detractors à outrance, but to his admirers here and there. It is permitted us to doubt his taste and wisdom, but not his brave sincerity. Despising the 'snickering pruriency' and innuendo which are the warp and woof of men's habitual regard for sexual things, he would redeem them by an absolute frankness But, pleading for their sacredness, he makes them so repulsive that his poems are discouragements of the normal relationships of sex, and he raises the question whether certain instinctive silences are not as sacred as the functions of the sexual man Morcover, there is no recognition of romantic love in his poems The procreative aspect swallows up every other

The section of the Leaves called 'Calamus' has troubled some of Whitman's friends for whom his blessing on things sexual in 'Children of Adam' is not too frank and bold. It celebrates the mutual friendship of man with man in terms that are too sweet and soft for the more manly sort. A manly man likes not to be caressed by one of his own sex. Such a prophecy as this ought not to be of any private interpreta ion, yet J. A. Symonds had to wait for Whitman's private assurance of his intention before he could read without misunderstanding It is at this point that we feel that Whitman, whose virility is so much vaunted by himself and others, has an invirile strain, a predilection for certain mushy words and sentiments and traits. His feeling for nature is involved in this, and there is in his natural descriptions a surplusage of such words as 'luscious,' 'voluptuous,' 'delicious' It should, however, be said of 'Calamus' that it is highly representative of that passion for comrideship which was ever one of the master-passions of Whitman's mind.

If Whitman were an 'art for art's sake' decadent, these considerations would be irrelevant, but his friends claim for him, as he for himself, that his work was one of moral elevation. Hence a difficulty, much greater than that inherent in 'Children of Adam,' obtruded by such poems as 'Native Moments,' and passages of similar import which seem to teach a doctrine of moral indifference.

What blurt is this about virtue and vice?

Evil propels me and reform of evil propels me—

I stand indifferent

And when he cries

O to be relieved of distinctions to make as much of vices as virtues,

we wonder at his dissatisfaction with his achieved success. Here, we are told, is the high-water mark of Whitman's sympathy he is Terence's man to whom nothing human is foreign. But even though, 'if all were known, all would be forgiven,' it does not follow that it would be cordially assumed and re enacted, as Whitman seems to say

Before the face of Whitman's message, as this appeals to those who know him best and love him most, every defect of his manner, every evaggeration of his doctrine, hides a diminished head Let the character of his admirers plead for him, barring some foolishness, and in the court of fame he will be gloriously crowned. No admiration did him more honour than that of Anne Gilchrist, and it was typical of a wide range. It fed upon his confidence in God and man, the universe and the This confidence is not so much immortal life Whitman's as Whitman It might be written of the Leaves as of the Koran, 'There is no doubt in this book' This dauntless optimism attracts as does nothing else in Whitman's range. But that range is wide, and several points are salient in majestic rivalry One that emerges conspicuously is the importance of the individual, the worth of every individual soul Not Edwards nor Channing was more sure of this, and Emerson's 'First soul, and second soul, and evermore soul' might be a leaf of Whitman's grass It is as the soul's organ and minister that the body is so much to him is as nourishing the soul that the universe is most wonderful, while still the soul is ever more than it Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God.

At Nature and its Wonders, Time and Spice and

But that I, turning, call to thee, O Soul, thou actual Me, And lo thou gently musterest the orbs,
Thou matest 1 ime, smilest content at Death,

And fillest, swellest full the vistnesses of Space.

It is as the arena of individuality, as the soul's opportunity, that Democracy is so important and its 'vistas' so encouraging (It should be said, however, that in his prose Democratic Vistas (1871) there was much less brag than in the earlier poems. and a sure finger on some ailing spots ) It is because every individual is so precious that Whitman in his representative capacity-which qualifies at minny points his towering egotism, or what appears to be such-disdains companionship with no fellowbeing, even the most vile. The note of universal sympathy continually recurs and it is so cloquently written because it is so genuinely felt. finally, it is because the individual soul is so great a being, the pride and darling of the universe, all things subordinate to it, that it is secure of endless God is not surer, and of Him the meanest thing in nature is a proof that 'sextillions of in fidels' cannot confute.

The tragedy of Whitman's life and art is that, while he was so proudly and joyously the poet of the people in every aspect of their swarming life, they did not care for him. They preferred the cultivated Longfellow, the 'snow-bound' Whittier and Whitman is still the poet of a literary class, and there is little sign of his approaching recognition and adoption by the Democracy with which he identified himself so heartly. So heartly, and

yet not perfectly, so indifferent was he to those attractions of material wealth which are so powerful for his countrymen. Here, possibly, we have the secret of his failure to engage their interest.

#### Hours for the Soul.

July 22nd, 1878 -Living down in the country again A wonderful conjunction of all that goes to make those sometime miracle hours after sunset—so near and yet so Perfect, or nearly perfect days, I notice, are not so very uncommon, but the combinations that male perfect nights are few, even in a lifetime Sunset left things one of those perfections to night pretty clear, the larger stars were visible soon as the shades allow d. A while after eight, three or four great black clouds suddenly rose, seemingly from different points, and sweeping with broad swirls of wind but no thunder, underspread the orbs from view everywhere. and indicated a violent heat storm. But without storm, clouds, blackness and all, sped and vanished as suddenly as they had risen, and from a little after nine till cleven the atmosphere and the whole show above were in that state of exceptional clearness and glory just alluded to In the north west turned the Great Dipper with its pointers round the Cynosure A little south of east the constell lation of the Scorpion was fully up, with red Antarcs glowing in its neck, while dominating, majestic Jupiter swam, an hour and a half risen, in the east-(no moon till after eleven). A large part of the sly seein'd just laid in great splashes of phosphorus. You could look deeper in, farther through, than usual, the orbs thiel as heads of wheat in a field. Not that there was any special brilliancy either-nothing near as sharp as I have seen of keen winter nights, but a curious general luminousness throughout to sight, sense, and sonl. The latter had much to do with it (I am convinced there are hours of Nature, especially of the atmosphere, mornings and even ings, address'd to the soul. Night transcends, for that purpose, what the proudest day can do ) Now, indeed, if never before, the heavens declared the glory of God It was to the full the sky of the Bible, of Aribin, of the prophets, and of the oldest poems. There, in abstrac tion and stillness (I had gone off by myself to absorb the scene, to have the spell unbroken), the coprousness, the removedness, vitality, loose clear crowdedness, of that stellar concave spreading overhead, softly absorb'd into me, rising so free, interminably high, stretching east, west, north, south-and I, though but a point in the centre below, embodying all.

As if for the first time, indeed, creation noiselessly sank into and through me its placid and untellable lesson, beyond—O, so infinitely beyond —anything from art, books, sermons, or from science, old or new. The spirit's hour—religion's hour—the visible suggestion of God in space and time—now once definitely indicated, if never again. The untold pointed at—the lieuvens all paved with it. The Milky Way, as if some superliuman symphony, some ode of universal vagueness, disdaining syllable and sound—a flashing glance of Deity, address'd to the soul. All silently—the indescribable night and stars—far off and silently.

(From Speumen Dags)

## Boston Common-More of Emerson

Oct 10-13—I spend a good deal of time on the Common, these delicious days and nights—every mid day from 11 30 to about 1—and almost every sunset

another hour. I I now all the big trees, especially the old clins along Tremont and Beacon Street, and have come to a sociable silent understanding with most of them in the sunlit air (yet crists cool enough), as I saunter along the vide unpaved wall a. Up and down this breadth by Beacon Street, between these some old class. I wall 'd for two hours, of a bright sharp I change middly twenty one years ago, with I nierson, then in his prime, I cen, physically and morally may notic, arm dat every point, and when he chose, vaciding the emotional just as well as the intellectual. During the e two hours he was the till er and I the his ener. It is as in argument statement, reconnouring, revie, attacl, and pressing home (lile an army corps in order, artillers, enales, mifantry) of all that could be said against that part (and a mun part) in the construction of my poems, 'Children of Adam. More precious than gold to me that dister tation-it afforded me, ever after, this strange and paradoxical lesson, each point of L's statement was unanswerable, no judge's charge ever more complete or convincing I could never hear the points better pu -and then I felt down in my sail the clear and na mistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own "What have you to say then to such things?" said I, pausing in conclusion Only that, while I can t answer them at all, I feel more settled than ever to adhere to my own theory, and exemplify it," i is my candid response. Whereupon we went and had a good dinner at the American House. And thencefors and I never waver'd or was touch'd with qualms (as I confess I had been two or three times before)

(Trom Sf ween Page)

## From 'Song of Myzelf'

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journer work of the sars,

And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grum of sand, and the egg of the wren,

And the tree tond is a chef decuvre for the highest, And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of

heaven,

And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all

mirchinery, And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses

any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of
infidels

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placed and self contain'd

I stand and look at them long and long

They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not he awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to mother, nor to his kind that hved thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,

They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.

# The City Dead-House

By the city dead house by the gate,
As idly sauntering wending my wav from the clangour,
I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead
prostitute brought,

Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the dump brick pavement,

The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on it alone,

That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not.

Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from fancet, nor odours morbific impress me,

But the house alone—that wondrous house—that deheate fair house—that ruin '

That immortal house more than all the rows of dwellings ever built '

Or white domed capitol with majestic figure surmounted, or all the old high spired cathedrals,

That little house alone more than them all—poor, des perate house '

Fair, fearful wreek—tenement of a soul—itself a soul, Unclaim'd, avoided house—take one breath from my tremulous lips,

Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you, Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled, crush'd,

House of life, crewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house, dead even then,

Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead

## To the Man-of-War-Bird.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces,
realms gyrating,

At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America, 'That sport'st amid the lightning flash and thunder cloud, In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul, What joys I what joys were thine!

# Prayer of Columbus

A batter d, wreek'd old min,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and durk rebellious brows, twelve dreary
months,

Sore, stiff with many toils, sieken'd and nigh to death, I take my way along the island's edge, Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day,
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune
with Thee,

Report myself once more to Thee.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand,
That Thou O God my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
I ight rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages,
For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near, The clouds already closing in upon me,

The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost, I yield my ships to Thec.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,

My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O Gou, though the waves
buffet me,

Thee, Thee at least I know

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving? What do I know of life? what of myself? I know not even my own work past or present, Dim ever shifting guesses of it spread before me, Of newer better worlds, their mighty particular, Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me

#### The Death of Lincoln

O Captain' my Captain' our fearful trip is done, The ship has weather d every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring,

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deek my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ' my Captain ' rise up and hear the bells, Rise up—for you the fing is flung—for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a crowding.

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning,

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his hips are pale and still; My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will. The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes In with object won,

Exult O shores, and ring O bells I
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
I allen cold and dead

#### From 'Passage to India.'

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space

## Harriet Beecher Stowe.

the author of Uncle Ton's Cabin, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 14th June 1811 father was Lyman Beecher, a powerful preacher of Nev England orthodoxy with some personal variations, who in 1826 was called to Boston to check the rising flood of Unitarianism there, and met with some success. Harriet was the sixth of eight children by Rovanna Foote, after whose death Dr Beecher went on marrying and increasing his family The seventh child of the first marriage was Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular preacher America has produced, mingling much poetry and humour with a profound spirituality, and carrying much farther his father's tentative reforms of the traditional theology was a remarkable family, not only for its ultimate size, but for the ability of its members Harriet and Henry were its most shining lights, and their two hearts had but one beat as children and lifelong, especially in the anti-slavery struggle The mother, a bright and beautiful spirit, contributed their finer parts The father found her reading Sir Charles Grandison when he went to woo, and Evelina was another of her early joys She died when Harriet was hardly four years old When twelve the poor child wrote an essay on Immortality, and about the same time was as deeply affected by Lord Byron's death as young Tennyson by the same event, but his was grief for the dead poet, hers for the lost soul. During her father's Boston ministry he became aware of her as an individual and not merely one of his many children, and when in 1832 he removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, she joined his caravan object was to found the Lane Theological Seminary, hers to assist her sister Catherine in a female She remained in Cincinnati eighteen academy years, a period of chronic illness and low spirits, poverty, anxiety, and domestic drudgery ing Calvin E Stowe, a teacher in her father's school, in 1836, she bore six children in swift succession, her husband, meantime, less the supporting oak than the dependent vine. His most brilliant moment was in 1842, when he advised his wife to drop her original middle name (Elizabeth) and go in for literary fame. The next year a volume of her stories was published, but they For her tract of this period, were not much Larthly Care a Heavenly Discipline, she had but to look into her own heart and write

The year 1850 was signalised by her removal to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne and Longfellow had been classmates at an earlier date, and where now her husband was to occupy a professor's chair. The labour of moving and getting settled fell largely to her share, so that she was 'really glad of an excuse to lie in bed'—the birth of her seventh child, with whom in arms, and full of household care, she wrote *Uncle Tont's Cabin* in 1851–52,

publishing it in the National Era, a semi-literary and anti-slavery paper issuing from Washington, District of Columbia. She had no clear idea at the start how she was going on or coming out. She expected to finish it in twelve numbers, and it run through forty-three. The first part written was 'The Death of Uncle Tom,' which came to her as a kind of vision while she was in church. In the course of its appearance in the Era it excited little attention. Nevertheless, a Boston publisher thought there was something in it, and offered to publish it, giving her a half share of the profits. She declined the offer because her husband was 'altogether too poor to assume the risk.' The



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
After a Photograph

publisher assumed this and gave her 10 per cent. royalty, which brought her \$20,000 in the course The Era had given her \$300 of six months The wonderful fortunes of the book are related by Mrs Stowe in the 'Illustrated Edition' of 1879 when there were forty three Figlish editions in the British Museum and nineteen translations literature of imitation, criticism, and counterblast sprang up around the book, above which it easily towered A little later a circulation of 1,500,000 was reckoned in Great Britain alone, and still it multiplies its readers and editions More than two hundred copies are (1903) in constant demand in the New York Public Library

Even more remarkable than the external fortunes of the book is the author's lack of intellectual and moral preparation for it and pre-engagement with it. Her first knowledge of slavery on its own ground was in 1833, when she visited a Kentucky

plantation, which became Colonel Shelby's in the She saw something of pro-slavery riots in Cincinnati, and something of runaway slaves, only the Ohio's width intervening between Cincinnati and slave territory. Once she had a slave-girl as a servant in her house, and when the manhounds were on the girl's track Mrs Stowe's husband and brother spirited her away towards Canada, so furnishing Mrs Stowe with one of her strong incidents Had her own scent upon the trail of slavery been keen, her opportunities for intimate knowledge of it would have been adequate to lier demands. But living for eighteen years next door to slavery, and, as it were, in the first station of the 'underground railroad,' she does not appear to have had any deep interest in the matter during those years. She probably sympathised with her father when, at the dictation of the slaveholding interests, he silenced the discussion of slavery in his school and forced the withdrawal of the anti-slavery students liked the abolitionists and was still a 'colonisationist' when she wrote Uncle Tour's Cabin Apparently she waited, as did many others, for the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law (1850) to wake her sleeping heart, and it was first through another's eyes that she saw the horror of the situa Her brother Edward's wife in Boston had a close view of the slave captures and renditions, and she wrote to Mrs Stowe commanding her to 'write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is' Mrs Stowe read the letter in her little Brunswick parlour, and then crushing it in her hand, as if it were the monster, said, erecting her tired body, 'I will write something I will, if I live' No yow was ever kept more sacredly. Once launched upon the tide of her story, she was swept along with passionate sympathy Much of it was written in the small hours of the night, after the baking, mending, child-nursing, house-printing, and other drudgery of the day The book written in this fashion had the defects of its qualities The plot was loose and rambling, the style had ailing spots. the knowledge of Southern life and character and situation had its defective side. But the author had the divine gift of imagination, and her book was Every character had reality, so had the scenery of the book, so had its main effect It did not evaggerate the horrors of slavery confessed the better side. But that its general truth was not too harsh the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, published in 1853, furnished irrefragable proof It is difficult to estimate the effect of the book on the anti slavery cause. It has generally been accounted its most powerful instrument. Lincoln said to Mrs Stowe in 1862, 'Are you the little woman that made this great war?' On the other hand, we have to reckon with the fact that the anti slavery vote fell off nearly one-half in the presidential election of 1852. Shortly the book had 'great allies'—the repeal of the Missouri

compromise in 1854 and the Kansas conflict following But, however modified or enhanced, its effect on the great struggle, now rapidly approaching its climax, must have been deep and wide

It helped to liberate the slave, it entirely liberated Mrs Stowe's own genius and in part her spirit. After 1852 she seemed a different woman In her letters the dignity of great events sup planted her domestic miseries. Her book made her an abolitionist. The grand of poverty was over, while still she must somehow be always scraping her brains for money as if there were still a wolf at the door. In England she was the object of an ovation which would have spoiled a nature less entirely simple than her own. In Dred (1856), a second anti-slavery novel, and in The Minister's Wooing, and especially in Old Town Folks, she attained an artistic excellence denied to her great improvisation. Had Uncle Tom's Cabin rendered Southern life as perfectly as Old Town Folks rendered New England life and character, without loss of lyrical passion, it would have been a greater book. In Dred there was some waking to the perception of the ex-slaveholder, James G Birney, that the American churches were 'the bulwark of slavery' In the Minister's Wooing Mrs Stowe's moral nature was more deeply engaged than in Uncle Tom, for slavery never shook her soul with its enormity as did the doctrine of endless future punishment. Agries of Sorrento and The Pearl of Orr's Island, agreeable stories, suffered from the exigencies of simultaneous production To drive her spontaneous soul in publisher's harness was always difficult. She anticipated no permanent reputation for her writings subsequent to Old Fown Folks The closing period of her life crowned her with great reverence and affection, while burdening her with domestic sorrow, a fierce attack upon her brother's character, the painful episode of her own attack upon Lord Byron's, and the slow but sure breaking down of her mind some years before her death, which occurred 1st July 1896

Mrs Stowes works, as published in the 'Riverside Edition in seventeen volumes, include a Life written by her friend Annie Fields in one volume. This, an excellent book, is also published separately (1898). There is another Life, 'compiled from her journal and letters, by her son Charles Edward Stowe (1890). It is not well done but is fuller than Mrs Fields s.

# JOHN WHITL CHADWICK.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-87), Mrs Beecher Stowe's brother (see page 809), graduated at Amherst College, preached for eight years at Indianapolis, and in 1847 became pastor of Plymouth (Congregational) Church in Brooklyn, where, practically ignoring formal creeds, he preached what he held to be the gospel of Christ, contended for temperance, and denounced slavery to an immense congregation. He was a strenuous politician, at the close of the war in 1865 he became an earnest advocate of recon-

ciliation He long wrote for the Independent, and after 1870 edited the Christian Union charge of adultery (1874) was not proved. Of his vittings, many of them first published in journals, the principal are Star Papers (1855), Summer in the Soul (1858), Eyes and Lars (1864), Lectures to Young Men (1844, revised ed 1850), Aids to Prayer (1864), Norwood (1867), Lecture-Room Talks (1870), Yale Lectures on Prinching (1872-1874), Evolution and Religion (1885), and a Life Many collections of his serof Christ (1891) mons, lectures, and speeches were published, two volumes of sermons selected by Lyman Abbot in Other volumes were called 1868 are of his best Life Thoughts and Comforting Thoughts . He was a most eloquent and effective orator in pulpit and on platform, and wrote largely for journals, his sermons and prayers were phonographically Besides his Autobiographical Reminiscences (1898), there are more than half a dozen independent Lives of him, that by Scoville and others (1888) is the most authoritative.

## John Lothrop Motley,

New Englander to the backbone though he was, did not trace his paternal line of ancestry to the Puritan settlers His great-grandfather, John Motley, who emigrated from Ireland to Maine in the early eighteenth century, may have contributed a new element to the original Massachusetts stock Still, the typical blood of the American Boston also ran in the historian's veins, lus mother was descended from John Lothrop, a Nonconformist minister, who fled to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century to escape imprisonment in England It was Anna Lothrop who gave his distinguished appearance to her son (one of her eight children), who was born 15th April 1814, at Dorchester, now part of the city of Boston. From a preliminary school, Lothrop went to a school where George Bancroft, one of the head masters, moved him to acquire German In 1831 he graduated at Harvard University, where one of his college friends was Oliver Wendell Holmes, later his biographer From Harvard the eighteen-vear-old student passed to Göttingen, where he began an intimacy with Bismarck which continued unbroken to his death, at Berlin the two were fellow-lodgers. Two years of German university life were followed by law studies in Boston During this period Motley met and married (1837) Mary Benjamin, who for thirty-seven years was an inspiration to him vears later (1839) was launched anonymously his first literary venture, a crude and vouthful romance called Mortor's Hope, into which were worked in modified form many of the author's experiences

At the age of tventy seven Motley was sent to St Petersburg as Secretary of Legation, but he disliked the place, and resigned after a very brief experience. By the summer of 1842 he was again in America, and took part in the unsuccessful presidential campaign of Henry Clu (1844). For the

North American Review he wrote in 1845 and 1847 two papers, one on Peter the Great, the other on the Puritans, which surprised the critics In 1849 he served one term in the Massachusetts legislature, and in the same year he published his second novel, Merry-Mount, artistically an improvement on Morton's Hope, in Holmes's opinion it is less suggestive of Pelham and Vivian Gray, and has more in common with Woodstock and Kemlworth By the time Merry-Mount saw the light Motley was well embailed on his preliminary exploration of the sources of Dutch history When Motley heard that Prescott was preparing to follow up his Conquest of Peru with his Philip II, he went to him at once to tell him of his own plan, which covered so much of the same ground, and Prescott not only assured the young man that there was room for both enterprises, but offered him all the printed matter he had at so much pains and cost collected Erelong Motley felt he could not do justice to his subject in America, and in 1851 he went to Europe with his family to continue his preparations

Over four years were spent in researches at

Dresden, the Hague, and at Brussels, and in

1856 The Rise of the Dutch Republic, the fruit of ten years' work, appeared In the Westmirster Revuse Froude wrote 'A history as complete as industry and genius can make it now hes before me of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtru sive labour, and unless ve are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any language All essentials of a great writer Mr Motley emmently possesses His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct.' Prescott wrote with warm appreciation, his only criticism being, 'You have laid it on Philip rather hard Indeed, you have whittled him down to such an imperceptible point that there is hardly enough of him left to hang a newspaper paragraph on, much less five or six volumes of solid listory, as I propose to do But then you make it up with your own hero, William of Orange, and I comfort myself that you are looking through a pair of Dutch spectroles often! The crit cism was doubt less just. Orange was seen b. Motley through a rose coloured medium, and was the hero of the story as truly as if he had been deated for a more successful no el than the two early efforts. Dutch and French versions of the book were made

by Bakhuiren van den Brint, archivist of Holland,

and by M. Guizot. Bal huizen commended Motley's

work as an excellent basis for the history of the rise of the republic, and other scholars in he Netherlands bore testimony to the thoroughness with which the American had examined the sources of their national history

In London, in Rome, and in Boston Motley continued his researches and wrote industriously, and the second harvest of his labours appeared in 1860 in the form of the first two volumes of *The United Netherlands*. The period treated was only five years (1584–89), but the area dealt with was vast. So closely did the new state come into touch with France and England, its poise as a balance of power was so delicate, that in discussing its history an understanding of conditions in adjacent lands was essential. And even at the time



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY
By permission of Mr John Murray

it was fully recognised that Motley had availed himself of many sources of information not used by any earlier writer

In 1860-61 Motley was busied in the State Paper Office and the British Museum, and lived with his family in London. His letters give delightful pictures of the social recognition his reputation had won for him, Oxford honoured him with an honorary degree. Meanwhile he was watching events in his own country closely Absentee though he was, he was keenly and in telligently patriotic, a firm believer in Republican government, and in order to correct the mis conceptions of American affairs which he heard constantly expressed, he wrote two long letters to the Times, reprinted later under the title of The Causes of the Civil War.

In the spring of 1861 lie returned to America, intending to remain there, but he accepted Lin coln's appointment to represent the United States at the Court of Austria, and the autumn found him established in Vienna at a time when compli-

cations in Europe rused many difficult problems, irrespective of events at home, from the early stages of the war to the assassination of Lincoln While Motley was straining every nerve to main tain the honour of the Union, a Southern writer (John B Adger in the Southern Presbyterian Review, July 1862) used his Rise of the Dutch Republic as a text to urge the righteousness of the Confederate cause, drawing a close parallel between the condition of the seceding states and the revolting Netherlands Motley's comments on European affairs in his personal letters are spirited and charming, though sometimes oddly colloquial in phrase. The correspondence between him and Bismarck often sounds as if the grave statesman and the scholarly diplomat were still under graduates without responsibilities to the world Motley's long and pleasant official residence in Vienna came to an abrupt close in 1866 mulicious attacks of an unknown person, noticed by Secretary Seward, caused Motley to resign the post that he had filled with dignity and honour, and President Johnson accepted his resignation

Fortunately for him, his historical work demanded continuous attention He went on steadily with the concluding volumes of the United Netherlands, published in 1868, in which the narrative is brought down to 1609 As a whole the second work is less interesting than the story of the revolt against Spain—it is looser in construction, and has not the special advantage of presenting two contrasting characters like Philip II and William of Orange. Furthermore, the author was too much affected by the Civil War in America, and drew his parallels between the situations in the United Netherlands and the United States more closely than was war During a brief residence in America that same year he delivered two noteworthy addresses, one at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on 'Your Questions for the People at the Presidential Election,' and the other before the New York Historical Society on 'Historic Progress and American Democracy'

One of the first acts of the administration of President Grant was Motley's appointment as minister to the Court of St James's (1869) unexpected recall in the summer of 1870 was a painful experience to the man whose disinterested devotion to his country was patent in every word he thought and uttered The question as to whether, in his preliminary conversation with Lord Clarendon on the question of the settlement of the Alabama claims, Motley overstepped his definite instructions is beyond the scope of a brief summary of his historical work. The sympathy of his contemporaries was with the minister, but in more recent treatment of the history of Grant's administration there is some tendency to hold that, from a diplomatic point of view, Motley was possibly indiscreet.

The remaining seven years of the historian's life were devoted to the continuance of his Netherland

history, which he hoped to bring through the Thirty Years' War From the central figure he called his next two volumes The Life and Death of John of Barneveld They covered the period of the Truce in the Netherlands (1609-21), were published in 1874, and proved the conclusion of their author's life work. If Morton's Hope is autobiographical in suggesting some of Motley's youthful aspirations, if the Umted Netherlands reflects the crisis through which the writer lived as he wrote, his last work must also be regarded as coloured by his personal experience, President Grant, like Maurice, was a military man in civil affairs. Motley's sympathy with Barneveld is pronounced More than his other works this aroused Dutch writers to dissent, they hastened to defend Maurice, whom they think the American failed to understand, too obviously he had no liking for him

The last seven vears of Motley's life were passed between England and the Hague, with one visit to America. His stay in Holland was peculiarly pleasant. His services to Dutch history were recognised by the King and Queen of Holland as well as by the people. But his hopes of carrying his work through the Thirty Years' War were frustrated by ill-health. Mrs Motley's death in 1874 gave her husband a shock from which he never recovered, and he followed her in 1877. He died (29th May) at Kingston Russell in Dorsetshire, in the house of his daughter, Lady Vernon Harcourt, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery near his wife

Motley's character is plainly to be traced in his work. His laborious researches and his vivifying imagination enabled him to make the past live again, and, within certain limits, he was wonderfully true to his materials. But his keen and eager temperament made it impossible for him to attain to the historian's virtue of judicial impartiality, he hardly conceals the fact that he is a partisan. His picturesque and cloquent style sometimes attains real splendour, but is apt to fatigue, perhaps his work is best where it is least adorned with rhetorical ornament.

#### The Beggars

The board glittered with silver and gold The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and Egmont It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excite ment to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy Should they call themselves the 'Society of Concord,' the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question He knew the value of a popular and original name, he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honour, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess upon the presentation of the request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them Most of the gentlemen then heard the collectively memorable sarcasm for the first time Great was the indignation of all, that the state councillor should have dured to stigmatise as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humour that nothing could be more fortu-'They call us beggars ' said he, 'let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack '

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neek, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. 'Long live the beggars!' he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. 'Vivent les queulx.' Then for the first time, from the hips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field.

(From The Rise of the Dutch Republic.)

#### The Siege of Antwerp

With Sainte Aldegonde came the unlucky Koppen Loppen, and all that could be spared of the English and Scotch troops in Antwerp, under Balfour and Morgan With Hohenlo and Justinus de Nassau came Reinier Kant, who had just succeeded Paul Buys as Advocate Besides these came two other men, side of Holland by side, perhaps in the same bont, of whom the world was like to hear much from that time forward, and whose names are to be most solemnly linked together so long as Netherland history shall endure, one a fair faced, flaxen haired boy of eighteen, the other a square visaged, heavy browed man of forty-Prince Maurice The statesman had and John of Olden Barneveldt been foremost to urge the claim of William the Silent's son upon the stadholderate of Holland and Zeeland, and had been, as it were, the youth's political guardian had himself borne arms more than once before, having shouldered his matchlock under Batenburg, and marched on that officer's spirited but disastrous expedition for the relief of Haarlem But this was the life of those Dutch rebels Quill driving, law expounding, speech making, diplomatic missions, were intermingled with very practi cal business in besieged towns or open fields, with Italian musketeers and Spanish pikemen And here, too, young Maurice was taking his first solid lesson in the art of which he was one day to be so distinguished a professor It was a sharp beginning Upon this ribband of earth, scarce six paces in breadth, with miles of deep water on both sides—a position recently fortified by the first general of the age, and held by the famous infantry of Spain and Italy-there was likely to be no prentice To assault such a position was in truth, as

Alexander had declared it to be, a most daring and desperate resolution on the part of the States. diers, citizens, and all,' said Parma, 'they are obstinate

as dogs to try their fortune.'

With wool sacks, sand bags, hurdles, planks, and other materials brought with them, the patriots now rapidly entrenched themselves in the position so brillimitly gained, while, without deferring for an instant the great purpose which they had come to effect, the sappers and inners fastened upon the iron bound soil of the duke, tearing it with piek, mattock, and shovel, digging, delving, and throwing up the earth around them, busy as human beavers, instinctively engaged in a most congenial task

But the beavers did not toil unmolested The large and determined force of Antwerpers and English, Hol landers and Zeelanders, guarded the fortifications as they were rapidly rising, and the pioneers as they were so manfally delving, but the enemy was not idle. From l ort Saint James, next beyond Saint George, Camillo del Monte led a strong party to the resene a tremendous action, foot to foot, breast to breast, with pike and pistol, sv ord and dagger. Never since the beginning of the war had there been harder fighting than now upon that narrow isthmus "Twas an affair of most brave obstinacy on both sides,' said Parma, who rirch nsed strong language. 'Soldiers, eitizens, and all—they were lile mad bulldogs' Hollanders, Italians, Scotchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, fell thick and fast The contest was about the entrenchments before they were completed, and especially around the sappers and miners, in whose picks and shovels lay the whole fate of Antwerp Many of the dake breakers were digging their own graves, and rolled, one after another, into the breach which they were so obstinately creating that slender thread of land the hopes of many thousands were hanging. To tear it asunder, to roll the ocean waves up to Antwerp, and thus to snatch the great city trumphantly from the grasp of Philip-to accomplish this the three thousand had come forth that May To prevent it, to hold firmly the great treasure entrusted to them, was the determination of the Spiniards And so, closely pent and packed, dis charging their carbines into each other's faces, rolling, coiled together, down the slimy sides of the dyke into the black waters, struggling to and fro, while the cannon from the rebel fleet and from the royal forts mingled their roar with the sharp erack of the musketry, Catholies and patriots contended for an hour, while still, through all the confusion and uproar, the miners dug and delved At last the patriots were victorious They made good

their entrenchments, drove the Spiniards, after much slaughter, back to the fort of Saint George on the one side, and of the Palisade on the other, and cleared the whole space between the two points. The centre of the dike was theirs, the great Kowenstyn, the only key by which the gites of Antwerp could be unlocked, was in the deliverers' hands. They pursued their victory, and attacl ed the Palisade Fort. Gambon, its commandant, was severely wounded, many other officers dead or dying, the outworks were in the hands of the Hol landers, the slender piles on which the fortress rested in the water were rudely shaken, the victory was almost complete (From The United \esterlands)

The library edition of Morley & works in seventeen volumes (1900) does not include the novels but it contains the Correspondence,

originally edited in two volumes by G W Curtis in 1889 (and translated into German the same year) Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a Menioir of him in 1879 (new ed 1289). There is also a short Life of him by Professor Jameson (1897), and to an edition of The Rise of the Dutch Repullic to 1896 Mr Moncure Conway prefixed a biographical introduction. See also E. P. Whipple 8 paper on Motley in Recollections of Enument Men (1878)

RUTH PUTNAM

#### Francis Parkman

belongs to the 'picturesque school' of American writers of history, of which Prescott and Motley and, in so far as he was a historian, Irving also, are conspicuous representatives He was born 16th September 1823, the eldest son of the Rev Francis Parkman, minister of the New North Church (Unitarian) in Boston, and died there on the 8th of November 1893 Frail in youth, he was allowed by his parents to roam at will in the splendid woods of the Middlesex Fells, then standing near his maternal grandfather's home at Medford, and there he learned to love the forest. In 1844 he graduated from Harvard College. To gratify his father, who dis approved of his literary and historical projects, he proceeded to a degree in the Harvard Law School, but without intending to practise at the Bar While a student he had notably increased his physical strength by systematic exercise in the open air, and it was partly for the purpose of further improving his uncertain health that he joined a young kinsman in an adventurous trip beyond the Rocky Mountains. As a tonic the expedition proved a failure. The hardships to which Parkman recklessly exposed himself in hope of building up his constitution in fact broke it down, putting an end for ever to his 'boyish fancy of a life of action and a death in battle.' But the account of his adventures, first printed in the Knickerbocker Magazine in 1847, and published two years later in the book now known as The Oregon Trail, shows that the journey had also another purpose. It was, in part, a conscious preparation for historical work already planned. In an autobiographical sketch, written in 1886, he says 'Before the end of the sophomore [second undergraduate] year my vari ous schemes had been crystallised into a plan of writing a story of what was then known as the "Old French War"—that is, the war that ended in the conquest of Canada—for here, as it seemed to me, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged with appropriate actors than in any other passage of our history It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest, for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night' The precise degree in which the formation of these plans may be traced to the influence of Cooper's tales and of Irving's Astoria, or their development to the appearance,

in 1843 and 1847, of Prescott's histories of the Spanish conquest of America, is still a matter of doubt But there can be no doubt that Parkman's fitness to execute them was vastly increased by his summer on the prairies The frontier changes its longitude far more readily than its life. For the young historian, the trip to the Medicine Bow was also a journey backward in time The St Louis of 1846 revealed to him much that was not unlike the Montreal of a century before. Fort Laramic was in some respects the counterpart of Etherington's Michillimackinac. The Oregon pioneers helped him to understand the Scotch-Irish backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies, the fur-trader and the French half-breed trapper were still the same, and, above all, life in a Sioux village gave him insight into the character of the American Indian His experience was unique. No student can now repert it has impressed upon Parkman's histories certain characteristics which give them, in some measure, the quality of sources

The first of Parkman's historical works, The Conspiracy of Pontiac (1851), is in reality an appendix to the main story which he was to tell He chose the period (1763-69) 'as affording better opportunities than any other for portraying the forest life and the Indian character,' and he never saw reason to change that opinion Pontiac was written under conditions which would have discouraged a less resolute man In the preface Parkman says -and none of the later histories makes such explicit allusion to his lifelong infirmities—that 'for about three years the light of day was unsupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred 'Under these circumstances the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written The process, though down from my dictation extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances' Although he burned to continue work, ten of the next fourteen years were passed in absolute separation from his historical labours, and there were long periods when even the slightest mtellectual effort was possible only at the risk of most serious mental disturbance During his stronger hours he produced a romantic novel, Vassal Morton (1856), now forgotten, and devoted himself with much success to gardening experience thus gained he afterwards embodied in his Book of Roses (1866) Meanwhile, his health having slightly improved, he was able to issue in 1865 The Proneers of France in the New World, which announced the matured design of a history of 'France and England in America.' The first part of the Psoneers narrated the history of the Huguenot settlement in Florida and its destruction

by the Spanish, the second described the beginnings of the French dominion in the north settlement of Acadia and the labours of Champlain and his companions In 1867 came The Jesuits in North America, carrying the narrative on from 1635 to 1652 Two years later appeared La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West, treating an episode which had promised consequences of vast importance to New France In The Old Régime in Canada (1874) the history of the transitional period from 1652 to 1672 was told, and there followed an elaborate survey of the political, social, and ecclesiastical organisation of the colony Frontenac and New France (1877) continued the narrative to 1701, and then, turning to the dream of his youth, Parkman told in Montcalm and Wolfe (2 vols 1884) the dramatic story of the great contest (1748-63) which brought French power in America to a close The confused period from 1700 to 1748 remained. In 1892 that gap was bridged by A Half-Century of Conflict (2 vols.), and Parkman's work was done.

Parl man was fortunate in choosing a subject at once fresh and congenial Famous historians had, indeed, touched incidentally upon it, but their accounts, generally fragmentary, were invariably They felt perhaps that happenings in the American forest must be somehow beneath the dignity of history In any event, the types of man and the sorts of conflict which the forest knew lay outside the range of their experience and needed still to be made real to the world To that task Parkman devoted his life. He performed it with ever-increasing thoroughness. From the outset he had studied with care the more accessible sources. He soon began to search diligently, and with much success, for unpublished materials which might illustrate his theme. A faint clue to the whereabouts of Montcalm's confidential letters to Bourlamaque was pursued for fifteen years before they were unearthed In the case of the La Salle papers, improperly withheld from use by a jealous archivist, obstacles even more serious were at length overcome. Fortunately Parkman's means were ample to procure copies of all needed papers, and the Massachusetts Historical Society now possesses nearly two hundred folio volumes of the manuscripts from which he drew the details that crowd his pages Still, his was by no means 'that pallid and emasculate scholarship of which New England has had too many examples' For him life out-of doors was a necessary condition of work within From Louisburg to Sault Ste Marie he examined the scene of every important event knew the Indian and the frontiersman at first By the synthesis of a sympathetic imagination he fused the results of his studies, his observations, and his experience into a narrative of such realism as proceeds more frequently from the novelist than the historian

Parlman's style of writing changed with the ripening of the man From the outset his observa-

tion was fresh and vivid But otherwise his early style, influenced perhaps by the prevailing stan dards of the time, was often florid, the images formal, and the illustrations commonplace power of more spontaneous expression developed slowly, in part, it may be, because of his illness He was seldom able to read more than five minutes without rest, or to listen to reading more than twenty, and the limitations of safety which his nervous condition placed upon his efforts at composition were not less cramping. Still, there is no sign of physical weakness in his manner of writing not even the tenseness which intermittent dictation might be expected to produce. His style seems rather to reflect the increasing moral strength with which he adhered to the purpose of his youth Losing nothing of its vividness, it becomes fluent and direct, an adequate medium for the expression of his strong narrative impulse.

But Parkman was more than a mere narrative historian, a picturesque teller of romantic tales The boy, it may be, had conceived the obscure struggles of the wilderness as presenting matter of romantic interest only. The man soon realised that, unlike merely romantic events, they were the product of potent historical forces determining the destiny of a continent European civilisation implicably overpowering aboriginal barbarism, the rooted liberty of the common law unconsciously supplanting the absolutism of the Bourbons evidence of this realisation is not to be sought in elaborate reflective passages Parkman did not preach. He had the skill to make his narrative carry its own moral From the superficial reader that moral may be concealed by profusion of incident But the more thoughtful will find implicit in his pages a political philosophy not unworthy of his theme

He was, moreover, a lover of truth for whom no pains were too great that might establish a fact. But he made no parade of his efforts. In the introduction to the Pioneers of France in the New If or ld he describes his ideal method, and his work reached in fact a close approximation to his ideal 'In this, and still more must it be the case in succeeding volumes, the amount of reading applied to their composition is far greater than the citations represent, much of it being of a collateral and illustrative nature. This was essential to a plan whose aim it was, while scrupulously and rigorously adhering to the truth of facts, to animate them with the life of the past, and, so far as might be, clothe the skeleton with flesh. If at times it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only, since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into Such facts may be detailed with special facts the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings near and remote, in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a share or a spectator of the action he describes?

Not only was he ever on the watch against the temptations offered by the picturesqueness of his theme and by his own love of striking effects, his sincerity rose above this primary need of accuracy, and reached, in spite of his strong prejudices in contemporary affans, to a high degree of historical impartiality Dealing at large, as he did, with a subject into whose recesses many antiquarians and not a few zealots, Canadian and American, had peered, a subject embittered by a century of American conflict, and involving at almost every turn the imported prejudices of English and French, and the inherited animosities of Puritan and Catholic, it was inevitable that his work should be assailed by extremists in both camps But these attacks have only served, in general, to reveal the thoroughness of his research and the sincerity of his judgments He has gained appreciation, both at home and abroad, more slowly than some of his contemporaries But his present reputation as a writer of history is, probably, not inferior to that of any other American Professor Bourne, of Yale, suggestively says 'In his conception of the great drama of two rival and diverse civilisations contending for the mastery of the New World, in his nearness to the action and his personal exploration of the scene, and not least in the varied charm of his story, Parkman is the Herodotus of our Western World'

#### The Heights of Abraham

Meanwhile a deep cloud fell on the English. Since the siege began, Wolfe had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything, but now the pale face and tall lean form were seen no more, and the rumour spread that the General was dangerously ill He had in fact been siezed by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past, and fever His illness, which began before the had followed twentieth of August, had so far subsided on the twenty fifth that Knox wrote in his Diary of that day 'His Excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army' On the twenty ninth he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray 'That the public service may not suffer by the General's iodisposition, he begs the brighdiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy ' The letter then proposes three plans, all bold to audacity

The brigadices met in consultation, rejected the three plans proposed in the letter, and advised that an attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montealm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight or surrender. The scheme seemed desperate, but so did all the rest, and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far

greater than could follow any success below the town Wolfe embraced it at once

Admiral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. This excellent officer, whatever may have been his views as to the necessity of a speedy departure, aided Wolfe to the last with unfailing energy and zeal It was agreed between them that while the General made the real attack, the Admiral should engage Montcalin's attention by a pretended one. As night approached, the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore, the boats were lowered and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left be hind, while ship signalled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land. In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing Montcalm, who thought that the movements of the English above the town vere only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and massed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing But while in the fleet of Shunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap Konge

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville with intelligence that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montealm. The necessities of the camp at Beanport, and the difficulties of transportation by land, had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies, and their boats, dirfting in darkness under the slandows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence to good account

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were rused in the maintop shrouds of the Sutherland. It was the appointed signal, the boats east off and fell down with the current, those of the light infautry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For full two hours the procession of bouts, borne on the current, steered silently down the St Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Ldinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's Llegy in a Country Churchyard' to the officers about him. Probably it was to reheve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the yerse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave'

'Gentlemen,' he said as his recital ended 'I would rather have written those lines than take Quelec.' None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet

As they neared their destination the tile bore them in towards the shore, and the nuglity wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead still ness was suddenly broken by the sharp 'Qui == e'' of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. 'Irm e''

answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

'I quel régirient?'

"De la Reine," replied the Highlander He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville The sentry, expecting the convox of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the lieights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness rnnning down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot In answer to his questions the same officer replied, in French 'Provision boils Don't make a noise, the English will hear us' In fact, the sloop of war limiter was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body

Montealm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of ied, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and happipes screening defiance.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field pieces, which had been drugged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troop-, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload The British advanced a few rods, then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty prices the word of command rang out, and a crash of mushetry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered In the battalions of the with remarkable precision centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was aftervards said by I reach officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed and then a furious elattering fire that lasted but a minute or to When the smoke rose a miserable sight was revealed the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned in on frantic mob, shouting cursing gentien lating The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheur, mixed with the ficree yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushen forward with the bayonet, some advanced firing. The clans men drew their broadswords and dashed on Leen and swift as bloodhounds. At the Frgl shenght, though the attacking column was broken to pieces a hie vite still kept up, cluelly it scenie by sharpshooter from the

bushes and corn fields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers A shot shattered his He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon 'There's no need,' he unswered, 'it's all over with me' A moment after, one of them eried out, 'They run, see how they run '' 'Who run?' Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep 'The enemy, sir Egad, they give way every where '' 'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton,' returned the dving man, 'tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge ' Then, turning on his side, he murmured, 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!' and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled

Monterlin, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat, two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognised him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, 'O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tue!' 'It's nothing, it's nothing,' replied the death stricken man, 'don't be troubled for me, my good friends' ('Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien, ne zous affliges pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.)

(From Montcalm and Wolfe)

All Parkman's historical books appeared in numerous editions during his life. Since his death collected editions have been published in twelve, in thirteen in seventeen and in twenty volumes. The I ioneers and The Jesuits and The Ancient Régime have been translated into German The Pioneers and The Jesuits translated (much garbled) into French. See A Life of Francis Parkman by C. II I arnham (1901) with bibliography of Parkman and of his works also J F Jameson's History of Historical Virtuing in America (1891) and E G Bourne's Essays in Historical Criticism (1901).

CHARLES H HULL

Herman Melville (1819-91) was born in New York city, and, irresistibly drawn to a sailor's life, shipped at eighteen as cabin boy on a ship bound for Liverpool He took a spell at home as a teacher, but went to sea again in 1842, this time on a South Sea whaler At Nukahiva in the Marquesas he and a comrade, the 'Toby' of his story, deserted the ship, owing to the captain's harsh treatment. On the island he was kept four months as the prisoner of the not unkindly cannibals of the Typee Valley, whence he was rescued by an Australian whaler, in which he took service Returning to the United States in 1846, he pub lished Type, a spirited account of his residence in the Marquesas, and in 1847 Omoo, a continuation of his adventures in Oceania Mardi (1848), in another manner, was a much less happy effort White Jacket, or the World in a Man of War (1850), was in his better vein, and Moby Diel or the White Whale (1852), though not without flaws of style and construction, is a really great sea story, full of power and the incommunicable charm Melville was a most unequal writer, of the ocean and many of his stories, especially his later ones, were odd, chaotic, and unworthy of his earlier reputation, though Israel Potter (1855) was commended by Hawthorne for its portraits of Franklin and Paul Jones His poetry, such as that of the volume Battle Pieces and Aspects of War (1866), is wholly forgotten. For a time he held a post in the Custom-House, but for many years lived in seclusion, his mental faculties having given way R L Stevenson's praise revived the vogue of Typee and Omoo

Donald Grant Mitchell, who became known under the pen-name of 'Ik Marvel,' was born in Norwich, Connecticut, 12th April 1822, graduated at Yale, studied law, and was in 1853 appointed US consul at Venice He edited the Atlantic Monthly 1868-69, and from 1855 lived on his farm of Edgewood near New Haven, with which several of his books deal (Wet Days at Edgiwood, &c) Best known of his works, combining humour and a graceful element of sentiment and domesticity, were his Reveries of a Bachilor and Dream Life (1850-51, new eds 1889) Among the rest are a novel, Dr Johns (1866), English Lands, Letters, and Kings (2 vols 1889-95), American Lands and *Letters* (1897)

Bayard Taylo1 (1825-78) was born of Quaker and German ancestry at Kennett Square in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and was educated at a common school, and for five years at a high school He acquired a familiar knowledge of Latin, French, Spanish, and, later, German, and from his twelfth year he wrote essays, stories, and poems, and two years after he had become an apprentice in a printing office he published Ximena, a volume of poems, sold by subscription Disliking his trade, he bought himself off from his apprenticeship, arranged with the editors of several papers to write a series of letters from abroad, and with a hundred and forty dollars paid in advance for these contributions, he sailed for Liverpool on a pedes trian tour of Europe in 1844, and carried his knapsack through Scotland, England, Belgium, the Rhine countries, Austria, and Italy letters, for which he received in all five hundred dollars, were his sole means of support, and were in 1846 published as Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff After his return he edited a country newspaper, then went to New York, and obtained a post on the Tribune As its corre spondent he made extensive travels in California and Mexico, recorded in El Dorado (1850), and up the Nile, and in Asia Minor, Syria, across Asia to India, China, and Japan—recorded in his Journey to Central Africa, The Land of the Saracen (1854), and A Visit to India, China, and Japan (1855) Later explorations are recorded in

Northern Travel (1858) and Travels in Greece and Russia (1859) He was a very successful lecturer on his travelling experiences, and on the outbreak of the Civil War warmly advocated the national cause. This led to his being sent in 1862-63 as secretary of legation to St Petersburg Much of his time after 1863 was spent in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy In 1870 he lectured on German literature at Cornell University he was again at work on the Tribune (of which he was a part-proprietor), in 1877 he was nominated United States ambassador in Berlin, but entering on his duties in May 1878, only lived to fulfil them till towards the end of the same year Over and above his own books of travel, he edited a library of travels, and with Ripley a handbook of literature and fine arts, and he did much miscellaneous literary work, editing and translating from German and other tongues His ambitions were to be remembered as a poet, and he ranks well to the front in the second rank of American poets. His early models were Byron and Shelley, Tennyson's in fluence is obvious in some of his work, and Goethe's is still more marked His Oruntal Poems are perhaps his most spontaneous and characteristic work, but some of his Pennsylvanian ballads also show him at his best, tender and simple rather than sonorous and rhetorical as much of his work His Faust is the book by which he is best known in England, and is one of the most success ful of all the attempts yet made to approach an adequate English rendering of Goethe's masterptece. His poetic works included Rhymes of Travel (1848), Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs (1851), Poems of the Orient (1854), Poems of Home and Travel (1855), The Poets Journal (1862), Poems (1865), The Masque of the Gods (1872), Lars (1873), a Tenny sonian narrative poem, The Prophet, a Tragedy (1874), Home Pastorals (1875), The National Ode, which he was chosen to deliver at the Centennial Exhibition (1876), Prince Deukahon, a lyrical drama (1878), perhaps too directly modelled after Faust, and his exceptionally admirable translation of Faust (1870-71) He also wrote several novels, the best Hannah Thurston (1863) and The Story of Kennett (1866) His Life and Letters were edited by his (second) wife, daughter of an Erfurt astronomer, and Horace E Scudder

#### A Bedouin Love-Song

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Fill the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain,
I lie on the sands below,
And I funt in thy disdain
Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the yow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold



BAYARD TAYLOR.

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy hips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Bool infold!

## From 'The Pines'

Ancient Pines, 'Ve bear no record of the years of man Spring is your sole historian,—Spring that paints These savage shores with hues of Paradise, That deeks your branches with a fresher green, And through your lonely far cañadas pours Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal die That wander down to lakes and widening seas Of blossom and of fragrance,—laughing Spring, That with her wanton blood refills her yeins,

And weds ye to your micy youth again With a new ring, the while your rifted bark Drops odorous tears Your knotty fibres yield To the light touch of her unfuling pen, As freely as the lupin's violet cup Ic keep, close locked, the memories of her stay, As in their shells the avelones leep Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow The wild north west that from Alaska sweeps To drown Point Lobos with the icy seud And white sea form may rend your boughs and leave Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale, Your steadfist licarts are mailed against the shoek, And on their annual tablets naught inscribe Of such rude visitation Le are still The simple children of a guiltless soil, And in your natures show the sturdy grain I hat passion cannot jar, nor force relax, Nor aught but sweet and I indly airs compel To gentler mood No disappointed heart Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade, No angry spirit ever came to male Your silence its confessional no voice, Grown harsh in Crime's great market place, the world, Trinted with blasphemy your evening hush, And aromatic air The deer alone.— The unbushed hunter that brings down the deer, The fisher wandering on the misty shore To watch sea lions wallow in the flood,-The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly, When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds, Kide down the angry bull, -perchance, the song Some Indian heired of long forgotten sires,-Disturb your solemn chorus

Stephen Collins Foster (1826-64), author of many of the most popular American songs, was born in Pittsburgh, and was for some time a mercliant's clerk or shop assistant in Cincinnati had a natural but untrained gift for writing ditties and composing tunes, found time for systematic musical study, and in 1842 published 'Open thy lattice, love,' which was at once taken up by negro minstrels. The popularity of his next ventures encouraged him to give up business and devote himself to music and song mostly in New York and Pittsburgh, and in New York he died He is credited with no less than a hundred and twenty-five pieces, words and airs being alike of his own composition, of these nearly a fourth are negro melodies. Among the best known are 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Nelly Bly," Uncle Ned," Old Dog Tray," Gentle Annie," 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Willie, we have missed vou,' 'Camptown Races' (which Mr Gladstone used to intone with such powerful effect), 'Massa's in de cold, cold ground,' 'Poor Old Joe,' and 'Come where my Love lies dreaming' It may safely be said that no other eleven songs by any one poet or composer are equally familiar in all English speaking countries How far the success of the songs depends on the taking tunes it might be hard to say 'The Old Folks at Home' otherwise "Way down upon the Swanee River," is per haps as acceptable to some when performed on a l

street-pinno or barrel organ as when sung Some of the songs are mere doggetel, others are only sentimental jingles, the best of them hardly satisfy the usual poetic standards. But if to secure world wide popularity and to touch the heart of the people in two continents be proof of poetic power, S. C. Foster has safely passed the test. Musically, 'Come where my Love his dreaming' is his highest effort

Theodore Winthrop (1828-61) was the re presentative of a family that had been very distinguished in New England since colonial days, having produced governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, a Harvard professor of physics, and a senator, orator, and publicist. Born at New Haven, Theodore studied at Yale, travelled in Europe and the Far West, did surveying for the railway across the Isthmus of Panamá, was ad mitted to the Bar (1855), and had prepared a large mass of-mostly unpublished-literary materials, when, having volunteered in the Civil War, he fell in battle at Great Bethel His novels-for which he had failed to find a publisher-were issued posthumously, and include Cecil Drieme (1861), a (somewhat crude) romance of New York, John Brent (1861), instinct with the spirit of the Wild West, and Edwin Brothertoft (1862), a story of the Revolution His tales were somewhat too spasmodic and unconventional in style The Canoe and Saddle and Life in the Open Air were sketches still later published, and in the eighties his Life and Poems appeared under his sister's supervision

Lewis Wallace, born in 1827 at Brookville, Indiana, served in the Mexican War gained distinction in the Civil War, and was governor of Utah (1878–81) and minister to Turkey (1881) General Lew Wallace became famous in popular literature by his remarkably successful religious novel Ben Hur (1880), and this was followed by The Fair God, The Prince of India, and The IVooing of Malkatoon, his next best-known stories, as well as by a book on The Boyhood of Christ and a Life of Benjamin Harrison

Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903) was born at Hingham in Massachusetts, the son of a ship's captain who was lost at sea, and the boy, after an education at the public schools in New York, worked in an iron foundry for some years, meanwhile reading widely in English literature, but especially in poetry. In 1849 he produced a small volume of poems, only to suppress it afterwards, but 1852 saw the birth of a sturdier collec-From 1853 to 1870 he served in the New York custom house, in 1870-73 was clerk to General McClellan, and for a year city librarian, and he did much reviewing and writing for the book sellers He wrote Lives of Washington Irving and Shelley, produced A Century After, picturesque glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and edited the 'Bric-'t Bric Series' and the 'Sans

Souch Series' But it is as a poet that he claims special remembrance. His poems include Songs in Summer (1857), The King's Bell, The Book of the East, Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode, and The Lion's Cub and other I erse (1891). Some of his lyrics are bright and tender, his most characteristic work is rather reflective than original and spontaneous

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in 1833, the son of a merchant at Hartford in Con necticut. He studied at Yale and early took to journalism, was for a time on the staff of the New I orl Tribune, was war correspondent of the New York II oild during the war, held a post under the Attorney-General of the United States, but from 1869 until 1900 was a stockbroker at New York He contributed actively to the more important magazines, and published his first volume of verse, Poems, Lyric and Idyllic, in 1860 Later poems or collections of verse have been Alice of Mon mouth, an Idyl of the Great War, The Blameless Prince, Hawthorne and other Poems, Lyrics and Idyls, and a collected edition of his poems appeared in 1884 His critical work on the Lictorian Poets, a handbook to the poetic literature of England for two generations, appeared in 1875, is recognised as a work of standard value, and has gone through The Poets of America, published many editions in 1886, hardly took the same rank even in America He wrote on The Nature and Llements of Poetry, and has edited, with or without collaboration, W S Landor, Austin Dobson, and Poe, besides A Lictorian Anthology and An American Antho The Library of American Literature, edited by him in conjunction with Miss E M Hutchinson, completed in 1890, fills cleven volumes his lyrics are very fresh and admirable, and most of his poetic v ork shows careful and artistic finish. As a critic he is less remarkable for profound insight and discrimination than for breadth and sympathy

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in 1836 at Portsmouth in New Hampshire. His father's death prevented his going to Harvard, but while engaged in his uncle's New York banking house he began to contribute verse to the newspapers, and soon after the publication of The Bells, a Collection of Chimes (1855), adopted literature as a profession He was associated with N P Willis's Home Journal, Every Saturday, and other magazines, and from 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the Atlantic Monthly Amongst his poems are The Ballad of Babic Bell, Pampinea, Cloth of Gold, Flower and Thorn, Mercedis, a complete collection appeared in 1882. He has written also stories, romances, and sketches, including Daisy's Necklace, The Course of True Love, The Story of a Bad Boy, Marjorie Daw, Prudence Palfrey He is an accomplished lyrist, and his more ambitious poems are at least graceful and well worded. In some of his stories and sketches he shows himself a , brilliant humourist.

Francis Richard Stockton (1834-1902), born at Philadelphia, was trained as engraver and journalist, and became assistant editor of St Nicholas He attracted notice by his fantastic stories for children, which fill several volumes, but he is best known as author of Rudder Grange (1879), the droll and humorous story of a holiday on a house boat, with much human nature and a good deal of burlesque The Lady or the Tiger, a short problem story, made also a great impres sion Other humorous or whimsical stories, notably unequal in interest, were The Late Mrs Null, The Casting Away of Mis Lecks and Mrs Aleshine, and The Dusantes, The Hundredth Man, The Schooner Merry Chanter, The Squiriel Inn, Pomond's Travels, The Shadrach, Captain Chap, The Story Teller's Pack, The Associate Hermits, and A Bicycle of To a different category belonged The Buccancers and Pirates of our Coasts (1898) Captain's Toll gate, finished just before his death, was published with a memorial sketch of him by his wife in 1903

Edward Eggleston (1837–1902), born at Veva, Indiana, became a Methodist Episcopil clergyman, and had held various pastoral and editorial posts when, about 1880, he withdrew from the ministry and devoted himself to literary work. He wrote many popular books on American history, but is best known for his stories of The Hoosier Schoolmaster, The Hoosier Schoolboy, The Mystery of Metropolisville, The Cultur Rider, Roxy, The Graysons, and The Faith Doctor

John Burroughs, born at Roybury in New York State on the 3rd April 1837, was brought up on a firm, and after some years of teaching, journalism, clerking in the I reasury department at Washington, and of periodic duties as a bankexaminer, settled down in 1874 on a farm in New York, to divide his time between literature and fruit-culture. His books mostly deal with natural history or country life, and include Wake Robin (1871), Birds and Poets, Locusts and Wild Honey, Pepacton, Signs and Seasons, and Riverly, Essays on Birds, Trees, Flowers Winter Sunshine and Fresh Fields are European travel sketches, Squirrels and other Fur bearers is more specifically zoological, and he published in 1866 a study of Whitman He is in some respects a continuator of Thoreau's work, but writes for the most part in a lighter vein

William Dwight Whitney (1827-94), a younger brother of the geologist Josiah Dwight Whitney, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, studied at Williams College, at Yale, and in Germany, and was professor at Yale of Sanskrit and of Comparative Philology He waged war with Max Muller, and wrote Darwinism and Language, The Life and Growth of Language, and other philological works He was editor-in chief of the Century Dictionary

Charles Eliot Norton, born the son of a Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1827, studied at Harvard, was for a while engaged in commerce, but eaclong devoted himself to literature and æsthetics, becoming known as a Dante scholar and an authority on art. From 1875 to 1898 he was Professor of the History of Art at Harvard. His prose translation of Dante is classical, he has written on church building in the Middle Ages and on recent social theories, but he is perhaps most widely known as an accomplished editor, having edited the letters of Lowell and G. W. Curtis, the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle, as well as the standard edition of Carlyle's letters

Silas Wein Mitchell, born in Philadelphia in 1830, studied at the Jefferson Medical College and Edinburgh University, and settling as a practitioner in his native city, became distinguished especially in the treatment of nervous diseases. Besides books on physiology and neurology and serpent poisons, he wrote articles in prose and verse for the magazines, and Hephzibah Guinnuss and other sories in 1880 gave him rank as a capable novelist. In War Time and High Wynne, Lie Quality, are amongst his best known works. Five several collections of poems (A Masque and other Poems, The Wager, &c) have been issued in one volume.

John William Draper (1811-82) was born at St Helens near Liverpool, and in 1833 emigrited to Virginia Having studied physics and chemis try in England and the United States, he taught these two subjects in a Virginian college, but from 1839 was associated with the University of the City of New York, first as Professor of Chemistry, and, after 1850 of Physiology wrote liquidbooks of chemistry, natural philosophy, and physiology, and a series of memoirs on radiant energy, but is chiefly remembered for his History of the American Civil War (3 vols 1867-70), for his History of the Intellectual Development of Europe (2 vols 1863), and, most of all, for his History of the Conflict between Religion and Science (1874), in which his attitude was frankly rationalistic.

Andrew Dickson White, born at Homer, New York, in 1832, studied at Yale, Paris, and Berlin, and has been Professor of History in the University of Michigan and President of Cornell, United States Minister to Germany and to Russia, and from 1897 ambassador in Germany. His best-known book is A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology (1876), but he has written studies in general, medieval, and modern history, on European schools of history, on comets, on currency questions, and on The New Germany

Horace Howard Furness, the son of a Unitarian minister in Philadelphia, was born in 1833, studied at Harvard, and was admitted to the Bar, but was early attracted to the studies in virtue

of which he was to become America's greatest Shakespearian scholar. In 1871 he began his great life-work, the Variorum edition of Shakespeare's works, of which in thirty years lie had issued thirteen volumes. Latterly his wife and his son were associated with him in his labours.

Phillips Brooks (1835-93), born at Boston, Massachusetts, studied at Harvard and elsewhere, and in his cures at Philadelphia and Boston became known as one of the most eloquent and powerful preachers in America. In 1891 he wis made Bishop of Massachusetts in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Several volumes of his sermons and lectures show his independence of judgment and catholicity of spirit. There is a Life of him by A. V. G. Allen (1901)

John Hay, born of Scottish ancestry at Silem m Indiana, 8th October 1838, educated at Brown University, and admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1861, vas assistant private secretary to President Lincoln till his death, and during the war served for some months, attaining the rank of colonel 1865-70 he was secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and charge d'affaires at Vienna (1867-68), in 1870-75 he worked as a journalist on the staff of the New York Tribune and in 1879-81 he was first Assistant-Secretary of State Thereafter he was for a time mainly engaged in literary work, till in 1897 he was sent by President McKinley as ambassador to Great Britain, where both as man and as diplomat he won golden opinions Secretary of State at home from 1898, he showed in a critical time exceptional foresight, strength, and As an author he is known for his command of peculiarly American humour and pathos in pithy, simple verse His Pike County Ballads (1871) include 'Little Breeches' and 'Jim Bludso,' he has also published Castilian Days (1871), and, with Nicolay, a Life of Lincoln (1891) He is responsible for another volume of poems issued in 1890, and for an address on Sir Walter Scott popular anonymous novel The Bread-II inners (1883) was attributed to him, but not acknowledged by him as his

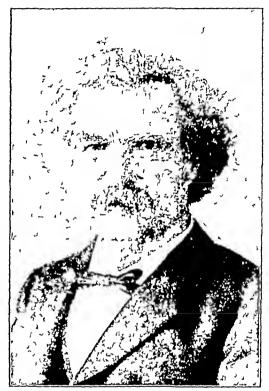
Edward Payson Roe (1838-88), born in New Windsor, New York, was chaplain in the volunteer service during the war, and afterwards pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls. The great success of his first novel, Barries Burned Away (1872), encouraged him to make literature his profession, and his fifteen novels include From Jest to Earnest (1875), Near to Nature's Heart (1876), Nature's Serial Story (1884), and He Fill in Love with his Wife (1886) He also wrote on gardening and fruit culture

Charles Rebei Clark, a Philadelphia Journalist, born in 1841 in Berlin, Maryland, is better known by his pen name of 'Max Adeler,' and as author of the somewhat boisterously humorous Out of the Hurly Burly (1874), Elbow-room, Randore Shots, and Fortunate Island (1881)

Charles Farrar Browne (1834-67), not so well known by his own name as by that of his creation, 'Artemus Ward,' was born at Waterford in Maine, worked at Boston and clsewhere as a compositor, became a reporter, and in 1858, under the style of 'Artemus Ward, showman,' wrote for the Cleveland Plaindealer a description of an imaginary travelling menagerie. This was followed by letters in which the original, characteristic, whimsical humour was enhanced by grotesque spelling and naïve moralising, and was brought to bear on business puffery with keenly satirical and highly entertaining effect. In 1861 'Artemus Ward' entered the lecture field, and started a panorama, whose artistic wretchedness furnished occasion for countless jokes, the success of his humorous lecture, 'The Babes in the Wood,' decided him to abide by lecturing It satirised the dull twaddle often foisted on the public by pompous bores a Californian manager telegraphed to lum, 'What will you take for forty nights in California?' his instant reply, 'Brandy and water,' secured him a welcome among the miners. In 1862 he was ig California and Utah, gathering materials for comic lectures on the Mormons, 'whose religion is singular but their wives are pluril. In 1864 he was disabled by pulmonary consumption, but in 1866, having rallied somewhat, he went to London, where he contributed to Punch, and was very popular as 'the genial showman,' exhibiting his panorama at the Egyptian Hall short sojourn in Jersey, he returned to England, only to die at Southampton. His publications were Artemus Ward, His Bool (1862), Artemus Ward, His Panorama (1865), Artemus Ward among the Mormons (1866), Artemus Ward in England (1867) M D Landon prefixed a Life to an edition of the Works (1875) He was the first American humourist to make a European reputation, for a decade or two he was the most outstanding representative of American humour His 'goaks' and his 'morril way-works' had even greater vogue in Britain than at home, and though his books are little read now, some of his jests and phrases have become part of the Anglo Saxon store of proverbial sayings

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, best known to his readers by his pen-name of Mark Twain, was born at Florida, Missouri, on 30th November 1835. After learning the trade of a printer and working as a pilot on the Mississippi, he eventually became a journalist in San Francisco. His Innocents Abroad (1869), the result of a foreign tour, had an enormous success, and thenceforward his reputation as a humourist was established. His subsequent books include Roughing It (1872), Tom Sawyer, A Tramp Abroad, The Prince and the Pauper, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, The American Claimant, The £1,000,000 Bank-Note, Pudd'nhead Wilson, The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, and A Double-Barrelled

Detective Story (1902) His share in an unfor tunate publishing house drove him to a lecturing tour round the world (1895–96), which enabled him fully to re-establish his fortunes. Mark Twain's humour has secured him a large audience not only in America and this country, but also in Germany and other Continental countries. It is the dry, incisive humour of a shrewd man of the world who, having gone through life with his eyes wide open, has cheered himself by laughing not merely at the foibles of his fellow men, but, by implication, at his own as well. He is not very reverent in his attitude towards what he considers worn out survivals of old.



SAMUEL I ANGHORNE CLEMENS From a Photograph by Elliott & Fr3

beliefs and superstitions, and sometimes pokes fun without much discrimination, as in 4 Yankee at the Court of King Arthur and Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, but when his humour is, as it generally is, at its best and freshest the result to his readers is delightful. In Fom Sawjer and Huckleberry Finn, perhaps, Mark Twain showed his power at its highest point, his humour and pathos developed with consummate ease and force in a succession of vividly adventurous episodes

Julia Ward Howe, born in 1819 in New York, was the daughter of Samuel Ward, and in 1843 she married Samuel Gridlev Howe, reformer and philanthropist, best known as the teacher of the famous deaf mute Laura Bridgman Mrs Howe shared many of her husband's fabours, not only assisting him in editing an anti slavery paper,

but lecturing with him on social subjects, and even on occasion preaching in Unitarian pulpits By far her best-known achievement, however, was her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' inspired in 1861 by the sight of Northern troops marching to the tune of 'John Brown's body,' but she had before that published two collections of poems, as later, in 1866, she published Later Lyrics Mrs Howe was a conspicuous advocate of prison reform and of woman's suffrage. She published books on sex and society and on education, a Life of Margaret Fuller, a collection of Margaret Fuller's love letters to a Mr Nathan (1903), and a volume of her own Reminiscences (1899). From Sunset Ridge (1898) was a collection of her poems, new and old

Alice Cary (1820-71) and Phæbe Cary (1824-71), daughters of a farmer near Cincinnati, published poems jointly in 1851, attained great literary and social success through their gifts, secured the patronage and friendship of Horace Greeley and Whittier, and in their deaths were divided by only three months. Alice was the author of the Clovernook Papers and Clovernook Children, tales of Western life. Besides more than one collection of poems, she published several domestic novels, including Hagar, Married not Mated, and The Bishop's Son Phæbe's principal books were Poems and Parodies and Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love, besides some excellent hymns and occasional pieces. Her best-known hymns are 'Nearer Home' and 'One sweetly solemn thought.' There is a Memorial of the two sisters by Mrs Mary C Ames (1873)

Maria Susanna Cummins (1827-66), born at Salem, Massachusetts, began to write in 1850 for the Atlantic Monthly and other magazines. Her The Lamplighter (1854)—a rather sentimental and lachrymose tale of the fortunes of an orphan girl—had an amazing success, 40,000 copies sold in two months, and it was read and reprinted almost as zealously in Britain as at home. It is still read on both sides of the Atlantic, spite of its old fashioned air. Miss Cummins's later novels, Mabel Vaughan (1857), El Furcidis (1860), and Haunted Hearts (1864) did not meet with any such success or add at all to her reputation.

Affred Thayer Mahan, born in 1840 at West Point, the son of one of the professors there, studied at the United States Naval Academy, and from 1856 till 1896 served in the navy, as captain from 1885 on His writings on naval science and history are luminous and authoritative, and include The Gulf and Inland Waters (1883), The Influence of Sea Parcer on History (1890), The Influence of Sea Pawer on the French Revolution and the Empire, The Interest of the United States in Sea Power, The Problem of Asia, and Types of Naval Officers (1902), besides Lives of Admiral Farragut and of Nelson, and books on the war in Cuba and the South African War of 1899–1902

## Francis Bret Harte

was born in Albany, New York, on 25th August 1839. As a boy of fifteen he went with his mother to California, and became in turn a schoolmaster, a miner, and a compositor, eventually in 1857 obtaining an engagement on the Golden Lia of San Francisco, to which he contributed his first sketches (Alliss amongst others) dealing with mining life. From 1864 to 1870 he was Secretary of the United States Mint in San Francisco. In the former year he wrote for the newly founded literary magazine. The Californian, which also numbered among its contributors C. W. Stoddard.



FRANCIS BREI HARTE
From a Photograph by Elhott & Fry

and S L Clemens ('Mark Twain') The Con densed Novels, parodies of celebrated novelists, which he began in the Golden Era, were continued m the Californian In 1868 he had founded the Overland Monthly, and to this magazine he contributed many of the stories that made him famous, The Luck of Roaring Camp, The Outcasts of Poker Flat, Miggles, Tennessee's Partner, and The Idyll of Red Gulch, as well as Plain Language from Truthful James (better known as The Heathen Chinee), a humorous poem that achieved a remark able popularity throughout the English speaking Later he became a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, and spent much time in lecturing tours. In 1870 and 1871 he published three volumes of his collected poems. In 1878 he was sent to Crefield as United States Consul, and two years later in the same capacity to Glasgon

1885 he give up official work and came to London, where he resided until his death

Bret Harte did many things in literature, and did nearly all of them well He was a poet, often humorous, sometimes tender, and again nobly patriotic, his Condensed Novels show a power of parody unequalled in pungency and aptness by any writer since Thackeray, he could write romances distinguished by gentle and refined It is, perhaps, as the delineator of the life of Californian miners in the early days that he will chiefly be remembered His characters are rough and lawless men, and the language they speak suits their nature. But Bret Harte's magic touch shows the soul of goodness in things evil In his sketches the gambler, the outcast, the lost woman, even the ruffirn with the guilt of blood on his conscience, are capable of noble acts of selfsacrifice and devotion We are not allowed to forget that they are uncouth human beings, but then essential humanity rather than their uncouthness is insisted on. In Bret Harte's method there is no mawkishness From this defect he was saved by his abundant humour. This quality of his, rooted as it was in his deeper feelings, cannot be specially defined as American It is the humour of the great masters of literature all the world over Bret Harte was a most prolific writer up to the day of his death, but his later work, admirable as much of it is, lacks the freshiness of those earlier efforts of which it is, indeed, often a mere repetition. He died on 5th May 1902, and was buried at Frimley in Surrey His Life has been written by Mr T Edgar Pemberton (1903, with bibliography)

Joaquin Hiller is the pen name of Cincin-NATUS HEINE MILLER, an American poet, born in Wabash district, Indiana, in 1841 Removing with his parents to Oregon in 1854, he became a miner in California, was with Walker in Nicaragua, and afterwards lived with the Indians till 1860 He then studied law in Oregon, and set up in practice in 1863, after a Democratic paper that he edited had been suppressed for disloyalty He was a county judge from 1866 to 1870, and then visited Europe, in England his first volume of verse was published He afterwards settled as a journalist in Washington, and in 1887 in California, ultimately making his home in Oakland In 1890 he revisited England, and in 1897-98 was correspondent in Klondyke for a New York journal His pen name he adopted on the publication of his first volume of poetry from the baptismal name of a Mexican brigand in whose defence he had written a pamphlet His poems include Songs of the Sierras (1871), of the Sunlands (1873), of the Desert (1875), of Italy (1878), and of the Mexican Seas (1887), and Chants for the Boer (1900), his prose works, The Danites in the Sterras (1881), Shadows of Shasta (1881), and '49, or the Goldseehers of the Sierras (1884) He also wrote The Danites, The Stlent Man, '49 (dramatised from his story by himself), Tally Ho, and one or two other plays and melodramas, a Life of Christ, and My Life among the Modocs (1873) A collected edition of his poems first appeared in 1882, and in a long poem called As it was in the Beginning (1903) he claims to 'call aloud from his mountaintop as a seer'

Sidney Lanier (1842-81) was born at Macon in Georgia, of Huguenot stock, and graduated at Oglethorpe College before he entered the Confederate army His health suffered much in hardships endured as a blockade-runner, after the war he was a shopman, a teacher, and a lawyer in succession, and next, an accomplished musician, he carned his livelihood as first flute in the orchestras of Baltimore and New York romance, Tiger Lilies (1867), had proved a failure, but his literary ability was so manifest that he was asked to write the ode for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and in 1879 he was installed as lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University A course of lectures on The Science of English Verse, original and suggestive, was published as a book (1881), another course on The English Novel (1883) was unfinished at his death Shakespeare and his Forerunners was not published till 1902 In spite of his ill health and the distractions of his laborious life, he wrote poems in virtue of which lie is by many regarded as the most important American poet of his time, 'Corn,' 'The Song of the Chattalioochee,' 'The Marshes of Glynn,' and the Centennial cantata being amongst the best known His adaptations of Proissart and of the Mabinogian have made him known to several generations of youthful readers, his Letters reveal the poet and the musician, and there is a memoir of him by W H Ward prefixed to his collected poems as edited by his widow in 1881 (new ed 1884)

John Fiske (1842-1901) was originally called Edmund Fiske Green, but at thirteen adopted the name of his maternal grandfather. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, he studied at Harvard, where afterwards he was lecturer, librarian, and member of the board of overseers He was admitted to the Bar, but never practised, he wrote much on philosophy and history, contributed to the development of the evolution doctrine, and was well known throughout the Union as a lecturer His first publication (on tobacco and alcohol) in 1868 was followed in 1872 by his work on My this and Mythmakers His Cosmic Philosophy was mainly an exposition of Herbert Spencer, his Darwinism and other Essays was eminently suggestive, he applied the evolution theory to historical problems, and in Man's Destiny, The Idea of God, The Origin of Evil, and Through Nature to God (1899) he defended spiritual religion His Discovery of America (1892) was but one of a long series of important works on American history, which

included Old Virginia and her Neighbours, The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, Ne v France and New England, A Critical Period, The American Revolution, and The Vississippi Valley in the Civil Wai (1900). He wrote a work on Theodore Parker, A Century of Science, a history of the United States for schools, and with James Grant Wilson edited Appleton's Cyclopadia of American Biography.

William Dean Howells was born at Mutin's Ferry, Belmont County, in the state of Ohio, on 1st Murch 1837. His father, William Cooper Howells, a busy but not always prosperous printer and journalist, was of Welsh Quaker descent, and



WILLIAM DEAN HOWLILS
From a Photograph by Notman

a Swedenborgian in creed, so that in that form of quasi theological belief the future novelist was brought up. According to his own statement he was 'self trught,' which must mean simply that may hoshood he had no regular schooling, since he appears to have been afterwards a student it Harvard and Yale, and at one or other of these colleges took the MA degree From the age of eleven he had worked under his fither as a compositor, and ten venrs, later he developed into a journalist, and wrote in the Cincinnati Gazette and the Columbus State Journal A I ife of Abraham Lincoln, written as part of the 'literature' of the momentous presidential election of 1860, won him the post of consul at Venice, where he lived from 1861 to 1865, acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language and literature, and receiving impressions which were reproduced for the public in 1866 in two volumes on Venetian Life, and were to mould some of his future work. Returning to America !

ifter the expire of his term of office, he e orked as a contributor to the New York Irabune, Times, and Nation, and wrote articles for the Atlantic Monthly of which he was editor from 1872 to The year before this appointment he had appeared is a novelist, it the ige of thirty four Then Wedding Journey, his first venture, had in immediate popularity, well deserved by its bright ness and cleverness, and was followed by many other novels, most of them equally successful. A Chance Acquaintance (1873) embodies a devictous handling of a trivial incident in a Considern excur-I I or gone Conclusion (1874) is a public tile of in impossible attachment, with its scene in Venue In succession to A Counterfest Present ment (1877) came The Lady of the Aroostook, an amusing variant on the fertile theme of the Ameri can girl abroad, which is not quite felicitously sust med throughout The Undisco-ered Country (1880), Dr. Breen's Practice (1883), and A. Homan's Reason (1884 were followed in 1885 by The Rise of Silas Lapham, which in its description of the prosperity and fall of a purvenu family in Boston shows some of its authors most effective work His Liter novels include In Indian Summer (1886). Anna Kilburn (1888), The World of Chance (1893), An Open I sed Conspiracs (1898), The Ragged Lady, Then Silver Is eduing fournes, and The Kentons 1902) Though not without his fully as an artist in fiction, and chargeable with dwelling on trivial details. Mr Howells has had a nide and well deserved popularity both in his own country and Great Britain through his picture-que and amusing stories of New Pingland life. written more than seventy books in all, including trivels farces or plays, and many clever essays and criticisms Notable bool's vere Fusian Cities (1885), Modern Italian Poets Criticism and Fiction, Impressions and Experiences, Literary Fr ends aid Acquaintana (1900), and Letters Home (1903)

George Washington Cable was born in New Orleans in 1844 of Virginian and New England stock, and as a slenderly educated clerk at nuncteen volunteered into the Confederate service. After the war lie earned for some time a precarious living, and, laid up with malarial fever caught at survey work on the Atchafilana River, became an accountant in a cotton agency, and began to write for the New Orleans papers His Creole sketches in Scribner made his reputation, revealing as they did an interesting and as yet unexploited phase of American social life Old Creole Days (1879) was followed by The Grandissimes (1880), perhaps his best book, a tender and sympathetic rendering of the American Trench life of Louisiana, as also, in the same key, by Madame Delphine (1881), Dr Server, Bonaventure, and Strange True Stories of Louisiana (1889) The Creoles of Louisiana (1884), The Silent South (1885), The Aegro Question (1890) are political, social economic disquisitions Later novels are John March, Southerner (1895), The

Cavalier (1901), and By low Hill (1902) In 1885 he settled in New England—ultimately at Northampton in Massachusetts

## Henry James.

at once an American and an English novelist, was born in New York on 15th April 1843. His father was Henry James (1811–82), a well-known original and theological writer and lecturer, whose doctrine is described by the latest historian of American literature as 'a sort of Ishmaelitish Swedenborgianism,' which only his two sons—'inheritors of his style'—the novelist and William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, and Gifford Lecturer in 1901 at Edinburgh, are 'capable of analysing'. Yet he has expounded his views in a long series of works (Christianity the Logic of Creation one of them) which are admittedly acute, profound, suggestive, and sometimes entertaining

Henry, who until his fither's death in 1882 was known as Henry James, junior, was educated under the paternal eve in a cosmopolitan fashion at Aen York, Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne. In 1862 he became a student at the Harvard Law-School, but his bent was not to jurisprudence, and after the usual preparation of magazine work, he won public notice as a novelist with his Roderick Hudson in 1875 Six years earlier he lind gone for good to Europe, where his life has since been spent in England (in the Isle of Wight), with regular periods of sojourn in Italy His earlier novels dealt mainly with American life and character at home and abroad, and were produced with great In 1878 appeared The fertility and rapidity American, The Europeans, and Daisy Miller, the last a delightful sketch of the naiveté of the American girl. Even more keen and delicate are some of the shorter stories-The Pension Beaurepas, for example, with its contrasted vigneties of the Ruck family and the Churches mother and daughter, and A Bundle of Letters (1879), describing the expemences of some American maidens in France. Washington Square (1880) has its scene in New York, and its theme in a painful strife between father and daughter over the latter's love affair, the treatment of which shows the author at a higher and more serious mood than ordinary, handling a strong situation and treating it with relentless and even prinful rigour. In the following years appeared The Portrait of a Lady (1880), rather spoiled by its prolivity, The Bostonians (1886), The Princess of Casamassima (1886), a study of English society, A London Life (1889), and The Tragic Muse (1890)

In his analytical treatment of character and incident, Mr James seems to have been strongly influenced by the examples of Flaubert and his disciples, and of late he has carried that method to a degree of refinement which sometimes approaches to morbidity. This manner was developed in Terminations (1896), and even more strikingly in What Maisie Knew (1897), a perfectly pitiless

analysis of the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate child. A dexterous handling of the semi-supernatural gives a greater distinction and a stronger interest to the first story in the volume entitled Two Magics (1898). In the Cage, published in the same year, carries the art of abstraction to the farthest limit in the withholding of the herone's name. In his most recent works, The Turn of the Screw (1898), The Soft Side (1900), The Sacred Fount (1901), The Wing of the Dove (1902), The Better Sort (1903), a volume of short sketches, and The Ambassadors (1903), the method has become superlatively subtle, so that, while



HINRY JAMES
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

admiring the extreme cleverness of the performance, one is perplexed and irritated by the studious allusiveness of the narrative and the incessant rapier play of the elliptical dialogue, in which each interlocutor seems to be bent on anticipating the *riposte* of the other

Mr James has also distinguished himself as a critic, although in a less degree than as a novelist. His best achievement in this line is the volume of studies on French Poets and Novelists (1878), which displays an exceptional acquaintance and sympathy with modern French literature. Partial Portraits (1888) errs by too amply justifying its title, and the monograph on Hawthorne (1879) in the English Men of Letters' series is a dainty piece of work, though perhaps hardly weighty enough for its theme. America has produced many more powerful writers than Henry James, but none perhaps that has attained a greater delicacy of touch or a

more perfect literary finish. In 1903 he published a delightful book on William Wedmore Story and his Friends, 'from letters, diaries, and recollections'

William James, son of Henry James, senior, was born in New York in 1843, and, educated at home and in Europe, took the Harvard MD, and from 1872 he lectured at Harvard on anatomy, physiology, psychology, and philosophy in suc-He became a professor in 1881 is a keen and pregnant thinker, a luminous and attractive writer, defends what have been thought theological paradoxes on non-theological grounds, maintains orthodox positions in an unorthodox and original manner, and combines empirical method with a strongly idealistic body of thought. As an analytical psychologist he has exercised even more influence in America and in Europe than as a metaphysician. His works comprise Principles of Psychology (1900), and a smaller manual (1902), The Will to Believe, Human Immortality, The Varieties of Religious Experience -the list named work being lectures delivered as Gifford lecturer at Edinburgh University in 1899-In 1884 he had with filial piety edited his father's Literary Remains

Richard Watson Gilder, born at Borden town, New Jersey, in 1844, studied law, served in the army, and did journalistic work on various papers in New Jersey before he became editor of Scribner's Monthly and then of The Century Magazine He has founded or promoted numerous literary and artistic clubs, leagues, and associations, and he ranks high amongst contemporary American poets in virtue of The New Day (1875), The Celestial Passion, The Great Remembrance, Five Books of Song (1894), In Pales time (1898), Poems and Inscriptions (1901), and other volumes or series of songs and poems

Edward Noyes Westcott (1846–98), born in Syricuse, New York, was a banker in his native town, and died before his first novel was published—David Harum, a story in which the interest turned on the shrewd, humorous, eccentric character of a country banker, probably no work of American fiction has had such instantaneous success. An unfinished work by him, The Teller, was published in 1901 with a short memoir

Julian Hawthorne, biographer of his famous fither (see page 755), was born at Boston in 1846, studied at Harvard and Dresden, and has done much journalistic work, and in addition to his Saxon Studies, his 'Confessions and Criticisms,' has written a history of the United States and a book on American literature. He has also published a score of novels and stories, longer and shorter, of which Garth (1877), Sebastian Strome, Dust, Beatrix Randolph, Fortune's Fool, Mrs Gainsborough's Diamonds, Prince Saroni's Wife, Archibald Malmaison, A Fool of Nature, One of those Coincidences (1899), have been notable.

Joel Chandler Harris, born in Entonton, Georgia, in 1848, was in turn printer, lawyer, and journalist. His Uncle Remus (1880), with its thoughts and sayings and doings of 'Brer Rabbit,' as conceived by the negroes of the South, opened a new field in literature, and quickly carried his name to the Old World, at once to children and to students of folklore. Later works are Nights with Uncle Remus (1883), Mingo, Daddy Jake, The Story of Aaron, Tales of the Home Folks, Plantation Pageants, The Chronicles of Aunt Minerry Ann (1899)

James Lane Allen, born in Kentucky in 1849, taught in Kentucky University and else where, but since 1891 has been famous for his novels, tales, and sketches illustrating various aspects of his native Blue Grass region—Flut and Violin, A Kentuely Cardinal (the cardinal bird), Aftermath, A Summer in Aready, The Choir Invisible, The Reign of Law (1900)

Eugene Field (1850-95), born at St Louis, Missouri, was a journalist at twenty-three, and gave much of his best work to the columns of a Chicago paper, his column of 'Sharps and Flats' being for years a characteristic feature. His work in prose and verse varies from tender pathos and delicate humour to the broadly farcical, he is best known as humourist and as poet of childhood. His best veises for children are those in With Trumpet and Drum (1892), A Little Book of Western Veise may fairly represent another type of work, and his humour is perhaps best illustrated in The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniae

Edward Bellamy (1850-98), born at Chico pee Falls, Massachusetts, studied at home and in Germany, and was admitted to the Bar, but most of his life was devoted to journalism and authorship Looking Backward (1888), an imaginative toni de force, had a prodigious success at home and abroad, and was followed by a less brilliant sequel, Equality (1897) Other novels were Dr Heidenhoff's Process (1879), Miss Ludington's Sister (1884), and The Duke of Stockbridge (1898), and he wrote on sociological subjects

James Whitcomb Riley, born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853, painted signboards, cobbled plays for a theatrical troupe, and in 1875 began contributing verses to the papers—the verses in the local dialect that secured for him the sobriquet of 'the Hoosier poet.' He is equally well known for his poems for and of children To the first category belong The Old Swimmin' Hole and various other collections, to another, Old-Fashioned Roses, Rhy mes of Childhood, and A Child World

Francis Marion Crawford, son of a famous American Sculptor (Thomas Crawford, 1814-57) long resident in Rome, was born at Bagni di Lucca in North Italy in 1854, and studied at Concord in New Hampshire, at Trinity College, Cambridge, at Karlsruhe, and at Heidelberg At Rome he de

voted himself to the study of Sanskrit, and during 1879-80 was engaged in press work at Allahabad, where he was admitted to the Catholic Church Of late years his home has been at Sorrento in Italy, though he often spends some part of the year in America His first novel, IIr Isaacs (1882), a story of Indian life, was succeeded by a long series of tales, including Dr Clandius, A Roman Singer, Loroaster, Saracinesca, Paul Patoff, Greifenstein, Sant' Ilario, Marzio's Crucifix, A Cigar maker's Romance, The Witch of Prague, Don Orsino, Pietro Ghisleri, The Ralstons, Casa Braccio, Corleoni, Via Crucis, In the Palace of the King, Cecilia, The Heart of Rome (1903) Descriptive or historical works are Constantinople, Ave Roma Immortalis, and The Rulers of the South (a history of Sicily), and in The Novel-What it Is, a biochure, he expounded the view he cherishes of his art earlier novels had more mystery or adventure, his later ones more careful character drawing, and in both series he moves easily to and fro between the sphere of fact and the occult world His American novels have proved on the whole the least popular, the Italian Saracinesca series comprises his most accomplished and artistic work

Harold Frederic (1856-98), born in Utica, New York, was bred a journalist, but before his premature death had proved himself a novelist of exceptional gifts and powers, keen insight, rich humour, satirical strength, and constructive skill Most of his novels, dealing largely with country life in New York State, were written after he settled in England Seth's Brother's Wife (1887) was his first important story, The Copperhead (1894) was a tale of the Civil War, and in Marsena (1895) were collected admirably humorous sketches of character The Damnation of Theron Ware (in England called Illumination, 1896) was a trenchant analysis of religious life, Gloria Munai (1898), strangely unlike, was equally a human document, In the Market-place and The New Exodus, the latter a realistic study of Russian anti Semitism, were posthumously published

Owen Wister, born at Philadelphia in 1860, graduated at Harvaid, and had been three years at the Philadelphia Bar when The Dragon of II ant les his Tail (1892), attracted notice to his literary gifts Red Men and White, Jim McLean, The Jimmy John Boss succeeded, and The Virginian made his name known in Britain. He wrote a Life of President Grant, besides many, contributions to the magazines in prose and verse

Richard Harding Davis, born at Alih-delphia in 1864, had made a name for himself as a correspondent of the New York papers ere he became known to another world of readers as an original and vigorous novelist by such stories or collections of stories as Soldurs of Fortune, Gallegher, I an Bibber, The Princess Aline, In the Fog Captain Machine (1902). He has also

published books on his experiences in Cuba, Venezuela, South Africa, and elsewhere.

Paul Leicestei Foid (1865-1902), born in Brooklyn, edited the works of Jefferson, and wrote on Washington, Franklin, and other subjects in American history. But his fiction was even better known—The Honorable Peter Sterling (1894), The Great K and A Train Robbery, The Story of an Untold Love, Janice Meredith, Wanted a Matchmaker, Wanted a Chaperon. He was editor of The Bibliographer (which he founded) at the time of his death—by his own hand

Robert William Chambers, born at Brooklyn in 1865, became a painter, and after studies in Julian's studio in Paris, exhibited in the Salon His first considerable literary venture, In the Quarter, appeared in 1893, The Red Republic, a tale of the Commune, in 1894, Lorraine (1898) was a romance of the Franco-German War, Cardigan (1901) sought its subject in colonial experiences before the War of Independence, besides a play, Ellangowan, he has written a dozen other stories or collections of stories in various styles, and The Maids of Paradise was the work of 1903

Steplien Crane (1870-1900), born at Newark, New Jersey, and educated at Lafavette College and Syracuse University, became an active journalist, and showed special gifts as correspondent for a New York paper in the war between Turkey and Greece (1897) and in Cuba His first essay in fiction was Maggie, a Girl of the Streets (1891), but it was The Red Badge of Courage (1895), an episode of the Civil War and a mariellously lifelike study of the mind and thought of a soldier in action, that made him known to the Englishspeaking world Neither in The Third Violet, a story in dialogue and dialect, nor in collections such as The Menster and The Little Regiment, did he attain the same level, and his Irish story, The O'Ruddy, was completed by Mr Robert Barr Bowery Tales, Hounds in the Rain, and II hilomville Stories were published from his manuscripts after his death

Winston Churchill born at St Louis in 1871, was educated at the United States Naval Academy. In 1898 he made a success as an author with *The Celebraty*, even more popular was *Richard Carvel* (1899), a stirring story of American revolutionary times.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps born at Andover in 1844, was the daughter of a professor, and began to write for the press at thirteen. Besides lecturing and working for social reforms, she became famous by The Gates Ajar (1868), and continued in some what the same vein with Beyond the Gates (1883) and The Gates Between (1887). Others of some thirty works are Hedged In and The Scient Partier (1870), The Story of Avis (1877), Doctor Zay (1884). In conjunction with her husband, Rev. Herbert D. Ward she wrote Come Forth (which to some

## COMPLEMENTARY LIST OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

- Washington Aliston (1779-1843), called 'the American Titian' for his eminence as painter and colourist, wrote the poem *The Sylphs of the Seasons* and an art novel, *Monaldi*, as well as lectures on painting
- John Pierpont (1785-1866), Unitarian pastor and poet, was author of Airs of Palestine and other Poems, and is remembered for 'Warren's Address at Bunker's Hill' and his 'Vankee Boy'
- John Howard Payne (1792-1852), actor, dramatist, and American Consul at Tunis, produced many plays and adaptations, but is chiefly remembered for the song 'Home, Sweet Home,' from Clarz, set to music by Sir H Bishop
- Henry Charles Carey (1793-1879), bookseller at Phila delphia and political economist, developed his views in Principles of Political Economy (3 vols 1837-40) and Principles of Social Science (1858-59)
- James Gates Percival (1795-1856), chemist and geologist, made a name for himself as a poet by Prometheus, Cho, and The Dream of a Day
- Southern novelist (who during the war defended the Umon), wrote Swallow Barn, Horse Shoe Lobinson, and Rob of the Bord, besides political satire and biography
- John Corlinm Paifrey (1796-1881), Unitarian pastor and professor at Harvard, wrote on Lord Mahon's History of England, and published a History of New England
- Robert Montgomery Bird (1803-54) bred a physician, wrote three tragedies, The Gladiator, Oratoosa, and The Broker of Bogota, the historical novels Calavar and The Infidel, The Hawks of Hawk Hollow, Sheppard Lee, Peter Pilgrim, and Robin Das, but is best remembered for Nick of the Woods, the story of a Kentucky backwoodsman in the Revolutionary War
- Richard Hildreth (1807-65) wrote on morals, on politics, on despotism in America, and on banking, a history of the United States (6 vols), and an anti-slavery novel, The White Slave
- Henry Theodore Tuckerman (1813-71) wrote records of Italian and Sicilian sojourns, books on art and artists in America, Rambles and Reverus, Thoughts on the Poets, The Diari of a Dreamer, and several volumes of poetry, including 4 Sheaf of 1 erse
- Jones Very (1813-80) was in his day highly esteemed as poet and essayist, a complete edition of his prose and verse was published in 1886
- Christopher Penrse (ranch (1813-92), Unitarian minister, painter, and poet, wrote for the Iran scendental Dial, and published books for the voung (The Last of the Huggermurgars and Kobboliso), a blank verse translation of the Lineid, The Bird and the Bell, and Ariel and Caliban
- Henry Norman Hudson (1814-86), Shakespearan scholar, published his Lectures on Shakespeare and an edition of the works in 1850-58, and in 1884 a volume of Hordsworth Studies
- Rufus Wilmot Griswold (1815-57) edited Poe's works, with a much-criticised memoir, and published

- a long series of works on the poets and poetry of America and of England, and a Life of Napoleon
- John Godfrey Save (1816-87) made his name known by his humorous or satirical poems, 'The Rhyme of the Rail,' 'The Briefless Barrister,' and 'The Proud Miss McBride' being famous amongst the humorous series, and 'Jerry the Miller,' 'I'm Growing Old,' 'The Old Church Bell,' and 'Treasures in Heaven' amongst serious poems
- Edward Perc, Whipple (1819-86) wrote Essays and Reviews Literature and Life, Wit and Humour, and The Literature of the Age of Eli-abeth
- Richard (rant White (1821-85) became known from 1852 on as one of the most learned and acute Shakespearians, his publications including the 'Riverside' and other editions of the works, Memoirs of Shakespeare, as well as Mansfield Humfrey, a novel
- Thomas Bachanan Read (1822-72), portruit punter and poet, published a prose romance, The Pilgrims of the Great St Bernard, and some half dozen volumes of poetry, including The New Pastoral, The House by the 'ca, 'stora, and 4 Summer Story—the latter containing 'Sheridan's Ride'
- Found Everett Hale (b 1822) did much to maintain loyalty to the Union by The Man cuthout a Country in 1863, has written over fifty books, mostly stories and in 1902 published Memories of a Hundred Years
- George Henry Boker (1823-90), diplomatist, dramatist, and poet, wrote the tragedies Calainos, Anne Bolein, Leonora de Gueman, The Letrothed, The Widows Marriage, and I rancesea da Rumini the best and most frequently revived. Of his later books of poems, Street Liries, Königsmarl, and The Book of the Dead were the most notable.
- Henry Timrod (1829-67), a Southern poet of German extraction, secured a wide audience by a volume of points in 1860, and wrote for the South many very popular war songs, but was reduced to destitution by the war
- Paul Hamilton Hayne (1831-86), a Southern poet, served and suffered in the Civil War his Legends and Izries and The Mountain of the Lorers are included in his Poetical Works (1882)
- Moneure Duniel Conway (b 1832), Unitarian minister, journalist, and author, wrote Idols and Ideals, Demonology and Deal Fore The Wandering Jee, books on Republican Superstitions, Solomon and Solomonic Interature, and Lives of Washington, Paine, Carlyle, and Hawthorne
- James McNelli Whistler (1834-1903), a great and original painter and etcher, scored some brilliant literary successes against Ru kin and his other critics collected in *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* (1890, enlarged 1892)
- noses toff Tyler (1835-1000), professor successively in Mielingin University and at Cornell, published, besides The Bravens-alle Papers, a Life of Patrick Henry, and a manual of Linglish literature, the standard History of American Literature down to

1765 (2 vols 1878), and the Literary History of the American Revolution (2 vols 1897)

- sohn White Chindwick (b. 1840), pastor of a Unitarian church in Brooklyn, has published, besides sermons and theological works, Lives of Theodore Parker (1900) and W E Channing (1903), and, between 1876 and 1900, four volumes of poetry, and to the present work he has contributed a series of signed articles
- John Habberton (b 1842), soldier and journalist, scored in 1876 a great success by his witty and kindly Helen's Babies, followed by Other People's Children, The Barton Experiment, Erneton's Bayon, The Chantanquans, and many other amusing things, besides a successful play, Deacon Crankett
- John Banister Tabb (b 1845), a Roman Catholic priest, is author since 1889 of five collections of songs, lyrics, and poems, many of which have become extremely popular
- Innes Ford Rhodes (b. 1848) is author of a great History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850, to be completed in eight volumes
- William William Stonne (b. 1850), Professor of His tory in Columbia College, is known for his history of The French War and the Revolution and his Napoleon Bonaparte
- William Crary Brownell (h 1851) has written on French Traits, on French Art, and on I ictorian Prose Masters
- Menry Van Dyke (b. 1852), Congregational minister and Professor of English Literature at Princeton, has published, besides theological works, one or two volumes of verse and a well known treatise on The Poetry of Tenny son (1889)
- James Brander Vatthews (b. 1852), Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, has written plays, a book on Americanisms and Briticisms, French Dramatists of To day, An Introduction to American Literature
- Incob Could Schurman (b 1854), President of Cornell University, has written on Kantian and evolution ethics, on the ethics of Darwinism, on belief in God, on agnosticism and religion, and to the present work has contributed the article on Emerson
- Roland Alexander Wood Seys, born in Kent in 1854, settled in California as olive grower, and as 'Paul Cushing' made a name by the riovels A Woman with a Secret, The Blacksmith of I oe, Bull i' the Thorn, God's Lad
- Alfred Henry Lewis editor of The Verdict, a New York humorous weekly, attuined eminence as a humourist by his Wolfville, Episodes of Covboy Life, and Sandburrs
- Henry Curler Bunner (1855-96), journalist in New York, was also a poet and novelist, his most charming verses being collected in Airs from Arcad; and Kowen The Midge and The Story of a New York House were novels, there were numerous collections of short stories, and Made in France was a series of most skilful adaptations from Maupassant
- Poultency Bigelow (b 1855), lecturer on modern history at Vale, Princeton, Columbia, and Chicago, has written on The German Emperor and his Neighbours, The Borderland of Caar and Kaiser, The German Struggle for Liberty, White Man's Africa, and Children of the Nations

- George Liward Woodberry (b 1855), Professor of Comparative I iterature in Columbia College, New Yorl, has written on wood engraving, Lives of Poe and Hawthorne, Sindies in Letters and Life, Makers of Literature, and other critical works, The North Shore Watch and other Poems (1890) He has also edited Shelley, Poe, Lamb, and Aubrey de Vere, and he has contributed to the present work.
- Finley Peter Dunne (b 1857), journalist in Chicago, developed a new vein of humour, American rather than Irish, in Mr Dooley in Peace and War, Mr Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen, and Mr Dooley s Philosophy (1898-1900)
- Inmilin (nrinnd (b 1860), drainatist and novelist, produced Main Tra-eled Roads, a realistic story, in 1890, followed by A Spoil of Office, Prairie Folks, Rose of Dutcher's Coolly, Wayside Courtships, Her Mountain Lover, and has written criticism (Crumbling Idols), Prairie Songs, and a Life of President Grant.
- Ernest Seton Thompson (born in England in 1860), nrtist and book illustrator, struck a new literary vein in Wild Animals I have Known, The Integraphy of a Grizzly, and Wild Animal Play for Children
- Iring Bacheller, one of the editors of the New York
  World, attracted notice by his stones The Master
  of Silence and The Still House of Darrow (1890-94),
  with Liben Holden he made a great success in 1900,
  Darrel of the Blessed Isles (1903) was largely a por
  traiture of a still more eccentric character
- Richard Hove; (1864-1900) was author of the drama the series Launcelot and Guene cre, of Taliesin, a Masque, and of a volume of verse, Along the Trail
- Newton Booth Tarklugton (b 1869) wrote in 1899

  The Gentleman from Indiana, and in 1900 the
  novelette Monsieur Beaucaire, subsequently drama
  tised by himself and Mr Sutherland
- Inch London (b 1876 in San Francisco) made himself known as author of Alaska seenes and stories, and, in 1903, of *The People of the Abyss*, on East End life in London
- Lucy Larcom (1826-93) published Ships in the Mist and other Stories in 1859, and two or three volumes of poems (one of them Childhood Sor gs)
- Louiso Chandler Moulton (born Chandler in 1835) has since 1854 published several volumes of poems Juno Clifford, Bed Time Stories, More Bed Time Stories
- Cella Thaxter (born Laighton, 1836-94) published Among the Islands of Shoals, Drift-veed, and other collections of poems, one of them for children
- Edna Dean Proctor (b 1838) has published Poems, A Russian Journey, A Mountain Maid and other Poems of New Hampshire
- Snrah Channeey Woolsey (b. 1845) has as 'Susan Coolidge' written The New Year's Bargain, What Katy Did, A Guernsey Lily, Verses, The Barberri Bush and other Stories, besides a history of the city of Philadelphia.
- constance Cary Harrison (born Cary, 1846, by mar riage Mrs Burton Harrison) published Golden Rod in 1880, Folk and Fairy Tales in 1885, and The Anglomaniaes in 1887, and more recently, A Daughter of the South, Good Americans, A Triple Entanglement, A Princess of the Ilils, besides a play

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